

THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



Illustrated.

LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.



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"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS, LONDON.

A LEISURE HOUR.

(From the painting by BIRKET FOSTER.)

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.



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"THE MANUSCRIPT BEGAN ABRUPTLY."

CHAPTER I.

IN A BACK ROOM.

"For one shall grasp, and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good."
—*Whittier.*

ELSIE KILNER had a battle to fight; and it must be fought after her own fashion. It was the kind of battle which is fought every day and every hour; but the battle-field is always a silent place, and there is neither broken weapon nor crimson stain to tell us where the strife has been.

Elsie's battle was fought in a back room in All Saints' Street on an afternoon in March. It was not a gloomy room; although the window looked out upon walls and roofs and chimneys, she had a good clear view of the sky. Some pigeons occupied a little house outside one of the neighbouring windows, and there was a roof covered with red tiles on which they loved to strut, and plume their feathers in the sunshine.

To a woman country-born the sight of pigeons and red tiles called up visions of an old home. The memories which came to Elsie in her London room were as fresh and sweet as the breath of early spring flowers.

She could see again the red manor-house among the Sussex hills, and the old green garden which winter could never quite despoil. The cherry-tree spread its boughs close to her window and seemed to fill the room with the delicate dewy light of its blossoms; the winds came blowing in, sweet and chill, from thymy common and "sheep-trimmed down."

Perhaps she had never seen her home so plainly with her bodily eyes as she saw it now in imagination. Our every-day blessings are too common to be looked at in their true light; but when time and change have put them far away from us we see them in all their beauty.

"It makes me feel desperate," she said half aloud to herself.

She had a dark, delicate face, as changeful as an April sky. It was not a happy face—the dark eyes were restless, the soft lips often quivered. And yet, in spite of sorrow and unrest, and the experiences of nearly nine-and-twenty years, there was an extraordinary freshness, almost girlishness, in her appearance, which did not suffer even from the close proximity of younger women. The mourning dress, fitting closely to her graceful figure, told its own story of recent loss.

In that old manor-house among the Sussex hills her bright youth had been calmly spent. Then came her mother's death, and changes began in the home-life. Her father was growing weak in mind and body. Elsie was the only daughter, and the household cares and anxieties pressed heavily on her heart and brain. When Robert, her brother, suggested, with all possible kindliness, that it would be well if he came with his wife to the manor and shared her labours, she welcomed the proposal gladly.

So Robert and Bertha arrived, bringing with them their little girl and her governess; and the old peace fled away for ever.

For two miserable years Elsie lived on in that altered home, and saw everything that she had loved sliding gradually out of her hold. Robert introduced many new plans all for his father's comfort, as he continually declared. Bertha took charge of the household, and the simple habits of the past were given up. Old servants were pronounced incompetent and dismissed; and when Elsie protested against these changes her brother and his wife dropped the mask of civility.

There is no need to go over all the details of the wretched story. Old Mr. Kilner, growing more feeble every day, suffered himself to be guided entirely by Robert and Bertha, and Elsie soon found that his heart was turned away from her. Then came the end. The will was read, and everything was left to Robert Kilner.

"But Elsie cannot say that she is not provided for," said Bertha to her friends. "Her godmother—old Mrs. Hardie, you know—left her a hundred and fifty a year. Quite a fortune, is it not?"

Turned out of the old home, Elsie had come straight to London, and had sought shelter at a boarding-school where a friend of hers was a teacher. Then, after a careful search of six months, another friend had directed her to this quiet house, and she had gratefully settled here. She welcomed solitude as one who has so many things to think over, that it is indispensable.

There was a letter grasped tightly in her hand as she stood looking out of the window. It had come from the rector's wife, who had been her mother's friend in happy days gone by. The old lady had written to say that there were wild doings at the Manor, and the country-side was ringing with tales of Robert's extravagance and dissipation. The Kilners had never been wealthy; there was just enough to keep up the old house in quiet comfort, and that was all.

"Robert will soon come to an end of everything," wrote the clergyman's wife with the frankness of long friendship. "We have heard that he was deeply involved before he came to live at the Manor. Bertha is beginning to look sad and worn and crestfallen. People have looked coldly on her since you went away, and if she ever had any influence over her husband she has lost it now. The air is full of unwholesome rumours. I am glad that you are no longer here, my dear child."

The letter had given Elsie a cruel pleasure—a pleasure which was so hideous that her better self could not endure the sight of it. It was only the darker side of her nature which could entertain this hateful joy for a moment. And so the battle began in her heart on that sunny March afternoon.

There were certain outer influences which seemed to act upon that inward strife. The sky helped her with glimpses of holy blue and faint hints of the coming spring. Even the spire of a church helped her, although it could only point a very little way up into the far heaven. She stood quite still, wrestling silently with that fierce temptation to rejoice over her enemy's downfall.

All Bertha's insulting speeches and unkind actions came back into her mind. It might be impossible to love her, but it was—it must be—possible to be sorry for her blighted life and darkened home. Elsie called up a vision of the dressy, well-to-do Bertha who had always put herself into a front place, and wondered how she could play the part of a neglected wife, looked down upon by her neighbours and forgotten by the world?

The thought of the crushed woman, who had so little in her interior world to help her, was not without effect. Pity triumphed. Elsie's dark eyes were suddenly dimmed with tears; she was grieved for Bertha and ashamed of herself. The fight was over, and a voice within her seemed to say that it would never have to be so fiercely fought again.

She drew a deep breath of relief as she turned away from the window, putting the letter into her pocket. The tea-tray, with its solitary cup and saucer, was waiting on the table, and Elsie poured out tea, congratulating herself that she was alone. She was not an unsociable woman; but the boarding-school, with all its noisy, merry occupants, had set her longing for solitude. She had felt far too weary and dispirited to enter into the fun and prattle of the girls.

While she drank her tea she glanced round the little room, surveying the decorations which had kept her busy for a day or two. Some relics of her old home-life were gathered here—a quaint oval looking-glass, some bits of ancient china, some photographs, and a goodly number of books. Her little clock ticked cheerfully on the mantel-piece, one or two richly-coloured fans and screens brightened the walls; there was a faint scent of sandal-wood in the air. She had not yet unlocked the handsome desk which stood on a table in the corner, and it occurred to her that she would answer some of her neglected letters that very evening.

Going to the desk, and opening it, she noticed for the first time the table on which it had been placed. It stood in the darkest part of the room, and she had not observed its old-fashioned claw feet and the curiously-wrought brass handles of its drawer. It was not a sham drawer, but a real one, which opened easily with a gentle pull, and appeared at first sight to be quite empty.

"It is large enough to hold a good

many of my treasures," thought Elsie, putting in her hand. "And here are some old papers, quite at the back! I will take them out to make room for other things."

The papers were not old nor discoloured by time, although the dust had settled upon them pretty thickly. They looked like pages torn out of a diary, and were covered with writing which struck Elsie with a sense of familiarity. This handwriting, firm, black, legible, was like her own.

"How interesting!" she said to herself. "I have always flattered myself that mine was an uncommon hand. But somebody — a woman evidently — has stolen my e's and b's and g's and y's. I should like to know a little more about her."

She forgot all about the open desk and unanswered letters, and sat down on the edge of the sofa near the window with the papers on her lap. The shadow had vanished from the delicate expressive face, the dark eyes had brightened; Elsie had the happy temperament which is charmed with every little bit of novelty that it can find. She loved, as she had often said, to investigate things, and always caught eagerly at the slightest clue which might lead to a delightful labyrinth of mystery.

The manuscript began abruptly. The first words on which Elsie's glance rested were these:

"If I could only be sure that someone would be kind to little Jamie!"

This sentence was written at the top of the first page, and then came a vacant space. Lower down, in the middle of the leaf, the writer had gone on—

"What a new life came to me all at once when I met Harold for the first time! The path was so flowery and bright that I had no fear of the turnings of the way. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that we should meet, and walk on together all our lives. No, we did not meet; he overtook me as I was sauntering along, and looked into my face with that look which a man gives the woman who is to belong to him for ever and ever."

Elsie paused in her reading and lifted her gaze thoughtfully to the evening sky. Her face had changed again; the expression of eyes and mouth was wistful and tender.

"No man has ever loved me in that fashion," she mused. "I've had lovers, but I was never meant for them nor they for me. I wonder why this unknown woman had the joy of finding her spirit-mate when such a joy has been denied to me? Are they married? Where is she now? I wish I knew her."

No one who had seen Elsie at that moment would have doubted that she had had lovers. She was very pretty to-day; prettier at twenty-eight than she had been in the days of girlhood. Some new feeling of peace was creeping into her heart and hushing all its turmoil into a sweet rest. Some new interest was beginning to stir in her life; much was quieted within her, and much was wakening. She felt as if she had roused after an uneasy sleep and tasted the first freshness of a fair morning.

She sat a little while in silence, thinking about the unknown writer and her Harold. Although she had read only a few lines she felt drawn towards this woman whom she had never seen. It would have been good to have had her for a friend.

Where was she now? Living somewhere with Harold, perhaps far away in the country. Elsie could fancy the pair coming homeward through ferny lanes in the first shade of the twilight. She pictured the woman dark-eyed and dark-haired, like herself, and the man tall and fair, with a grave, yet gentle face. They had a great deal to say to each other, as those who are one in spirit often have. They answered each other's thoughts; there was the fulness of a calm content in every tone.

And then she turned again to the manuscript.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IDEAL DAUGHTER.

By the Rev. C. H. GRUNDY, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley, Kent.

It is often my duty and privilege to assist at the prize distributions of the excellent day-schools in my parish, and I have lately been struck with the thought that the young girls who have just left school might like to hear something about the new life opening upon them, with its possibilities for education, usefulness, service and happiness. Those of you who heard a charming address delivered by that gifted authoress, Miss Sarah Doudney, to the members of one of these schools, on "Day-Dreams," will remember that she said that day-dreams within limits are not wrong, and she expressed belief that the best of them come true in the best and highest way. Golden girlhood is the most delightful time in a young woman's life. It comes only once and is quickly passed, but the way in which it is spent affects the whole of the after life. The interval in a girl's life between the time of leaving school and the time when her work in life becomes definitely settled, either as a domestic career or as a business one, is to be regarded as a life of preparation. Be careful as to what shall be your mental attitude towards study and self-improvement. Do not be like certain public-school boys who burn all their school books on the day they leave school, and in wild glee declare their satisfaction at the thought that never again shall they be obliged to learn anything. But our education is never done, and we ought to love to learn to the latest moment of our life. You may find special effort required, after the help of school routine is removed. At school the bell rings and the task must be commenced at once. You have not the trouble of making up your mind. It is made up for you, and thus you are saved much uncertainty as to what you shall do. Start the new home-life with its fresh freedom with a determination to make your life real earnest, busy and useful. I say, be real; there are many shams about; girls whose only attractions are due to the rouge-pot and the milliner, and whose idea of pleasure is flirtation and gossip, and who fritter away the precious lovely period of early womanhood. Allow me to give you some homely advice, not because of its novelty, but because the time of life through which you are passing is novel to you. What is A B C to those who are older may still be most salutary to the young. One caution is needed on the threshold. Don't ape the man. Keep to woman's kingdom; it is a domain large enough for any queen. Men may pretend to admire the loud talking, the slang phrases, and the forward manner of the "mannish" girls, but it is not among them that honest sensible men desire to find their wives. If some of you, who imagine you can by such ways fascinate and attract, could only hear the criticism the very men pass upon you, who, only an hour ago, posed as your willing slaves, you would understand how all men in their hearts despise the girls who ape the sterner sex. There are enough empty-headed girls already in existence, let us hope that you will not join the silly brigade, now that the choice is yours as to what sort of girl you intend to become. Will you allow yourself to drift into frivolity and nothingness, or will you deliberately, persistently train yourself to do good, honest, unselfish work in the world assigned to you by circumstances?

Secondly—Avoid discussions as to whether women are or are not superior to men. The sphere of each is separate. The two can never be properly compared. Man and woman are mutually supplemental and com-

plementary, and to argue as to which is the nobler, the superior, the more intellectual, the more admirable, is to mistake the meaning of manhood and womanhood. It is not a question of rivalry, but of respective excellence. There is far too much thoughtless talk nowadays on this point, and I would advise any young girl to avoid the modern type of flippant conversation which is always proclaiming the "equality of women."

Thirdly—Shun what has been called the "Fiend of Idleness." In nine cases out of ten, in family life, idleness means quarrelling. Being busy means being happy. Surely no girl, just emerged from the school-room, could be content with idleness! To look forward to having nothing to do, as though such a condition were an advantage, seems to me something despicable. To waste the years from, say, sixteen to twenty-five in aimlessness and self-indulgence, instead of in vigorous systematic self-culture, is absolutely wicked. How young people can be content with merely living, merely existing, without any attempt to become first-rate in any department, or to do anything really well, passes my comprehension. God gives work to those who fit themselves for it, and He rewards work with more work, and thus, as we render ourselves more apt and capable, greater opportunities come to us. Now the ideal daughter will be one who abhors laziness, but she will have powers of adaptation. There are many varieties of homes, and each will modify the conduct of the daughter. It is clear that in the home of affluence, where there are servants in abundance, there will be no need for the daughter to betake herself to household drudgery; but still, if wise, she will acquaint herself with all the methods and details of a well-regulated house, so that, should circumstances change for the worse, she may not be ignorant of what it would then be her duty to attend to. Still, in the home of affluence, there will be more time for self-culture, and what are called "accomplishments" will occupy a larger portion of time. To be able to please people, and to give pleasure by one's talents, thoroughly cultivated, would then take a prominent place in the self-training of the daughter. But the home about which I would speak particularly is that where there is only just enough income to maintain the house, and with care to educate the children; where numberless little economies have to be practised, and where little acts of personal self-denial and unpleasant deeds of thrift are habitual, with a view to "making both ends meet," as the phrase goes. In such a case the father works very hard, supplementing the ordinary day's work by extra labour in later hours. He is passing through a phase of home life, we all know well either by experience or observation, where the children growing up make each year larger demands upon the father's purse, and where the struggle with scanty means is very real and very wearisome. But if the father works hard, so also does the mother; very hard indeed, from morn till eve, and sometimes on into the night, not to mention the hours during which she lies awake, puzzling her tired but over-wrought brain as to how and where still further reductions of expenditure may be contrived and carried out. In such a home the help of the eldest daughter, who has just left school, becomes invaluable, and the ideal will require great self-sacrifice, skill, energy and tact, if it is, even dimly, to be realised. In such a home one question will be asked over and over again by the ideal daughter within herself; one thought will abide daily in her heart—"How can I help mother? how can I share her burden, ease her toils, relieve her mind, and lift some of her cares out of the way?" Why should girls dress themselves up and walk about to be admired, while their mothers are kept indoors doing the rougher work of the house? Let me impress upon the daughters in homes where money is scarce, and labour abundant, the paramount duty and the noble pleasure of lightening the weight of care pressing upon the mother. Let a loving motive overcome any distaste for menial work, and then all domestic toil will be elevated into a kind of heavenly pleasure, and nothing will seem degrading, if the doing of it is for the sake of the mother who has done so much for you—who fed you, nursed you, clothed you, prayed over you, and who has literally given herself for her children. Your first thrilling thought of pleasure as you leave school will be, "Now I can help mother." There are many somewhat prosaic things to be done, such as cooking, dressmaking, also the weekly attempt to reduce that heap of things to be mended—a heap which grows with sad rapidity. There is the nursing of that little brother or little sister; then there are the various duties which come under the general head of "cleaning"; these and the like will not be thought derogatory to the dignity of the ideal daughter, but will form an important part of that useful life, to be lived cheerfully and energetically in the hard-working economic home, by the girl whose chief aim is to be on the alert for acts of kindness, especially where the mother's life can thus be made the easier.

Again, this young girl, whose life I am endeavouring to sketch, will often have to consider a second question—"What is my influence upon my younger brothers and sisters? They naturally look up to me. I have left school; they have not; hence, in their eyes, I am an important personage. Am I guiding them well and wisely by my example? They will be sure to imitate me. Am I fit to be an example for them?" Moreover, where brothers are nearly the same age as yourself, you will have many opportunities for good. To keep a young man out of mischief, and away from doubtful amusements, by taking a keen interest in his music and singing, and by patiently playing his accompaniments, is often a very real benefit. Girls can do far more good than they are aware of, by making home bright and attractive to their big brothers. The sweet influence of an unselfish girl, forgetful of self, thoughtful for others, and devoted to the home circle, is immense.

The third question is—"What can I do to brighten father's life? On his return home each evening after the toils of day are over, I will qualify myself to be his companion. Let me learn what he likes. Let me interest myself in the topics he cares for. He shall feel that I can talk sensibly, even on business subjects, and that when he bids me I can, at his dictation, write a good business letter. I will read books to enable me to understand subjects worth the knowing. Father and I shall have much in common in music, literature, art, business, or whatever else he wishes me to pursue. When sensible men are talking I will learn to listen, and will not start some silly talk in another part of the room, as though what was going on were too deep for me. If I have not time to be highly accomplished, at any rate I will take my share in everything intellectual in the house. I will live for my parents; I will dress to please them; I will work to save them; I will sing to them, read to them, talk to them, and listen to them, and study their comfort and happiness in this joyous interval between school and that wider range of duty and pleasure possible in a few years' time." Say to yourself—"Let me now do two things: first, let me repay to my parents a little out of their past loving care and kindness; and secondly, let me gather up all experiences and all incidental knowledge now which may render me more capable, more efficient, more useful, in the years before me."

Space will not permit me to deal with the question of the modern girl's career, but one or two remarks may not be out of place. What is to become of you? Shall you marry? Perhaps so, but perhaps not. No doubt a happy marriage is the best of lives for anyone. St. Paul said, "I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully;" but let me protest against the idea that a girl's aim in life is to be "matrimony at all risks." A miserable marriage is the most miserable of all miserable things, while many unmarried women are thoroughly happy and contented.

We are meant to do something good in this world. Work of some kind is the blessing all are to enjoy, the privilege all are to share, the reward all are to obtain; it may be in your father's house, it may be in a sweet home of your own, it may be in some business or profession, where your energies will have full opportunity, and where a healthy career lies before you. I am the last to countenance the slightest approach to neglect of the duties of home, but I think it folly for a number of daughters to all live at home and do nothing, until, when the father dies, they are obliged to try and earn a living somehow; especially, as in cases known to me, their only apparent qualification is that "father is dead."

My last word shall be upon the one great essential which must pervade all your work. For want of a better term, let us call it heavenly-mindedness. Like the atmosphere, it will be felt rather than seen. There will then be a tone of thought, and a sweetness of motive easily recognised in even the most ordinary things. Love to the Saviour, and a way of viewing the home as He would view it, and of helping as He would have helped, will make all work willing and pleasant, and will cause you to avoid that disastrous spirit of discontent which is very prevalent in some quarters. The sight of young girls, full of hopefulness and romance, believing in human nature, determined to enjoy themselves, simple in their ideas, unspoilt by society, amiable and warm-hearted, yet inexperienced and impulsive, is pathetic and beautiful. None of us who are older can fail to see how delightful are your views of what life ought to be from your point of view; but here and now, before you step forth from school-life into this newer and freer world, let me beg you to value, employ, use, and profit by the next few years and their inestimable opportunities.

With the assistance of the Holy Spirit, the continual pardon of Christ, and the honest resolve to serve Him in your present bright happy home, you ought so to conduct yourself in that inner, loving circle, that your parents shall look upon you as the best daughter in the world, and as they gaze into other homes and observe other girls also living noble and gentle lives, shall still regard you as better than the rest, saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

HOW TO SING IN ORATORIO.

By ESTHER PALLISER.

DEAR GIRLS,—The inland country round about this quaint old seaside resort of Cromer is noted for its beautiful walks and rambles. In one of these delightful glens, entitled the "Lion's Mouth," I am now seated, taking a first glance through a new oratorio that I must have ready for the autumn.

Having been requested to write a paper for you on "How to Sing in Oratorio," the idea has struck me that this would be a good time and place to jot down my thoughts on the subject.

Now, naturally, the first requisite for singing in oratorio, or anything else for that matter, is the voice—*cela va sans dire*. The voice must be properly produced. Just here I would like to say that, unfortunately, many failures to sing well in oratorio are due to the ignorance of this subject on the part of the vocalist; also, that England, being the very cradle of oratorio, its audiences will not endure impure tones, forcing of voice, and other evidences of bad production in this acknowledged purest style of composition. In opera, of course, many such defects may be covered up by the costumes, scenery, acting, etc.

There are many masters in England from whom one can get ideas as to the style in which oratorio music should be rendered, but the rendition is often greatly marred (although the pupil may comprehend the points) simply because she has not the necessary control over the vocal organs to give the effect intended. Of course, one can scarcely begin too young to conquer these purely muscular technical difficulties. The earlier in life they are overcome the less time and trouble are required to complete this "drudgery" of the art (as it is considered by many), although I personally have always found it intensely fascinating.

It seems to me that the second essential in oratorio is a simple unaffected style in singing—no flourishes are necessary. The rendering should be straightforward, dignified, and impressive: one would naturally feel this in connection with any words addressed to the Deity, or relating to sacred subjects, but when these words are wedded to soulful music one is doubly moved to a correct style. This applies, of course, only to those who have the necessary religious bent of mind, or, at least, enjoy at times the consideration of serious things. A light and flippant mode of singing would be altogether against one's feeling as to the fitness of things in oratorio.

Now, granting that one has the necessary control over the voice, and that a good style has been acquired under a competent teacher, I should say that the actual study of the part would be only a pleasure—at least, I have always found it so. But whether one has a competent professor or not, I think there is nothing which aids the student so much as hearing and seeing the greatest living exponents of this branch of art. One should try to take in all the details of a singer's performance, criticise, compare, and hear again.

Above all, should every intelligent exponent of this class of work give the interpretation that appeals to herself. Feeling it herself strongly the audience will feel it; feeling it not at all the audience will go away unimpressed. I approve of each artist studying her parts alone first, trying to get the inner meaning out of words and music. When a distinct idea has been formed in the mind as to how she would like to do it, then she should sing it (without accompaniment and still quite alone), trying to give each effect as she has thought it out.

When she has completed her own analysis and study of the work, and is at least comparatively satisfied with her own conception, let her either sing it for one or two critical people, or pass it with a great master for his opinion and the recognised traditions. He may give hints that will be invaluable; but, on the contrary, if these hints seem unnatural, or to belong to another reading of the part than the one she has adopted, she need not apply them, even although she may have been told that such and such a great artist has made a wonderful effect by their use. It might be an effect she would fail in, simply because it did not appeal to her.

Another pre-requisite to a really successful performance in oratorio is the comfort that comes to the artist from the feeling that she is thoroughly in touch with the conductor. When they move perfectly together, the anxiety on the part of each is so minimised that a more smooth performance is a sure result.

And now I come to personal appearance. I think an artist's first touch with the audience, before a note has been uttered, will often influence the final judgment of that audience. I know that we often feel at once whether we have made a favourable impression or not, and, if not, our vocal efforts suffer as a consequence. But let me say to you girls—those of you who sing and want to prepare for this field—do not try to do anything in particular; be natural. Hold yourself straight, but not stiffly; head and shoulders well back; look somewhat above rather than on a level with the people just in front of you. Dress as becomingly as possible, without reference to gorgeousness of apparel. I am not one to say one must have handsome materials for one's gowns. I think, especially if a woman is young or looks young, that the simpler the material in her gown, provided it fits well and is well cut, the more she will be apt to captivate by her appearance.

Besides, if her gowns are simple, she feels more at ease than if she is decked out in trimmings and ornaments that do not, to say the least, belong to the solemn oratorio. If she feels at ease she is much more likely to do her work well. In this connection I ought also to say that, although no acting is supposed to be required on the oratorio platform, my opinion is that the physiognomy at least ought to be in harmony with the emotions expressed.

Last, but not least, let it be said that



ESTHER PALLISER.
(*By permission of Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn.*)

nervousness is the greatest bugbear of many artistes' lives. We suffer from it often without *knowing* why—without being able to find a good reason why we, who know our part thoroughly, know the hall where we are to sing, know the orchestra and conductor, should be so tormented just when we mount the steps to the platform perhaps, or as we walk on, and our hearts flutter, our knees tremble, our arms feel rigid, and we know we are walking like automatons, but can't help it! Alas, why is the throat so parched? the tongue paralysed? We bite it; but in too feeble a fashion to do any good. Again—harder! Almost brought the blood that time, we think. Well, that last bite does seem somehow to moisten the throat and improve our general condition, and, by the time our opening solo comes, we do tolerably well—at least until the end of it where there is a large effect wanted, and plenty of breath. Just as we are approaching it, the heart begins again its sledge-hammer process, and goes on worse than before. The music shakes in our hands, knees tremble, throat closes, and the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth as though glued. We give the last notes in a perfect terror of fright—they seem a shriek—but what a surprise and delight when the applause breaks the stillness, and we find that, notwithstanding our own discomfiture, the dear audience is satisfied and appreciative.

We breathe again. No trembling now! We realise that, were it only to be done again at once, we should do it fifty times better. But, alas! the opportunity is gone, and we can take only one lesson out of the experience and the misery connected with it. What is that? Try not to be self-conscious!

I do really believe, girls, although I suffer agonies at times myself from nervousness, that no one need so suffer who is not, to a greater or lesser degree, self-conscious. Perhaps I am wrong in this, but why is it that people who have been before the public for years suffer from it at certain times only, when at others they are quite calm and collected? How is one to account for that? Hence, to sing well in oratorios, I must say, "be not nervous; try to banish fear of the critics, your friends, the general public—every one in fact, and I am sure that, having surmounted the other obstacles in connection with your difficult art, you will, even at your *début*—which is the most trying time of all—make a deep impression."

PATTY'S EMANCIPATION.

By ADA M. TROTTER, Author of "My Lady Marjorie," etc.

CHAPTER I.

PATTY was born great—born a leader; born to wide interests; born to be envied by her school-mates, adored, reverenced by weaker minds. This was Patty.

What a brilliant school career she could look back upon! First in everything; that was Patty's *rôle* in life. Nature lent her a helping hand, in granting her a pretty form, and a face which became the ideal of beauty to many a sweet, plain maid in her class.

Patty was a firm upholder of women's rights. True, her knowledge of life was narrow, but she was very sure of her premises. Women's rights meant a great deal to Patty; in fact, when she held forth on her great theme, some weak-minded girl who had a very lovable father and brother, absolutely intruded the remark, that in Patty's scheme "men's rights" went to the wall. I am glad to state that Patty knew how to scathe this feeble reed with sarcasm, and after this "men's rights" were never again obtruded as of any importance whatever.

This brief description of Patty's past, her first twenty-one years, brings me to an important fact. She was an orphan, and owed her education to a very poor relative, whom she had never seen. True, she might have done so every vacation, for his cordial letters often entreated her presence, but she really had not a week to spare; her rich friends absolutely carried her off with them. She knew he was poor and lonely, lived in an old farm-house in the heart of Dean, and was shy, even of bringing his rustic presence to the fashionable school where his adopted child was being fitted for her brilliant future. Patty dismissed all thought of him with a shrug of the shoulders, and went her own way, as a woman ought to do. As for his letter, open before her now, her last day at school, it was simply ridiculous. He expected her to go straight to the farm, and live there indefinitely. Patty dashed off a reply, and tore the unwelcome letter into bits. She was on her way downstairs with her letter in her hand ready for the postman, when Mrs. Burden, her schoolmistress, told her a visitor awaited her in the parlour.

Patty often had visitors, always aristocratic, of course, and she entered the parlour with perfect nonchalance, the letter still in her hand.

A tall man, clad in country-made garments, but whose bearing was dignified, even noble, rose at her entrance.

"My name is Harlowe," he said kindly, "and I am here to take you home. My gig is waiting, and if you will get your hat, we can start at once, so as to get over our journey by sundown."

Patty smiled in an easy, complacent manner (how could the faultless Patty be other than complacent). "How very kind you are," she said. "Pray do not let me detain you a moment, for as I have just written to my uncle, I have made other plans."

"You have made plans which do not include him, I imagine?"

"Of course," said Patty, raising her pretty eyes in surprise. "I am twenty-one, you know, and absolutely free to do as I wish."

"May I read your letter," he said grimly.

Patty coloured. She saw the bad taste of the request, and bad taste was a cardinal sin. However, with an indescribable touch of hauteur, she handed Mr. Harlowe the open letter. As he read it, she carelessly moved to the window, waving her hand to Susie Rivers, who was waiting for her in a low phaeton drawn by a pretty pair of ponies, and casting a look of amusement at the coarse plough-horse harnessed to a high antiquated vehicle, drawn up in the shade close by. An exclamation from her visitor caused her to turn hastily. He had lost his calmness; even the inexperienced Patty could see he was moved beyond control, and her carefully-worded letter was crushed into a ball in his hand.

"You seem to be excited, Mr. Harlowe. Probably you are of the old school——"

"The old school; yes, I belong to the old school. I had a mother I could love and reverence, strong and sweet, true and lovely. I believe in woman; but this—this—is this your new school?"

He became incoherent in his indignation.

"Oh, believe me, I know your arguments all by heart!" said Patty serenely, glad of the chance to air her views. "You want every woman made to sacrifice herself on a chimera of duty. Of course you think that, as my uncle paid for my education, I am in duty bound to devote myself to him for the future. Now I do not mean to do this. I shall repay him every farthing he has spent on me, that is my duty. It is also my duty to make the most of my talents. If I were a man he would expect nothing of me. In our new *régime* men and women have equal rights, and he must take me on that ground, and expect nothing of me."

Mr. Harlowe eyed the girl with bitter scorn as she spoke. Before his eyes rose the picture of the unselfish old man who had denied himself comforts for years in order to educate his brother's child.

"But no! He shall not be disappointed, he shall not be heart-broken by this ignorant schoolgirl," he muttered.

"Patty, darling Patty," cried Susie's impatient voice.

"Coming, little one, in a moment," was the silver-toned reply.

"Young lady," said Mr. Harlowe, in a strained, intense voice, "if I vouchsafe no answer to your feeble argument, believe me it is in pity for one so young, and so absolutely heartless. I want to tell you that you hold life and death in your hands. Your uncle, foolishly enough, has permitted his fancy to dwell on you as a loving child, who will repay his love with interest. He is ill. I dare not, I will not, go back without you. The shock of finding his cherished ideal broken shall not come upon him suddenly. Let him see you, and learn to know you, perhaps then the gradual knowledge may grow upon him of your cold, selfish nature; he may be only too willing to let you go your own way, even a week hence."

Patty smiled, still superior.

"For a week, then," she said, "if you make the matter so serious. But I warn you I do not mean to devote myself to him. I have my own career to think of, and I mean it to be a brilliant one."

With these words, she left the room, returning soon afterwards with her hat, followed by the servants with her trunks. There was a rather prolonged parting with Susie, who wept copiously on her friend's shoulder. Patty, however, was still superior, and climbed into the high gig, without permitting her feelings to be recorded in her countenance.

Mr. Harlowe, still quivering with indignation, took the reins and drove silently into the very heart of Dean.

Past coal-pits, where the black-faced colliers grouped themselves about the pit's mouth. Under holly and oak of centuries' growth. Into a sylvan world that Patty's eyes had never rested on before. The winds that roamed the forest through had never sung their songs before to heart so dead to their spiritual meaning, and yet something stirred in Patty's breast, as if from whirlwind she had entered a calm, where vain ambitions were buried amidst the ferns and grasses.

As night fell, the red glow of the furnaces lit the dusky woods. Men moved back and forth like spectres against this ruddy light.

Even this was passed, there was a deeper gloom, yet of forest tree and tangled underwood. And it was late ere the farm-house came in sight. Then Mr. Harlowe paused.

"Girl," he said sternly, "one of God's noblemen awaits you there. Go to him, and as God sees you be good to him to-night."

"Believe me," said Patty, "I cannot pretend an emotion I do not feel. Besides it would be a fatal mistake to lead him to suppose I mean to bury myself alive in the forest. I shall be polite of course, and I hope, kind."

Mr. Harlowe's answer was lost, for the door opened and a cheery voice cried,

"Is that Patty? Is that my girl Patty?"

Patty went graciously up the garden walk, and made her polite little effort. At sight of it Mr. Harlowe, with a frown, drove hastily off through the forest.

Patty stood in the hall alone with her uncle. She looked at him critically, and felt a little glow of satisfaction that he really was a very fine-looking old man. His white hair grew long and silky, and fell on his worn coat. His expression was noble, full of lovely qualities the girl knew nothing about. Heroic endurance, magnanimous foregiveness of cruel wrongs, generosity and simplicity of character were written on this page in clear index. All this her scrutiny could not give her, but she felt his atmosphere of sweetness and power. A sense of irritation seized her that there was something before her which, with all her culture, she could not grasp. She felt abashed, and her candid intention of expressing her views on her plans for the future was for the moment set aside.

Farm-house delicacies were called for to tempt her to eat; but Patty showed no appreciation of this part of the welcome.

"My child is cold and tired," said her uncle in a sweet deep voice, and he drew her to the old settle, and sat beside her, chafing her hands, and showing her in a thousand ways that she was dear to him.

Patty at length found herself alone in the room set aside for her. As she recalled her uncle's loving embrace and the words in which he prayed God bless her, she felt irritated.

"What nonsense it is," she said. "He can't really care for me. I am really very hardly placed in having to respond to his demands on my affection."

She looked round the room. It was furnished with every modern comfort, but naturally lacked grace in the arrangement. Patty sprang up, and moved the furniture about until her beauty-loving eye was satisfied.

"I suppose I can put up with a few days here," she said. "I'll begin a course of study to-morrow, so that it need not be lost time."

What of her uncle? The old man brooding over the fire, trying to realise that his dream was broken

Late that night he went up to his room, and lay with wide open eyes all through the long hours to dawn. When it was the time to rise, he was too feeble to move.

"Your uncle can't get up this morning," said the rough farm servant. "I doubt he's breakin' up."

Patty did not concern herself in the least. She was busy, pencil in hand, making out a list of study, and easily absorbed herself during the morning hours. She expected her uncle to make some demands on her time, and was prepared to resist. Of course the old school of woman would have rushed into the breach, but Molly was quite equal to the task of waiting on the invalid, who really seemed to give very little trouble.

"Has he asked to see me?" said she, as the maid came downstairs with the corner of her apron to her eye.

"The master? He'd be the last in the world to ask anyone to do aught for him," she blurted out, her red eyes turning indignantly on the girl at her side.

Patty received the look without a qualm. It is so comfortable to go through life sure one is right, it makes one so patient with the emotional follies of weaker minds.

"Poor Molly," said Patty to herself; "her ideas are naturally of the old school. Now if I were a nephew instead of a niece, she would not think of looking daggers at me because I do not spend my time in uncle's room."

But the rough, true-hearted woman who would have given her life's blood for her old master, was not content to stand by and see him droop for the sake of the heartless girl before her. She brought a tray, with some delicacy she had struggled to make for the invalid, despite her lack of knowledge.

"He've eat nothing to-day," said she. "Perhaps if you could take it up for him——"

Patty looked her surprise. "You are too busy, I suppose."

"Too busy! Too busy to wait on my dear old master!"

She broke out into loud sobs, covered her head with her apron, and rocked back and forth.

"He've been waitin' for you to come home, longin' and waitin'. He've denied himself comforts he'd ought to have had for your sake. How do you s'pose your room was made so smart, and him making next to nothin' on the farm? And now—now—you can't so much as walk upstairs, and sit in his room for an hour."

But when Molly took her apron down from her face, awed at the silence, she found Patty and the tray had disappeared.

To the old man a ray of life and light entered the room with the graceful girl, the child of the brother who had wronged him so deeply, who had stolen the light out of his life, and then trodden it under foot ruthlessly. Patty's mother had died heart-broken.

"Molly tells me you eat nothing," said Patty, in her complacent tone. "Now I want you to make an effort. This blanc-mange is not very well made; I learned how to do it at the cooking school, but of course Molly has not learned the science of cooking. If you will eat this I will prepare you something for your dinner."

How the old man brightened.

"You will, Patty, but your lily fingers——"

"Oh, I shall wear gloves," she said, seriously. Perhaps it was not the answer he expected —his eyes glanced hastily at her calm face. Patty was annoyed at the discomfort of the room. It was poorly furnished and everything in it seemed out of place. There was a certain gift of deftness in her fingers, and she set to work moving this and that, until she gave a more habitable look to the room. Still, nothing of kindliness surrounded her as an atmosphere, and the old man felt the lack. If Molly but came into the room, her good warm heart seemed to pervade every corner, even though her toilworn hands could do so little to enhance the comfort of her master.

Presently Patty took the tray from him and set it outside. Then instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do, she looked at her watch, and decided to give her uncle a quarter of an hour of her valuable time, so she took a seat by the bed.

Patty did not know that she was in the presence of her superior, and did not understand the power which seemed to draw the very thoughts of her heart from her, and yet there she sat in her complacency, permitting all her views, her hopes of a brilliant career, her intention of not permitting her sex to handicap her movements—all, all came forth at the will of this simple-hearted, grand old man.

When there was really nothing more left to be aired, Patty looked with ineffable superiority at her uncle's thoughtful face.

"It is always best to be frank," she said to herself, thinking that she had willed to empty her heart to him. "Now, he will see just what to expect."

"I regret exceedingly," said he, "that the school which was so highly recommended to me should have been in truth such a stronghold of vulgarity."

"Vulgarity! Uncle!" cried Patty, springing to her feet, for once startled out of her complacency.

"I use the word vulgar in its old sense," said he. "You want the best place everywhere, to be first, the creator of new ways, the leader in overturning the old, is not this supremely vulgar, common to all ordinary souls. Ambition, vanity, what are these but vulgar traits, remnants of the savage in us, before the simple behest of St. Paul, 'In honour preferring one another.'"

Patty was silent with consternation.

"You demand your liberty. You say a woman's happiness consists in being absolutely untrammeled by home claims. Accept your ideal at my hands, and go forth free, 'as though,' to quote your own words, 'you were my nephew, not my niece.'"

"I had quite made up my mind to stay a week here," stammered Patty, feeling desperately uncomfortable. She did not understand why the expression of her uncle's clear blue eyes as he raised them to her face should have given her such a twinge of pain.

"A week," he said, "that was much for such an ambitious soul to give to home claims. I absolve you from your promise. You are free. And now leave me. Perhaps some day you may have a higher ideal. God send it——"

He turned his face to the wall, and Patty fled. She hardly knew where she went, or what she was doing. She was too indignant to draw breath. Her uncle had insulted her. He had called her, the graceful Patty, vulgar; what a narrow groove his mind must always have run in not to be able to see matters from her own standpoint. Somehow her complacency would not return and take up the cudgels in her behalf, and besides this, for the first time in her life, her brilliant life, her heart was full of pain.

She found herself back in the house, and went out to Molly in the kitchen. Here she earned a grateful look from the goodhearted forest maid by offering to make some dainty for the sick room. Her sense of superiority came back as she recalled her cooking lessons, and brought scientific skill to bear upon the work. She was well satisfied with herself for being so forgiving too, little conscious that she was making an effort to still the pain, this new pain at her heart. Molly, all smiles, ran upstairs with the tray. Then Patty heard her come downstairs with a heavy step, and begin to poke up the kitchen fire. Something drew her out of herself again, and she wandered into the kitchen.

"He wouldn't look at it, miss, not when I told him as you done it. He says, 'Molly, my good girl, make me some toast, Molly. You work willin' for the old man, Molly, I knows,' he says."

Patty turned short round and went back to her studies. She surrounded herself with books, but she could not read to-night. Then she took paper and pencil, and began to plan her future. With her talents of course the way was easy enough, and she had already the promise of a secretaryship did she choose to take it. Freedom was happiness, and now it was evident she was perfectly free to do just as she wished. She might leave to-morrow.

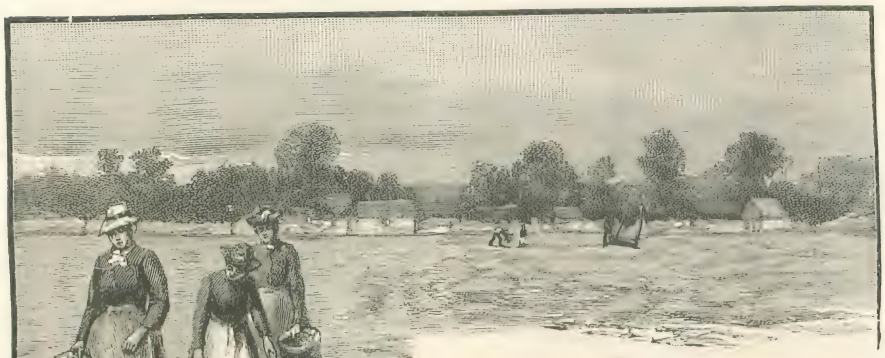
Just then she received a letter from Susie Rivers.

"Darling,—Mamma and I are going to drive over for you to-morrow. We know you must be bored to death in the drowsy old forest. You must come back with us and stay indefinitely. Your loving, loving Susie."

It was late when Patty went upstairs that night. As she passed her uncle's door she stood and listened. She heard a long weary sigh; dared she go in? Perhaps he would not be pleased. She wished—— what did Patty wish. Something that would not formulate itself into words, something that kept her standing at the door, not daring for the first time in her life to follow the dictates of her heart. She was beginning to see through a glass—darkly.

(To be concluded.)

GIRLS WHO WORK IN THE FIELDS.



WEEDING.

GIRLS who live in large towns must realise with difficulty the lives of their poorer sisters, who depend upon the hard work of field labour as the only means of subsistence. Indeed, unless they have travelled on the Continent they are generally unaware of the existence of these patient girls, who, working from six in the morning until six in the evening, do a day's work which would overtax the strength of many a town-bred man.

These girls mostly work on the vegetable gardens, and the greater quantity of vegetables which come to Covent Garden, Stratford, and Southwark markets have been tended by their hands.

Many of these vegetable gardens are on the rich marshy lands of Essex, so let us pay a visit to one of these farms.

It is a lovely day in August, and the fields are all bathed in the warm glow of a mid-summer's sun. The first field we pass is a corn-field; all is business and life, the harvest is being reaped, and, as the cutting-machine moves forward, there is a girl following and tying the corn in sheaves. This is the first example of a female labourer we come across, so it may interest "Our Girls" to know how she is dressed. She has on a rough straw hat tied round with a bit of ribbon, and probably if young and pretty (as the girl we are describing), she has added a few wild flowers. Her dress is dark in colour, and made of some thick material. City girls will probably think that in the country for the month of August some lighter material would be more suitable. So it would for a walk or a drive, but the labour of field-work would make it look dirty in a few minutes; and should it come on to rain, as in a climate like ours it very frequently does, the thinner material would be but very little protection. So her dress is dark and of a thick material, tied in at the waist by the strings of the coarse sackcloth apron which is almost always worn while working. Her sleeves are turned up, her waist is broad, her figure sturdy and strong, and the sun glows on her ruddy healthful face, for although the work is hard, perhaps too hard for a girl, and the food is poor and often scanty, yet the open air and the early retiring and rising seem to make up for these disadvantages.

It will be probably said, what has a corn-field to do with a vegetable farm? Well, the vegetable crop has to be continually changed, and frequently a crop of corn, rye and tares, or oats, has to be reared in its place, otherwise the vermin increase on the vegetable garden and the crop is blighted and destroyed before it is fit for food. Consequently, most vegetable farms have one-third of corn sown on them.

Let us leave the corn-field, which is rapidly changing from the swaying mass not unlike a sea of gold rippling in the breeze, into those quaint stacks standing on the stubble, which will in their time give place to the plough, and the rich earth be turned up again, to receive the autumn crop of vegetables. Passing on to the next field, which happens to be a bean-field, one is struck with the picturesqueness of the long straight rows of beans all covered with bloom. It is the first day of bean-picking, and all is bright with life and gaiety on this beautiful day. The work of picking is done by girls and women, and as they go up one row and come down another, talking to each other when they meet, it makes a very animated scene. They all seem to be happy. The beans are plentiful. The day is lovely, and being early in the season the beans fetch a good price in the London market. The women, who here are on "piece-work," are paid by the quantity they pick, so they are labouring as diligently as they can. Here and there are girls who seem to be not quite up to the work, for they probably have come from the village or town to make a little pocket-money, and are not used or dependent upon it; but as they are paid by the quantity they pick, anyone who chooses can come. Now we shall be able to study them a little more closely as



AT WORK.

the cart comes rumbling up the road to take back the beans which have been picked. As it draws up close to us, each girl shoulders her sack. Some coming from the further end of the field to bring it up to the foreman, and as we see them we realise how hard their work is, these sacks holding about 120 lbs. The girls are all dressed in much the same way as the one before described, but how different they are from one another, some only just having left school. Others in the full strength of womanhood, with the glow of health on their faces. Others thin and prematurely old, looking as though this work was strangely out of place (afterwards we found out that these delicate girls had been factory hands, but owing to the failing of a factory in the neighbourhood they had to turn to field work as a means of subsistence), and lastly came a very old woman from the end of the field carrying her sack, quite full, which seemed, like her weight of years and cares, almost too much for her to bear. When at last she came and deposited her sack, for which they had all been waiting, they gave her quite a cheery welcome, and standing sufficiently upright for us to see her face, she seemed quite smiling and cheerful, for although she was full of years, she had borne them as well as the sack she carried, and would until her time was up and death would relieve her from her hard and laborious life. Then some of the girls who had only picked half a sack shared with one another and put their beans together to make up the full sack. As the beans were selling so well in London, the farmer was able to pay as much as one shilling a sack for the picking, which was probably the reason for their cheerfulness. The more experienced will pick as much as three or four sacks in the course of the day, yielding a sum of money which will not only keep them for the time, but be enough to put by for those hard times that come in the autumn and winter, when work is so difficult to get and pay is so very small. "Indeed," remarked one of the girls, "it is nearly as good as the pea-picking time, because although we make more then, we begin at 4.30 in the morning and go on nearly till midnight." So all being satisfied, with their baskets under their arms they went up the rows again, singing and talking, the dull grey of their sackcloth aprons contrasting with their cheerful faces, and the bright colour of their cheeks almost rivalled the blossoms on the plants. How different was the scene when passing the same field one day at the end of September! It was scarcely six in the evening, yet almost dark; the rain had been falling all day, driven by a keen north wind, penetrating to one's very bones. The plants that looked so bright before, now hung down almost denuded of leaves; here and there a blossom which had tried to struggle into existence only made the field look gloomier. Some of the girls whom we had seen before were still working in the field drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, and no wonder, for they had been working for twelve hours in this weather. The soggy earth gave but a very poor foothold to them, as they carried their heavy damp sacks of beans on their shoulders. Amongst them was "Old Sarah," as she was called, whose sack this time seemed more than she could bear, so the foreman was good-naturedly carrying it for her. How different since we last saw it! The girls were waiting to receive their money; the beans had been very scarce, and only the most experienced were able to pick two sacks full in the twelve hours; the prices in the market were low, and the pay was ninepence instead of a shilling. Each of the girls took their money and silently went their way telling like dark silhouettes against the dull leaden sky, and almost reflected in the damp cold ground beneath them. Let us hope when they get home there will be a bright fire waiting for them, the kettle boiling on the hob and the cheerful tea-things flashing back the lights of the fire, as now and then the wood flickers up and crackles on the hearth. But we must leave them for the present, and return to "Old Sarah," who having been left to the last, is endeavouring to persuade the foreman to pay her for a full sack of beans, when there are at least a dozen pounds or so short. He wavers and would like to give her the full pay, but he knows his duty to his master, so "Old Sarah" only receives eightpence instead of ninepence for her afternoon's work. At this she seemed so depressed that we could not help making up the difference, it was so very small, but to her how much it seemed. Her face lit up with such a smile that we thought there must have been a break in the clouds, and some of the



BEAN-GATHERING.



OLD SARAH.

warm evening light appearing between them. It was only fancy though, for the sky was as dull as ever. The cart, looking like a black mountain, was rumbling away and seemed quite unearthly until it was lost in the distant mist.

As our way lay in "Old Sarah's" direction, we asked her if we might accompany her and carry her basket for her, as she seemed so very tired. Indeed, her day's work was almost too much for her. On our way she told us how hard the times were and how difficult it was to make 1s. 6d. go round, she not only having herself to keep, but her husband, who had been laid up for the last twenty years, and one of her daughters who never was strong enough to work, and in the winter money would be scarce and things so dear. She had been working on the farm for fifty years, she said, and never before had she been too weak to carry her sack of beans, and what would become of her husband and daughter when she could work no more? We soon came to the cottage, and when the door was open, such a bright stream of light was reflected across the road that it brought back all her old energy and cheerfulness. Bidding her good-night we left her, to make our way across the fields which but a month back had been so bright and full of life, but were now cold, desolate, and almost disappearing in the darkness of the night. But cheerless times come only too soon, so let us pass over this cloud which foreshadows the future, and live again in the delightful August weather we have before been describing.

Leaving the bean-field with its numerous toilers we pass through other fields. On some the crops are growing, others have been ploughed and are being weeded. On these girls and women are working, and continually as they walk along, stoop down pulling up the weeds, and putting them in baskets they carry with them. We pass more corn-fields, and in one the corn is being cut with the sickle, reminding one of the time gone by, before the invention of machinery. In this part of the country the corn is only grown as a necessity, so they are much behind the corn counties in their appliances for reaping the harvest.

As it is now six o'clock the labourers put away their tools, the carts go rumbling home to the farm sheds, and the girls return from their work. Some come from the bean-fields, others from weeding, planting, or helping the harvest men. All are cheerful, for all have done a good day's work. They soon disappear to the various little cottages that are grouped together in roads and corners, cottages which add so much to the beauty of our English landscape. Quietness does not reign for long. Their meal is soon finished, and then the girls come trooping out again. Some to work on their own little vegetable gardens, but the majority (as the corn has just been reaped) make their way to the stubble-fields. Here and there are groups of them gleaning and tying their gleanings into small sheaves, which steadily increase in number as the sun nears the horizon. Having collected as much as they can carry, they tie them up in one large bundle. Some carry their bundles on their heads, others under their arms, others in their aprons, and as the day is drawing to a close all is lit up by the glorious rays of the descending sun, each girl as she goes her way home seeming to carry with her a burden of gold. The day is fast spending itself. The shadows lengthen until the world itself becomes a shadow. Little lights begin to come into the windows, like stars visiting the earth, but not long do they remain. Soon all is quiet, the lights go out one by one, and the very earth seems to slumber after the toil and labour of the day. All days are not like the one just passed, but such days are the field-worker's golden days, and make up much for the hardships and trials of their lives.

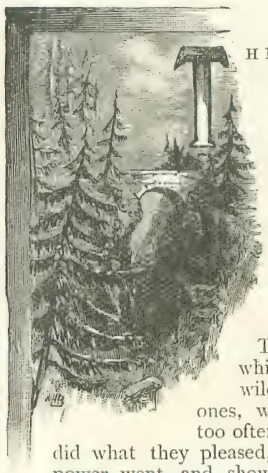


GLEANING.

SIGRID.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THOR BONDE LOVED HIS DAUGHTER.



THROUGH the length and breadth of Norway a prouder man never lived than Thor of Hjærddal, who, with a haughty assumption of humility, called himself "Thor Bonde," or Thor the peasant.

The times in which he lived were wild and lawless ones, when might was too often right, and men did what they pleased, as far as their power went, and showed little regard for God or man, or aught else but the might of a trusty sword wielded by a strong arm.

Christianity was slowly but steadily spreading over the land, but many still clung to the old faith, and whilst outwardly conforming to the new religion, secretly worshipped the old deities in whom their forefathers had believed.

Thor was liberal in his views, being quite ready to worship the "White Christ," or the old heathen gods, separately or conjointly, according to the amount of benefit he hoped to derive from them; but there was one thing in which he believed implicitly and with all the tenacity of his nature, and that was the power and greatness of Thor Bonde.

Thor ruled over a large district, and could summon a hundred men to follow him on any of his frequent raids on his enemies. He was rude and overbearing, but generous and hospitable; his doors were never shut on those who came to seek his aid.

He was richer and more powerful than many a jarl, but there was one thing he did not possess, and the lack of which was a bitter drop in his cup of prosperity, he had no son to carry on the ancient line of which he was so proud, and into whose strong hand he could resign his battle-axe, when at last his own arm grew powerless and weak.

Thor's wife had been very beautiful, and devoted and faithful to her warlike lord, who loved her passionately, but whose wild and reckless deeds often terrified her gentle nature, making her tremble for her husband's life, and after a few years she died, leaving her little girl still a child in Thor's care.

Never was a child more tenderly loved than Sigrid, whose delicate beauty offered such a striking contrast to her father's rough exterior, and who grew up into gentle girlhood in the midst of such rude and uncongenial surroundings.

If Thor had been famous for his power and riches in past years, he was now best known as the father of the lovely Sigrid, the fame of whose beauty had spread far and near, bringing from all parts of Norway suitors for her hand.

But to none of them did the fair Sigrid seem inclined to turn a willing ear. Whether she fancied that it was as her father's sole heiress she was sought, and not for her own sweet self, certain it is that months passed by and still she had chosen no mate.

Thor was ambitious, and although calling himself a simple peasant he was determined that his only child should wed a man of noble birth, perhaps even a jarl's son; and at last it seemed as if his wishes were about to be fulfilled, for amongst the suitors who thronged his halls the son of a powerful jarl appeared, and what girl could resist the glamour thrown over this suitor favoured by rank and noble birth, whose rather insignificant exterior was adorned with scarlet robes and golden chains and rings?

Alas for poor Thor's hopes, so soon and cruelly to be dashed to the ground! He fancied his child's heart and hand ready, at his word, to be given to the keeping of the man he should choose, and she had given both, once and for all, to her lover Asmund. The young man lived with his aged mother on a small and unproductive farm, which, however, was his own, and held as unconditionally as were Erik's broad lands, and, like him, he called no man his master. How the lovers first learned to know each other no one could have told, and perhaps they themselves were not fully aware of their own feelings until they were rudely awakened from their peaceful, dreamy wanderings together over hill and vale.

But with the arrival of the jarl's son came the crisis in their lives, for Thor now determined that his daughter should wed this desirable suitor, and so end all the trouble and confusion entailed by such a large number of would-be sons-in-law. He was too proud, however, to accept the overtures made by the jarl's son. All at once he received him graciously, and welcomed him as an honoured guest; but, on some slight pretext or other, he delayed giving a decided answer until his plans were fully matured.

In the meantime Sigrid came and went as she pleased, and, as it had always been her habit, to make her way far and near to the dwellings of her father's followers, leaving behind her grateful hearts for the kind words and looks which, even more than her gifts, endeared her to them. No one noticed that her absences from her home were more than usually prolonged, or that her steps were usually bent in one direction.

Asmund's mother had for many months past been tormented by doubts and anxiety about her son; she could not understand the change which had gradually come over him; he spent most of his time on the Fjeld, and still her larder had never been so ill-filled; he, the most daring hunter for miles round, would more frequently than not come home empty handed.

What did he do, where did he go, and who did he meet on these wanderings abroad? To all these questions no answer was returned, and Mother Gru could only wait and hope for a change; Asmund's thoughtful, anxious face, and uncertain moods did much to increase her perplexity.

One day, when Asmund was as usual absent, she found one of her goats had strayed out of sight, and she started in pursuit of it, toiling up the Fjeld, till, as she turned her eyes in the direction of the lake, an exclamation of terror escaped her, and forgetting the truant goat, she rushed on and stretching out her arms, cried in a tone of despair, "Asmund, my son, come back!" but the distance was too great and her voice too weak to reach the lake, across which Asmund was rowing when his mother had caught a glimpse of him and been so distracted by the sight, for he was not alone; in the boat sat a beautiful girl, in a blue dress with gold ornaments, which as the old woman gazed, were lighted up by the sunbeams which shone down on her and her rich plaits of golden hair.

Now everything was clear to the heart-broken mother; she knew her son's terrible secret, he was bewitched—for that was no mortal woman who sat in his boat—it was a sprite, who would lure him to his doom, and in her excited fancy the old woman seemed to hear the mocking laugh with which the *trold* would greet her victim's cry of despair, when—too late—he should see her as she really was.

How could Asmund be saved from the terrible fate that surely awaited him? If a fond mother's prayers and efforts could be of any avail, they were his, but who could hope to conquer in the unequal struggle between a feeble mortal and an all-powerful supernatural being!

It was with a heavy heart that the old woman slowly retraced her footsteps, and on reaching her cottage she sank down on a bench, her busy hands lying in unwonted idleness on her lap, and her mind filled with sorrowful forebodings. Her son was the only living soul left to her; husband and children had all been taken from her, and Asmund alone remained to be the comfort and support of her old age; how proud she was of her boy, the best shot, and the most active dancer for miles round.

She had expected that he should marry some day, when her eyes had grown too dim and her hands too feeble to make his home a comfortable one; but there was no hurry about it, thank God, she was well and strong and could work for her boy for many a day.

What a jealous pang had seized her when she first caught sight of his companion in the boat; but after the first glance she would have been thankful to have known that it was his bride whom she saw, and not a fearful and lovely *huldre* woman, who would lure him to destruction.

In her despair the poor mother began to think over all the girls in the neighbourhood to see if none of them were beautiful enough to rival the charms of the *huldre*, but no one she had ever seen could for a moment be compared with her. She had indeed heard of the beauty of Thor Bonde's only child, but her charms would be almost as hopelessly beyond his reach as his elfish love; how could a poor man like Asmund dare to aspire to the hand of a beautiful heiress, whose suitors were said to be too numerous to reckon, and all of whom were of very superior position and means to him. Evidently there was no help in this way; she had heard of powerful charms that could change the most bewitching *huldre* into a hideous form, or into a figure of stone; but where to get it, that was the trouble, there were not so many wise people now as there used to be in the olden times; try as she might she could not think of anyone who could give her a counter-charm; there seemed no hope anywhere! She was at last roused from her gloomy thoughts by the entrance of her son; she glanced timidly at him as if fearing to see some visible change wrought in him by the *huldre*.

He looked depressed and preoccupied, seeming scarcely to hear her anxious questions as to where he had been, and what he had done. As answer, he took from off his shoulders a fine elk, and throwing it down on the ground, he cried, "There, mother, is something for your larder," and without waiting for the food which she placed before him, he left the hut and was soon out of sight. If any proof had been wanting before, it was supplied

by this disregard of his food, for Asmund had always returned from his mountain wanderings with the proverbial hunger of a hunter. Could it be that he had been mad enough to taste fairy food? if so, then indeed all hope for him was gone—that rash mortal who shared the *huldre*'s fare was irrecoverably lost.

Some days later, when Asmund had returned in unusually good spirits from his mountain rambles, his mother seized the opportunity to question him as to his intercourse with the *huldre* folk, and to implore him, as he valued the peace of his soul, to admit his infatuation, and obtain counsel and aid.

"I confess, mother," he answered, with a melancholy smile, "that I am bewitched by a *huldre* as beautiful as Freya herself, from whose power no one on earth can free me; he could but tighten the bonds by which I am held, and if you knew all you would pray that I might never be released."

His mother gazed at him in amazement, and then turned away in sorrowful silence. Of what avail were words or entreaties in such a case? The spell was all too surely drawn around the willing victim. What could she do but pray that before it was too late his eyes might be opened, and he might see the fair enchantress as she really was?

And what were Asmund's thoughts and hopes busied about, and on whom were they centred? On a lovely girl, whose only claims to enchantment lay in her unusual beauty, and in the innocent charms of her sweet womanly nature.

Sigrid and Asmund had been irresistibly attracted to one another from their first meeting, and had managed to see a great deal of each other, although, on the rare occasions when Asmund was to be seen at Thor Bonde's house (which was always open to those who chose to come), he always took his place at the lower end of the hospitable board, and was apparently unnoticed by father or daughter. Thor Bonde's great ambition was to see his daughter married to a man of high birth—rather inconsistent of this peasant-prince, who prided himself on his self-given name of "Bonde"—but not many people are quite free from a touch of contradiction in their composition, and Thor would have said it was for his child he was ambitious, not for himself. Between Sigrid's home and her lover's hut there lay the dark waters of the fjord, which had a gloomy threatening aspect, as if foreshadowing the dangerous squalls which often rose with unexpected rapidity, endangering the lives of those overtaken on its broad expanse.

It was on this fjord that the old mother had seen her son with the lovely Sigrid, whom, in her ignorant panic, she had wished at the bottom of the dark waters.

(*To be continued.*)



AGLAIA: THE GRACE OF DRESS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE newest departure in dress reform comes to us during the hot days of summer under a charming guise—a journal undisfigured by advertisements, and declining to draw profit from the teachings it is anxious to impart. *Aglaia* is to be published only twice a year, unhappily for us. Its main idea is to represent the possible gracefulness of dress when properly treated, and the line of thought advocated seems to be Greek, in its flowing lines, though its editors profess to gather good and graceful ideas from every source. The name of one of the three graces who presided over the beauty of life was fitly chosen for the title. Thalia, the first grace, represented the healthy bloom of youth; Euphrosyne, the second, hearteasing mirth; and the third, Aglaia, the adornment needful to dress in every-day life.

Aglaia is the organ of "The Healthy and Artistic Dress Union," of which we made mention at the time it was founded. It includes amongst its nine vice-presidents such authorities as Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and Sir Spencer Wells in the scientific world, three gentlemen and six ladies, and amongst the latter we have Mrs. Jopling as a representative of women artists. A note at the end of the list informs us "that the vice-presidents support the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union on the express understanding that it aims at sound education and discourages singularity in dress." Nowadays when everyone, who wants to do something a little out of the way, joins a society and becomes a member, an associate, a sister or even a "Haleluiah lass" to give them the needful courage and supply a backbone, I should have thought a union for the encouragement of singularity was more wanted. It seems a comical contradiction that, while endeavouring to alter the bad conditions of dress as at present worn and replace them by others, they should also "discourage singularity in dress!" What is really meant is probably that if a Mrs. Bloomer, or a Dr. Mary Walker arose amongst the members of the Union, they would be sternly shown the door, or the whole worthy nine "Vices" would resign instantly in a solid phalanx. So far as I can see the whole world of women discourages singularity in dress, and follows the changing outer fashions with blind unquestioning confidence.

It is nearly half a century since Mrs. Bloomer's day, and since then, both in England and America, we have passed through many phases of the reform movement. Here we had Mrs. Pfeiffer's Greek revival, and the æsthetic craze, and at least three societies have been founded. In America, the series of lectures delivered in 1875 at Boston by the four most experienced women physicians, and afterwards gathered together as a book called *Dress Reform*, embodied the best-educated and wisest female opinion, and has been of great value; most of the manuals on this subject that have appeared since have probably owed their origin to this exhaustive work. Mrs. Jeuness Miller's reform-movement seems the embodiment of sense, and when she visited England, three or four years ago, her dresses and ideas were fully illustrated and described in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The foundation which she advocates for all our gowns is of princess shape, and on it can be arranged all the changes entailed by the fleeting fashions, while it is so well-shaped, and so admirably cut, that no corsets are needed with it. Mrs. Jeuness Miller has lectured throughout America and Canada, and will visit England shortly, it is said, for the same purpose. She has an excellent system of under-clothing also, and one that can be easily carried out for daily wear.

Through the kindness of Mr. Henry Holiday we have been permitted to make use of some of the beautiful designs given in *Aglaia*. They are called by him the "Working Dress," and seem a glorified revival of what was known, and worn by people about seventy years ago under the name of a "bed-gown." It is a loose dressing-gown, gathered at the neck, with full sleeves, and is girt at the waist by a wide band with two loops, which are used to raise the dress when needed, the dress at the sides being pulled through them, and falling in graceful folds on each side, the gown being open in the front over a petticoat. It may be worn either long or short as required, but it looks as if it would be more graceful when short; and now that our skirts are of a more sensible length, it would not look *outré* if it were always worn in that manner, and it would be more useful for all purposes.

No dress reform movement would be complete without an attack on the corset. This



is of course our fundamental error in dress, and one that it seems almost hopeless to fight against. Dr. W. Wilberforce Smith supplies an excellent article "on the medical side of the attack," and contrives to add several terrors to those that already surround the practice. He says that, in certain bodily conditions common to both sexes, there are some in which women are at a remarkable disadvantage, accounted for by no natural cause. These, the doctor thinks, can be shown to be attributable wholly, or in part to corset wearing. They are lateral curvature of the spine, failure of the supporting muscles of the spine without curvature, of breathing capacity (measured by the spirometer), of abdominal respiratory movements, loss of singing voice as life advances, gallstones, deformities, and displacements of the liver, perforating ulcer of the stomach, floating kidney, etc. This is a dreadful list, and seems to demand attention from everyone who reads it, and who even wears the most moderately tight stays in no way laced tight, not more than enough to keep up the petticoats.

In America I found that there were plenty of excellent bodices to be purchased, made of various materials; well-fitting, but without bones, and at a moderate price. The only plan to displace the corset will be in finding some sort of well-fitting bodice to replace it; at present there seems nothing in the ordinary shops in England. One reason, I think, for women's dislike to going without stays, is the extreme ugliness of the waist at the back when no stays are worn. This seems apparent to everyone, and there is no help for it, and as one girl said to me, "It may be the right thing, but it is dreadfully ugly and clumsy." The other reason is the tendency amongst women to get stout, and the ungainly appearance without stays when they do so. If we could get short waists back again, such as were worn as late as 1838 even, then I think the trouble about tight-lacing would cease.

A new phase of dress reform is mentioned at some length in the American fashion papers, and this is an effort also in the right direction, both as regards corsets and increased economy in dress-making; for by its adoption all dresses could be made at home in a very short time, and their manufacture would need no special skill. The name of the new reformer is Mrs. Mary Pury King, and she has just been exhibiting them and illustrating her theories before the pupils of the teacher's college, where she has accepted a position as lecturer on the subject.

One of her principles is to have all her gowns unlined, which entails in consequence a series of what she calls "slips" under them, these slips being really a high-necked princess petticoat. They are all made of washing materials such as lawn, muslin, cambric, washing silk, pougee, tussore, flannelette, or flannel. Some of them are high and some low-necked; those made high-necked much resemble a night-gown, it is said; but the embroidery is let in about the neck, and there are frills of lace about it, being intended to wear under gowns cut square, V-shaped, or round at the neck, a most graceful fashion, as we may judge from the picturesque examples of dress in olden days. The low-necked slips are for wear under high-necked transparent gowns, and are trimmed with lace and have a lace-trimmed flounce at the bottom. The lace-trimmed neck of the high slips takes the place of the collar, which Mrs. Pury considers a sham only. This princess petticoat is the only one, the other garment being a combination of silk, cotton thread, or wool according to the season. Mrs. Pury has a corset which can be worn or not as preferred. It is only about six inches long, does not come quite to the waist line, and has shoulder straps. It has no bones, and seems more intended to support the stockings, and also to button on to it an extra skirt, if one should be needed at any time. It is worn under the slip and over the combination.

I have left the consideration of the gown to the last, for Mrs. Pury claims that she will do away with dressmaker's bills by its means. It is in one piece from head to foot, and it has as few seams as possible; the sleeves are straight pieces of material gathered up the seam on the inner side, which can be let out for washing, so as to make it into a straight piece of material again. This gown can be made up in a few hours, and can be trimmed in any manner preferred, the inventor having generally sets of large collars and cuffs for wear on ordinary occasions. Mrs. King considers that directly you destroy the shape of the waist, you must divert the eye from the alteration, by putting an extra amount of trimming on the shoulders and chest. She makes great use of the small Senorita jacket, and considers it a very excellent garment. This newest plan seems one of the most practicable and decorative yet brought forward.

Some of the contents of our new contemporary are rather behind-hand and out of date, especially the chapter on practical suggestions, which would hardly have been true five years ago, for the well-dressed and sensibly clad woman wears none of these things, neither chemise, vest, drawers, nor flannel petticoat, nor does she wear several skirts. The combination has become the garment, and the original suggestion of wearing knickerbockers given some years ago in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, has been adopted in all parts of the world as well as in England, and this renders the flannel petticoat quite unnecessary and useless. In this paper we have always acted on the idea that the evils of women's dress must be attacked inwardly, namely by substituting good models in underclothing for the bad ones usually worn, and the event has proved we were right.



FRENCH GIRLS IN LONDON.

By ANNE BEALE.



THAT deservedly popular suburb of London, St. John's Wood, stands a very hospitable mansion called Grove House. Although it is opposite St. John's Wood Chapel and St. John's Wood Metropolitan Railway-station, and is placed just where four crossed roads have omnibus-waits at every corner, it still retains its prestige of a country-house. Once inside its iron gates and all the noise of the outer world seems suddenly to cease, and a sort of Elysian quietude prevails. Lawns and gardens, winding paths and shady avenues rejoice the sight; and the cool waters of the Regent's Canal take their slow and silent course beneath the large trees, refreshing the weary mind.

The owners of Grove House do not keep this, their plaisaunce, to themselves. As the summer comes round they take delight in opening it and its grounds to "all sorts and conditions of men." To-day, June 20th, 1893, its gates stand open to admit the members of the French Mission, under the superintendence of the Rev. Du Pontet de la Harpe. It is strange to be transported in the twinkling of an eye from England to France, the only channel to be crossed being the gates aforesaid. But no sooner are you through them than the French language greets you everywhere. The large assembly of guests, young and old, women and children, are all speaking French. It is, indeed, a foreign country into which we have so quickly entered.

Although all ages are represented, young women preponderate, and are resolved to enjoy this, the "thirty-first anniversary of the Mission to the French in London and Great Britain, in connection with the Reformed Evangelical Church in Bayswater." This they do, first of all, by thronging a tent erected on the lawn, whence issue fumes of their beloved coffee. We also throng the tent, and do not leave it until we have consumed as much of that favourite beverage, and as many slices of cake as may be convenient. Within the crowded tent are French women presiding at the tea and coffee urns—French girls cutting up the cake—French children waiting on the guests. A few English ladies intermingle, and they are airing their French to the best of their ability. Their conversation is not fluent, neither is that of the French women who respond in English. It is curious to find so many with so slight a knowledge of the language of the country in which, for a time at least, their lot is cast. One tells us that, although she has been twenty years in England, she cannot speak English. But these years have been spent entirely among her own compatriots, in connection with this Mission to the French. She has had no chance of learning the language of the country of her adoption. There are fifty or sixty thousand French in London alone, and we are thankful for the various "Missions" instituted both by English and French inhabitants of the Metropolis for their benefit; but we are not surprised at their ignorance of our language. There are districts of this huge city—parts of Soho, for instance—which are wholly French.

And this Mission of M. Du Pontet de la Harpe is, of necessity, French. It provides a Home for Foreign Governesses, a Registry Office for Befriending Foreign Servants, schools and a church for French Protestants, a Medical Mission and other necessary adjuncts. The friends who surround us in this *fête champêtre* are all, more or less, connected with the Mission. M. Du Pontet himself and some of his friends wander about amongst his flock, and we are set a-wondering as to their native places and present abodes—so far asunder and so different! The cloudless sky of this our remarkable summer, the trees, flowers, and greensward must remind many of *la belle France;* and, as they roam about at will, play their old games, set the children to dance and variously disport themselves, they must almost imagine themselves at home again. At home! *Chez moi* is what all doubtless long to be!

And they have a home at 3, Colville House, Talbot Road, North Kensington. Its name is *Bienvenue*, Welcome. Here over three hundred governesses have found rest, and many of them situations during the past year, and nearly five thousand have tenanted it since its institution some ten years ago. Our English girls go to Paris in the hope of obtaining a livelihood, foreign girls come to England. It is a sort of give and take. We bid them welcome, and are thankful that English hospitality is still national. Mr. and Mrs. Greer are good examples of this, and their French guests are not slow in responding to their *Bienvenues*.

Suddenly, outside the tent, on the smooth lawn, the young girls start a round dance. Really a round dance, similar to our "Kiss in the ring," or "I carry water in my glove." In French it is called a "Ronde," and the dancers sing as they foot it. They move swiftly as they circle the girl in the middle, who finds it difficult to break the ring and to get into the place of her whom she ejects. The usual scramble for a kiss accompanies the exploit, and the game goes merrily on.

The French have a variety of these round games, and also many songs to be sung with them. Here is one.

LE PRINTEMPS.

Beau printemps reviens nous rendre
La parure des vallons;
Les ombrages, l'herbe tendre,
Les oiseaux et leurs chansons.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Tra-la-la-la-la-a-la.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Tra-la-la-a-la.

Que ton souffle nous ramène
Hirondelles, passereaux,
Qu'on entende dans la plaine
Les clochettes des troupeaux.

Tra-la-la, etc.

Rends la vie à nos campagnes,
Et ranime leurs couleurs;
Sur les cimes des montagnes
Fais renaître d'autres fleurs.

Tra-la-la, etc.

Another round dance seems similar to the last, with the exception that the girl in the middle is replaced by the one she kisses as rapidly as possible. The accompanying song is called—

LA PERCHE.

C'était une grande perche
Pour abattre les noix;
C'était bien malhonnête
De la faire connaître—
Adieu (*bis*) embrasse (*ter*)
Adieu, adieu, embrasse qui tu veux.

How bright and cheerful it all is! We forget that the young people who dance so merrily, chase one another so quickly, and kiss the chosen friend so heartily, are strangers and foreigners in our land. We forget, as we hope they do, the anxieties of daily life, and the difficulties experienced in procuring its daily bread. The songs of the "Rondes" carry us all away from the prosaic present to "Les Alpes," "Les Chamois," and "Le beau Château." They embrace also "Le Cavalier Russe," "Grand Guillaume," and a "Chant guerrier," all of which are inspiriting, though they are not all danced and sung this afternoon. If it be possible to procure the music, the French girls will submit it to their English sisters, and as many of them are readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, the pleasure will be mutual.

While the girls dance and the children play, and while guests, native and foreign, still throng the coffee tent, we will just take a glance at the work accomplished by the Mission.

The Société de l'Espérance, "The Society of Hope," seems a good starting-point in view of the present gathering. Its motto is "Love and serve," and it numbers one hundred and fifty members. These are French servant-girls, who are "on the Lord's side," and who meet for Bible classes and other religious services. Indeed, the Sunday afternoon Bible classes are generally well attended, and out of the five hundred and fifty girls who applied for situations last year, many have been brought into Christ's fold. But perhaps the most remarkable outcome of this evangelical work is the Medical Mission, at 4, Oxford Mansions, Oxford Circus. And this is in danger of being closed, because one of M. Du Pontet's stringent rules is not to be in debt, and the Mission is in debt, though not very deeply. A few hundred pounds would clear it; but until these flow into the exchequer, some branch of the parent tree must be lopped, and the Medical Mission is to be the unfortunate branch. We trust the pruning knife may be stayed, and the foreign sick in our midst continue to have medicine both for body and soul dispensed to them. During the last fourteen years some twenty-seven thousand have been physically and spiritually treated, for medical missions "minister to the mind diseased" while doctoring the body. The patient, biding his time in the waiting-room, hears the Word of Life, and gratefully receives a gospel or Bible, as may be, from the friend who speaks to him. Although this Mission is essentially French, it has embraced nearly a score of nationalities, and foreigners visit it of "many unknown tongues." May it please the All Wise to send the means to continue so blessed a work. Three or four hundred pounds in donations and subscriptions would suffice, albeit that would not quite enable M. Du Pontet to exclaim, "Out of debt, out of danger." He dislikes begging as much as we do, but he finds it difficult to get on without it. "Ask and ye shall receive," is an apt text, for without "asking" the poor mendicant rarely gets his copper. Still, many kind friends send voluntary and sometimes anonymous aid, which arrives like "flowers in May" to the anxious founder and maintainer of this Mission, at his residence, 16, Kildare Gardens, Bayswater.

The cheerful gathering at Grove House might lead one to suppose that the female sex was alone benefited by the said Mission. But on glancing through the Report, while the young girls still dance their "Rondes," we

see the "Cercle de la Jeune France" mentioned, another kind of "Ronde," to which young men of sixteen and upward are welcomed. This is held not far from where the Medical Mission has its quarters, at 9, Oxford Mansions, Oxford Street, and, like it, is open to youths of every nationality irrespective of creed.

Here, also, is a Salon de Lecture and inquiry office, open for men every day except Sunday from eleven to six, and on Sunday at three. Evening classes, refreshments, and recreations are provided at a moderate charge; and who shall appraise the benefits that must accrue to the foreigner from such a place of refuge? The schools in Bedford Passage, Fitzroy Square, are likewise for boys and girls, so the male sex cannot complain that they are left out in the cold, albeit not invited to the reunion at Grove House on this bright June afternoon. That is to say, the guests are mainly of the gentler sex; but at five o'clock M. Du Pontet is joined by many male friends who assemble to speak kindly Christian words to the young people who have been disporting themselves in this English Elysée. Another large circle is formed on the lawn, and the company are soon quietly seated. In their midst are their pasteur and his male friends prepared to speak good words to them in their own tongue. Again we are transported to France, and wonder if they have open-air religious meetings there. Each speaker delivers a kindly and encouraging address, and shows how that true Christianity is of no particular creed nor clime. The young folk who danced their Rondes so merrily now drink in the words of affectionate counsel with equal zeal, and we are convinced that the spiritual side of the *fête champêtre* will be long treasured in the hearts of the listeners. So will be the kindly welcome accorded to them by the generous master and mistress of Grove House.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CONSTANT READER.—We should recommend you to make enquiries at the Educational Enquiry Office and Registration for Teachers at 74, Gower Street, W.C.; Secretary, Miss A. G. Cooper.

H. G.—The head office of the Frœbel Society is 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. There are eight kindergarten training colleges in London and five in the provinces. One of the former is at 13, York Place, Baker Street, W., Secretary, Miss Franks; and one of the latter at Sheffield, Superintendent, Mrs. Woodhouse, High School. At these candidates are prepared for the National Frœbel Union Exams. Write to the secretaries for all further information.

LILY WILSON.—The College of Preceptors in Bloomsbury Square, W.C., holds half-yearly exams. for pupils, the certificates of which are recognised as guarantees of a good general education. The fee amounts to 10s. Write to the secretary for the answer to your query. We could not tell you whether they would arrange for carrying on your studies in the South of France, and granting a certificate without your personal attendance at the exams.

LOMCOX.—If you consult our many answers on the subject you will see that governesses find no opening for their work in the Colonies excepting as an adjunct to the work of a lady's-help, prepared to assist the housewife in every description of work in which she herself is engaged.

ANXIOUS M. is beginning early to prepare herself for the situation of nursery governess, and wants a book that would be useful for that purpose. We do not know of any one book that would comprise all she has to learn. She wants one on geography. We think she needs a spelling-book too. She should get a good atlas, and Milner's *Universal Geography*, revised by Keith Johnston.

JUDITH.—To obtain an appointment as lecturer write for all information to Miss Lankester, Secretary of National Health Society, 53, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. All candidates must be upwards of twenty-five years of age and generally well educated. They must have attended the ambulance classes (inaugurated by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem), and gone through a course of three months' training in an infirmary or hospital.

MUSIC.

E. HARTLAND, Hon. Secretary of a practising society (Newent, Gloucester). We are glad to hear that our notice of your society has resulted so wonderfully well in obtaining new members.

STUDENT OF TRIN. COLL.—Guido Aretino, or Gui d' Arezzo, was a Benedictine monk, stated to have been the inventor of the musical gamut. He was the author of the *Artes Musicæ* and the *Micrologus de Disciplina* about the year 1030. He was born about A.D. 990, and died about the year 1050.

CURIOSITY.—You do not say to which school of music you wish to attach yourself. For the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music apply for information to the Secretary, George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, W.; for the Guildhall College of Music, write to the Secretary, Mr. W. P. Smith, Victoria Embankment; for the Society of Arts, to the Secretary, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

A WORKING GIRL.—You would require a master to train your voice or you would fall into bad habits and tricks. To procure an instruction book, with scales to practise, would be a little expensive, but quite insufficient. Such books are to be procured at a music publishers'.

PETERINA.—There are several colleges of music where you could pass exams. For the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music write for information to George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, W.; for the Guildhall College of Music, Victoria Embankment, write to the Secretary; and for the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., likewise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS ONE.—The blinking of the eyes is a nervous affection. To relieve the local trouble you should be treated with reference to your nervous system.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—1. It was Suraja Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, who put one hundred and forty-six British prisoners into the dark cell at Calcutta, called "the Black Hole" (A.D. 1756). The fort we held was taken by an army of seventy thousand horse and foot and four hundred elephants. The dungeon was about eighteen feet square; and only twenty-three persons came out of it alive the next morning! Mr. John Zephaniah Holwell was the gallant defender of Calcutta, and was incarcerated in the dungeon with his countrymen. Dowlah was slain the next year by one of his own officers when Lord Clive and Admiral Watson regained the city. Of those who perished in the Black Hole, Macaulay says "not one of them could have been recognised by their own mothers"!—2. There were two Allan Ramsays—father and son, the former a poet, the latter a painter. The father was a wig-maker, then a bookseller, and afterwards a writer (1685-1758). The son was a portrait-painter, whose works were regarded by Walpole as equal to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was a favourite with George III., and likewise of Dr. Johnson, who thought much of his literary works and conversational powers, and equally so of his good dinners!

ANXIOUS ONE, No. 2.—A bad digestion is probably the cause of your trouble. Food decomposes which ought to be digested. Attend to your liver and diet.

DOLLIE AND NETTIE (Australia) enquire whether it be "the correct thing for a gentleman to embrace a lady when he is first introduced to her?" Certainly not. Possibly, after a fifty years' acquaintance, and on some special occasion, such as a Christmas festival or wedding, the rule might be relaxed.—2. We think the phrase you quote may be Persian. The first part of the Mahomedan confession of faith is, in that language, *La-Mah-e-il-Allah! i.e.* "There is no god but God." It is a form of exclamation ever on the lips of Mahomedans, and employed irrespective of any devout sense of the meaning of the words.

A READER.—1. The term "palimpsest" signifies "twice rubbed" with reference to a manuscript (from a Greek word). The parchment was twice prepared for receiving an inscription, effected by rubbing with pumice-stone, first, in the course of manufacture, the skin having been dried or "cured," and a second time, after the original writing had been washed out or erased. "Twice prepared for writing" is the precise meaning of the word.—2. The phrase *Ultima Thule* is Latin, taken from Virgil. Thule was the most remote island in the northern latitudes known to the Romans; and thus the phrase denotes the most distant extremity of the world.

J. W.—1. A "Sabbath day's journey" was 7½ furlongs, or some 16,050 yards, according to Dr. Adam Clarke. The Mount of Olives, according to Josephus, was 5 stadia, or 625 paces from Jerusalem, which would make the distance prescribed for the Sabbath-day walk out there about 1050 yards.—2. There are six or more benevolent societies for aiding female prisoners when discharged. If you desire information about the work, write to the secretary of the Royal Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, 32, Charing Cross, S.W., which assists convicts from all prisons, and short-term female prisoners discharged from Wormwood Scrubs. We are sure that articles of clothing would be most acceptable.

WANDERER.—You might obtain a good suggestion in our series entitled "Some New Occupations for Women and Girls."

LARD.—We have ceased to repeat our answers to questions on the complexion and skin diseases. There are hospitals for the treatment of the latter, where you can obtain advice gratis if our answers and articles be insufficient.

QUEENIE.—We regret that we cannot offer you work on our paper. We have to employ experienced writers, and cannot give our readers "trial" stories.

TASMANIAN.—1. There is no such verse in the Holy Scriptures as the somewhat irreverent phrase you name. We have much to expect at the hands of our Heavenly Father and benefactor through the merits of His divine Son; and those persons who may be hereafter "disappointed" have only themselves to blame.—2. The less whalebone you put into your stays the better.—3. Alkali in soap should be avoided as injurious to the skin.

LILY.—There is no reason, on the ground of near relationship, to preclude marriage with a cousin. The union would not be within the prohibited degrees set forth as by law prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. The only objection that could be raised against it is that of expediency in the case of any hereditary complaint in the family. Were there consumption, gout, insanity, or epileptic fits, cancer and glandular swellings, of course the evils would be intensified in the children of such a marriage.

ANNOYED.—Probably your questions had been too often answered in reply to other correspondents to permit of still further repetition. There is no stated time when letters should arrive at our office. Your writing is good, but the tone of your letter is objectionable. Reflect a little before writing.

FRANKIE'S DARLING wishes to know "why a young woman of fifteen years and six months may not be engaged to a man," and quotes the case of some other girl who was silly enough to marry at that age. You are not nearly grown up. You are a child, who ought to be in the schoolroom, or, if obliged to go out to work, should be learning under an upper servant the duties of domestic service. A man of twenty-six ought to know better than to speak of marriage to a little, inexperienced girl who cannot express herself correctly, and can scarcely write, for her handwriting is a mere scribble. No wonder "everybody" should be "so against" such an inexpedient engagement. Your mother should dismiss the man at once, for you are not old enough to know your own mind, and you have not done growing.

NORTH WALES.—1. There is much acidity in your system, and you should have your diet regulated under medical advice, and forthwith be treated with the proper medicines, or you may let the disease go too far to be arrested in its course.—2. There is a Village Home for Lady Guests at from 12s. 6d. to 25s. weekly, at Broadway, Worcestershire—address, Miss Emily C. Weston, Pethuel Lodge. Also, there is the Farm House, Little Addyns, Horsted Keynes, Sussex. Apply to Miss Mason. Terms for board and lodging, 12s. 6d. per week. The Seaside Home for Ladies, 2 and 3 Denmark Terrace, Bognor, Sussex, might suit you. The terms from 15s. to 21s. per week. Address the Lady Superintendent, Miss E. A. Harrison. We have not the addresses of any such homes in North Wales, though we have those of many in other places.

WILD ROSEBUD. — Perhaps a stocking-knitting machine would enable you to earn a little by getting trade orders, and some amongst your acquaintances. The fact of your being an invalid, confined to a couch, would add to your chances of success.

A. S. A. G.—We are greatly touched by your grateful acknowledgment of help rendered by us. It is most encouraging, and we hope your work in the parish will be greatly blessed.

ADA.—The "Rosetta stone" was discovered near Rosetta, hence its name. It was the key by means of which the Egyptian hieroglyphics were read, discovered by a French officer of marines at Fort St. Julian, on a branch of the Nile, during the French occupation of Egypt in 1799. There is an inscription on it in Greek and Latin, as well as in hieroglyphic. It was set up B.C. 195. It is of black basalt, and is preserved in the British Museum, having been delivered to us on the capitulation of Alexandria.

STAND FAST.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.



When thou art silent in the hush that falls
  Between great happiness, and thy soul, at ease,
Hears not the sound of duty's clarion calls,
  Nor claim for service sees;
When in some pause, before or after strife,
  An idle languor o'er thy zeal hath passed,
Learn, in such fateful interludes of life
  The need of standing fast.

It is not hard—for some great end athirst—
  In presence of the tumult and the fight,
To brace the spirit, rock-like, for the worst,
  And face the foe aright;
But to stand firm and wait the slow advance
  Of ills in ambush, massed beyond thy ken,
Or to dwell patient where no tidings chance,
  Far from acclaim of men;

To pass long tracts of uneventful days,
  And to resist, when hope no challenge flings,
The slow corroding rust of sloth that preys
  On life's most precious things;
This is the testing hardest to endure,
  And this thy Leader's oft-declared command;
For only those can keep their triumphs sure
  Who have the strength to stand.

Learn then to watch and wait with girded powers,
  Alert and ready, whatsoe'er thy fate;
Not off thy guard in life's serenest hours,
  Not fretful when thy task is but to wait;
Watch, lest thou find thy courage fail at need,
  Swept like a frosted leaf before the blast;
Act thy part well; do thy heroic deed;
  But having done, stand fast!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MERMAIDENS.*

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER I.

OUR NURSERY AND PLAYGROUND.

OUR nursery was like no ordinary nursery, neither were our school-room and play-ground like the usual run of schoolrooms and playgrounds. I am sure nobody will dispute my statement when I explain that the nursery was a small cabin next to that of our father, Admiral Masham, in command of a detached squadron which held itself ready to support the Channel Fleet, or to sail for some station in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, or the Pacific, according to the orders from the



A YARN ON BOARD "THE SEA SERPENT."

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Admiralty. Our school-room was generally my father's cabin, when he was pacing the quarter-deck alone, or with one of his officers, on the look-out for vessels to leeward or to windward, studying the chart in the chart-room, or overhauling some other part of his flagship *The Sea Serpent*. My Aunt Maria generally sat in his cabin when he had no other company. She was a silent woman, and so did not disturb him when he was reading and writing, as she sat bolt upright in the uneasiest chair engaged in her carpet work, for which she had a passion.

Our play-ground was the quarter-deck, or, when the weather was bad and my father had a good opinion of the particular set of midshipmen—rollicking boys and lads from twelve to seventeen, of whom my only brother Tom made one and my cousin Perry another—in their special den—the long, low, dimly-lit, tallow-smelling cockpit. For these were the days when women and children might be seen on board His Majesty's frigates even in time of war.† Then, still more than on other occasions, communication between one station and another, and between most foreign stations and home, became so difficult and dangerous that a frigate was the approved means of transport, for naval officers' families and their belongings, from one place to another. Either the married officers must consent not to see their wives and children for six, ten, fifteen years at a stretch, when there was a great deal of serious business to do on the seas, and ships could only be spared and laid up in dock for repairs in cases of urgent necessity, or husbands and wives, fathers and children must have recourse to distant and dangerous expeditions, to which no voyage, in these days of travelling made easy, can be compared.

The sufferers were only too thankful to avail themselves of those modes of travelling which saved time and expense, and reduced the danger of being boarded and carried off prisoner by an enemy to a fraction.

Every captain had it in his power to offer a passage in his vessel to a brother officer's wife and children. People were not fastidious in the matter of accommodation then. I have heard an anxious care-worn wife and mother assert that she would consent to be rigged up any where, even in the powder-monkey's berth, in order to get to England or to her husband's station. Accordingly good-natured officers had often such additions to their crews, and could only trust to the honour and courage of Englishwomen not to render themselves encumbrances should the ships happen to go into action. No doubt there were rules and limitations where those favours were concerned, but such provisions for stricter discipline were not closely attended to.

I do not know whether it was by an abuse of the custom, or on account of a special privilege granted to an admiral, but of this I am certain, it was not an unexampled circumstance for an admiral to have his family habitually in his flagship—wife presiding at his table like Mrs. Fremantle, sons and daughters educated by his chaplain and the schoolmaster who trained the middies in the cockpit, and, in case of illness, attended to by the ship's doctor, who thus acquired a useful variety of experience in his profession. When a desperate engagement was expected, if the adjacent coast was a friendly one, these supernumeraries might be put on shore till a more convenient season. If this manœuvre was not practicable, and if we were at war with the country off which we were lying, why then the womankind must take their chance with their natural guardians.

Mother died in furnished apartments at Chatham, and left us four poor little chicks to father's care. He knew he was about to be absent from England for a period of years at one foreign station or another. He found it a much simpler matter, and one more agreeable to his feelings, to carry us with him, than to enter into any arrangement which would establish us far from him for an indefinite time. This was especially true when his maiden-sister, Aunt Maria, who had few home-ties, and was a good sailor, consented to accompany us children, and to look after us and our nurse on board ship.

It is hardly necessary to say that we youngsters were good sailors, since we were to the manner born, though none of us, except my sister Sally, was exactly what is called "an ocean child," a baby who first sees the light on board of a ship at sea. When father and mother married, mother took a couple of years' cruise with her husband. He was not an admiral then; but his uncle, to whose ship he was appointed, was a commodore, which came to much the same thing, and Sally, our eldest, was born in the interval, and was abominably proud of the distinction.

Though we—the rest of us—were not ocean children, we loved the sea and all that belonged to it, and hated the dull, tame shore after any lengthened stay there; we pitied from the bottom of our hearts the children brought up on *terra firma*. They had neither change nor movement. They stagnated in the same place—a hideous, tiresome, big town, or a sleepy humdrum country house—far from the wide blue sea, like a huge silver or steel lake, or with its snorting and roaring sea-horses of waves, while above was the unbroken circle of the sky, with the fresh breeze whistling in the rigging and the shrouds. These unhappy children had no big playmates in white "ducks" and black oil-skin hats at the back of their heads, ready to spin yarns and play antics at the little master's and the little misses' bidding. These impoverished children had no white albatrosses, no "Mother Carey's chickens" hovering in the air, and skimming on the water waiting to be made friends with, no shoals of tumbling porpoises, no spouting whales, no icebergs like "sheeted ghosts" in the distance, no tropical heat and glare, no luscious fruit brought out in the country people's small boats to quench youthful thirst, and gratify juvenile appetites. These hapless wights of children settled inland knew nothing of the pleasant excitement of entering fine foreign ports, of landing and inspecting stately churches, with their curious, quaint, or beautiful images, vaguely alarming, because Aunt Maria called them "idols," though many of them were meant to represent the Son of God beloved of all Christians. These rustics were unacquainted with the gorgeous shops in which, by means of interpreters in the language of the country, we were allowed to spend our hoarded pocket-money. Nor did the ignoramuses so much as dream of the entrancing beaches on which children could land and pick up such shells as no flower surpassed in shape and colour.

We felt for the belated children who had none of these delights; we hugged ourselves on being Admiral Masham's solitary boy and three girls; we loved and idealised our floating home—*The Sea Serpent*. We knew her, or thought we knew her, from stem to stern; we were intimately acquainted with her different decks; we were aware that she was small and old-fashioned, even in those days, for a flagship; but we did not believe there was a ship in the navy—not that of the Lord High Admiral himself—which could compare with father's dear old *Sea Serpent*. We were inclined to flatter ourselves that she could, if she would, in her single prowess, beat half-a-dozen French, or Spanish, or Danish frigates, of ever so many more tons burden, and fitted up with twice her number of guns.

CHAPTER II.

OURSELVES.

In order to give precedence to seniority, as in duty bound, I must take father and Aunt Maria first. I never remember father anything save grizzled, weather-beaten, and grave, under his sense of responsibility. He was much marked with small-pox. We children long supposed that he had been riddled with shot. We were considerably mortified when we were told the peaceful origin of the little holes in his skin, and compelled to give up the warlike theory. He was not a well-educated man, according to modern acceptation of the term, though he was well enough born, having been the son of a Somersetshire rector. He had gone to sea at as early an age as that at which my brother Tom had been entered as a midshipman on the lists of *The Sea Serpent*, and in father's time there was much less attention paid to the schooling of

* The story of Caroline Masham's youth, spent at sea on board her father's ship, written for the benefit of her descendants by the youngest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Masham, who was at the head of the Red Squadron.

† In the expedition against Teneriffe, when Nelson and his captains supped on board the *Sea-Horse*, the wife of the captain (Fremantle), lately married to him, sat at the head of the table.

middies. But though father was a sea rustic he was not rough, and he was certainly not profane. He was single-hearted, with the simplicity of a sailor who has mixed largely with only one class of men, and that in the isolation of ship-board. He had a passion for justice, and I am sure his ruling idea was to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's. He said little about it, just as he made no profession of his loyalty to his king and to the service which he had amply vindicated, and of his regard for us which we never doubted. He was as shy and taciturn as his sister Aunt Maria was reserved and silent, but straws will tell how the wind blows. His lips were never defiled by the volleys of oaths which irreligion, an evil habit and callousness rather than thoughtlessness, had then rendered as common in the mouths of the coarser, ruder officers—unaccustomed to reverence and to decent self-restraint, while they were debarred for years on end from the refining effects of cultured society, and the softening influence of women—as on the foul tongues of the most ignorant and brutalised men before the mast.

What perhaps helped father was that he had always been a temperate man. He was punctilious in the due observance of Sunday on board, never failed to be present and to join in the service, and punished any laxity and negligence of his men on this count as unfailingly as he made them suffer for a breach of professional discipline. But though he was strict he was in no sense tyrannical—either as a vexatious martinet or as a capricious despot; on the contrary, he was considered forbearing when it was in his power to be so. He had a well-balanced mind, and his fairness was its most conspicuous quality. He was much respected and liked by those whose liking was worth having, and he was faithfully served by his frigate's company and by the officers of his squadron. In action he was as gallant an officer as ever maintained the honour of His Majesty's flag. He was a contemporary of Nelson and Collingwood. Nelson, while the most fearless and daring of men, had nothing of the bully in him, and he had a child-likeness of character, an inherent modesty, a sensitiveness to praise and blame, a tenderness which ran parallel with his manliness—that went far to atone for his worst errors, a nature which, on the whole, can hardly exist where there is no capacity for reverence. As for Collingwood he was one of the most heartily and humbly devout of men.

I have already said Aunt Maria resembled my father. She too was a disciplinarian, without being either a martinet or a tyrant. Naturally, hers was a narrower, more one-sided, and weaker character than father's; for, though she was not sent to sea at the age of twelve years, with little schooling and a good many hardships and privations to encounter afterwards, the education of girls in her class, in her generation—whether in town or country—while good on essential points, was decidedly limited in its compass. She had been taught, as far as teaching can go, to be God-fearing and men and women respecting, to be dutiful, obedient, industrious, and contented; these, with God's blessing, were invaluable acquirements. Her geography was not to be easily found in fault, for she had learnt it practically. She had been with her brother in most of the waters on the face of the globe; but, ask her a question in history, and she would speedily put you out of countenance. She was so firmly persuaded, you could not dislodge her from the conviction that William III. reigned after William II., and William IV. after William III. She was a good woman and a good Christian, while the Bible Society started before her day to provide Bibles for men of every hue and clime; but she retained the strongest prejudice against foreigners of all kinds, and people of colour in particular. She believed, to the day of her death, that the full moon doubled the distraughtness of madness; and that if you pulled a handful of hair from a horse's tail, and flung it into a pool of water, you had simply to wait a reasonable length of time in order to see the separate hairs grow into so many eels.

Aunt Maria was very punctual and mannerly, and enforced punctuality and mannerliness on her nephew and nieces. You will have fallen into a great error if you imagine that we were dilatory and slovenly, an incorrigible "pickle," and three pronounced "tomboys," who did not know how to make a bow and a curtsey, and to say, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," because we were brought up at sea. On the contrary, strangers, or people who were only slightly acquainted with us, were apt to make the opposite mistake of concluding that Aunt Maria was a kind of dragon, who kept guard upon us, and fascinated us into a cowed submission by the stony glance of her grey eyes. We knew better. We saw through Aunt Maria. We were perfectly sensible that though she neither petted nor played with us—as no doubt our young mother might have done had she lived—and though Aunt Maria sometimes worried us considerably when we could not follow or adopt her style of reasoning, still we were the very apple of her eye. Her integrity was so clear to us that we never questioned her motives. Indeed, we had abundant proof that if the question was of her inclinations and interests on the one hand, and such of ours as could be legitimately indulged on the other, hers would infallibly, as a matter of course, without a word about it, go to the wall.

I think I see Aunt Maria now, as she sat in her corner of my father's cabin, in the sober-coloured skirt and buttoned-up spenser, which formed a middle-aged gentlewoman's every-day costume. She wore on her head in the morning a voluminous mob-cap, with a coloured ribbon—chocolate or blue—which had always been father's favourite colours, she told us. In the evening she wore her own hair, which had however, been largely cut off, leaving the hair which was left in a crop, while the shorn hair was elaborately woven, piled and puffed into what was called "a hair cap." It was much more like a helmet, similar to that which crowns the head of the goddess Minerva in pictures and engravings. Aunt Maria was not so indecorous as to appear in a crop, at her age, before her nephew and nieces, not to say before her brother the Admiral, or any officer whom he might invite to breakfast, or whom she might chance to encounter in the course of the morning; she hid her crop beneath her mob-cap, and she appeared in her hair-cap of an afternoon or an evening. When she was in very high dress she would assume a turban with a gold band round it.

Aunt Maria was not very well-favoured any more than was father; but she had escaped the small-pox, and her face, with its swarthy complexion and prominent mouth, was still the face of an honest and trustworthy gentlewoman.

The less meritorious of the junior officers would try slyly to ridicule Aunt Maria, would apply nicknames to her behind her back, and seek to play tricks on her. She treated all those foolish, unbecoming liberties with thorough indifference and silent contempt, in which there was an element of forbearance and good-nature, for she never once condescended to report any of these offences to father. As for mere boyish mischief, she did not mind it a bit, she rather relished it in Tom and his contemporaries, since she allowed greater licence to boys than to girls. She was looked up to by the manlier of the lads as well as by the elder officers. I have heard she was a good friend to them. She did not confine herself to tendering them unexceptionable advice, she lent them substantial help no less than counsel in their difficulties. She pleaded their cause with father, and got favours for them; she encouraged them when they were down on their luck, and comforted them in sickness. She would always intermit the carpet-work, of which she was so fond, not only to keep in order the wardrobes of us children, but to do what she could for some shiftless young middy or lieutenant who had been sent to sea with an insufficient kit. She made stores of lint for the surgeon when there was a prospect of its being needed. She manufactured bandages, slings, and list slippers, under medical supervision. She cooked special cooling drinks and savoury messes, beyond the ability of the Admiral's cook, at her cabin-stove, very much as if she had been a benevolent *châtelaine* of the Middle Ages. Yet she could not look at a wound or view blood without gasping terror. It was on the same principle that she could listen with composure to the boom of a cannon; but the squeak of a mouse, the buzz of a cockchafer, the croak of a frog on shore, would startle her into scrambling, with undignified haste and recklessness, to the top of a bunk, into quivering and quailing and scurrying away like the veriest coward

(*To be continued.*)



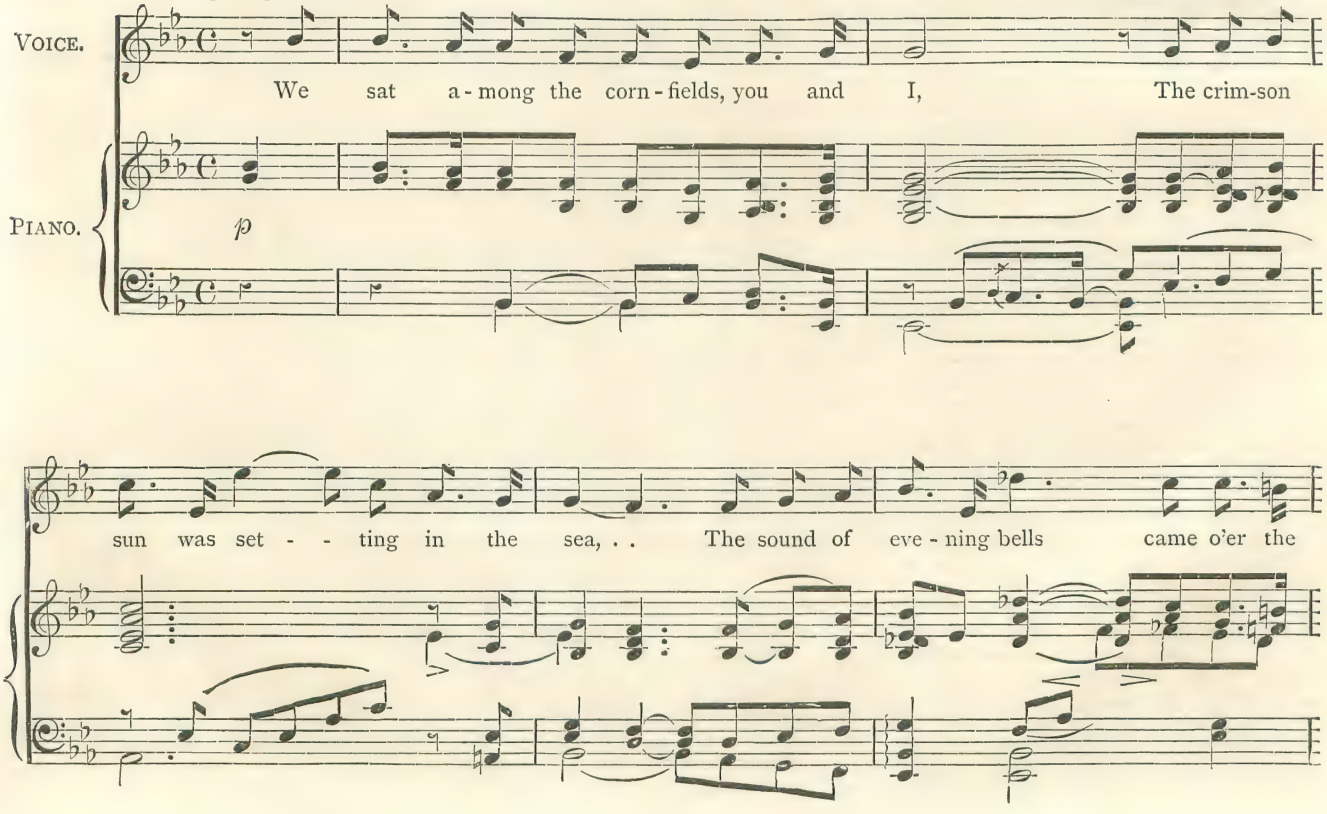
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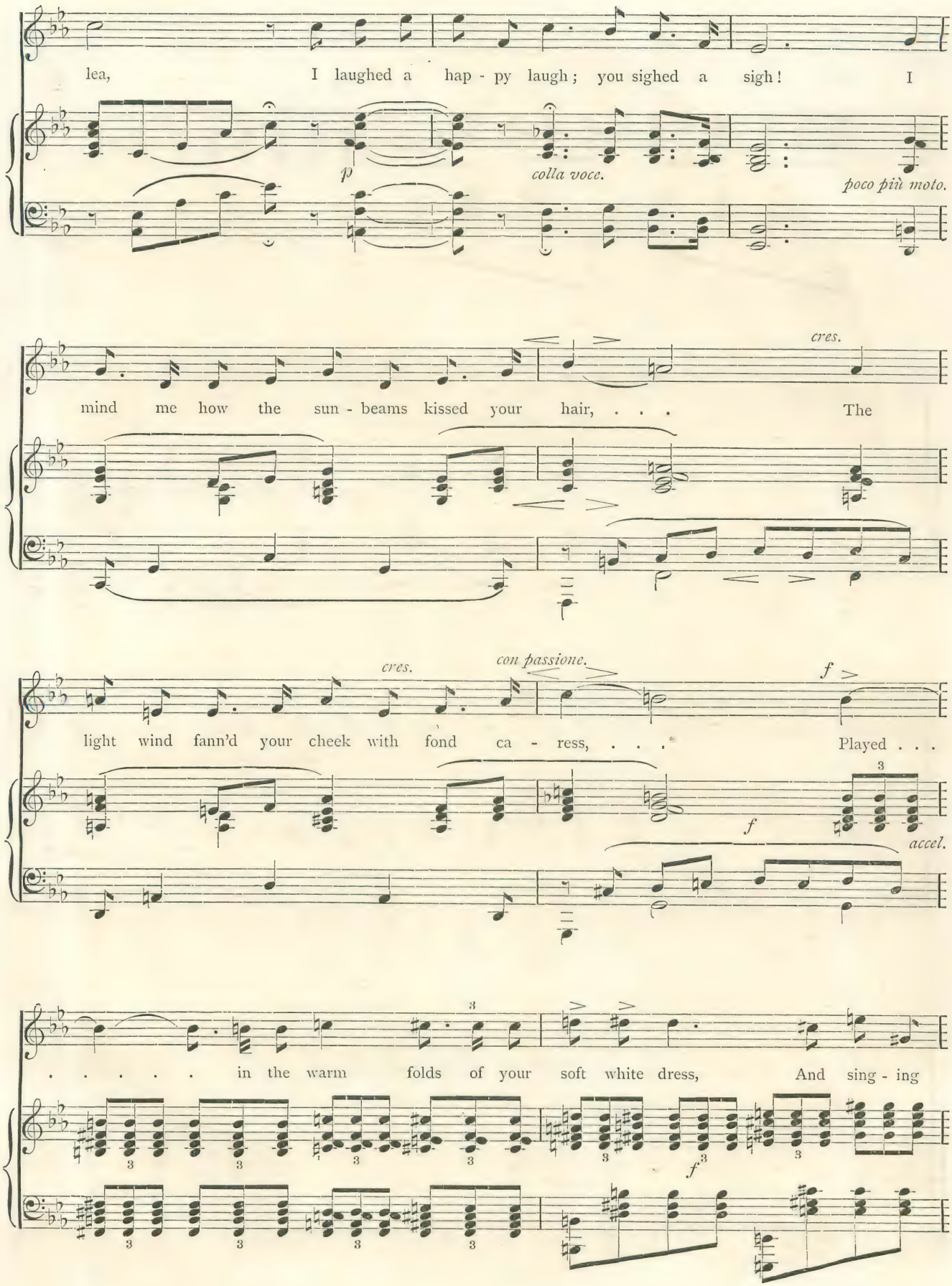
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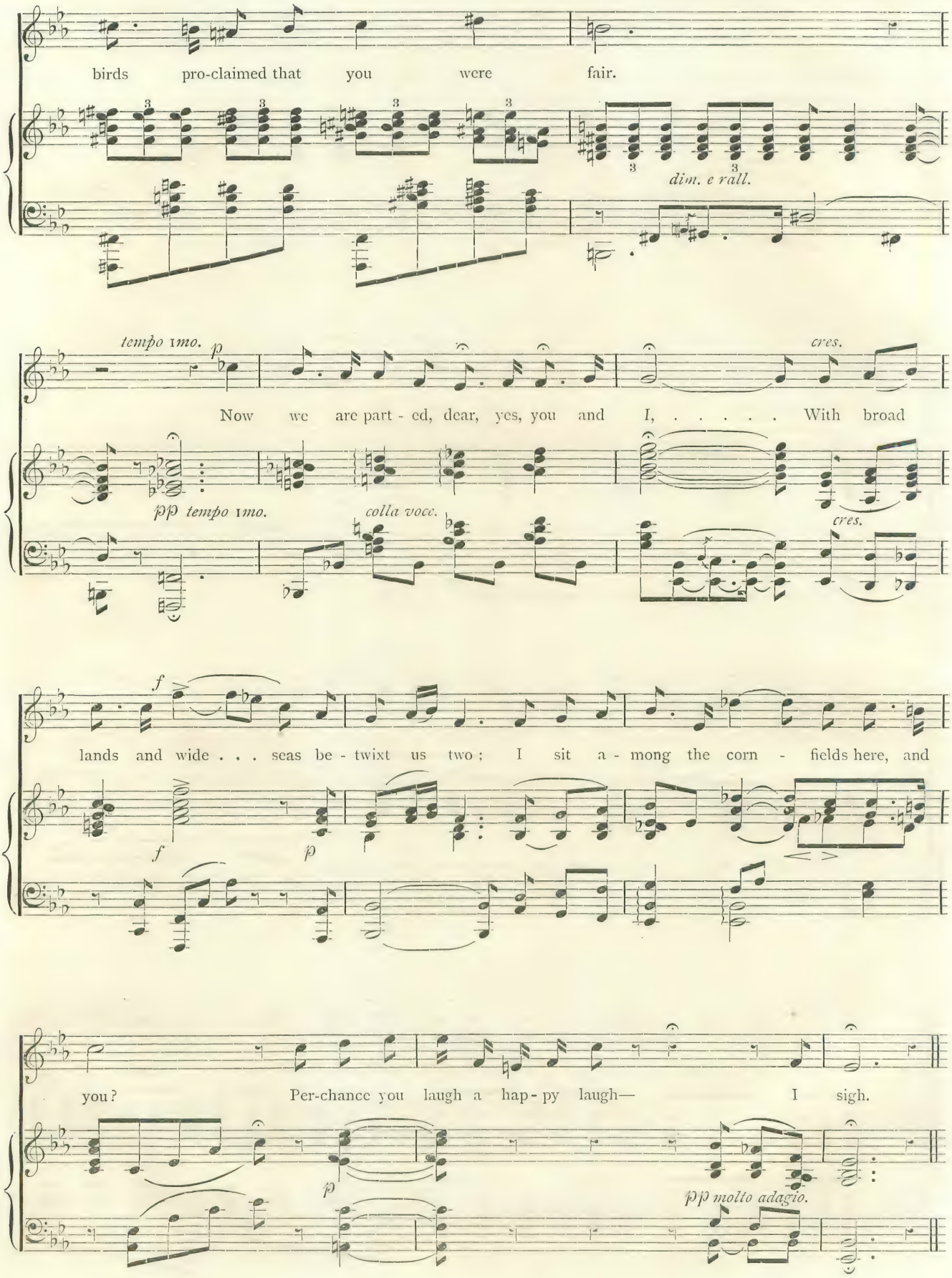
LADY LINDSAY (*of Balcarres*).

Adagio espressivo.

HAMISH MACCUNN.




lea, I laughed a hap - py laugh; you sighed a sigh! I
p
colla voce.
poco più moto.
mind me how the sun - beams kissed your hair, . . . The
cres.
light wind fann'd your cheek with fond ca - ress, . . . Played . . .
cres.
con passione.
f
f
accel.
. . . . . in the warm folds of your soft white dress, And sing - ing
f


birds pro-claimed that you were fair.
dim. e rall.
tempo 1mo. p
Now we are part - ed, dear, yes, you and I, ... With broad
cres.
pp tempo 1mo.
colla voce.
cres.
f
lands and wide . . . seas be - twixt us two; I sit a - mong the corn - fields here, and
f
p
you? Per-chance you laugh a hap - py laugh— I sigh.
p
pp molto adagio.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT WAS WRITTEN.

"And Love lives on, and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave."—*Lowell.*

"EVERYONE said that it was a hopeless thing to get engaged to a poor curate," the writer went on, "and I was only a poor teacher, so the folly was not all on one side. We were wonderfully happy in our folly, so happy that we were full of pity for Mr. Worldly Wiseman when he happened to cross our path with his contemptuous smile. Even Harold's sister Ellen—with her cold blue eyes—had no power to chill us in those days. Frigid as Ellen was, I liked her better than James, her husband, who always pretended to be fond of me. He was a man of the 'good fellow' type—burly, and loud of voice. But Jamie, dear little lad, bore no resemblance to his father at all, and was only like his mother in her best moods. Oh, poor little Jamie!

"I am not writing a novel; I am only telling of things that really came to pass.

"We had been engaged nearly twelve months when an old man died, and left Harold £2000. I do not expect anyone to understand the gladness which that money gave us. It is enough to say that I began to prepare my wedding clothes, and Harold went hunting for suitable lodgings in all his spare moments. The clothes were finished, and the lodgings found, when a terrible thing happened.

"James had always known all about Harold's affairs. He knew that our money was lying at the bank, waiting till a good investment was decided upon. He pretended to have found a safe investment, and he got the money into his own hands and absconded.

"Ellen confessed afterwards that she had known of her husband's difficulties for many months. She feigned ignorance of his whereabouts, but I always believed that she knew more than she told.

"As I said just now, I am not writing a novel; I am telling things in the plainest way, and in the fewest words. Most people, I daresay, would have survived the loss of £2000, but our hope was taken from us with the money. Harold was not strong. He was the kind of man who needs a wife's love and care, and the thought of our prolonged separation was more than he could endure. He went about his parish work as usual; no one missed a kind word because his heart ached, no good deed was left undone because his hands were tired. And yet, oh, Harold, how hard it was for you to labour in those days!

"He carried his cross manfully, although he staggered sometimes under its weight. And he bore his great wrong with that mighty patience which he had learnt from his Master.

"It was in the early spring that a sickness broke out among the poorest of his flock, and Harold had but little leisure. One night he was summoned from his bed to visit a dying man who prayed that he would come. And that night, when the bitter east wind smote him and the rain beat upon him, he heard the Master's call to rest.

"Do not think that I am an unhappy woman. I went down with him to the very brink of the river—that river which has been a terror unto many, but had no gloom for him. In those last moments I believe he knew that we should not be parted long; I see now that he had that swift glimpse into the future which is sometimes granted to a departing saint. How can I be unhappy when I am so sure that he is watching for me?

* * * *

"Ellen sent for me to come to her. She says she has got a death-blow. James has written, telling her that she must never expect to see him again. He has deserted her for some one else, leaving her to struggle on here in poverty with her child. She has now confessed that she knew that James meant to get possession of Harold's money; she was in his confidence from the beginning.

"'We wanted to prevent your marriage with Harold if we could,' she said. 'We never liked you, Meta; but you are avenged. I sent for you to tell you that you are avenged on me.'

"Just for a moment my heart cried out that this was as it should be. Within me there was a struggle, brief and strong. But how could my better nature fail to triumph, helped as I was by Harold's loving influence? Oh, my love in heaven, I will not be conquered by evil; you are on my side—you, and the angels of God!

* * * *

"It is bitter weather. I sit up at night to mend and make Jamie's clothes, while he sleeps soundly in my bed. Dear little fellow; it does me good to see his cheeks so rosy and round, and his curly golden head half-buried in the pillow. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him,' said the Master. It might be hard to feed mine enemy, but it is a labour of love to feed mine enemy's child.

"If I am called away, who will take care of Jamie? My landlady, Mrs. Penn, is a good woman, but one can hardly expect her to take up the burden of a little boy. And yet I think Jamie would be more of a blessing than a burden. He has the sweetest ways I ever knew, and there is a look of Harold in his blue eyes. How the wind howls to-night.

"It is a melancholy November.

* * * *

"It was a curious thing that I should have a fainting fit in the street. Poor Jamie would not let my hand go when they carried me into a shop. When I came to myself I saw his dear, frightened little face looking up at me. He is not yet four years old—and I am getting weaker and weaker.

"I will write to Harold's old college friend if I can find out his address. It must be somewhere among Harold's papers. Arnold Wayne—ah, I wonder if Arnold Wayne will be *good to the* boy?

* * * *

"Last night I had a dream of Christmas. Harold came to me in my dream, and said that I should hear the angels sing on Christmas Day. I woke up to find the frosty moonlight shining into the room, and Jamie, half awake, complaining of the cold. I folded him closely in my arms, and we both fell asleep.

* * * *

"I am very feeble to-day. I must not try to go out of doors. There is a little money in hand. Jamie looks at me and kisses me. Oh, Jamie!"

* * * *

That was all. The hand-writing, so firm at first, was straggling and faint at the close. Twilight was creeping fast into the little back room; the fire was getting low, and Elsie shivered in the chillness.

She knew now that this woman, whom she had almost envied, had passed away from earth. They were together—Harold and Meta—in the home of souls, where love finds its full satisfaction and rest.

Perhaps Elsie's vision of the pair was not as unreal as it might have been supposed to be. The thought came to her, as she sat musing in the twilight, that wherever there was a home there must surely be homeliness. The hope of a home, denied to them on earth, was realised in the eternal life—that life which has no need of marriage because the spiritual union is complete without the earthly tie.

She folded up the manuscript carefully and reverently, and put it back into the drawer of the table. But in doing this she did not put it out of her mind. Where was Jamie now? It seemed to her, that evening, as if the vanished hand of the writer were beckoning her onward to begin the search for the boy.

Meta had been wronged and had suffered, oh, how deeply! Meta had fought the good fight and had won the victory. And to Elsie, in her loneliness, there came a great longing to take up the love-task which Meta had been suddenly called to resign, and care for Jamie as the dead woman had cared for him.

But how was she to begin her search for the child? She knew him only as Jamie. By some curious oversight Meta had not given any of the surnames of those whose story she had written. There were but two surnames mentioned in the manuscript, Penn and Wayne.

Mrs. Penn was a landlady; Arnold Wayne had been the college friend of Harold.

Elsie moved quietly about her room, busy with many thoughts as she lighted the lamp, and shut out the evening sky. It was a beautiful sky with soft rose tints touching the grey of the gloaming, and a star gleamed faintly above the tall spire. She gave a wistful look at that star before she drew down the window-blind.

(*To be continued.*)



FIG. 1.—JOHN ESTENEY, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, 1498.

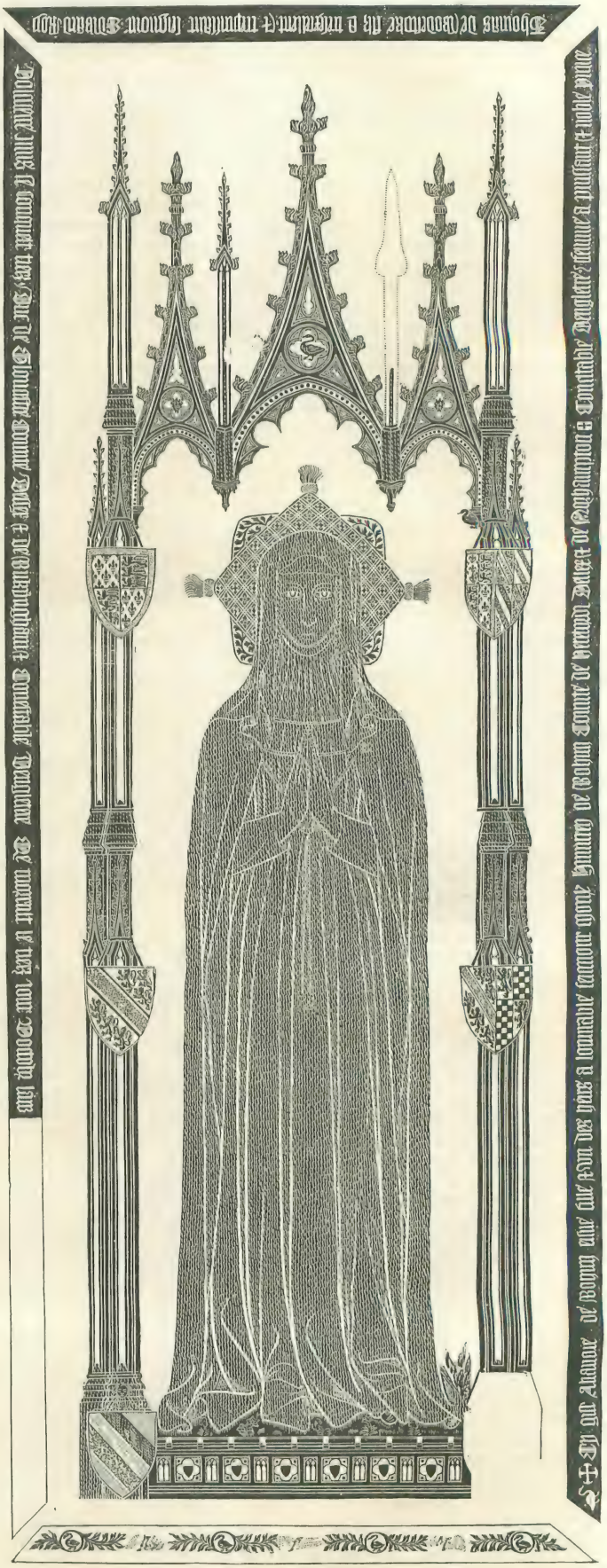


FIG. 2.—ALIANORE DE BOHUN, 1399.

(By permission of the Dean of Westminster.)

ON BRASSES AND BRASS-RUBBING.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

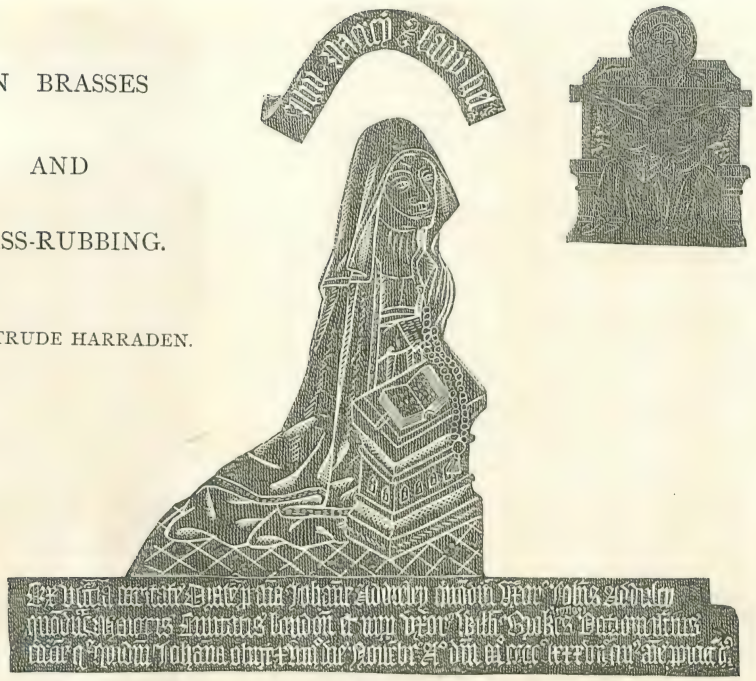


FIG. 3.—A WIDOW, PEPPER HARROW.

I HAVE long since come to the conclusion that the permission of a clergyman to rub the brasses in his church is quite secondary to the goodwill of the gentleman who has immediate charge of them.

It is surprising what an encouragement it is if a clerk takes kindly to one, and comes up now and then, staying for a friendly chat and cheerily criticising the rubbing with the assurance that "it's coming out wonderful plain." It is fatal to interrupt his conversation by any inquisitive question; a clerk's eloquence must be allowed to flow in its own natural current; therefore one must never seek to place stumbling-stones in its course.

On earlier occasions, when I was less clerk-wise, I have fallen into this error through ignorance and undue curiosity for information. This has naturally offended the clerk; he has become reserved, nay, even resentful. Then all has gone wrong; the brass has not rubbed clearly, the paper has moved, the heelball has been inferior, the figure is disappointing, the inscription uninteresting; in fact, a shadow has fallen on the day's pleasure, and it has been the shadow of the clerk's displeasure! Under such circumstances, it is better to give up that day's quest, and take the lesson to heart. At one church the verger and his wife were cleaning for the morrow's Sabbath, and being new to clerical work of every description, my coming "to take" the brass was a matter of deepest interest to them. (This is a clerk's technical expression: a brass rubber is "a party come to take the brass." If you say you have come to rub it, he thinks you mean to polish it!)

Well, these good people laid aside broom and duster, and then most reverently, as if they were going to attend a solemn service, they sat in a pew and watched my proceedings. Occasionally they whispered to one another, but otherwise sat perfectly still and devotional. They watched and waited and whispered—time being of no consideration—till the rubbing was finished; then they examined it, half-suspiciously, half-admiringly. At last the man spoke: "Well, I never did see the like, to be sure! The Lord gives different folks different gifts. Well, I never did see the like, to be sure!"

In a remote village, one juvenile clerk of seventy-eight told me in his outburst of self-satisfaction, "that when he grew old and it pleased Almighty to take him, the bishop would find it a tough job to fill his place, he would, 'coz there warn't many of his sort left; he was a scholard and chockful of larnin', he was, none of yer Schoolboard 'uns."

Later on, when I asked this scholard's help to decipher a very plain straightforward inscription on a modern tombstone, he became ruffled (luckily I had taken the brass) and mumbled sulkily "he did not take much note of them 'ere readings." So I did not persist in the experiment; and we became friendly again over the register in which he proudly showed me an oft-recurring cross as representing his scholarly signature.

One sexton's greatest boast was the number of people he had buried. I had ordered tea in his cottage, and while I was enjoying it, he entertained me with his family history and the strictest details of his profession. He was eighty-four, and had buried nearly eight hundred people. His occupation had not affected his spirits, for he was as cheerful as possible and most hospitable, too, frequently urging me "to make myself quite at home with the bread and butter."

Sometimes the office of clerk, beadle, verger, sexton is filled by a woman, and in this case their method of treatment is quite different. Vergeresses are generally elderly, full of rheumatics and other complaints (which must be listened to and sympathised with if the brass is to rub successfully), and they are nearly always affectionate and endearing.

At a church where the brasses were in the choir under pews and matting, after I had listened patiently to the aches and pains of the vergeress, she fetched a broom, and pointing out the place, said very beamingly, "You're younger than I, my dear, and I have the rheumatics dreadful bad, my dear, both knees, my dear, and they're all under them 'ere seats and carpets, my dear, and just want a little sweeping over, my dear," and away she went.

Fig. 1. From Westminster Abbey, representing John Esteney, Abbot of Westminster from 1474, till his death, 1498, which would embrace part of Edward IV.'s reign, Edward V.'s, Richard III.'s, and part of Henry VII.'s. He was a great benefactor to the church, and ornamented the grand west window with glass, a little of which still remains. He gave a screen to the chapel and two gilt images for the altar of St. Peter and St. Paul, and one for the chapter-house. He was William Caxton's patron, and the first book printed in England was executed in the Almonry where the press was set up in 1477. Several of Caxton's early books have "In the Abbey of Westminster" printed on the title-page. Abbot Esteney had the guardianship of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., when she took sanctuary in the Abbey for the second time in 1483 from Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Thomas Millyng was Abbot before John Esteney, 1469 to 1474, and in his time Elizabeth Woodville first took sanctuary in 1470, when her eldest son Edward V. was born within the Abbey precincts. The Abbot and Prior stood godfathers at his baptism. For his protection of the queen, Edward IV. rewarded Millyng with the Bishopric of Hereford, where he died, but his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.



FIG. 4.—FROM PEPPER HARROW, SURREY.

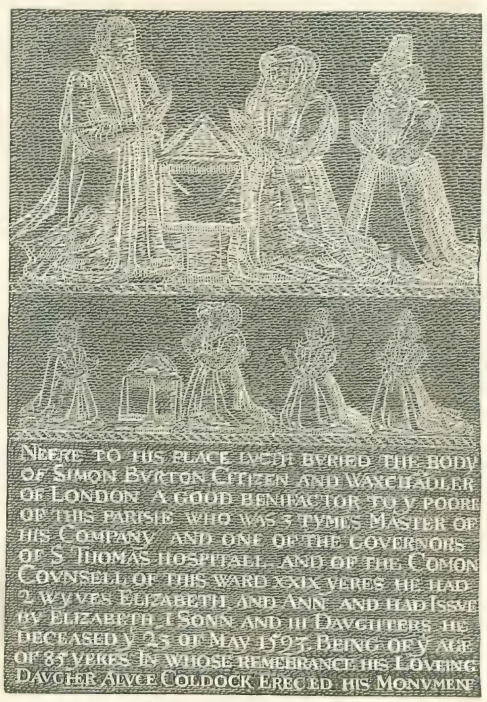


FIG. 5.—FROM ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT, LONDON.

Esteney's tomb was once surrounded by an iron railing and had a canopy, but the tomb was moved and mutilated in the eighteenth century. It was opened twice in 1706 and 1772, when "the Abbot's body was found entire lying in a chest quilted with yellow satin; he had on a gown of crimson silk girded to him with a black girdle; on his legs were black silk stockings." (From the Deanery Guide.) The brass effigy is probably a portrait representing the ecclesiastic in mass habits under a triple canopy, one hand raised



FIG. 6.—IN A PULPIT, HACKNEY.

in blessing (note the ring on the middle finger) and the other holding a crozier. On the scroll occurs the ejaculatory sentence, "Exultabo in Deo Jhu meo." The marginal inscription and two shields have gone, the matrices of which alone remain. The brass is inlaid on a tomb in the North Ambulatory, just below General Wolfe's monument.

Canopies first appeared in the fourteenth century, and following the architecture of the period were straight-sided with large finials, crockets and pinnacles, but they soon pass on into the Decorated style, the usual form being that of a Gothic arch springing from a pair of side-shafts (sometimes with shields suspended to them). After the Reformation, canopies are rarely found, and then only of a very debased character. Height of figure, 47 inches; length of side-shaft, 78 inches; width across brass, 28 inches.

Fig. 2. From Westminster Abbey. Alianore de Bohun, 1399. The marginal inscription in old French tells us she is a daughter and heiress of Sir Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hertford, Essex and Northampton, and wife to the mighty and noble Prince of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Essex and Buckingham, constable of England, son of Edward III. Alianore de Bohun was the greatest heiress in England; her husband was uncle to Richard II., at whose instigation he was arrested, conveyed to Calais, and treacherously murdered there by being stifled between feather beds, 1397. After this melancholy accident, his wife retired to a nunnery and died there October 3rd, 1399, from whence her remains were brought and interred in the Abbey. Her husband was buried at Plessey in Essex, but his remains were afterwards removed to the Abbey, and a stone now only marks the place in St. Edward's Chapel.

The lady is in widow's attire, her head resting on a cushion. This brass, which is the finest in the Abbey, is on a low altar tomb in the centre of St. Edmund's Chapel, and is quite perfect except for one of the pinnacles of the canopy, the base of the right-hand shaft, and a small piece of the inscription. Length of side-shafts of canopy, 94 inches; width across, 29½ inches; figure, 65 inches; top and bottom strips of border fillet, 38 inches; side strips of border fillet, 102 inches.

Fig. 3. From Pepper Harrow, Surrey. Dame Johanna Adderly kneeling at a prayer-desk. This brass is affixed to the north wall of the chancel and was probably used for an Eastern sepulchre; on the floor is another memorial to the same lady, a simple cross to mark the place of burial. The figure is in widow's garb with a black mantle hood or veil, and stiffly-plaited *barbe* or chin-cloth. (This dress was also worn by nuns.)

On the symbol of the Holy Trinity, traces of colour still remain, whether of paint or enamel, I cannot say. The inscription reads to this effect, "Out of your charity pray for the soul of Johann Adderly at one time wife of John Adderly, at one time citizen of London and widow of William Brokes Esquire, patron of this church, which Johanna died the 18th of November in the year of our Lord, 1487. Whose soul God propitiate." Figure, 12½ inches; inscription 20½ inches by 2¾ inches.

Fig. 4. A very small and indifferent brass in the same church to "Elizabeth Woodes daughter of Robert Woods, minister of this church and Prudence his wife died 14th August, 1621." Figure 5 inches by 3 inches; inscription 14½ inches by 5½ inches.

Fig. 5. From St. Andrew Undershaft, London, a quad-plate mural to Simon Burton, citizen, etc. The inscription is fairly clear and

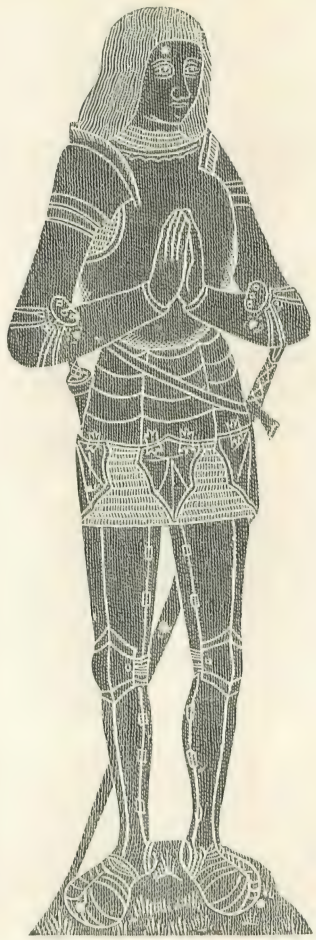


FIG. 7.—BRITISH MUSEUM.

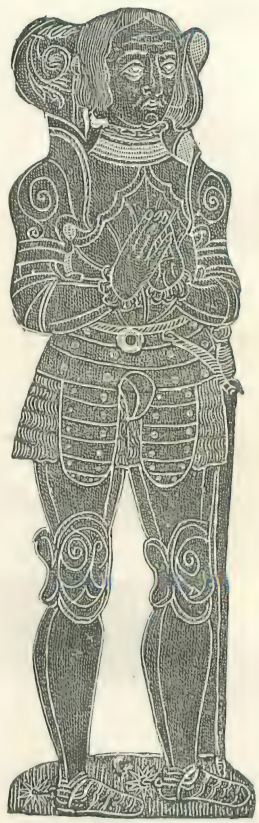


FIG. 8.—FROM WILLINGDON, SUSSEX.

may be read for itself. Plate 20 inches by 14½ inches.

Fig. 6. From Hackney, Middlesex, representing Mr. Hughe Johnson in a pulpit, "vicar for forty-five years, a benefactor to the poor of Hackney and Macclesfield, where he was born 1618 aged 72." The inscription remains, but is very indistinct, besides which, as the brass is most uncomfortably and giddily situated over a high door in the outer porch, and I had to rub it, perched on a ladder, rubbing with one hand, and hanging on to a gas-pipe with the other, I was anxious to get down to *terra firma* again. In this same church is the brass to Christopher Urswic in cap and cope, a very popular example amongst brass-rubbers. Plate 11½ inches by 6 inches.

Fig. 7. From the British Museum. A man in armour, circum 1505, in the early Tudor times. The mail skirt and sabbatons or broad-toed shoes, appear as distinguishing marks of the period. Figure 27½ inches.

Fig. 8. From Willingdon, Sussex. John Parker, 1558. It is interesting to compare those two figures and to note what difference the intervening fifty years make in military equipment. The imitation of ordinary costume in armour of the sixteenth century is remarkable, the steel plates being wrought to resemble puffed or ribbed dresses, the padded shoulders of the ladies' dresses corresponding to and rivalling the high shoulder-pieces or *pauldrons* of their husbands' armour.

John Parker looks very clumsy and uncomfortable; the mail shirt remains, but it will be seen that the pauldrons and *genouillères* (knee pieces) are more massive and heavy and ornamented with scroll-work to imitate the rich chasing then in vogue. Ruffs are also worn at the neck and wrists, and the head rests on a helmet or salade. This style of armour remained more or less the same during Elizabeth's reign till its final abandonment; the latest military example is at Great Chart, Kent 1680. Figure 20 inches.

HOW TWO SISTERS LIVE IN THE COUNTRY ON A POUND A WEEK.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"God made the country, man made the town."



MARK my words, Bab, you won't be able to do it. Live on a pound a week! The two of you! It is an impossibility!"

This was what my cousin Camilla said, when she came to see us and hear what our plans for the future were; but then, Camilla had extravagant ideas, and life would have been a misery to her with any income which had not three ciphers after the first figure.

"I quite agree that we could not live on such a sum in London, or in any town," was my reply; "but as I have told you, we mean to live in the country where it will be easy to economise."

"And be buried alive. I know what that will be; just fancy—you and Loïs in a two-roomed white-washed cottage, living on bread and potatoes, doing your own work, seeing nobody, going to no concerts, having no amusements, but a little goody-goody work now and then perhaps under a prosy old parson. No, I can't fancy it. Better die at once, Bab, and let me pay for the funeral."

"Thank you, Camilla, you are very kind, but we won't put you to such an expense; besides, you have not given my idea of the sort of life we shall have to lead, either as regards the cottage or the menu; while as to friends and amusements, we hope to get both. You shall be the first visitor we put up, at the earliest date possible for results to show themselves, and the first meal you swallow under our rustic roof-tree shall consist of your own words."

"Now I call that a handsome offer," laughed my cousin; "but it strikes me I shall have to get my gowns taken in before I come down to see you, in anticipation of growing thin on the diet you propose. What does Loïs say to all these arrangements?"

"We are of one mind about them, and, Camilla, I do hope you will not try to prejudice her mind by any of your alarmist fancies; for, to be serious and practical—as matters stand, there is no alternative left to us but to make the attempt, or for each of us to get some kind of situation and be separated. That course we have quite decided against. We would rather live in seclusion and poverty than that. But—" I added, as cheerfully as possible—"we shall not reckon ourselves poor, and we mean to lead a very happy life in our forced retirement."

"Quite idyllic, I have no doubt," cried the unconvinced Camilla. "Who was it said,

"'They love the country and none else, who seek
For its own sake its silence and its shade.'

But that is not me, my dear. Well, good-bye, Bab; my blessing go with you both, if it is of any value. You may depend upon my sacrificing myself at the shrine of cousinship when the right time comes; meanwhile, I return to the enjoyment of the vain world which claims me for its own. Tell Loïs I was very sorry not to see her before I left. By the bye, how will that little affair progress?"

"That little affair, as you delicately designate it, is necessarily over; please do not allude to it at all, Camilla," was my reply, given in such a tone that my irrepressible cousin deemed it discreet to ask no more questions. She placed a finger to her lips with a nod and a knowing look, kissed me affectionately, and took her departure.

Two years ago this was, and we have not seen her since, till a month ago, when she redeemed her promise of paying us a visit in our country retreat.

Her lot having fallen among the rich of this world, she had been pleasantly touring about with her father and brothers—restless men, who, weary of their own home and country, sought distractions in travel, and roamed the world over after change.

Meanwhile, we two had made our home, and have been as happy, comfortable, and contented as we had made up our minds to be. It was seeing and hearing from us, of the success of our scheme that astounded and struck Camilla. She was convinced but not converted.

"It may do very well for you, and for all circumstanced as you are," said she. "I believe you are right, and if I were you, I would write an account of how you manage to live on a pound a week, for I have no doubt there are plenty of poor gentlewomen who would be glad to profit by your experience, and take wing towards some such nest as this. But please remember, I am not one of them. The town for me, the town for me."

It was after an interesting discussion with Loïs upon the subject that I resolved to act upon Camilla's suggestion, and these short papers are the result of it. I hope they may serve the end for which they are intended.

CHAPTER II.

My sister and I have a fixed income of one pound a week, derived from the wreck of our fortunes, when affairs were settled after our father's death. How to make this sum go farthest, and where to make the experiment, was a matter for earnest thought and careful consideration. Our friends would have had us rent two rooms in London, that we might not—as they said—live quite out of the world. Probably they had not given a thought to the practicability of their advice, but the search after a suitable place, and all the enquiries we made with the object of finding out how to eke out the weekly expenditure to the best advantage, tended to convince us of the impossibility.

We turned away in disgust from the airless streets and small stuffy houses; our hearts sank at the prospect of living from day to day in a quarter that could be nothing less than a nest of lodging-houses, while the poverty we were reduced to seemed likely to assume hideous proportions when we reckoned up the various items that would have to enter into the accounts.

Health, too, was another important consideration. Loïs was not strong; the doctor had always said, "You must breathe fresh air, and keep out of foggy atmospheres." How was that to be done in London? Above all, in an obscure and dingy suburb, for the scantiness of our purses necessarily limited our researches to such neighbourhoods.

"It won't do," said Loïs, in despair, and almost reduced to tears. "It is just horrid; and who would ever come to see us in such places as we have seen?"

"No, it won't do," I agreed. "We cannot stand six shillings a room. Why, when twelve shillings are deducted for rent, what is there left for everything else, dress included? Loïs, we must turn our faces to the country, and seek some modest little home far away from this busy Babylon. Let us try; we must make up our minds to what would seem banishment to Camilla; luckily, we possess different temperaments to hers. We should breathe pure, fresh air, at any rate, and the poverty that grinds so hard in a town, would, I am persuaded, be almost unfelt where its shifts were unseen."

"Besides," added Loïs, plucking up heart, "we might have a garden, and grow our own vegetables, and keep pigs and poultry like the cottagers do. There must be many of them who do not earn so much as a pound a week."

"True, but the lives they lead are so different. We will stop short of the pigs and poultry; at any rate, at first," I said, laughing. "And now that is settled, we will set to work at once to find what we want."

"My mind feels relieved of a heavy load, and I am quite looking forward to the charms of such a life as we might lead," cried my sister in more light-hearted tones than she had used of late.

The next thing was how to discover such a cottage as we had pictured to ourselves, and we wrote to several country agents, but without any good result. One day, however, it so happened that after a useless excursion made to a village about thirty miles from town, in order to view a cottage we had heard of, but which turned out to have had its rent raised in consequence of repairs and improvements, we were told at the village shop where we spoke of our requirements, that there was a little house which might suit us, if not too small and unpretentious, about a mile and a half from there. It consisted of four rooms, had a good-sized garden, and was to be let at three shillings a week. We looked at each other, but fearful of appearing eager, quietly asked if we could look at it.

"To be sure you can," said our informant. "It is empty, for Master Shaw went out of it last week, and it isn't promised to any one yet, for there's been no one after it, and I am the landlord. It's like to be dirty, ma'am; but you can look at it if you like."

We said we should, and as he could not leave the shop himself, gave us the key, and sent a little boy to show the way.

The urchin took us some short cuts across dewy meadows, through which meandered a narrow stream. Cattle were grazing in them, and their sweet milky breath was wafted to us as we passed. We emerged over a stile on to the main road, which was hilly, and much wooded on its upper bank. We asked if this were the high road to the village.

"Yes," said the boy; "she goes to the village and out on to the common up yonder."

"Are we far from the place we have come to see?"

"No, we're close there; you can see it now; that be Master Shaw's old cottage with the hill at back of it, and that little oak wood by the side which stretches as far as the common."

We looked eagerly in the direction indicated, and saw a cottage nestling on the slope

of the hill, in the midst of what was in our eyes quite a large garden enclosed by a rather rough hedge, through which a rustic gate opened on to a path that led up to the cottage door.

It was quite a small white-washed place with a couple of small lattice windows close under the roof, and two larger ones each side of the door, over which there was a rustic porch covered with a luxuriant honeysuckle not then in bloom, for it was early in the year. The floor of the porch was neatly paved with brick, and there was a rustic bench on each side of it.

We entered and explored the cottage, which did not take long, it being so small. On the right side of the entry was a brick-floored kitchen with a strip partitioned off at the back to form a pantry. On the left was another room having a large cupboard under the stairs, which went straight up in a short steep flight about three feet from the front door. This room had a wooden floor, and had, we imagined, been used as a bedroom. Upstairs were two rooms of the same size with very low ceilings sloping down to the walls. The cottage, we could see, had its possibilities, and if the village landlord would do a little in the way of white-washing and replacing of new boards for rotten ones, and attending to the condition of the weather-worn tiles on the roof, we felt that the place was made for our needs. We then took a turn all round the exterior of the premises and found there was a waterbutt at the back, a tumble-down old woodshed in a top corner of the garden, and a picturesque well overshadowed by a gnarled old apple-tree. There was quite a large patch of ground sloping upwards; and the whole space, which might cover rather more than a quarter of an acre, was surrounded by a ragged hedge in which we counted five or six plum and damson trees. There were three apple trees besides the venerable one overhanging the well, and a few stunted ones near the road, which the boy, who sat waiting our pleasure on an old stump, declared to be sweets, and he evidently thought rather meanly of our want of knowledge when we asked what kind of apples those were.

"You makes cider out of 'em; they be'nt good for nought else," he explained, and we felt we had learned something.

Loïs then discovered that a pear tree was growing against the end wall of the cottage, and at this we exclaimed as delightedly as a couple of children would have done. Of bush fruit trees such as currant and gooseberry there seemed no lack, for the path up to the door was lined with them, and they were also scattered irregularly along the grass-grown path that skirted round the hedge at the rear.

"Mister Shaw, he paid his rent a'most out of the fruit he sold," remarked our young friend, when he heard us making pleased comments on the show of blossom that was appearing on the trees, and this gratuitous information had a satisfactory sound in our ears.

Our inspection being at an end, we took a last look in the kitchen.

"I made sure we should find an old-fashioned open fireplace with cosy chimney corners in here," said Loïs regretfully, "and behold, there is only a common cottage stove."

"I am not sorry for that," replied I. "We might have found the other troublesome to manage, and see—there is a capital oven."

Locking up the cottage again, we took another lingering affectionate look at it and returned to the village shop, where we entered into particulars with the landlord, whom we found very amenable to reason. He seemed pleased that his cottage should have ladies for tenants, and agreed to do all we asked, which was not much after all, and we agreed to take it on his terms and enter into possession as soon as it was ready for us.

The deed was done, our home fixed upon, and the future lay before us to do the best we could with.

We both felt hopeful and pleased as we talked it over, and were brimful of plans, as we pictured, on our return journey to town, what our simple country life there might be.

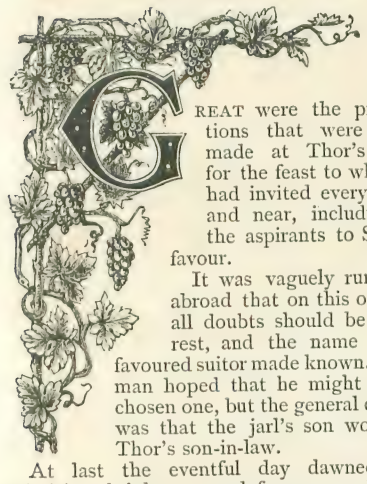
"It is Camilla's white-washed cottage, after all," said Loïs laughing.

"So it is," I replied, "but we will hope for something more than bread and potatoes."

(To be continued.)

SIGRID.

CHAPTER II.



GREAT were the preparations that were being made at Thor's gaard for the feast to which he had invited everyone far and near, including all the aspirants to Sigrid's favour.

It was vaguely rumoured abroad that on this occasion all doubts should be set at rest, and the name of the favoured suitor made known. Each man hoped that he might be the chosen one, but the general opinion was that the jarl's son would be Thor's son-in-law.

At last the eventful day dawned with auspicious brightness, and from an early hour all was stir and bustle in the house; long tables were laid down the spacious hall, and these not giving room enough for all the guests, the doors at the end of the hall were opened wide and the row of tables continued out into the open air.

At the appointed hour Thor Bonde took his place at the head of the hospitable board, which was laden with good things and ornamented by silver cups and flagons, whilst the walls were hung with handsome skins and rugs, and everything in the hall bore testimony to the wealth of its owner. Thor's simple white woollen garments contrasted very strikingly with the festive array of some of the guests, conspicuous amongst whom was the jarl's son in his scarlet robes adorned with golden chains and armlets. He sat at Thor's right hand, and the old man's piercing eyes shone with excitement and gratified ambition as they fell on his honoured guest's outward signs of rank and wealth, which were however ill-suited to his naturally insignificant and plain cast of features.

Amidst mirth and revelry the feast was carried on, and it was not until the keenest appetites were more than satisfied, and the tankards had been rapidly emptied and as rapidly refilled, that Thor rose to speak. Every one turned his anxious gaze on the old man as he stood before them in all the strength and vigour of his gigantic form, his eyes sparkling with almost youthful vivacity.

"My friends," he said, "you all know how many have wished to wed my only child, Sigrid; but as only one can be successful in this matter, I have had many an anxious moment trying to decide who should be the chosen one. But the task was too much for an old man to undertake, and I have at last resolved to leave the decision to Sigrid herself. It is fair that in a matter which concerns her life-long happiness she should have a voice. I have therefore summoned her to appear and make her choice; and I call upon you all to listen and bear witness that in your presence I have sworn, that to whomsoever Sigrid shall give her hand saying, 'This is my chosen husband,' him shall she wed and no other. I have spoken."

There was a moment's silence when Thor ceased speaking, speedily broken by a noisy burst of applause and satisfaction, for each of the numerous suitors thought that whatever his chances with the father might have been, with the beautiful daughter he was sure of success, and each one seemed to hear those longed-for words which should pronounce him the chosen husband of the loveliest heiress in the land.

The uproar and mirthful din was at its very height when a door at the head of the hall was opened, and Sigrid, followed by some of her maidens, appeared in the doorway.

As if by magic, the tumult subsided and perfect and utter stillness and silence fell on the assembled guests, over whom a thrill of breathless excitement passed. Every eye was eagerly turned on the beautiful girl who, with downcast eyes and heightened colour, stood motionless before them.

After a moment's hesitation she approached her father, and seizing his hand in hers kissed it passionately, then raising her eyes she glanced rapidly down the rows of guests, who, moved by the same impulse, had risen from their seats as an involuntary act of homage to Sigrid's youth and beauty.

The jarl's son gazed at her with admiration and approval, and his effeminately white hand was stretched confidently out to meet that of Sigrid, whom he, as well as Thor, considered as already his. But the girl's small hand hung motionless by her side, as without a look in his direction she moved on, her light firm step and the rustling of her blue silken robes on the sanded floor being the only sounds heard in that preternaturally silent hall.

Her colour came and went, and her eyes were never raised from the ground, as she passed down the room, and many of the guests, as well as Thor himself, thought she meant to leave the hall without announcing her decision.

But at the far end of the table, where the guests of least distinction were placed, Sigrid suddenly paused, and taking Asmund's hand in her trembling grasp, she spoke in a very low tone, which yet was perfectly audible through every corner of the hall, these words, "I, Sigrid, do now solemnly declare that I choose thee, Asmund, to be my wedded husband."

As the sound of her sweet clear voice died away there was a momentary hush of utter amazement and bewilderment, and then arose a din of angry voices and every hand grasped an axe or a dagger, as all rushed fiercely towards the lovers, who stood utterly regardless of the angry tumult.

Thor Bonde rose speechless with fury, and forcing his way through the clamorous crowd, he flung aside every obstacle in his path,

heedless of overturned tables and benches, until he reached his daughter's side.

But at the sight that met his angry gaze, his clenched hands relaxed their hold of his weapon, and his headlong course was stayed, for Sigrid lay pale and unconscious in her lover's arms, who, utterly regardless of the surging angry throng around him, clasped Sigrid's cold hands in his warm grasp, and gazed fondly on her white face. For a moment Thor paused, then, snatching his daughter from her lover's arms, and hurling him from him with all the force of his gigantic frame, he loudly summoned Sigrid's waiting women, who were huddled together in a frightened group at the door.

It was indeed a strange scene, the crowd of angry guests, the bewildered servants, and in the centre of the group Thor's powerful form, towering above all round him and looking like a king, in spite of his simple white woollen robes, holding his fondly loved child as gently in his strong arms as her mother might have done, whilst tears of anxious love slowly trickled down his weather-beaten face. Whilst a few paces off stood Asmund, unconscious of all save his affianced bride; but as the waiting women approached to receive their unconscious mistress from her father's arms, he sprang forward to snatch her from their hold; but a glance at the anxiety and love so plainly visible on the old man's face, his outstretched arms fell at his side, and murmuring, "She is his only child, and he loves her," he remained motionless in his place.

As Sigrid was being borne from the room through the door by which she had entered such a short time before, Asmund could restrain himself no longer, and rushing forward, regardless of the angrily clashing weapons which speedily surrounded him, seemed about to force his way to Sigrid, when she faintly raised her colourless face from her old nurse's shoulder, and fixing her beautiful eyes on her lover's face, made him a sign to remain and brave her father's anger.

No sooner had the last shimmer of Sigrid's blue silken robes and the last gleam of her golden and loosened hair disappeared from sight, than the hall was filled with angry voices, and Asmund was hemmed in by flashing weapons; whilst high above the din and confusion was heard Thor's voice.

"Now for you, my good fellow, before you are driven from my land by the whips of my thralls, let me hear whence you come, your name and that of your home; speak before you leave this Gaard never to return."

"My name is Asmund, my home is at Silgjord where I live on my father's land as free a man as you, Thor Bonde, and never shall I rest till Sigrid is mine as she and you have promised, unless indeed Thor would break his word, but that could hardly be. My land is hard and barren, but it is mine; I owe no man fealty for it; I am a free man, and though my father had little to leave me but his good name and his trusty axe, with these and my two strong hands, I shall make my way, as many another has done in these wild, unruly times."

This speech was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter and angry cries, which were suddenly hushed when Thor began to speak. "No man ever dared to say that Thor Bonde went back from his word," he cried, with fury in his voice and eyes, "nor shall you, base thrall, though I might well refuse your right to be counted amongst those recognised suitors who demanded from me my daughter's hand."

"But," cried Asmund, "you swore that to whomsoever your daughter gave her hand, declaring him to be her chosen husband, you pledged your word, I say again, that the man of her choice and no one else should win her for his own; in the sight and hearing of you and all here present, I was thus chosen by her, and mine she shall be!"

"And I have said that I am free from any claim from a basely born churl like you, who never dared to come boldly forward as one of Sigrid's suitors, knowing full well the answer you would have received"—here Thor paused for breath, and then continued slowly—"nevertheless I shall keep my word, and I swear that you shall wed my child"—he stopped at this point to lift his sword to silence the indignant shouts by which his words were greeted by his angry guests; and then fixing his piercing eyes on Asmund's face, which glowed with gratitude, he continued with a smile of malicious pleasure—"You, Asmund, who come from Silgjord, know well the fjord, whose sullen waters lie between my home and yours; now hear my words—on that day when the fjord is filled up, so that I and my trusty followers can ride across the green meadows to Silgjord, when houses are built and the grass and golden corn wave where now lie the dark, sullen waters of the fjord, then, and not till then, shall Sigrid be yours!"



"ALL SORTS OF STRANGE AND FANTASTIC BEINGS."

There was a moment's surprised silence as Thor ceased speaking, and then the hall was filled with the clamour of voices raised one above another, whilst shouts of derisive laughter greeted the old man's words as the angry guests pointed contemptuously to Asmund, who stood confused and trembling with rage and disappointment before the grim old man. The hopes which had sprung to life at Thor's first words died out of his heart as he listened to the impossible condition with which the promise of Sigrid's hand was weighted. He felt bewildered and stunned by the bitter scorn and contempt which was so plainly shown by all present. Instinctively his hand grasped his knife as he fiercely confronted the old man, whose mocking laugh stung him to the quick; but, remembering whose father he was, his arm dropped to his side, and, regardless of the angry words and looks of all around, he paused before leaving the hall to assure Thor that, come what might, he was determined to win Sigrid. "He laughs best who laughs last!" he cried. "The day will come when I shall remind you of my words. We shall see who will laugh then!"

"Speak not to me!" cried Thor in a burst of rage. "Never again shall you enter this hall! Never dare to raise your eyes to look on Sigrid, whom you have bewitched for your own base purposes!" and, turning to his guests, he cried, "Drive the base-born thrall from our midst; we have endured his insolence too long!" Quickly were his wishes carried out, and with shouts of derisive mockery Asmund was rudely hustled from the hall and driven to the borders of Thor's land, where his pursuers left him, and where he sank exhausted to the ground.

It was late that evening when Asmund began to row across the much-discussed fjord. It was a lovely night in the middle of July, and not a sound was heard but the gentle splashing of the oars, or the rustle of some night bird; around the boat the water was like a mirror, but in the distance all was bathed in a soft indistinct shadow, and Asmund rowed on almost unconsciously.

He was hurt deeply, by the scornful treatment to which he had been subjected, but his heart swelled with pride as he thought of Sigrid's brave avowal of her love for him, and he felt as if all he had suffered was amply atoned for by her fond and faithful conduct, and as he gazed at the waters of the fjord the refrain of Thor's words sounded once more in his ears: "When Dalsjoen becomes green, Sigrid shall be the wife of Asmund Gudlangson," and it seemed to his excited fancy as if these words were caught up and echoed by hundreds of soft voices all around him. As, half unconsciously he listened to these soft murmurs, he fell into a dreamy state, in which all sorts of strange and fantastic beings passed before him. All the old forgotten stories and legends of sprites and gnomes, with which his childish mind had been filled, seemed suddenly to have rushed to his memory, whilst, over the gloomy fjord, there hung a

mysterious sensation, as if supernatural agencies were at work.

Asmund felt the spell; and, submitting without a struggle to its influence, he ceased rowing, and allowed the boat to drift along unguided and unchecked; whilst he, wrapped in dreamy musings, was heedless of its course.

Gradually, however, he became aware that the boat was nearing the shore, which seemed enveloped in shadows, and to his wondering ears were borne the faint but ravishingly sweet sounds of stringed instruments, as if answering to the vibration of fairy fingers.

Completely steeped in mysterious and dreamy languor and happiness, Asmund was gazing absently at the familiar borders of the fjord, when suddenly his boat glided from under the dark shade of the steep banks and shot into a narrow deep passage or channel which was faintly illumined by a pale blue light.

Asmund looked about him in a vaguely questioning way; he could not remember having noticed this passage before, nor could he imagine whither it led, and as he wondered, the boat sped on through this underground canal, and as it proceeded, the sound of the weirdly sweet music grew more distinct and fuller, seeming to be caught up and re-echoed on all sides.

At last the boat ceased to move, and Asmund gazed round him in a half-wondering bewilderment; he found himself in a dimly-lighted room or cavern, in which sat an old woman busily working at a loom.

In silent wonder Asmund gazed at this solitary figure, she was so very small, and seemed extremely aged, and still she worked with incredible speed and industry.

The stuff which she was weaving was a light shimmering green, and, as Asmund looked at it, he thought unconsciously of waving fields and meadows, and voices all around him seemed to murmur in low, distinct tones, "The day that Dalsjoen becomes green land, shall Sigrid become the wife of Asmund Gudlangson."

The strange old woman continued her work in silence, and apparently in unconsciousness of Asmund's presence. After watching her rapid movements with a fascinated gaze, Asmund felt himself driven by an irresistible impulse to speak, but he was startled by the strange sound of his own voice as he asked: "Tell me, good mother, what are you weaving so busily?"

In weird, unearthly tones came the answer. "The carpet which shall be spread across Dalsjoen, when Asmund Gudlangson's bridal party shall ride across it." Scarcely were the words spoken, than the boat had shot on, and Asmund beheld another room or cavern, where an old man sat, in the midst of beams and planks of wood, at which he worked with great rapidity and skill, sawing great trunks of trees with as much ease as if they had been tiny twigs or branches instead of gigantic pines.

Once more, obeying an unspoken command, Asmund turned to this strange workman, who, in his small dwarf-like form, seemed to possess the strength of a Samson, and asked him what he was making.

"I am preparing the banqueting hall for Asmund Gudlangson, when his wedding with the fair Sigrid, Thor Bonde's only child, shall take place; my task must be completed before that event is celebrated."

As the old man's words died away into silence, Asmund's boat had disappeared, leaving the cavern a long way behind it, and passed rapidly along the fjord, until it seemed suddenly to touch the shore and a grotto opened out before him in such incredibly large proportions, that Asmund felt overcome with giddiness as he gazed at its vastness.

The roof was as deeply blue and apparently as lofty as the midnight sky, and its lights were like the stars, and seemed to fill the vast hall with a soft radiance like moonlight streaming through softly-tinted shades.

When Asmund had become accustomed to the light in this strange abode, he perceived at the very farthest extremity of the hall a raised seat or dais, on which was seated a most beautiful woman, whose tall majestic form was draped in shimmering crimson robes; whilst over her shoulders, and far below her waist, streamed her luxuriant golden hair. Asmund could only gaze in speechless wonder at this marvellously beautiful and queenly-looking woman; to whom he did not dare to speak or question as to the significance of all these marvels by which he saw himself surrounded. This beautiful being sat at a spinning-wheel, and as she span, the wheel seemed formed of moonbeams, whilst from her lovely lips came the soft cooing murmurs which had before struck Asmund's wondering ears. In mute amazement and admiration, Asmund gazed at this supernaturally beautiful woman, and as he stood trembling and shivering with bewilderment and excitement, the soft whirr of the busy wheel was stopped, and a deep full voice, with a vibration of melancholy softness through its depth, pronounced his name in accents of bewitching sweetness.

"Asmund, Asmund, come hither, come!"

Almost before she ceased speaking, Asmund (he scarcely knew how) stood before the queenly form, and, with a beating heart and in a trembling voice demanded who she was, and what she wanted with him.

"I am Freya," she answered, in sweetest, most entrancing accents, "Freya, the goddess of love, whom your forefathers worshipped, and who now in her dreary and neglected solitude, still thinks of their sons and daughters in this valley.

"This thread," here she turned her wheel, so that the whole cave was filled with softest moonbeam light, whilst Asmund's heart beat fast with mingled joy and awe, "is the chain with which I have bound you to Sigrid."

Asmund stood in speechless, breathless amazement and bewilderment; his whole being seemed changed, as if under some magic spell, and his eyes were fastened on the beautiful figure at the spinning-wheel with intense admiration, mingled with the adoration of a worshipper before its divinity.

"This thread has bound Sigrid's love and life to thine, Asmund," continued the soft voice so thrilling in its mellow mournful tones, "but the strongest ties may be broken; say, what will you give me if I promise to aid you in carrying out Thor Bonde's conditions, conditions which I need not repeat, for are not his mocking, cruel words written in your heart, and is not the air in this grotto echoing them, even now. Listen, Asmund," and she raised her white hand to enforce his silence and attention.

A needless precaution, for he could not have spoken just then to save his life; the whole of that spacious cave seemed filled with voices, which began in a soft whispering murmur to echo and re-echo those mocking words, "I will keep my word; so sure as Dalsjoen becomes green, so surely shall Sigrid be the wife of Asmund Gudlangson," until the murmur grew louder and louder, becoming at last such a deafening roar, that Asmund threw up his arms as if to ward off a shower of blows, and sank unconscious on the ground.

(*To be continued.*)

PATTY'S EMANCIPATION.

By ADA M. TROTTER, Author of "My Lady Marjorie," etc.

CHAPTER II.



WHEN Mrs. Rivers and Susie arrived at the farm, they found Patty looking a little pale, but very interesting, surrounded by her books, evidently bent on improving every moment. They were deeply impressed by this superiority to circumstances; for of course such culture was out of place in this simple farm-house.

"But your uncle is evidently a deep reader," said Mrs. Rivers, trying to make out the names of the old books in the shelf.

"He's a very remarkable man," Patty found herself saying with sudden pride.

Mrs. Rivers after this cursory glance around her bent all her mind on the task of persuading Patty to come with them to "the Towers;" curiously enough, it was a task, for Patty found herself unwilling to leave the farm. She thought she should have been delighted to go, and swelling with her right to freedom, would have gone without asking any permission of her uncle. But now, the freedom was hers. She could come and go as she pleased.

"Of course I must just tell uncle I am going," she said, when at length she permitted her friend's arguments to prevail.

She went up-stairs slowly, and knocked at her uncle's door. He was up and dressed, and was sitting in the sun with his Testament open on the table beside him, and his sheep-dog at his feet. As he turned and saw Patty, it seemed as though a sudden hope thrilled his pulses, his eyes beamed a welcome

"What, Patty!" he cried, with glad intonation.

Patty was breathless, almost angry with him for putting her to so much pain, for, as she somewhat abruptly explained her mission, she had to see the gladness die out of his face, had to see the look she dreaded, and which she had read there yesterday of disappointment almost contempt, grow as he scanned her from head to foot. Then he spoke.

"Go," he said. "Take your pleasure, child. Take your pleasure."

His trembling hand sought the head of his faithful dog, but he turned his clear eyes from the girl of whom he had hoped so much.

Patty went out, with the mental picture of the lonely old man turning to his dog for comfort stamped indelibly on her brain, while she packed her valise, and then sang a snatch of song to prove how very happy she meant to be.

As they drove away, she looked up at her uncle's window prepared to wave her hand to him, but he was not looking out. Molly she had escaped, for the good girl was in the dairy at this hour. She drew a long breath as trees hid the old house from sight, and collected her thoughts, making herself as fascinating as possible to Mrs. Rivers.

The next two or three days were like a

blurred dream to Patty. Yet who of the gay party at the Towers so brilliant as she? She sang, danced, joined in every pleasure-party with the zest of one who tastes the sweets of life with intense enjoyment. It was perhaps the hardest work Patty had ever done in her life.

"I find your friend perfection now, Susie," said Mrs. Rivers; "she used to bore one a little with her immature views, but she seems less opinionated."

In truth if her old desire to mount the rostrum returned to Patty, the remembrance of a deep sweet voice that termed her ideas "vulgar" brought the blood to her cheeks in a blush of shame. Oh! how she worked to drown that voice, how she strove to obliterate the picture of a lonely old man who had strewn her path with benefits, in his hour of need turning to his dog for comfort. Yet where she went, that gentle voice pursued her, and amid all the luxuries of the hospitable home of her friend, she was blind to aught save one picture, and that one began to rend her with its power.

Patty's triumph was decided one evening.

"You are a perfect song bird," said a master present who heard her sing. "If you want a career I can point out the best way to enter upon it; a natural voice, true as yours, is rare."

"We mean to keep the treasure always," said Mrs. Rivers encircling Patty's waist with her arm.

"Oh! Patty, how happy you must be," sighed a plain, sweet little maid. "You are always first everywhere."

Patty ran singing gaily to her room when good-nights were exchanged. Happy,—was she happy? She sat down in a luxurious chair, and threw herself back, pushing the curls from her brow, to think over the evening, and try to realise this triumph, this happiness. The career was open to her and she was free to set forth on it. What happiness!

All at once Patty realised she was taking her wages for the last few days' work. Taking her wages in full, in misery, in the pain tugging at her heart-strings, unbearable in the quiet of the midnight hour.

"Uncle, my uncle!" she cried, stretching out her arms to the still night.

She opened the window, for the perfumed atmosphere suffocated her. The pines rustled; their still, bare arms tapping on the sill. A sudden idea came into Patty's head, obeyed without reflection, accepted as a possible amelioration of this unendurable anxiety and pain.

"Young lady, you have life and death in your hands," Mr. Harlowe had said. The words were like a lash to the girl, cutting deep into the wound.

The long arms of the friendly pine swayed with her weight, then let her softly down upon the lawn. Without a backward glance she sped to the avenue, and turned into the country road leading to the forest.

How far had she to go? She did not know, did not care were it one mile or twenty; absorbed in her purpose, she knew neither fatigue nor fear. There was no moon, and the night, though serene, was chill. Far away the glow of the furnaces sent a ruddy light to the heavens. How dark rose the forest trees that stood between Patty and her uncle's farm!

When Patty had traversed the road in the carriage with her friends, she had exclaimed at the exquisite shadows cast on the sunlit road. To-night she paused on the borderland, gazing with awe into the unknown. Should she dare to enter the gloom? The pause was momentary. Easier was it to face the terrors hidden in the darkness than to take one step back to the home of luxury from which she fled.

Then a sweet fancy lit the way, and brought a sob to her lips. A noble face smiled on her reassuringly. She darted swiftly where it led, and silently ran onwards under the trees.

"Who goes there?"

The challenge broke the silence; a tall figure blocked the way. Patty recognised the voice in terror.

"Who and what are you? A woman, and alone in this dark forest!"

Patty sought refuge in flight; in two or three strides he overtook her.

"I am the keeper of the forest. You need not fear me, child or woman, whichever you be. It is my business to know who passes the boundaries on a dark night such as this. Have you lost your way?"

"No," replied Patty, trying to hide her terror. "I have found it."

There was silence. Then he stooped and tried to peer into her face.

"The voice is familiar," he muttered to himself; "at least I have heard that musical ring before. Where?—that is the question."

"I entreat you, do not detain me!" cried Patty, tears now in her voice. "I am in desperate haste!"

"I will not detain you," said he; "but your way is my way until I see you safely housed."

It was very cold. Patty had neither bonnet nor shawl to remedy this, and assist in keeping her secret from the keen gaze that took every opportunity of a break in the woodlands to scrutinise her face. She threw her dress over her head.

"You are cold," he said instantly. "What, no bonnet, no shawl! What does this mean?"

The question was asked of himself, as he imperatively threw his coat across the shrinking form beside him.

"It is too heavy; I cannot bear it!" cried Patty.

"Have you far to go?" asked Mr. Harlowe quietly.

"I do not know."

"If you do not know your way, let me tell you—your back is to the village, and the only habitation is a farmhouse within a radius of three miles, where the good people retire early.

"Is it—on this road?"

"Certainly! Three miles further on."

"Only three miles!"—the tone was one of relief.

"Only three miles! Ah!"

Was it recognition? Patty could not tell. But now he permitted her step to distance his; soon she was flying along the avenue like a lapwing, and alone. The pain at her heart grew heavier, more intense at every moment, until at length her one thought seemed written in fire on the dusky atmosphere about her. If she were too late? He might be dying—dead. Why, oh, why had she consented to leave him, when now that she could read her own heart she could see that she had been consumed with longing to return to him from the moment she had voluntarily left him?

"Girl, you have life and death in your hands!" As these words recurred to Patty she almost screamed with pain.

"If he dies I shall have murdered him," she moaned, and her footsteps lagged wearily over the interminable windings of the forest road.

At last! A break in the trees, and there, yes, there was the old farmhouse. Patty welcomed the sight with outstretched arms. "Oh, uncle, uncle!" she cried passionately. Blinded with tears she stumbled over the path, and reached the porch door. It was locked. With her heart beating to suffocation, Patty walked round the house. A light burned in one window; he was there alone, perhaps suffering.

"Uncle, uncle, I am coming," she whispered, as she flew to the kitchen door, hoping to obtain entrance there; but the faithful Molly had secured the fastenings.

Just then a firm step crunched the gravel. It was Mr. Harlowe. Patty crept out of sight into a corner of the porch, hoping that she might escape his keen eyes; but the step came straight to her hiding-place.

"There is a window here," he said quietly, "which I can open with my penknife. I have done it before."

Without more ado he set to work on the worm-eaten sill, and soon succeeded in raising the sash.

"Come," he said kindly.

Patty approached, trembling. He did not trouble her with a glance, and the hands that lifted her from the porch and set her inside the old farm kitchen were gentle as a woman's.

Then the window was drawn down again, and Patty heard the firm footstep in its steady tread pass back to the forest.

The kitchen fire was still aglow; the flicker seemed a cordial welcome to the girl as she crept towards the hall, where the old asthmatic clock whirred and boldly struck the hour. Patty paused at her uncle's door; it was half open, and she heard again that weary sigh, almost moan, of one watching, longing for dawn.

"Are you in pain, my uncle?" she asked breathlessly, in a voice trembling with tears.

The old man raised himself on his arm with a bewildered look about him. Could this be the complacent Patty, this dishevelled maid, with eyes full of tears, and tense, strained expression?

"Patty! Is it my child Patty?"

One moment of hesitation, while Patty sought for a self-control hopelessly shattered, and then she found herself clinging with her arms about him, her face buried in his breast, without words to explain herself, or to tell why she had thus entered her uncle's house as a thief in the night. It seemed to her that she was imploring his pardon for her heartless conduct towards him; but if so, it was done wordlessly. She was surrounded by his large sympathy, conscious of his forgiveness, and a sense of peace she had never known before fell upon her broken spirit.

Kneeling beside his bed, with his hand upon her head, she fell at length into profound slumber. She awoke at sunrise with the dazzling light in her eyes. The old man was sleeping with a smile on his lips. Patty rose softly and went to her room. The comforts there seemed to cry out at her, and had she needed such reminder would have played the part of conscience to her for many a long day.

Molly was astir in the kitchen when Patty ran downstairs, and welcomed her with a warmth that set the blood stirring in the girl's heart. Was it come to this, that she could be grateful for the goodwill of a serving-maid?

Then Patty set herself to some scientific cooking, and with Molly's broad face stretched wider still with smiles, set the tray in her arms and bade her carry it upstairs. She herself crept up in her wake.

"Are you ready for your breakfast, master?" asked Molly, not knowing whether she wanted to laugh or cry the most, poor emotional soul, feeling her master's gladness in the atmosphere about her.

His eyes were seeking the figure in hiding behind the coarse blue gown of the stalwart Molly, eyes that seemed to shed light all about him as Patty's face, smiling though shy, peeped over the maid's shoulder.

"Give me my breakfast, Molly, my good girl," said he, stretching out his hand to Patty. "I feel strong to-day, as if a breath of air in the garden would do me good."

Molly decided to blubber with joy, and stumbled back downstairs to her kitchen. Patty and her uncle, after one long glance of mutual confidence, spent the first of many happy hours together.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS MEECH and ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE.—For a girls' club for reading and music classes, apply to Miss Garrett, Black's Hall, Cavendish, R. S. O., Suffolk. For sketching, apply to Miss Sturmey, 4, Fern Bank, Coventry. It is called the Portfolio Sketching Society. For early rising, there is Miss Clift's Association, of Fernbank, Cheltenham. Send a large stamped and directed envelope for the rules, and enquire what you have, if anything, to pay for them.

GRADUATE.—It seems to us that your correspondence class for languages is not on the same footing as the Girls' Clubs which we recommend. These are not designed to be remunerative to the principal or secretary; the work is done gratis, and the shilling or two shilling fees required are employed in prizes, when the small expenses of postage, printing of rules, and stationery have been defrayed. We do not advertise any tuitions for personal emolument, and in no case do we charge for any notices given in our correspondence columns.

A. G. S.—There is the London School of Medicine for Women, 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C. Write to the Secretary, Miss Heaton.

MUSIC.

VIOLET.—A double flat is a tone below the note indicated; that is, that E𝄫 means D natural.

Y. A. M.—1. In reference to the passage copied from Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*, No. 13, the lower bass notes are the only ones played with the left hand, and the remainder with the right.—2. It is impossible to fix any given time in reference to the amount of proficiency attained by a student of the violin. We have heard that instrument charmingly played by one who had been learning but a short time. All depends on the talent of the player.

R. A.—We are unable to give you any new light on the subject of reading music at sight. The sure way is to practise reading what you have not before seen very systematically when alone, commencing very slowly, but in good time, and quickening on each successive reading.

RUSTIC.—1. Perhaps the best books to aid you in your study of the theory of music are Sir John Goss's *Harmony* and *Cherubini's Counterpoint*.—2. There would be no impropriety in your calling, with a friend, to see your old master, and take leave of him at his schoolroom when the pupils are leaving after their studies are over.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ESTHER S.—We thank you for your little pamphlet. It shows good and devout feeling, and we wish you success in your desire to lead others in an upward course. But the MS. needed a good deal of correction before being printed, as the composition and grammar are not always correct, and wrong words are sometimes employed. We hope you will soon recover from your accident.

PATTIE.—We think, before venturing to find fault with the date given, you would have done better to have concluded there had been a misprint, which, in point of fact, was the case, for our own authority for the dates given (Lawrence Philipps, F.R.A.S.) agrees with your statement as to the date of death. Young folks are too apt to think they have found a "mare's nest."

ADA.—We have heard of a bait for catching rats that comes to us from America. It may be worth a trial. It appears that they delight in the seeds of sunflowers. These would entice them into traps when nothing else would. They could, no doubt, be obtained for you by a herbalist. Although we give you the benefit of the information we have received we have never as yet made a trial of this rat-lure.

PALERMO.—1. That your face should be red after a game of tennis is no more surprising than that a cook's should be so after basting meat before the fire. The remedy is not to play tennis.—2. You write with a very bad pen—apparently a quill pen with a broken nib—otherwise your handwriting would be good, and formed early, considering your age.

J. A.—There is a "Home of Rest" for ladies at Bognor, Sussex, at from 10s. to 21s. a week, length of stay unlimited. Address Lady Superintendent, Miss E. A. Harrison, 2 and 3, Denmark Terrace.

STUNG.—It is difficult both to avoid and to alleviate the suffering produced by mosquito bites. Sal volatile is good if applied immediately. There are pastiles specially made for destroying them.

SCRIBBLER.—Brain work does not tend to shorten a woman's life. In fact, when the head is free from pain bodily suffering is lightened by study or literary work. We have some grand examples amongst our scientific women of longevity—Mary Somerville attained the age of ninety-two, and Caroline Herschel of ninety-eight, retaining their powers of mind up to the last.

EMMELINE.—What you have been told respecting the injurious properties in tomatoes is simply rubbish. Cancer is the result of a hereditary taint in the blood (in our opinion), and the eating of tomatoes by any one of sound constitution would not result in that terrible disease.

BELLA.—We do not understand what you mean by the "marks on your face that need stitching." Are they cuts or wounds of any kind? If so, they are not properly described as "marks," and we cannot prescribe for them.

RUBY.—So many of our girls complain of indigestion that we have taken the matter into serious consideration, and we recommend them to stiffen their dress bodices with whalebone, and leave off wearing stays. Let the ribs expand well, and the process of digestion will not then be interfered with. This is likewise our prescription for the red nose trouble, of which so many of our readers very bitterly complain. An extra woven vest would be an excellent substitute for stays, as it would be elastic. You would all then approximate a little nearer to the classic forms of a Venus, instead of a wooden figure.

URSULA.—There is no harm whatever in your curling your hair, or crimping it if preferred; nor is there any harm in twisting it into a rope, nor making it into a "bun." But we advise you strongly not to dye it. It is best, as a rule, so to dress your hair, and the rest of your person, so as best to please your people, who care about you and may thereby be gratified.

EMBLEM.—You have given the right emblems for England, Scotland, and Ireland. That of Wales is the leek.

GYP.—1. Certainly, acknowledge all kind letters of congratulation on your engagement.—2. You should not drive out alone with gentlemen friends.

PERPLEXED ONE.—The young man's sisters are right. You should not walk out alone with him until you be engaged.

IGNORAMUS.—You should introduce the gentleman to the lady as "Mr. Smith."



"IS IT THE NEW NUMBER?"



VOL. XV.—NO. 721.] OCTOBER 21, 1893. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



THE THREE SISTERS. (*From a miniature.*)

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CHAPTER III.

MORE OF OURSELVES.



SALLY was four years my senior, and was in her seventeenth year at the date to which I am referring. She was just casting the last traces of her childhood behind her. Being the eldest of the family and precocious, she had discarded her dolls years before she was in her teens. She had since done the same with her fairy-tales, her ball, and her skipping-rope. She was a well-grown girl, and Aunt Maria, who presided like an absolute sovereign, without a notion of rebellion on our part, over the different stages of our youth, had put Sally into long frocks. Aunt Maria had also decreed that Sally should turn up her hair, and fasten it on the top of her head with a high comb, so that she looked inches taller than she had done the week before in her short frocks with her hair on her shoulders. The promotion turned Sally's head a little; she not only left childish things behind her, she gave herself airs, we younger ones thought; and it was only her kindness of heart which prevented her from having anything to do with us. She sat a great deal with Aunt Maria, stitching demurely in her company, though Sally had detested needle-work formerly, and she had always been the foremost in stealing up on deck and playing hide-and-seek on the different decks and round the masts. Indeed, it had been her greatest grief that she was not allowed to climb a mast as Tom and the other boys went aloft. I believe she would have attempted it privately had she not stood in some awe of the captain of the main-topmast, who was continually telling us what was and was not proper for young misses to do. Now she sailed languidly along the deck, and as to entering the cockpit, she would have scorned anything so far beneath her years and her dignity, though I am sure she hankered after the joyous games of "Blind-man's-buff" and "I spy" we had without her. She spoke to Mr. Rhodes, the chaplain who taught us, as if she were on an equality with him; and strange to say he accepted the equality, though it was only the other day that he had rated her soundly for mistakes in her grammar and spelling. She did not so much as let her eyes rest on the sailing-master, though not three months ago she had wheedled him into including her in the special lessons in navigation which he was giving Tom and cousin Perry. When our Sally expected to sail a ship, to conduct its signals, to steer it clear of one enemy and to bring it to bear on another, was more than she herself could have told.

But Sally in her new and exalted estate was hardest of all on our relative Perry Hood. He was older than Tom, about Sally's own age—a little spare, freckled boy, thoughtful, unselfish, and fond of us all, so that we were fond of him in return. Sally had been the fondest, and the two had been the greatest friends in the world; but after she blossomed into a young lady she would hardly notice him. She paid not the slightest attention to his finest feats in running out to the ends of the yards and standing waving his cap at the very top of the mizzen-mast, of which he made a desperate display in the vain hope of recovering her good graces. She treated him with the greatest coldness and superciliousness, so that the poor fellow was baffled and hurt by the unaccounted-for breach in their friendship. We, his allies, were furious with Sally for her fickleness and arrogance.

A sister does not, as a rule, form any very lively or correct estimate of a sister's looks—good, bad, or indifferent. But when I try to see across the gulf of years behind me, I come to the conclusion that our Sally must have grown up rather a fine-looking girl. She was not a pink-and-white drawing-room belle, she was always a little brown with sun and wind, but she had the unapproachable carriage, at once erect and supple, of a right royal queen who is supposed to carry her crown poised on her head, or of a vigorous independent fish-wife, who really bears her "creel" of fish strapped between her shoulders. She had steel-blue eyes which could flash and sparkle under their brown lashes, and a quantity of light brown hair, weighing heavily on that aspiring comb of hers which did its tucking-up with an effort. People said Sally was like our mother with a super-added dash of father and Aunt Maria in their strong-mindedness and determination.

Tom resembled father and Aunt Maria in face and figure, but it was the two with a difference. His dark grey eyes were so merry, and the teeth which represented their broken and dilapidated sets so glancing in their whiteness, that they quite lit up his dark face. He never looked as if he had swallowed a ramrod or a poker, as truth compels me to own his worthy seniors sometimes looked. He was a dear, good boy on the whole, though his high spirits and hot temper occasionally got him into scrapes, and whoever father spared, he could not spare Tom, because the admiral's son must always be an example of one kind or another. He was the life of the family as well as of the ship. Father would screw up his mouth and Aunt Maria would knit her forehead to save them from exploding with laughter at some of Tom's odd fancies and droll sayings. We all knew that when Tom was posted as lieutenant, if he chanced to be appointed to another ship, a casualty which father might use his interest to bring about, as better for Tom, we should be dreadfully dull, even at sea, without him.

Jane was next to Tom. Poor little Jane! Whether from innate delicacy of constitution, or, as Aunt Maria was strongly inclined to hold, from a concealed fall, to which a careless nurse had subjected her when she was a baby, Jane was not like the rest of us. She was a puny creature, with a suspicion of deformity about her large head and narrow sloping shoulders. Neither sun nor wind brought a fresh colour or even a healthful brownness into her small, sallow face. She had pretty brown eyes; but they looked out pathetically from the hollow caverns in which they were sunk. There was no gold or tawny auburn in the brown of her hair. It had a dead flaxen under-tint, as if it had ashes for its foundation. She was so slight and thin that her wrists and ankles were like the spindle-shanks of a sickly child. But if Jane had the smallest, weakest body, she had the biggest soul among us. She was by far the cleverest of the family. At her urgent entreaty, the chaplain taught her Greek and Latin, which he said she learnt with ease. She read greedily every book she could get her hands upon, from *Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs*, and Virgil's *Georgics* and *Bucolics*, to the essays and stories in the *Ladies' Magazine*—which Aunt Maria took out—when she could get the numbers, and Tabitha Tidy's Hints on General Neatness for the Benefit of Young Gentlewomen.

At intervals father and Aunt Maria held serious consultations on sending Jane to live on shore with some distant relations of mother's. This was not that she might receive a higher and more thorough education, which by cultivating her remarkable abilities might have afforded her compensation for the penalties of a feeble body and a person worn and overshadowed by sickness. Such compensations were not thought of in those days. A boy or a girl had to accept his or her fate and make the best of it, bowing to the will of Providence. The proposal was made under the impression that the life at sea, on which the rest of us flourished, might be too hard for Jane's weakly constitution, and that she would receive more medical solace and a greater choice of medical aid on shore. But Jane herself resisted the proposal strenuously. She cried bitterly when she was a child at the idea of being parted from us. After she was older she fretted unmistakably over the plan. As a consequence of this passive opposition, the scheme, once or twice taken up, was always abandoned in the end.

Apart from this bone of contention Jane was wonderfully contented under her deprivations and sufferings, for she had many a sharp tussle with pain and weariness, which she bore for the most part uncomplainingly, with the touching patience and fortitude which one sometimes sees in a very baby. She was accustomed to carry her burden, and her back was made for it. She was no fool, young as she was, to fight aimlessly with her destiny, and good principles of faith and submission had been early instilled into her. She found innumerable subjects to interest her beyond what we shared. She was always busy in her way, unless when she had her bouts of disabling illness, with her books and her drawing. She had got occasional lessons in drawing when we were in port, and she had improved on them, till she was a fair draughtswoman. Every visit to a new place, every unconventional face or

figure she encountered afforded scope for this talent. She had her collections of shells and of botanical and entomological specimens, to which she was always adding. Her brother and sisters were ignoramuses and numbsculls beside Jane, although she always made light of what desultory information she had acquired, and thirsted for deeper and more thorough knowledge. She was normally contented and as cheerful as any of us; when she did fret it was largely in response to Aunt Maria's fretting on her account. For unfortunately Aunt Maria could not witness Jane's infirmities without yielding to the impression that somebody was to blame for them. Either she herself had neglected precautions which would have prevented the mischief, or Jane had been, or was at the present moment, guilty of some rashness, the effect of which formed the root of her malady. Aunt Maria worried both herself and Jane on this head, until many a time Jane would be driven to cry out, "Oh, if Aunt Maria would only let me alone! If she could but be brought to look to first causes! If she would acknowledge practically that whatever laws may or may not be broken, it is really God's will that some of us should be crooked and some of us straight, some of us strong and some of us weak. Everything would be so much easier to bear if she would see it in that light." This struggle did not interfere with the strong regard which existed between Aunt Maria and Jane; indeed, I believe Jane's vexation was induced by the sense that she could not satisfy Aunt Maria. There was a still deeper attachment between father and Jane, expressed in the quietest manner.

I was Caroline, the youngest, "Caroline" only to father and Aunt Maria, "Car" to Tom, Sally and Jane, to Cousin Perry and to our particular friends among the young officers. They all said I was like both Sally and Tom. I was a big girl for my years, as Sally was for hers, and I had her hair and complexion, but I had Tom's and my father's dark grey eyes, and I had Tom's mouth and teeth—smaller because I was a girl—I had the very dimple in his cheek, which, to be sure, was rather *girlish in* a boy. (He was very much ashamed of it, and he would puff out his chubby cheeks to try to hide it.) I was healthy and hardy, for which I was even then thankful, though Aunt Maria was tempted to grudge the surplus health which I could not transfer to Jane, and to say it made me a tomboy. I do not think it was that, so much as the fact that Sally's being grown up, as she fondly imagined, and Jane being *hors de combat* and living in a world of her own—made up of books and drawing-copies and what Tom called her "logical specimens," which I had not the wit and taste to enter, I was thrown back for companionship, especially in play hours, on Tom and the middies *nearest my age*. After all, though they helped me to tear my frocks, dirty my hands, and make what Aunt Maria called "a furze bush" of my hair, and though they taught me to play "Rounds" and "Fives" and other games, not usually included in a girl's education, I cannot recall that they taught me anything worse.

(*To be continued.*)

ANGELS' FOOD.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



CAKE—or, perhaps, as it would be better called, the sweetmeat—known today under the name of "angels' food," is by no means of modern origin. Indeed, the basis of the mixture may be found as far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth, when a very light, porous kind of sweetmeat was made, in a rather more clumsy mode of manufacture, under the name of "angelic sweetmeat." The foundation of all "angel" cakes is much the same, the chief distinction between them consisting in the number of eggs used, which varies from eight to one dozen. Nor need the housekeeper, who is anxious to make the attempt to manufacture "angel cake" of any kind, be deterred by the seeming expense, for there are plenty of good eggs to be obtained, hailing from "foreign parts"—from Normandy, Brittany, or Holland—at the comparatively small price of thirteen a shilling, or in the summer time even less.

The first recipe I shall give is quite a new one, and hails from America; it is called "angels' food":—1½ cups of pulverised (castor) sugar; 1 cupful of flour; 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar; the whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

The newest English-American recipe I can find differs but little from it, and is as follows:—The whites of eleven eggs which have been kept in a very cool place, or upon ice, before they are used; one tumbler and a half of castor sugar; three-fourths of a tumbler of flour; one level teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of flavouring—almond, lemon, or vanilla, whichever is preferred—lemon being the best, I think, of all.

The following instructions for making should be strictly followed:—The ingredients should be all carefully gathered together before their blending, that they may be all to hand conveniently. Mix the cream of tartar and the flour together and sift the mixture several times, adding a small pinch of salt. Beat the eggs (whites only) to a very stiff froth, and add the sugar to it very quickly and quietly; then, when these are well mixed, put in the flour in the same manner, sprinkling both through your fingers and being careful to avoid any lumps of either. One of the secrets of making "angel cake" is the method of mixing it. You do not exactly either beat it or stir it, but you lift it up and down with your fork from the bottom of the tin; and if the first cake should turn out either tough or sticky, you will know that your mixing has been too violent, and with your next you must be more gentle. Put your cake into a clean, bright cake-tin (and some good authorities will tell you on no account to butter it); the oven should be a cool one, or, at least very moderate, and you may bake for forty-five minutes. Wait a quarter of an hour before you look at it, and be careful not to keep the oven-door open too long. You can try the cake with a straw to see if it be done. Many people cool this cake off by leaving the oven-door open and allowing it to remain for a time, and then taking it out and standing it upon the table to cool off. Before putting it into the oven you should sprinkle the top lightly with powdered sugar, but not so much sugar should be used as would make the cake fall in baking it.

Amongst the varieties of angels' food which are indulged in in America, are "angel surprise cake," "almond angel cake," "angel custards," and angels' cake made with peaches, bananas, and pineapples. The first named "surprise cake" is made with a freshly-made angel's cake, which for this purpose should be baked in a round tin, and left in the tin until it be quite cold. When turned out, the first thing to do is to cut off the top, about half an inch thick, then take a sharp knife and cut round the inside of the cake, about half an inch from the crust, or the outer wall of the cake, and so take out the soft white centre. Then to whip a pint of fresh cream into a stiff froth and flavour with vanilla or lemon; pour it into the hollow cake and smooth it over the top so that you can replace the lid, and make it look as if it were quite undisturbed. This, of course, constitutes the "surprise" when cut. Many people add candied fruit or almonds to the cream.

"Almond angel cake" is also a delicious confection made in much the same manner as the preceding, except that the cake is cut in layers, and the whipped cream is mixed with half a pound of almonds, blanched, and cut in small pieces. The cream is then put in between the layers, and the top is cut open, so as to allow the cream to be the top layer; and some of the almonds, cut into long and thin pieces, are stuck into it; so as to make it look "porcupiny." "Angel custards" are made in rather a different manner, for the angel batter must be baked in muffin rings, and, as usual, the cakes when baked must be left to get perfectly cold before being turned out. Then the top must be cut off each cake, and some of the inside taken off, which you must replace with a custard, which you may make as rich, or as simple, as you please. The following is a cheap and good recipe for a custard, which you may use with angel cake, or in any other way. Take the yolks of two eggs, a tumbler of milk, and four lumps of sugar. Simmer till thick, stirring the mixture carefully to prevent burning. Add a few drops of vanilla flavouring, and pour into a clean jug. Stir till cold.

I have left the preparation of "angel fruit cakes" until the last. They are nearly all made in the same way, namely, the angel batter, instead of being baked in only one cake,

is baked in layers in the small round tins to be purchased at any tinsmith's, made for that purpose. They must not be very brown nor burnt. The lower layer of all must be spread with whipped, sweetened, and flavoured cream, and then you should cover this with a layer of bananas, peeled, and daintily sliced. Then put on another layer of cake, and repeat the addition of cream, and the sliced bananas. There are generally three layers of cake used, the top layer being completely covered up with the whipped cream.

Angel peach and pineapple cakes are made in the same manner, and both can be made of the preserved or canned fruits instead of the fresh, and so are suitable for winter as well as for summer use.

And no account of angels' food would be quite complete unless it were supplemented by a mention and a recipe for "angel water," called in French *Eau d'Ange*. This is of very ancient use in England, and is often spoken of during the time of the plague. It was also called "Portugal water," and was in great repute at one time for its healing properties. Simple "angel water" is made of the flowering tops of the myrtle only, distilled with water; but there are three or four kinds of aromatic waters, under the same name, that contain many more ingredients, and are known under the various names of "distilled musk" and "boiled angel water." In a very old cookery-book in my possession there are at least half a dozen recipes for "angel water." A simple one, that could be made at home, was—1 pint of orange-flower water, 1 pint of rose-water, and ½ pint of "myrtle-water;" to these put ¼ ounce of essence of musk, and 1 ounce of essence of ambergris; shake the whole together. This recipe is marked "to be made in small quantities only, soon spoiled, either by heat or cold."

I find a recipe for distilled "angel water" is made thus:—Gum benzoine (crushed small), 4 ounces; liquid styrax, 2 ounces; cloves (bruised), ½ ounce; Calamus aromaticus (bruised), ¼ ounce; cinnamon (bruised), ¼ ounce; coriander-seed (bruised), 1 drachm; water, 7 pints; distil ½ gallon.

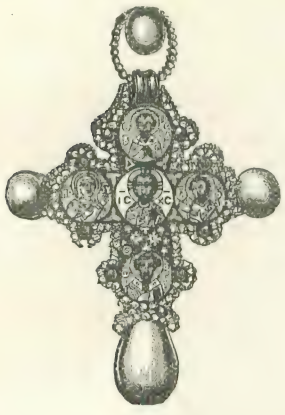
We have left off the home manufacture of all these fragrant waters, which used to form a great part of the duties of our ancestresses. The "still-room maid" retains her name, but has other duties to perform, and the recipes are shut up in mouldy and unused books. But I am sure much of the beauty of our lives went out with these old avocations and fashions; and in order to regain something lost we shall have to make our tastes more simple, and go back to that almost forgotten love of the country, its quiet and peace, away from the hurried and unrestful life of the great city.

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

INTRODUCTION.

"Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*



Of the many exquisite things nature turns out from her laboratories, precious stones carry away the palm both for beauty and fascination.

The mystery of their origin, the peculiarities of their native homes, their special characteristics, their medicinal qualities, their rarity and great value, the romances and tragedies in which they have played conspicuous parts, together with their marked influence on the lives of individuals and nations intensify our interest in them and sharpen our curiosity concerning them.

Beautiful and wonderful specimens as they are of nature's handiwork, they do not as a rule shine in all their splendour until they have passed through the hands of man; but this we shall see for ourselves as we follow each gem from its ancient home until, in its perfection, it adds fresh grace and beauty to the persons of the rich and the great.

All through the ages the method adopted by nature to form and perfect these gems has been enveloped in mystery, and, notwithstanding the intellect and knowledge which have been brought to bear upon this subject by successive generations, nature still manages to baffle us, and she has evidently no intention of gratifying our curiosity as to her process of manufacture.

One or two facts, however, the genius of man has wrested from her, for example, that she carries on her work in a particular class of rock and mountain, and that the materials she uses are quite of a common kind such as carbon, alumina, clay, and silica, with which we are all acquainted. A French scientist, Mons. Babinet, noting this fact, says, "It would seem as though the mighty creative and organising Power had chosen to manifest its omnipotence by producing the most valuable substances from the most ordinary elements."

But, when we come to the detail of nature's work, we are brought to a standstill, for she has not yet informed us how she brought together the elements of the stones, nor how she solidified the liquid or vaporous matters, for they could not have amalgamated in a solid state, nor even in a powdered form. Scientific men believe that she employed one of three means—volcanic heat and pressure, the aid of foreign material to dissolve the solution, or the slow decomposition of vegetable matter, but which they cannot decide. Nor do we know how long she takes to form and complete these gems.

One thing, however, is quite evident, *viz.*, that no workshop on the earth's surface has ever produced such treasures as the laboratories beneath it.

Pliny said "that in gems we have all the majesty of nature gathered in a small compass, and that in no other of her works has nature produced anything so admirable." Yet considering her boundless wealth of material and working power, it is surprising how small a number of precious stones have found their way into the world. Of course there may be many waiting and in readiness to be discovered, either by the skill of man, or by the freaks of their "Mother Nature," for her method of dealing with them is often curious. She produces them with the utmost care, sparing neither skill nor time to render them the most perfect of her treasures, and, when at length there is nothing more to desire, she wraps them round with quite common garments, which hide from view their exquisite form and colour, and with scant courtesy starts them on their career.

Not till the hand of man has touched them, and with skill removed their coverings do they stand forth in the light pure, transparent, splendid, fit emblems of all heavenly graces.

The object in writing these articles on precious stones is to introduce the readers of The Girl's Own Paper to their "habitats" or native homes, whether in mountain, rock, sea, or river, and to bring before them their characteristics and influence, and lastly to gather up their histories, which are often stranger than fiction.

The study is one of fascinating interest, and could we trace the individual career of some gems we should understand many an enigma in the history of nations, and gain a deeper insight into the mysteries of the human heart.

Not only have precious stones been favourites of wealth and fashion, but they have been studied with passionate devotion by men of science, and Mons. Babinet says that "the study of gems, which may seem frivolous when looked upon as mere ornaments, appears in another light when considered with regard to important questions of trade, and as connected with the two sciences of minerals and optics."

It would be of great interest if we were only to study under what conditions of soil, climate, and labour nature forms them; indeed, those who bestow upon precious stones the attention they deserve will be gradually led to acquire some knowledge of the geography, mineralogy, physics (natural objects) and chemistry of the countries which produce them.

It seems to us that everything that brings before us the treasures of Nature and the exercise of the genius of man upon them must be a healthy and interesting study, and one which lifts the mind above the petty cares of daily life.

In the study of precious stones, our thoughts go at once to the diamond as the king of them all, and as the most valuable; and yet this is not exactly correct, for the ruby has ten times the intrinsic worth of the diamond. But I do not purpose to commence with either of these, but rather choose the pearl as being specially the ornament of unmarried girls, for it is of all gems the most fitted to represent purity, grace of form, and exceeding worth.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEARL.

"As the rain from the sky
Which turns into pearl as it falls in the sea."—*Thomas Moore.*

"Ocean's gem the purest of nature's work."—*Dryden.*

Pearls are the only gems that derive nothing from art, and any attempt to improve them or increase their worth often turns out a complete failure.

Unlike other members of the aristocratic family of gems and precious stones, they are, as a rule, perfect in their native condition both

as to form, colour, and purity. Their home or habitat is altogether peculiar to them, for while other gems are formed and brought up within the mine, pearls are born and bred beneath the water. Their origin is surrounded with mystery and has afforded matter for the imagination and poetic fancy in all ages of the world, for as we all know from experience, whenever a thing is incomprehensible it gives occasion to the wildest conjectures.

An idea very widely accepted was that pearls were the tears of angels captured by the oyster; while another equally popular was that they were formed of drops of rain falling into the open shell. This last is expressed in a quaint Oriental fable which runs thus: "A drop of water fell one day from a cloud into the sea; ashamed and confounded on finding itself in such an immensity of water it exclaimed, 'What am I in comparison with this vast ocean? My existence is less than nothing in this boundless abyss.' While it thus discoursed of itself, a pearl shell received it into its bosom, and fortune so favoured it that it became a magnificent and precious pearl worthy of adorning the diadem of kings."

An ancient writer expresses this same thought in the following words: "On the 16th day of the month Nizan, the oysters rise to receive the rain-drops, which are afterwards made into pearls." Again, "Columbus must have been astonished when he and his mariners, being in the Gulf of Paria, found oysters clinging to the branches of trees, their shells gaping open to receive the dew which was afterward to be transformed into pearls."

All these ideas are quaint and pretty, but alas! not at all like the real facts.

We feel almost angry when we hear naturalists describe these most costly of products as mere deformities, and yet there is truth in the statement, for there is no doubt that pearls are formed by the oyster for the purpose of rendering harmless to itself the intrusion of any irritating substance, by coating it with successive layers of matter, like to that with which it lines its shell, or it may be an effort of the oyster to mend its shell from within after some injury done to it.

A very interesting example of this may be seen in the following incident related by Mr. Streeter.

"A shell was lately left at a jeweller's containing a fine pearl valued at £200. The owner thinking it would be more valuable if removed from the shell, gave the order for this to be done, and a piece of rotten oak was found at its base."

Two scientific French gentlemen being very curious as to the origin of the pearl, opened several of them and invariably found in the interior some foreign body like a small grain of sand, and were satisfied that this accounted for the formation, though not of course for its size, shape or beauty.

Linnæus believed that the pearl had its origin in a hurt received by the oyster, and it was this belief suggested to him the idea of creating the disease in the fresh-water mussel of Sweden, and thus manufacture pearls at will, but the attempt failed.

The Chinese, however, have been successful up to a certain point; for instance, they insert tiny leaden images of their deities within the pearl-bearing oysters which gradually cover them with nacre.

But for whatever reason or purpose pearls are formed there is no doubt that they excel in value and surpass in beauty the choicest gem of rock or watercourse. They were valued by the Persians more highly than gold or any other article of adornment, and the Egyptians have always regarded them as the most precious gift of the ocean in which they have their origin, and worthy of the honour of decorating their deities.

Among the Romans they were regarded as symbols of beauty, purity and nobility, and as emblematic of marriage. There is a celebrated engraving on a sardonyx in Rome representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, who are joined together by a string of pearls, the ends of which are in the hand of the god Hymen.

The passion for pearls and other gems was carried to such an extravagant height in Rome that even Julius Cæsar thought it time to curb it. He issued an edict prohibiting the use of pearls to all persons who were not of a certain rank, and unmarried women were forbidden to wear precious stones or pearls. The consequence of this was that marriages increased considerably throughout the empire, for on no account would they be deprived of their ornaments.

Pierre de Rosnel, writing in the seventeenth century, shows how highly pearls were appreciated even then by the Romans. "The pearl," he says, "is a jewel so perfect, that its excellent beauty demands the love and esteem of the whole universe."

Among all Eastern nations they are supposed to be possessed of the power of preserving the virtue of their owners, and as an emblem of maiden purity, it is the custom still at weddings in India to present a pearl to the bride.

It is believed that pearls were among the earliest substances ever employed as ornaments, and as far back as we can look into antiquity they occupied the highest rank among them, but by what nation or individuals they were first worn cannot be definitely stated, though every circumstance points to India and the Hindoos. It is to the East we invariably turn for every rare and beautiful production of nature, whose office it is to charm the sense of man or gratify his vanity. An old historian says, "The beds of the rivers of India are of gold, and the waters flow calmly as though unwilling to disturb their rich sands; the sea also casts up on its margin an abundance of pearls and precious stones, and herein consists the greatest wealth of the inhabitants."

In the Hindoo mythology gems play an important part. Vishnu is represented in the form of a handsome youth blazing with light; in one of his four hands he has a shell, in another a lotus flower, in a third a club, and in the fourth a ring—a sudarsim—which, with the precious stone on his breast, sends forth a light that illumines the whole of the Divine abode.

The high honour in which precious stones and pearls have always been held is shown in the Bible, where we find them used to denote the highest degree of excellence and perfection. For example, the new Jerusalem was revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice whose foundations were of precious stones, its walls of jasper, and each of its twelve doors formed by a single pearl.

The parable of the "Pearl of great price," and the phrase "casting pearls before swine," show that in our Saviour's time it was recognised as costly.

The pearl, with its unpretending and quiet lustre, its chaste loveliness and elegant simplicity of form has been a greater favourite with Easterns than even the diamond. "It has," says an old writer, "a fairness which so well befits and adorns the ladies who wear them that it would seem as though nature had made it on purpose for them." It has been said that there is only one object in nature more beautiful than a pearl, and that is a beautiful woman. The Talmud illustrates this by the following story: "On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked up Sarah in a box that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the collectors said, 'Pay us the custom,' and he said, 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him, 'Thou carriest clothes?' and he said, 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him, 'Thou carriest gold?' and he said, 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him, 'Surely thou hast the finest silk?' He replied, 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they, 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee?' and he only answered, 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, 'It cannot be but thou open the box and let us see what is within?' So they opened the box and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty far exceeding even that of pearls."

Beautiful and marvellous as these works of nature are, I think the most wonderful thing about them is the common material of which they are formed. Twenty-three parts of their composition are carbonate of lime and water, and one part of some gelatinous matter which serves to bind the whole together. As a rule these are the same materials of which the shell of the pearl oyster is formed, only that in the latter there is a little more vegetable matter. Although there is so great a resemblance between the pearl itself and the shell of the creature producing it, yet while the former is of surpassing value, the mother-of-pearl shell only fetches from £100 to to £200 per ton.

So although we cannot fully and accurately answer the fool's question in King Lear, "Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?" we are able to say of what it is made, and Mr. Streeter, who has had a pearling fleet for many years in the eastern seas, with scientific men on board, says that it is absolutely certain that the shell grows from within and not from the outside, and he gives the following as a proof. "There was found by our fleet in 1884 a shell that at a certain period of its growth had been broken, probably by a turtle, but the oyster had succeeded in secreting fresh layers of nacre within before harm came to it, and the old accident was only detected by the fracture at the back of the shell."

The oyster, although making use of the same materials for the forming of pearl and shell does not build them in the same way. In the first the layers, which are very thin, are concentric, that is having a common centre like an onion; while mother-of-pearl has its layers more or less parallel, so that the latter can never have the same optical effects as the former. The outer layer of the pearl is friable; the second is full of little cells in which the colouring-matter is deposited, and the inner ones are of a more foliated character. The peculiar lustre of the pearl is not derived from the substance of which it is formed, but by the varied reflection of light from the soft and gentle unevenness of its surface. I asked one of the greatest authorities on pearls what caused the variety of colour in the pearl, and I give you his answer. "The pearl, when taken from a healthy oyster, is everything one can wish; if, however, the oyster goes out frequently to dinner and gets bilious, its pearl becomes yellow, and if it has fever its pearl is blackish." Many shells in sea and river produce pearls, but the finest called Orient pearls are found in a peculiar oyster, the best of which are known as the Meleagrina Margaritifera.

This high class pearl-bearing oyster differs greatly from the common oyster in that its two valves are equal, also that it has the power of spinning a kind of web which it can cast off and re-form at pleasure, enabling it to attach itself to bank, stone, or any other object; it has also in a small way a power of locomotion, none of which characteristics are to be seen in the common kind. The Meleagrina, like all other oysters and mussels, produce a very large quantity of spawn, but so much is swallowed by its enemies that only a small portion

succeeds in settling in its submarine habitat which is generally at a depth of from 36 to 48 feet. The pearl is generally found in the soft part of the oyster or attached loosely to the shell, and to be in really good condition the oyster should be at least three or four years old.

The pearl-bearing oyster is very much tormented by a little creature called the *honea*, which is very fond of feeding on it, and makes an entrance for itself by piercing the shell. The oyster resents this and rolls the pearl up out of the way of mischief, and uses against the intruder a little bag of acid which it carries in its beard, in the meantime making for itself a fortification with the over-flow of milk. And now it is time to enquire in what parts of the world we are to look for the habitats or homes of pearls, and by what process they are conveyed to ours.

In ancient times the principal fisheries or homes of pearls were in the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and Ceylon. These are still flourishing, but we have now additional ones in North-West Australia and America all well inhabited. As the methods of fishing are, in the main, the same, we will look into the pearl's home at Ceylon, because it was not only well known to the Phœnicians who traded here for pearls, but is even now one of the most prolific owing to the great care with which the fishery is conducted.

The special habitat of the pearl-bearing oyster is in the sand-banks off the west coast of the island in the Bay of Manaar about twenty miles long. These banks are favourites because they are sandy and interspersed with small patches of madrepore—a submarine substance like coral—to which the pearl-oyster attaches itself. They are arranged in seven lots which are worked in succession one every year. Should a portion of the bank be left longer than seven years it is thought that the pearls would so inconvenience the oysters that they would void them.

Early in the sixteenth century people of all classes collected here to the number of fifty or sixty thousand all intent on obtaining pearls, or at all events interested in the pearl harvest. In the seventeenth century the Dutch made this a very popular fishery by allowing the divers twenty alternate days to fish for themselves, and as many as two hundred thousand people assembled here at the fishing-time.

In the eighteenth century, owing to some quarrel between the Dutch and the Rajah, the beds were left untouched for thirty-six years, from 1760 to 1796, at which time the English gained Ceylon and reaped the benefit of the rest, which resulted in 1798 in a net profit of £140,000.

The fishing commences in February and continues until the middle of April, and great are the preparations made for it. The fleet consists of a hundred and fifty boats, each being from eight to fifteen tons burden, without decks, and with a stage on each side from which the divers descend.

The crew of each boat includes a master or head pilot, ten divers and ten other men who manage the boat and look after the divers, and last, not least, a shark-charmer, without whom the men will not stir. The distance between the shore and the banks is about twelve miles, and the time of departure is ten o'clock at night, the signal being the firing of a cannon.

The obtaining of pearls is a very difficult and dangerous operation, and those whose occupation it is submit themselves to long and severe training; they are restricted to a particular diet, and for some time previous to the fishing season their limbs are rubbed daily with oil.

When the day arrives for the fishing to commence, the divers meet on the shore and offer up their devotions, fee the shark charmers, and on reaching the banks strip themselves of their dress, except a cloth round their loins, stop their ears with cotton wool, compress their nostrils by means of an instrument made of horn, and bind over their mouths a sponge soaked in oil which resists the water for a certain time. A net is fastened round their bodies, a heavy stone of reddish granite and of certain shape, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, is hung on their feet for the purpose of hastening their descent, and in their right hand a knife. So furnished the divers throw themselves down the pearl bank, five at the time. As soon as they are down they cast off the stone from the feet, and with the knife loosen the oysters from the bank and collect them in the net; the average time of remaining under water is a minute or a minute and a half, in which eight or ten oysters are obtained. A signal is given and the men are at once drawn up, and while they gain breathing-time the other five divers go down. Native divers will descend forty or fifty times in the day, but the effect of this constant submersion and the strain on the nerves is seen in the faintness and bleeding from ears, nose and mouth of the men at the end of the season. The enemy most dreaded by them is the shark, and if alarmed at the near approach of one a diver signals to be drawn up to the surface, none of the others will go down on the same day. Few of the men engaged as pearl seekers live to old age, but while they can work they receive good and fixed wages. I hear that the majority of the divers in Ceylon are Roman Catholics and Hindoos. A peculiarity of the divers, and one that often stands them in good stead, is the dexterity and skill with which they use their feet; they can pick up the smallest thing from the ground with their toes just as easily as we can with our fingers.

On the return of the boats, they are unloaded and deposited in heaps as they are brought ashore, and left until they become putrid, when the pearls are easily removed from the tough matter surrounding them. The heaps are sold, as a rule, unopened, and their contents being unknown to both buyer and seller, the transaction is not so much one of commerce as a lottery. Many oysters contain no pearl, while others may produce one worth £200 or £300. Great care and vigilance are exercised during the washing which takes place for the separation of the pearls; but, notwithstanding, pilfering goes on more or less, the pilferers generally choosing the best pearls. These they often swallow for safety, but if suspected, the delinquent is placed in solitary confinement, and drenched with emetics.

Shells having pearls attached are handed to clippers, whose business it is to disengage the pearls by means of forceps. The part which adheres to the shell is polished by a powder made of pearls. In the year 1825 Captain Stewart related having seen ten pearls and some crushed oyster shells taken from the stomach of a fish called chartree.

The modern pearling fleet which fishes in the Indian seas, and off the western coast of Australia, uses the diving dress most successfully, and during its twenty years of existence the fleet has not lost a man to the sharks. The peculiar dress used by the divers has a little pocket at the side, easily reached by the man. When he notes the approach of a shark, he presses the bag, and out comes a certain acid, which, coming into contact with the salt water, illumines it, and frightens the shark, who is only too glad to escape.

The scientific men on board have made some interesting discoveries about the daily life of the oyster as lived in its submarine home. Some of these I am allowed to mention through the kindness of the owner of the fleet.

In order to keep a roof over its head it has to work incessantly to repair the mischief done to its shell by the force of the currents swaying it to and fro, causing a constant wear and tear of its shelly home, which admits of no delay in mending.

When quite at its ease, and in good form, it opens its valves to survey its surroundings, and lays its beard wide open in perfect enjoyment; and wonderful to relate, it extends nearly a yard, and is of the most exquisite magenta colour.

Again, it is not generally known that each oyster keeps a general servant or scavenger, but so it is. In the Torres Straits the oysters employ lobsters to do their dirty work, while in Raeburn, Western Australia, they employ crabs.

There have been very good pearls found in our own rivers, especially in the Conway in North Wales, and in the rivers of Cumberland and Scotland; but the pearls of the Canadian rivers excel ours.

The number of famous pearls which have helped to make history is not large—seventeen or eighteen would include them all. Among these stand the "Cleopatra Pearls," one of which the Queen of Egypt dissolved in acid, and drank at a feast which she gave in honour of Antony. The second fell into the hands of the Roman Emperor, and was subsequently sawn asunder, and made into earings by Agrippa for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon.

Then about the same period, B.C. 44, there was the "Servilia Pearl," valued at £35,600 of our present money. It came to Julius Cæsar as part of the spoils of war in the East, and was given by him to Servilia, the mother of Brutus, A.D. 50.

The "Lolia-Paulina Pearls." This lady was the wife of Caligula, and possessed pearls and emeralds to the value of £400,000. These she inherited from her grandfather, "who," said Pliny, "became possessed of them by robbing and spoiling whole provinces." She appeared in public literally hung about with pearls.

Among those with a history is the "Sassanian Pearl," A.D. 500. It was considered a miracle of nature. The Sassanian monarch ruled Persia from A.D. 226 to 641, and the portraits of these kings always represent a huge pearl in the right ear. It seems that a daring diver obtained it by the sacrifice of his life from the custody of a shark. King Perozes lost it while fighting with the Huns. He was lured by the enemy into a pitfall, and, seeing his position, he tore the pearl from his ear and cast it before him. It was never found, although a large reward was offered for it.

The "Gresham Pearl." Sir Thomas had often refused £15,000 for it, but in order to prove to the Spanish Ambassador that his Queen and country were richer than the King of Spain and his subjects he foolishly ground this beautiful pearl to powder and drank it in a glass of wine to the health of Queen Elizabeth.

Another interesting pearl was "La Peregrina," A.D. 1579. It was pear-shaped, and pronounced to be beyond price. It came from the Panama fisheries, and the oyster from which it was taken was very nearly thrown away. The shell was so small that the fishermen considered it of no value, and were about to cast it back into the sea, when second thoughts prevailed, and on opening it, to everyone's surprise this magnificent pearl was discovered.

Another large pearl was brought from India and sold to Philip IV. of Spain for a sum equal to £18,000. It is pear-shaped, and believed to be in the possession at the present time of the Russian Princess Youssoupoff.

The "Shah Pearls." One of these was bought from an Arab at a cost of £56,000. Its shape was an almost perfect heart, which

would detract from its value at the present time.

The "Hope Pearl," 1839. The late Mr. Henry Hope, of Piccadilly and Betchworth, took great pleasure in collecting pearls. The largest was a baroque, a very fine specimen of an Oriental pearl of an irregular pear-shape measuring two inches in length, four inches and a half in circumference, and weighing three ounces or 1800 grains. It was detached from the shell, but it was deemed necessary to leave a small portion of the shell adhering to it, but which is of so fine an orient and so well polished that it is not distinctly perceived to be of the nature of shell. This mass of pearl must surpass in size the fish which formed it.

The "Russian Pearl" has a peculiar story attached to it related by the traveller J. C. Kohl, and which occurred about fifty years ago. He says, "There died in a convent, whither he had retreated after the manner of the wealthy pious ones of his nation, a rich merchant. Feeling the approach of age he had by degrees given up the toils of business to his sons. His wife was dead, and the only beloved object which even in the cloister was not divided from him was one large beautiful Oriental pearl. It had been purchased for him at a high price, and so enchanted was he by its water, magnificent size and colour, its perfect shape and lustre, he would never part with it however large a sum was offered for it. He fairly worshipped the costly globule. While he himself inhabited an ordinary cell in the convent, this object of his love was bedded on silk in a golden casket. It required very powerful recommendations to obtain a sight of it. No one ever dared touch this pearl of pearls. During the last illness of the old man he never let his pearl out of his hand, and after death it was with difficulty removed from his stiffened fingers. It found its way afterwards to the Imperial Treasury.

The "Southern Cross Pearl" is perhaps the most remarkable production of its kind that nature has ever produced, and it is by Mr. Streeter's kindness I am able to give an account of it. It consists of a group of nine pearls; seven compose the shaft, one and a half inch long, and the two arms of the cross are formed by one pearl on each side. The pearls are of fine orient, and would be of good shape if they had not become slightly flattened at the back. This cross of pearls was discovered by a man named Clark while pearl-fishing at Raeburn in Western Australia. The owner of the boat was a Roman Catholic, and both owner and finder were struck with awe and amazement, looking upon it as a heaven-wrought miracle, and with superstitious dread they buried it, for how long it is not known. It was discovered in 1874, since which date it has changed hands many times, and was exhibited in the Western Australian Court of the Indian Exhibition of 1886. It is valued at £10,000.

No one has been able satisfactorily to explain the regular grouping of these pearls; but it has been suggested by Dr. MacSarty that a fragment of serrated seaweed may have gained access to the shell, and that the succession of teeth along the margin of the frond may have determined the deposits of nacre at regular intervals so as to form a string of pearls running in a straight line. As this cruciform group of pearls was found in the Southern Hemisphere it has received the name of the southern cross, from the famous constellation so called.

The necklace of the Empress Eugénie contains a row of matchless black pearls.

There was in the market lately a round black pearl of surpassing lustre weighing sixty-seven grains;* the value of this has been increased by finding another exactly like it.

It is computed that out of twenty million oysters four million or one-fifth contain pearls.

The medicinal qualities of pearls will be shown later.

* Over twenty grains the pearl is equal to the diamond in value.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

In connection with two events of great interest—one especially to Europe and the Old World, the other to the New World of America—we have received several musical compositions. The enthusiasm and pleasure with which the Royal Wedding was greeted has brought forth much musical production, good, bad, and indifferent, and there is scarcely a music publisher in England who has not produced his *Princess May Valse*, or *Duke of York March*, or *Royal Wedding Gavotte*. It is but a faint reflection of the national expression of joy and good feeling.

From the Chicago Exhibition we have received a very charming little collection of children's songs, well got up, and published by Novello & Co. It is called *The Children's Souvenir Song-Book*. Anyone desiring to make their little friends a tasteful, useful present should purchase a copy. Half the composers are American, and half are English, such well-known names as Mackenzie, Stanford, Hubert Parry, Barnby, Randegger, Faning, Tours, and Myles B. Foster, representing this side of the Atlantic; a very interesting memento of the enormous Exhibition at Chicago.

Songs.

My Heart is wi' My Lassie (R. Cocks) is a pretty Scotch ballad; the words by Robert Gilfillan, the music by Madge Conroy.

As of Yore is a ballad of usual type, by Angelo Mascheroni.

A Question is the title of a very graceful song, by George F. Horan, to words by Dr. Emmens (J. Williams). This is likely to be very popular.

Part-Songs and Cantatas.

Popular Trios for Ladies' Voices (R. Cocks), Nos. 38 to 43, contain six charming compositions by Theo. Marzials, who is also responsible for the words. Where all six are so good it is difficult to make selection; but especially pleasant are No. 38, *May-Day* and No. 41, *Slumber Song*.

Love's Net (Forsyth) is an effective, if not very powerful, madrigal, composed in four parts by J. Clippingdale.

Robert's Mistake, a humorous trio for ladies' voices, by J. W. Hartley. This is really a humorous trio, and just the thing for Christmas amusement.

Red Riding-Hood, an operetta for children, by Arthur Page. This little work for quite young children may either be acted or simply sung as a little cantata. For the former arrangement, stage directions of a simple nature are given. It is a pity that the melodic interest is not more varied and graceful in design. Monotony for children is fatal.

A Christmas Dream (Novello), by Alfred Moffat, and *Christmas Holidays*, by H. W. Schartan, are new issues of Novello's School Music, and form capital little cantatas for the younger children, who will get much fun out of the preparation and the acting. They are printed in both notations.

Interval Exercises for Singing Classes, by Florence A. Marshall, will be found so very useful to teachers and sight-readers alike. The design of the book is excellent and the instructions are complete.

Florette, music by Agnes Bartlett (J. Williams), is a rather ambitious but interesting operetta for treble voices, founded on Grimm's tale of the goose-girl St. Cecilia (Fifth Series). Some very good new numbers appear in this collection of two-part songs for treble voices; amongst others, 8 two-part canons in unison, by A. E. Horrocks; 12 two-part songs by Joachim Raff; and *Give*, a two-part canon by Myles Foster.

Unison School Songs include some of the graceful and original melodies by Florian Pascal to words by such excellent writers as M. C. Gillington and Adelaide Procter. The originality and beauty of Miss Horrocks's music to Miss Gillington's words were never more exquisitely shown than in two Fairy Songs for treble voices. These dainty part-songs will delight ladies' choirs where good music is preferred to easy trash.

Piano.

A Complete Scale and Arpeggio Tutor, by Adolphe Schloessen (Cocks), includes all the requirements in this department for candidates preparing for Trinity College, London, and the Associated Board, the two representative English Examinations.

Serenade, by Leo Stern, transcribed for the piano by Benno Schönberger, is an effective arrangement of the favourite piece for violin and pianoforte.

Doushka (J. Williams), a polka-mazourka, composed by Frances Allitsen, is a superior teaching piece.

Of the same type is *Chopineski*, a homage to Chopin's memory (Patey & Willis), by Myles Foster, and a *Mazurka* (Williams), in A minor, by Miss Horrocks.

An Album of Polish Dances (Williams), by F. Morgen, is a most characteristic volume, each composition, in a different way, being full of local colour and interest.

Boat Song, by Miss Horrocks, is an excellent composition.

A LEISURE HOUR; OR, THE GARDEN AT HOME.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

THERE is a grey-walled garden, far away
From noise and smoke of cities, where the hours
Pass with soft wings among the happy flowers,
And lovely leisure blossoms every day.

There, tall and white, the spectral lily blows;
There grow the pansy, pink, and columbine;
Brave hollyhocks, and star-white jessamine,
And the red glory of the royal rose.

There greeny glow-worms gem the dusky lawn;
The lime-trees breathe their fragrance to the night;
Pink roses sleep, and dream that they are white,
Until they wake to colour with the dawn.

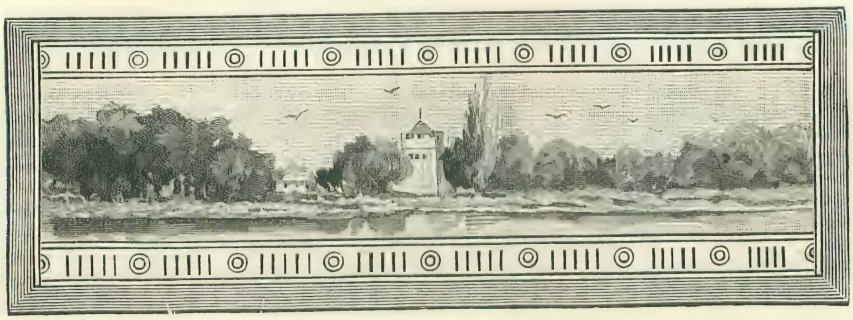
There, in the splendour of the sultry noon,
The sunshine sleeps upon the garden bed
Where the white poppy droops a drowsy head
And dreams of kisses from the white full moon.

And there, some days, all wild with wind and rain,
The tossed trees show the white side of their leaves,
While the great drops drip from the ivied eaves,
And birds are still—till the sun shines again.

And there, all days, my heart goes wandering,
Because there, first, my heart began to know
The glories of the summer and the snow,
The loveliness of harvest and of spring.

There may be fairer gardens; but I know
There is no other garden half so dear;
Because 'tis there, this many, many a year,
The sacred, sweet, white flowers of memory grow!

E. NESBIT.



AS CORNER-STONES.

THE similes that have been drawn from earth, air, fire, and water for the flattery or reproach of womankind would fill a volume. To throw together some of the more complimentary ones haphazard, we have been compared to stars, pearls, goddesses, June roses, violets, daisies, melodies sweetly played in tune, gazelles, jewels, birds, and sunshine! It seems indeed, for certain people, an absolute necessity to liken a woman to something, no matter whether appropriate or not, even as the bland Mr. Pecksniff called his daughter, who was not at all vocal, a "playful warbler." The master of all poetry suggests "a fountain troubled" as a fit emblem of an angry woman, and calls Cleopatra the "serpent of old Nile." Perhaps the most beautiful of ancient comparisons is found in the *Agamemnon*, of Æschylus, describing the arrival of Helen in Troy. It defies adequate translation, but has been thus rendered:—

"Even so to Ilion's towers there seemed to come
The spirit of a windless calm;
The gentle darling of a delicate wealth,
Soft dart of answering eyes,
Love's soul's-consuming flower."

In the Greek it is of course more musical, and gives an entrancing picture of "girlhood's subduing charm."

As a contrast with all that has been mentioned, the simile of a "stone" does not at first sight seem very attractive. The hardest, dullest, coldest of objects—what can there be in common between that and girlhood? How important it sounds! But in the Book of books there is even such a comparison, and it deserves close study. The whole verse runs thus—

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Now it is a great mistake to pass by this familiar verse with a vague idea that it means nothing particular, or else that such expressions might have been all very well in Judæa centuries ago, but now have ceased to apply. The simile contains within itself just the teaching that is appropriate to modern ideas respecting womanhood, for the Psalmist in his aspiration after an ideal city catches the twin characteristics of perfect girlhood—Strength and Beauty.

Is it not so? That the corner-stone means strength, support, is an unnecessary suggestion to students of the Bible. Christ himself is called the "chief corner-stone" in several passages both of the Old and New Testament, and no one who has been in the habit of hearing sermons can have escaped many a full explanation of the appropriateness of that symbol. For the corner-stone was that upon which the whole structure depended. It bound together the sides of a building. Some of the corner-stones in the ancient work of the Temple foundations, Dr. Smith tells us, are seventeen or nineteen feet long, and seven and a half feet thick, while at Nineveh the corners are sometimes formed of one angular stone. It may be noted in passing that while the young men are to be "planted out," the daughters are to uphold and bind together the fabric that shelters social life. One cannot press the comparison too far, but old-fashioned though it may seem, it must remain the work of the woman *par excellence* to make the home. If she does not do it, who will? All cannot; many must in these busy days be "planted out," yet the time-honoured task of home-making is not to be despised.

The conception of strength that can give support, as an ideal characteristic of girlhood, may be ancient, but still it is modern. The girls of the present generation are happily increasing in physical and mental strength. There was a pernicious idea afloat a quarter of a century or so ago, especially among young people, that it was "interesting" and suitable for a woman to be physically frail; to faint easily was an accomplishment much desired by the writer in her childhood, and by many girls of her acquaintance who could achieve nothing nearer the real thing than a "walking swoon," in which they were led poetically forth from hot or crowded places. Heroines in novels always swooned away on hearing any unpleasant news. The "genteel" education of girls in the backboard, stocks, and microscopic needlework stage at an earlier period still, was to blame for some of this mischievous nonsense. Now girls are encouraged to enjoy physical exercise—tennis, boating, skating, mountain-climbing, are familiar to them. The result of this changed order of things is a generation of taller, finer women than the last. The average girl now is decidedly taller than the average girl twenty-five years ago, and women who in their teens were considered to be of full average height,



"PERFECT GIRLHOOD—STRENGTH AND BEAUTY."

in their middle age find themselves overtopped by their daughters.

And mentally, how women are growing! Their education and mental development are progressing by leaps and bounds. In the writer's childhood one lady lecturer alone was known to fame, Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour. She was regarded with bewildered amazement by many, because she was a "public lecturer," and yet womanly and refined. Who would in the present day consider this an unusual combination. It is no longer counted extraordinary for a woman to speak in public, nor is the advantage of a liberal education granted to her brothers denied to her. Year by year the opportunities for the development of woman are increasing. All over the land are schools where the growing girl can enjoy every facility for both physical and mental culture, and in the best of these schools the danger of excessive brainwork is recognised and guarded against. Women, in short, have the opportunity of becoming strong, and they are availing themselves of it. Our daughters are encouraged to take up some serious pursuit, it is growing to be an anomaly in the eyes of many thoughtful people that a girl should spend the best years of her girlhood in nothing but amusement and frivolity. Wordsworth foreshadowed much of this in his lines:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command."

And there have always been many who upheld such an ideal, but the average thought of the world is altering on the subject.

"We are not dolls, don't treat us as such any longer," is the cry of women to men; a cry echoed, however insanely, by the much-discussed Nora in *The Doll's House*. The woman on whom other people can depend, who has the self-control of culture, the judgment refined by habits of reflection and observation, the physical strength trained by attention to the laws of health, is the woman of the future, and she will make a good mother to the children of the future. Of such it was foretold by the Psalmist: "Our daughters shall be as corner-stones."

Who does not know such daughters, the unselfish stay of the home? the *point d'appui* on which rests all the domestic fabric, the adviser on whom every one leans, sometimes, indeed, the breadwinner for the family. And who does not know also the girl who might take this text to heart; the pretty, mindless, heartless coquette, accustomed to consider herself as a fit object for the care and solicitude of everybody, making her own pleasure the one darling object in life. How Robert Browning hated such women. Read "Time's Revenges."

"She
—I'll tell you—calmly would decree
That I should roast at a slow fire
If that would compass her desire
And make her one whom they invite
To the famous ball to-morrow night."

This, we would hope, is a trifle overstated, but no matter! let us leave this type; mercifully she is being gradually improved off the face of the earth. Another type hardly less in need of the advice contained in the comparison is the feminine semi-invalid who is absorbed in her own maladies, like the sister of Sophy in *David Copperfield*, when she hears that the "dearest girl in the world" is one day to be married.

"She clenched both her hands," said Traddles, looking at me in dismay, "shut her eyes, turned lead-colour, became perfectly stiff, and took nothing for two days but toast and water administered with a teaspoon."

"What a very unpleasant girl, Traddles," I remarked.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Copperfield," said Traddles. "She is a very charming girl, but she has a great deal of feeling. In fact they all have."

It is needless to say that invalidism does not by any means imply lack of moral strength, especially in woman; many a sufferer is able to give support to others with true heroism, and to such all honour is due.

So much for the need of strength in womanhood. The lesson of the Psalmist's simile does not, however, end here. And perhaps the second half of the text is the more important. We are in no danger of ignoring the value of strength of character and physique in women, the spirit of the time would forbid it.

But there may be a little danger of forgetting the need of the beauty and dignity which are involved in the words "polished after the similitude of a palace."

A woman, who in her strength ignores these, becomes a creature to be avoided.

When the first reaction was taking place against the conventional ideas of "woman's sphere," it was not infrequent to see the upholders of the new ideas adopt a pseudo-masculine garb and careless bearing with no attempt at grace. It was by no means universal, but it was very objectionable where it appeared.

It is every woman's duty to present as attractive an appearance to the outside world as she honestly can. "Beauty," says Ruskin, "has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained." Aping the other sex in its inferior grades, affecting a loud or jaunty tone, mannish phrases, off-hand ways—this behaviour detracts from beauty and tends to ugliness.

"For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain."

Roughness is not strength. A rough woman, poor thing, is a trial when she is met with in the lower walks of life, great though her provocation and need of putting herself on the defensive may have been. When she is found among the delicately-nurtured, and deliberately adopt roughness, she is simply intolerable.

There is a certain fashionable want of polish in vogue among girls, just as there are fashionable rough cloths for their wear; a brief, curt, ungentle way of speaking, an utter lack of anything like reverence, courtesy, or respect. In an excellent article the other day, a young lady was quoted as saying of her mother, who had done something difficult or awkward at her daughters' bidding—

"The old lady came up to the fence nobly."

When one hears of schoolgirls smoking, addressing their parents by their Christian names, affecting slang which they ought not even to understand, one longs for a revolution—a return to something even like the sweet quaint formality of our grandmothers' days. The modern daughter, of the independent type, is a very long way from the old ideal.

"Polished after the similitude of a palace." Observe the simile; there is nothing petty in it. Miscalled refinement, affected gentility, shrinking from calling things by their names, mincing and finicking "elegance," are excluded from the grandly simple picture. There may—though there should not—be cheap or tawdry ornamentation in domestic architecture, but in the framing of a palace all will be harmonious, choice, and beautiful.

So the polish here does not suggest the sort of polish which is horrified at the word "woman" instead of "lady," or "father" and "mother" instead of "papa" and "mamma;" which uses words like "assist" and "commence" instead of "help" and "begin;" which talks largely of "carriage people" and grovels before a title; which revolts from the idea of "Anything Menial," and esteems "stylishness" as opposed to simplicity. That may be polish after a certain sort, but it is the polish belonging to a very second-class villa residence instead of to a palace, and roughness is preferable to it.

The polish indicated as fit for a palace—what does it imply? There is grace, the grace of true unspoiled girlhood; there is dignity, not the dignity that stands on its rights and insists on being respected, but the dignity that cannot bear to stoop to anything unworthy or coarse even in trifles; there is, above all, self-forgetfulness. The corner-stone, or marble, is hewn and smoothed before it lends itself to purposes of building; it does not assert itself in rugged blocks just as it comes from the quarry, but its individuality is subdued for the sake of the building it sustains. It could uphold it just as well in a rude, unshapen mass, but the beauty of the whole would be spoiled. So, girls—dear girls!—in the fulness of life and strength opening before you in this last decade of the nineteenth century—a century so full of meaning to you—do not betray or forget the beauty of your girlhood. The world needs, as it ever did, charming and graceful women—not loud, self-assertive personages, strong though they be.

Ah, would that we could hope to see the day when there might be "no complaining in our streets!" That is another part of the picture; but in the meantime do you fulfil your part of it, and cultivate the strength and beauty that will make you "as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

LILY WATSON.

VARIETIES.

SOOTHING HER.

Wife (excitedly): "If you go on like that, I shall certainly lose my temper."

Husband: "No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost."

A DIFFICULT LESSON.—Learn to forgive your neighbours as easily as you forgive yourself.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude;
But character in life's tempestuous sea.
—*Goethe.*

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word that you are engaged.

A GOOD NIGHT.

O may Thine angels, while I sleep,
Around my bed their vigils keep;
Their love angelical instil,
Stop every avenue of ill,
And Thy celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse.
—*Bishop Ken.*

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER III.

TAKING COUNSEL.

"But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell."
—*Whittier.*

"I SHALL consult Miss Saxon," said Elsie to herself. Sunshine was streaming in through the Venetian shutters of her bed-room, and the street was waking up to its busy morning life. The light rested in soft yellow bars upon the wall, and lit up the pretty frilled toilet-cover which Miss Saxon's hands had made. To those hands belonged that good gift of womanly skill which is a blessing to any household; already Elsie had learnt to rely upon their owner, and believe in her sagacity. If anyone could help her in her perplexity it was surely Miss Saxon.

A spirit of peace seemed to brood over her little sitting-room when she sat down to breakfast. Perhaps the scene of a spiritual victory is destined, ever afterwards, to know an atmosphere of repose.

Out-of-doors there was the clear blue of the spring sky, the whiteness of snowy clouds, floating out of the reach of the smoke, the cheerful light warming the red tiles whereon the pigeons were taking their morning exercise. Altogether the world seemed to wear an encouraging aspect that day.

Miss Saxon had that gentleness of expression and manner which is often sweetest when youth has fled. When Elsie, with her black dress and sad face, had come to the house, she was cheered by a hundred little tokens of thoughtful kindness. The good fairy who had made the frilled toilet-cover was always at work, and her good will was manifested in pretty little flounces and furbelows which gave a sort of old-fashioned grace to the rooms.

A little later Elsie was pouring out the story of her discovery of the manuscript, and Miss Saxon was listening in her quiet fashion. But her first words gave Elsie a chill of disappointment.

"At present I don't see how I can help you, Miss Kilner," she said. "That old table came into the house a few days before you arrived. I happened to see it outside a broker's shop, and thought it would be the very thing I wanted to fill up that corner."

"And the shop—is it near here?" Elsie asked anxiously.

"Very near; but I don't know much about the shopkeepers. The man seemed rather rough, but the woman was decent and civil. We will go and make enquiries."

"I thought that Meta had lived here," Elsie said in a disappointed voice.

"No. Your rooms were occupied for six years by a single gentleman. He had something to do in the City, and seemed to be a confirmed bachelor. But he married at last, and the rooms were vacant till you came to them."

"If Meta had ever lived in this street you would have known something about her, would you not?" Elsie asked.

"I might have known. We have lived here for many years and have seen many changes. But there is no reason to suppose that she was ever here. We have first to learn where the table came from before we can get any clue that can be followed."

So those two, Miss Saxon and her eager lodger, went out together while the morning was still fresh and bright.

Looking back on that morning afterwards, Elsie remembered that everybody seemed to be seeking something. People were hastening along; women were going to the churches where there were daily services; sisters, in their white caps and black draperies, marshalled a troop of little girls in red cloaks, and seemed to have a world of business on their hands; men stepped on briskly with a pre-occupied air. In all there was the great expectant human nature ever urging onward. In all there was the universal life-quest. Many, if they had known what manner of quest it was which had called Elsie forth, would have laughed her to scorn; others would have wondered; some might have wished her God-speed.

Leaving the two churches behind, Miss Saxon led the way into another street in which a perpetual market was held. Here there were hungry faces, sottish faces, sickly faces, and an endless pushing and jostling around the costermongers' barrows. It was a touching thing to see the poor bargaining for flowers—ay, and a hopeful thing, too, to those who can interpret signs aright.

They came at length to an old horse-hair sofa, an iron bedstead, a bath, and two or three hearthrugs; and behind these articles there was a narrow door which Elsie entered with some reluctance.

If you are fastidious or superstitious, a broker's shop in a low neighbourhood is hardly the place that you will choose to visit. One does not know what unwholesome associations may be clinging to the chairs and carpets and pillows which hem you in on every side; or one naturally recalls wild stories of haunted banjoes and tambourines, and tables which are said to slide about in an uncanny fashion of their own accord.

Elsie was no weaker-minded than most women; but it must be confessed that she followed her guide through that dark doorway after a moment's hesitation.

There was, however, nothing weird about the aspect of the woman who came forward, with a baby in her arms, to greet Miss Saxon. She was still young and pretty, with that delicate London prettiness which meets one in these crowded thoroughfares at every turn. The baby had a shawl drawn over its bald head, and peered out from its shelter with eyes just beginning to observe the sundry and manifold changes of its little world.

"It is rather more than a fortnight ago since I bought a table here," Miss Saxon began. "It was a very old-fashioned table with brass handles and claw feet. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, ma'am; I do," replied the woman, after a moment's consideration.

"Here is a lady who wishes to know where that table came from? She fancies it belonged to some one in whom she takes an interest," continued Miss Saxon in her quiet voice. "We have come to know if you can tell us anything about it?"

Elsie's heart throbbed fast in the pause that followed. The baby looked at her and gave a faint chuckle, as if it triumphed in the thought that even grown-up people cannot find out all the puzzles of life.

"It came from a house in Dashwood Street," she said at last. "They had a regular turn-out of old furniture, and my husband bought a good many things. I'll go and ask him the number of the house."

She disappeared into a gloomy region at the back of the shop, and was lost to sight for a minute or two.

"He says 'twas 132," she said, emerging from the gloom, baby and all.

"We're very much obliged to you," returned Miss Saxon.

"Not at all, ma'am. Glad to have been of use to you."

Elsie came away gaily from the broker's door, in the belief that she was going to walk straight to the goal. But Miss Saxon was less sanguine. Moreover, she had no great faith in the manuscript, and seemed disposed to think that it was written by some one who wanted to make a story.

"It might have been intended for a magazine," she suggested, "and the writer broke off short. We have no proof at all that Meta was a real person."

"I own I have no proof," Elsie admitted frankly. "But I have a feeling that I must seek out Jamie."

"But, perhaps, Meta is living and taking care of him still, Miss Kilner. People don't always die when they think their end is near. As a matter of fact, the more they think they are going the longer they stay."

"I know she is dead—I feel it," rejoined Elsie, with unshaken conviction. "I am guided by intuition. It seems like a blind leap into the dark, but I must search for Jamie."

Miss Saxon looked kindly into the dark eyes which met hers with such an earnest gaze.

"Something may come of it," she said after a pause. "Well, Miss Kilner, I promised to help you, and I will."

Elsie clasped her hands suddenly. "I can't do without your help," she cried. "Dear Miss Saxon, you are one

of the born helpers—some are born hinderers, you know. Oh, how glad I am that I came to you!"

"I'm glad too," Miss Saxon answered with quiet warmth. And then they walked away together in silence, across Portland Place and on to Dashwood Street.

No. 132 was a house which looked as if it could never have contained anything so old-fashioned as Elsie's table. It had been smartened up till it was more like a doll's house than a human habitation. In the windows there were yellow muslin curtains tied with pink sashes, and amber flower-pots holding sham plants of the most verdant hue. The maid who opened the door exactly matched the house. She was like a cheap doll, very smart, very pert, and capped and aproned in the latest style.

In answer to Miss Saxon's question she gave a curt reply.

"No; nobody of the name of Penn had ever lived in that house. Mrs. Dodge was the mistress. She didn't know anything about the name of Penn. Mrs. Dodge took the house about two months ago."

"Please take my card to Mrs. Dodge," said Elsie, in a manner which instantly took effect.

They were invited to walk into a hall which smelt of new oil-cloth, and were solemnly ushered into the room with the green linen plants and yellow blinds. Presently Mrs. Dodge, dressed in harmony with her house, came in with a rustle and a flourish. She was a big woman, with hair so yellow and cheeks so rosy, that she seemed the very person to preside over this gaily-coloured establishment.

At a sign from Miss Saxon, Elsie took the questioning into her own hands. She described the table to begin with.

Mrs. Dodge was bland and civil. She had taken the house of her aunt, an old lady who was getting too infirm to attend to lodgers. It was filled from top to bottom with the most hideous old things, and she had put them all into the broker's hands. She fancied she remembered the table, but could not be certain; there were a good many queer old tables.

No; she had never heard the name of Penn. But she had a young sister who knew all her aunt's friends better than she did. She should be called.

The sister was called, and proved to be a young and smiling copy of Mrs. Dodge. She remembered that she had once seen Mrs. Penn, about two years ago. Mrs. Penn was a small spare woman about fifty. Yes; Mrs. Penn had let lodgings somewhere—she didn't know where—and her aunt had bought some of her furniture. There was an old table with claw-feet among other things.

Was the aunt living now? Elsie asked.

Oh, yes; she was living at Winchfield, the girl answered. But she was deaf and rather cross, and it was a hard matter to make her understand anything. Mrs. Tryon, Stone Cottage, Winchfield, near the railway station.

Elsie wrote the address in her note-book, and left Dashwood Street with hope renewed.

"We are getting nearer to the goal," she said brightly. "You see now that Mrs. Penn is a real person."

"And if Mrs. Penn is real, then Meta and Harold and Jamie are real also," Miss Saxon replied. "Yes, I think you have proved that they are not mere phantoms."

"And that is proving a good deal in a world which is full of uncertainties," Elsie cried. "Don't laugh at me, Miss Saxon; I hear a voice calling me to go on! You cannot hear it, I know, but you must trust to my ears."

"I will trust you," Miss Saxon answered, with an admiring glance at the slight erect figure by her side. Elsie was a little above middle height, and she walked with the step of a woman who has been accustomed to an out-of-door life, as naturally graceful as the swaying of the grasses on a hillside.

All Saints' Street was still warm with the morning sunshine when they came back to their door, and Elsie ran upstairs to her rooms with a light step. Difficulties and trials were to come, but she had made a beginning.

(To be continued.)

SIGRID THE FAIR;
OR,
THE PROMISE OF FREYA.

A LEGEND OF THE TELEMARK.*

CHAPTER III.



How long he lay there he did not know, but when he again rose from the ground and looked round him, he felt bewildered and uncertain whether he were awake or dreaming, but when he heard his name spoken by that wondrous voice, and turned his gaze on the speaker, the past rushed back to his mind, and he waited for the next words of this beautiful woman.

"Asmund, what will you give me for my aid? it is worth having, and without it Sigrid can never be *thine*; could any feeble mortal obey Thor's command and replace that deep and sullen fjord with smiling meadows and sunny corn-fields? You know it is impossible."

"I know it," groaned Asmund, "but I must and will win Sigrid, cost what it may. I would give my life to win her."

"That would indeed be a heavy price to pay," answered Freya, whilst a shadowy smile swept over her face. "I do not ask so much, but what will you give me, Asmund? speak."

"Alas, alas," he cried, despairingly, "what is there I can call my own, except my poor hut, and the barren ground on which it stands, and my father's sword and my strong arm and unstained name, and what are these things to you?"

"Foolish, ungrateful boy!" exclaimed Freya, in reproachful accents, whilst a frown for a moment clouded her beautiful face, "how little you know of the love and pride with which we watch over the lives and fortunes of our children (little as they deserve it), even here, in this dreary banishment into which we have been driven by the degeneracy of the times to escape from the believers in the White Christ."

As Freya spoke the last words her voice faltered, and the cave was filled with sobbing, moaning voices, and a wail of despair seemed to rise from innumerable and invisible forms.

"Yes, Asmund," continued Freya, "we guard and cherish our children in a way they little dream of; you are specially dear to us, and it is through you that we hope to gain our freedom, and the power to return to our old haunts, whence we have been banished by chants and anthems and the ringing of church bells."

To Asmund's excited fancy it seemed as if the cave were filled with phantom forms resembling those of the ancient gods; they were shadowy in outline, but some of them glowed with the splendours of the northern lights, and some seemed to melt into air, even as he looked at them; but Freya alone was perfect in every detail, resembling a beautiful woman, but possessing a mysterious charm and glamour such as mortal woman never owned.

"Asmund, you have nothing in the present, but what boundless wealth does not the future hold for you. Freya despises riches and worldly goods; what she claims from you, her chosen favourite, is the devotion of the spirit, and she is willing to accept your promise in return for her aid by which the "impossible" feat will be accomplished, by which your bride is to be won. Asmund, will you accept my terms?"

As the thrilling witching accents died away, Asmund stood mute and motionless as if turned into marble. He did not seem able to breathe, and thought was impossible. The mocking words of Thor Bonde seemed ever ringing in his ears, echoed and re-echoed by goblin voices: his brain reeled, and, but for Freya's supporting hand, he would have fallen. Again that marvellous voice spoke, and Asmund, at its first accent, looked up with a start. He felt as if his whole soul was drawn from him to this beautiful creature, who rose to her full height, her crimson robes trailing on the ground, and her magnificent hair falling round her in golden showers.

"Asmund, listen to me," she cried, "listen, and if you vow to do as I desire you, Sigrid

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* The foregoing story is based upon a Norwegian legend of the Flatdal in Telemarken, which has been given in full by A. Munch in an interesting collection of historical and legendary stories published under the title of *Norske Sagn*, by Cammermeyer, of Christiania.

shall be yours, as surely as you hear me speak. Once more, listen! You must promise that you will never build a church on Dalsjö, that is my first condition; never must the hated sound of church bells mock my ears from that enchanted spot. Next, you must promise that at each Yule-tide you will offer sacrifices to Thor, Odin, and to me, Freya; more than this, you must pledge yourself to give unconditionally into my power your first-born child. If you promise this, and keep your promise faithfully, Sigrid and all her wealth is yours for ever. But, remember, Sigrid must never know what you have done. Over her we have no power, we cannot, dare not harm her; but the day you tell Sigrid of your oath to me, that day—nay, that moment—the grassy meadows shall vanish, and once more the dark waters of the fjord shall return to their former bounds. Your house shall sink from sight, and home, and lands, and riches shall be lost to you for ever, and you and your love shall perish. Asmund, can you hesitate one moment? Think what is at stake! You love Sigrid, and no wonder, for she is fairer and richer than any maiden in the land, and she loves you dearly, with a pure and stainless love. Think how she must love you, when she, in spite of her shy maiderly modesty, gave you her hand in the sight of all her father's guests. Few would hesitate long between life and death, riches and poverty, love and despair. Asmund, choose once for all!"

Freya seized a golden horn, carved with quaint and mysterious emblems and signs, and raising it to her own rosy lips, she held it out to Asmund, bidding him swear to do as she had commanded him, and then to drink a deep draught to the health of Sigrid the Fair, so soon to be his bride. Still Asmund hesitated. His brain seemed on fire; Freya's words mingled in confused clamour with Thor Bonde's mocking ones. He felt the temptation becoming each moment stronger, and once more those siren tones penetrated his inmost being. Freya's form seemed to assume a more majestic and commanding mien, her eyes were fixed on Asmund's bewildered ones. He seized the horn, and crying aloud, "Beauteous Freya, all that you have bid me promise I swear to do, by your sacred self I swear, and here I pledge you in this draught!"

As Asmund raised the goblet to his lips phantom forms surrounded him, strange lights flashed through the air, elfin voices cried to one another in tones of wild rejoicing mixed with sobs of relief and amazement, and all seemed to look at and speak of him alone. As his lips touched the magic horn, liquid fire seemed to stream through him, the voices rose to a deafening roar, and the shadow-forms seemed to crowd round him, and clear above them all rose the melancholy voice of Freya, crying in triumph, "Lost and won; lost and won—Sigrid is yours, and you are mine!" One moment Asmund gazed in despairing awe at the crimson-robed figure, with its wealth of golden hair and its wondrous face, the golden horn slipped from his loose clasp, and he sank in utter unconsciousness at Freya's feet.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THOR RODE TO ASMUND'S HOME.

When Asmund recovered consciousness he found himself lying on the grass, under the blue vault of heaven, the grotto with its weird occupants had melted into space, and even Freya, in all the glamour of her beauty, had become as shadowy as a phantom form in dreamland.

With a deep-drawn sigh, Asmund's thoughts flew back to the feast at Thor Bonde's, and the sense of his wrongs and the cruel treatment he had been subjected to there sent a crimson flush to his face, and an indignant throb to his heart.

He started to his feet with an angry exclamation on his lips, which died suddenly away as he gazed around him in most utter bewilderment and amazement.

Was he still on enchanted ground, or was he dreaming once more? He was only positive of two things: one, that he, Asmund himself, stood on a grassy field, and then that it was his own familiar boat (in which Sigrid had so often sat, as they talked of their mutual love) which lay beside him, but therein lay the marvel, for the boat was drawn up on dry land, and that soft green turf spread in far-reaching verdure, where, but a few hours before, had rolled the fathomless waters of the sullen fjord.

The impossible had been indeed accomplished, Freya had kept her promise well; and as his awestruck gaze swept the distance to catch a glimpse of his humble hut, a fresh surprise awaited him, for it had vanished, and from its ruins, a princely home had risen, phœnix-like, to dazzle his astonished eyes with its grandeur. As he looked, his heart swelled with pride, revengeful joy, as he pictured to himself the astonishment and baffled rage of Thor Bonde, when this sight should meet his indignant gaze; with a fierce joy, he repeated to himself his own words as he left the banquet-hall, "He laughs best who laughs last," Sigrid shall be mine. Yes, he had conquered. Sigrid, in all her rich beauty, should be his, and what endless vistas of happiness seemed to spread before him as he gazed at their future home, but in the first flush of triumph he seemed once more to hear Freya's words, "Your first child must be given over into my power;" and again: "Sigrid must never know of your oath; if you tell her of it, all will sink beneath the rush of the returning waters, and you and yours are lost for ever."

His heart sank, and the triumphant smile died on his lips, as he began to realise, in sober earnest, the terrible price he had paid for his victory over Sigrid's father; he felt as if years had passed over him since he had left his home the day before to join the guests at Thor Bonde's gaard.

There had never been a shadow of concealment between Sigrid and him hitherto, and the thought weighed heavily on his truthful nature, that, at the very outset of their married life, there must be hidden from Sigrid's knowledge, the cause of all their happiness.

As he stood there, thinking of all these things, Freya's warning words rang in his ears, "The day you tell Sigrid of your oath to me—that day—nay, that moment, the grassy meadows shall vanish, and once more the dark waters of the fjord shall return to their former bounds; your house shall sink from sight; and home, and lands and riches shall be lost to you for ever, and you and your love shall perish;" he seemed once more to see the goddess's beautiful eyes bent on him full of a terrible warning. He had sworn to obey her, and there was little fear that he should break his oath. How could he look in Sigrid's loving eyes and tell her what he had pledged himself to do: that their child was doomed from its very birth, given a helpless victim to the cruel machinations of those heathen deities.

Three days had come and gone since the eventful feast which had been fraught with such unforeseen results. Thor Bonde's house was still filled with Sigrid's suitors. As Asmund's claim was not admitted, many of the guests considered they had a chance of being chosen, and so lingered on; the jarl's son had indeed withdrawn his claims to Sigrid's hand, but he found Thor's gaard so comfortable that he was in no hurry to leave it.

So a goodly company were assembled when Asmund's messengers strode up the great hall, and in his name demanded from Thor Bonde his daughter's hand, as Asmund had completed the required task in the time specified, and he now begged Thor and his followers to ride to Silgjord, and as they passed his home to dismount and partake of some refreshments on their way.

Everyone looked at Thor Bonde as the messengers ceased speaking, and he in his turn looked at them. No one knew what to do or say, until Thor, rousing himself, dismissed the messengers, charging them to thank Asmund for his courtesy and tell him they would soon taste his hospitality.

But they had scarcely left the hall when, turning to his guests, he cried: "To horse, to horse, good friends; but boats shall await us at the fjord, and stores of food and wine, for this madman mocks himself and us when he speaks of riding to his house and preparing a feast for us!" As they were about to leave the hall he stopped them and cried: "Sigrid shall go with us; she has kept her room too long, and, besides, the sight of her lover turned crazy (as he must surely be) will cure her silly fancy more completely than aught I can do or say. She shall ride with us!"

When the noisy cavalcade started, poor Sigrid found herself amongst them, so confused and bewildered by all the din and contradictory accounts about her lover that she knew not what to believe, and rode by her father's side in silence and listlessness.

Loud was the laughter and scornful the jests exchanged by the noisy riders as they hurried on, curious to see the last stage of Asmund's madness, and following closely Thor Bonde's lead.

When they reached that point of the way from which the fjord first became visible, they saw their leader pull up his horse abruptly, rise in his stirrups, and throw up his arms, as if in pain or intensest surprise, and those nearest him heard him mutter ejaculations of affrighted astonishment. Were his eyes bewitched, or was it because his mind had been running so much on the terms he had mockingly offered to Asmund, that he saw lying before him softly-waving meadows, replacing with their delicate green the gloomy waters of the fjord? He could not move or speak; as if turned into stone, he sat on his horse, whilst his followers crowded round to see this marvel. And Sigrid, what were her feelings? Unobserved in the prevailing confusion, she had sprung to the ground, where she knelt to pour out her fervent gratitude to heaven, to whom she attributed the wondrous transformation.

As she rose from her knees, Asmund stood beside her, and, throwing his arms round her, in deep accents of love he welcomed her to her future home, and, supported by him, she crossed the flower-strewn meadow, too full of grateful joy to observe the shadow that clouded Asmund's face.

When Thor perceived that Sigrid had gone on with her lover, he rode to the border of the meadow, and there he paused as if half-afraid to trust himself on its soft verdure; and, as if sharing his doubts, his horse put down his feet as cautiously as if on a sheet of ice, but, once fairly started, he galloped across it without drawing rein, followed more soberly by the others, who at each step looked fearfully behind them, as if expecting the water to force its way through where the horses' feet had trod.

When they reached the stately house by which Asmund's hut was replaced, Thor Bonde alighted from his horse and once more gazed at the marvellous changes which had taken place. He was speechless. As if by magic the fjord had given place to meadow-

land, and where the lowly home had stood for many generations a princely building now raised itself proudly above the small homesteads grouped around it, and in the doorway stood Sigrid, her fair face radiant with happiness and her little hand clasped firmly in her lover's grasp.

At the sight of his child's happiness Thor's stubborn pride gave way, and hastening forward he embraced his daughter, and seizing Asmund's hand he wrung it warmly, exclaiming as he did so, "You have conquered, Asmund; you have fairly earned your bride! Take her, and may she atone to you for the harsh treatment you received at my hands. My only excuse for my conduct is my love for her and my pride in her beauty. I thought her a fitting bride for the highest in the land, and you struck a cruel blow to my pride when you claimed her in the sight of all my guests. But you have conquered. Can you forgive an old man's mistaken love and pride?" Asmund assured him of his forgiveness, adding proudly that it was little marvel that he should have expected a noble suitor for his matchless daughter, but that he hoped to prove himself worthy of his undeserved good fortune. Then bidding Thor and his suite welcome to Flatdad, he took Sigrid's hand and led them all into the banqueting-hall, where a splendid feast was spread, and crowds of servants waited on the guests, who speedily threw off all uncomfortable recollections of their last meeting with Asmund, when they had treated him so roughly and scornfully, and seemed quite ready to do justice to the good things set before them, and to drink to the health of the man they had scorned as a "base-born thrall," but who was now their host. In the middle of the feast, when mirth and revelry were at their highest, Asmund beckoned to one of the servants, and gave him some orders in a low voice and unobserved of all but Sigrid, who, however, forbore to question him.

A short time after this, several servants rushed into the banqueting-hall, and with frightened faces, and in tones of alarm, informed their master that the water was rising fast, and they should all be lost. Instantly the hall was a scene of terror and confusion, each man bent on his own safety, regardless of that of his neighbour; all rushed to the doors, ready, if need be, to trample on the weaker ones, who had been thrown down in the rush. Thor Bonde alone remained calmly seated at the table, with perhaps a pale face, but not a trace of alarm visible on it.

Asmund gazed on the struggling, terrified crowd with a contemptuous smile, and, rising to his feet, he explained that the sound of the rushing water, which was so distinctly audible, was only caused to alarm them, and to harmlessly avenge himself for past insults; he hoped they would forgive him, and resume their seats; he had wished to prove the truth of his words at Silgjord, "He laughs best who laughs last."

The guests returned to their places with rather crestfallen looks, conscious of having been betrayed into showing themselves in an unfavourable light, and having acted in a cowardly manner, when, by a trick, they had been thrown into a state of panic.

The feast was resumed, and although it was indefinitely prolonged, the mirth was forced, and a sort of gloom hung over everyone, in spite of all the efforts Thor Bonde made to dissipate it. Whatever his own private opinion might be, he made no remarks about all the wonders accomplished by Asmund, only, as he bade him farewell, as he mounted his horse to ride homewards, he spoke these words: "Asmund, when in scorn and fury I bid you do an impossible thing (as I believed it to be), I said mockingly, that you might seek the aid of your supernatural friends, and fill up the fjord by magic, as you had won Sigrid's heart by magic; but I did not mean it, or really think it possible. Sigrid dreads our old gods and considers them wicked and cruel, but I cannot lose all reverence for them at the bidding of the servants of the white Christ; if they have aided you, I dare not resist you, their favourite; but, Asmund, have a care; do not break or evade any promise you may have made them, for their vengeance is terrible and undying; better you were lying at the bottom of the deepest fjord in all Norway, than that you should offend them. And a word more, Asmund, never let Sigrid know that you are in their power, it would kill her. I don't blame you; it was my fault for speaking of them to you as I did. Forgive me!"

Asmund had turned pale, when the old man spoke to him at such length and so solemnly; they grasped each other's hands, as if to seal a compact and mutual understanding, and Asmund cried, "If I have anything to forgive you, Thor, I do it heartily; did not our offences to each other arise after all from our love to Sigrid? for her sweet sake we must be friends real and true." So they parted.

(*To be concluded.*)



OUR DOLL COMPETITION.

COMPETITION for dressed dolls of four classes, *i.e.*, *Historical*, *National*, *Rag Dolls*, *and Dolls in Present-Day Fashions*.

In all cases the clothes must be made to come off and on, except where, from the nature of the costume chosen (historical or national), it would be impossible to manage it. Such dolls will then be judged in a class of their own and on their own peculiar merits—of truthfulness, good taste, and neatness in work.

Class IV.—Present-day fashions should, in all cases, be made with the clothes to come off. Under-clothes should be well cut and well made, and an effort made to show the method of making the dresses of the day: this competition being specially intended to show how much our girls know of dress-making, and how they would make their own gowns and under-clothing. In judging this class, methods, patterns, and ideas will all be taken into consideration, as well as good work.

In the class of "rag dolls" three classes will be admitted, *i.e.*, the old-fashioned rag doll, as made up altogether at home; the new-fashioned one, made of the flat models as now sold in most shops; and those with the head and shoulders of wax or composition, the bodies only being of home manufacture. Rag dolls to be dressed as children of all ages, only not as grown people. The clothes should invariably be made to take on and off.

Prizes of five guineas, three guineas, and one guinea will be awarded to the most successful competitors.

Each doll to have attached to it a label bearing the name of the competitor, age (not for publication), and address; also a certificate from a parent, minister, or teacher, assuring us that the work is the competitor's own.

The last day for receiving the dolls is St. Valentine's Day (February 14th), 1894.

After examination, the dolls will be presented, in the name of the workers, to the children of hospitals, poor children's societies, and workhouses. In no case will a doll be returned to a competitor, whether or not postage be sent for the purpose.

WORK COMPETITION.



BAG OPEN.



BAG CLOSED.

THE "hanging library" bag is specially designed for the use of missionaries, sailors, squatters, and all persons whose way of life prevents their obtaining a book-case. This bag was invented with particular reference to religious books, and forms at once a protection and safe store-house for them. They are made of a stout waterproofed canvas, bound with worsted braid, with a flap that covers the opening at the top and two eyelets being placed at each side, at the edge, so that the book-case bag may be hung on two nails against the wall. There is a flexible iron band on each side of the opening to prevent the bag from "sagging;" and these are covered with strips of the same canvas as that of which the bag is made, very neatly sewn on all round.

The size of the bag is 18 inches wide, and 17½ inches high, when the flap covers the top. The canvas is cut in one long piece, about a yard long, and half a yard wide, the corners at the top being rounded off. About 5 inches of the canvas is required for the covering of the iron bands, which are of the same width as the bags, *viz.*, 18 inches. Two yards and a quarter of worsted braid are needed for the binding, and two copper eyelets, for hanging it up. The pattern bag is one designed by Dr. Churchill, and it is extremely stout and most suitable to the purposes for which he has invented it. But while it seems desirable that the competitors should be free to obtain their own materials, if they wish to do so, it is best to say that they are difficult to obtain, as the shops which keep them are, by no means, ordinary ones; nor are they such as are found in every town or village.

In consequence of this, the Editor has decided that some of the bags shall be prepared, so that the girls who wish it may purchase them, and "The Lady Dressmaker" has undertaken to supply them at 3s. 6d. each. The address is, "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., the money to be enclosed in each letter to be carefully registered before sending it.

The design selected for the front of the bag is the device of the "Religious Tract Society," *i.e.*, a dove in full flight, holding the olive branch in its beak, encircled by a serpent, the fitting emblem of the true missionary. Love and wisdom—the dove and the serpent—see St. Mathew x. 16., going forth together. This device may be carried out in any way the competitors may prefer, in embroidery or in appliqué work, so that it be of a suitable size to look well when done. Prizes will be given for work, colouring, and for the good taste shown, and also in the binding due consideration will be given to the neatness and strength of the work done. The illustrations represent the original bag, and also the device, from which competitors can see what is required of them.

The Committee of the "Religious Tract Society" have kindly agreed to fill the bags, when judged, with some of their useful literature, in order that those persons in whose hands they may fall, shall, though far removed from civilisation, have the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of Divine truth.

The last day for receiving the bags is Lady-day, 1894. They should be sent by parcels post to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, with the name, age (not for publication), and address of the worker attached. Also a certificate from a parent, minister, or teacher should be sent with each.

Prizes of Ten Guineas, Five Guineas, and One Guinea will be sent in money to the workers of the three best bags, and in no case will the work of any of the competitors be returned.

Examiners: The Editor and "The Lady Dressmaker."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVELYN A.—1. We thank you for your kind note, so appreciative of our work for our girls. Your verses are very applicable to the case to which you refer; and the poor girl who mourned that she was without anyone to love and care for her might well be reminded, in reference to her Saviour—

"Thou art as much His care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth."

2. Your writing is good.

ONE WHO WANTS TO BE GOOD is warmly thanked for her gratifying letter. Her writing is good, but telling the character and tastes by handwriting is not one of the designs of this paper.

S. T. W. and SOUTH AUSTRALIAN.—Certainly, our dress paper-patterns are sent to Australia and everywhere else. Payment is made by post-office orders.

CONSTANT READER.—1. We are quite unable to prescribe for you. Doubtless the doctor in attendance has done far more for you than we could.—2. Your elderly friend should attend to her diet, and avoid taking what must naturally tend to produce the ailments of which she complains.

ANXIOUS.—The fast approach of what are termed "the latter days," but few Christians are disposed to question who have studied the prophecies with reference to the history of the world and the Church, and the events occurring around us, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man," and to fix any date in the face of our Blessed Lord's words is simply presumptuous. We ought to watch and to be prepared; beyond this we can tell you nothing.

M. N. P.—If you can do it with your mother's full approval acknowledge his letter politely in a note, only a few words. This will not compromise you in any way, nor appear forward and anxious for a correspondence.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. Read our own series of articles on "Good Breeding" and "Etiquette." The former applies to every class and for all time; the latter only to the higher classes of society (in conjunction, of course, with the former), but which, in many respects, may change at different periods, just as the fashions in dress, in the ordering of entertainments, weddings, dinners, and personal habits of various kinds—see *The Girl's Own Indoor Book*, p. 343.—2. The term "venial" means "excusable." In the Roman Church it is used to distinguish sins which are what they call "not mortal." But whatever views we may entertain as to sin, great or small in degree, we are told "the soul that sinneth it shall die," and thus we all need the atoning sacrifice of our Blessed Redeemer.

LONELY ONE.—1. You had better use tweezers.—2. We are sure you could get the volume you require by applying to our publisher. We are glad that you and your six brothers like our paper so much.

AN ALPHABET

OF FAMOUS OR NOTEWORTHY WOMEN, FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS TO RECOGNISE.

A. The gracious wife of an uncouth and churlish spouse,
Who answered rudely all who dared to say a word;
He thus the anger of a mountain-chief did rouse,
Who vowed to put him and his household to the sword.
Mark the wife's action prompt, her quick and ready thought:
She rode at once the hostile chief in peace to meet
And offer him the rich supplies of food she brought,
Bowing in lowly supplication at his feet.
Her beauty charmed his eye, her eloquence his ear;
Her timely intercession saved her husband's life;
And when soon afterwards he died, the mountaineer
Besought the lovely widow to become his wife.

B. To avert her husband's fall, engaged in foreign wars,
She made an offering of her hair at Venus' shrine;
Her tresses still are seen amongst the brilliant stars,
And, emblem of her faithful love, resplendent shine.

C. There was a period of frenzy, guilt, and fear,
When no man's life was safe amongst his closest friends;
Bold demagogues, demanding "Death," went far and near
And roused the people to the rage that madness lends.
The stricken nation, paralysed, stood mute and still,
Till a young girl resolved to act a nobler part;
She sought the tyrant . . . then, with sudden strength and skill
She plunged her weapon deep into his murderous heart.

D. The tender-hearted friend of the bereaved and old,
Whose ready fingers shaped all garments for their need,
Was lying dead; and bitter lamentations told
That she had been a well-beloved friend indeed.

E. Tired of courts and courtly life, the Saxon Queen
Desires a home where holy peace and rest shall reign;
She founds a convent in a stream-encircled scene
Sequestered from the ravage of the ruthless Dane.
A century elapsed, then came the savage Dane,
Whose course was marked by spoliation, fire, and blood;
But since has risen there our glorious Gothic fane
Where once the sainted Queen's monastic building stood.

F. "Halt! who goes there? Your pass, ere you go on!"
"Here is my passport, signed," the foremost rider said,
"Made out for me, as well as for my servant John;
And with him, on the pillion, Betty Burke, my maid."
They pass the troops unquestioned, but in silent dread
Lest some untoward chance should stay their progress yet,
For under Betty Burke's thick muffler was a head
On which a price of Thirty Thousand Pounds was set.
The intrepid lady's power to help at length is gone:
Encompassed by his watchful foes the Wanderer stands;
Knowing his safety must be gained by him alone,
She trusts him to the care and faith of stronger hands.

G. "A vessel wholly wrecked lies yonder! You and I
Have often faced as rough a sea and felt no fear.
Father, unmoor the boat, and let us go and try
To help the suffering sailors and to bring them here!"
At once the boat is launched: its brave but slender crew
Dash boldly through the waters of the seething sea;
Now on the billow's crest, now down and lost to view,
They struggle on to reach the point where they would be.
Upon a shelving rock eight shipwrecked men are seen,
Exhausted, helpless, cold, despairing of all aid,
And scarce believing that they truly could have been
Thus rescued by one seaman and a youthful maid.

H. In ancient history a model wife we see
Performing willingly the good that she can do;
Prudent, obedient, patient, as she ought to be;
Above all, never speaking till she's spoken to!

I. Ready to listen, charitable, calm, and wise,
She gave the stranger audience and his project heard;
Then granted what he craved . . . abundant, full supplies . . .
Without a further surety than his simple word.
Months rolled away; she heard of him no more,
But thought that he was lost, with all his little fleet;
In triumph he returned from an undreamed-of shore
To lay a new and richer empire at her feet.

J. Scarcely emerged from childhood she was made a queen,
Ignorant of that ambition which had wrought her rise,
And feeling no regret for what she might have been,
She, innocent and blameless, on the scaffold dies.

K. 'Twas known by the conspirators, some days before,
Where, on a certain night, the King and Court would rest;
All locks, all bolts, all bars were torn from every door
So that no hindrance should be given to their quest.
The journey o'er, the King and Queen arrived, fatigued
And ready to enjoy the supper their attendants bring,
Forgetting he has cruel foes against him leagued,
Till angry voices utter loudly, "Where's the King?"
Then did a high-born damsel of the Queen's own train
Cling to the staples of the door to hold it fast.
Oh, tender arm! weak hand! self-sacrifice how vain!
Her arm is broken and the murderers rush past.

L. The fearless, high-souled Queen of an invaded land,
Forced the invader's insults patiently to bear,
Into the coffers of the State, with lavish hand,
She casts the brilliant jewels she is used to wear.
Winning in voice and manner, beautiful as May,
Idolised by her people for her courage' sake,
Which prompts her 'gainst the unjust treaties to inveigh,
Their timid, hesitating legislators make.

M. The monarch's only child, acknowledged as the Queen,
Yet lawless feudatories' faith no longer held;
A foreign noble claimed the throne where she had been
Installed, with homage paid, by those who now rebelled.
Battle succeeded battle with such waste of life,
That famine followed what the war had thus begun;
Till, after eight long years of never-ceasing strife,
A peaceful treaty gave the kingdom to her son.

N. A strange fantastic notion for a Queen to have—
She orders, so the old historians narrate,
Her body should not lie within a common grave,
But in a marble tomb above the city-gate,
With this inscription graven: "Here a treasure lies!
Let no successor seek it, save in direst need."
A conqueror broke the tomb to seize these great supplies,
And found a scroll of scornful scathing for his greed.

O. Beside the Emperor, her brother, she reclines
To hear the latest poem that the poet wrote;
She weeps in silence at the sweet but mournful lines
That strike within her sorrow a responsive note.
Her son, of many virtues and of promise rare,
Chosen as the successor to the Imperial throne,
Is dead; and in her mother-grief and dull despair
She feels the poet's lamentations as her own.
The elegy concludes: the poet, at the last,
Contrasts the youth's bright prospects, his career so brief;
But when he sadly utters, "Thou Marcellus wast,"
She swoons in bitter anguish and excessive grief.

P. The town is won! The victor's wrathful eyes of fire
Are fixed upon the prisoners before him placed
To hear their doom—that they like felons shall expire—
When through the throng a noble lady comes in haste;
Low kneeling at the conqueror's knee, her voice is heard
Pleading in earnest accents, "Set thy captives free!"
By brave men never death, dishonour 'tis that's feared,
And that dishonour is not theirs but rests on thee.
Let not vindictive action tarnish thus thy fame,
These men have fought for freedom, for their homes and wives.
Surely our English burghers would have done the same?
Oh, let thy pity rest upon them! Spare their lives!"

Q. Exemplary in every phase of womanhood—
As daughter, wife, and mother has she ever been;
Revered abroad as great, beloved at home as good,
Welcome rejoicings rise whenever she is seen.

R. The faithful wife, his only friend in all that Court
Who dared to aid him in his great and urgent need;
Near him, with pen in hand, she wrote the full report
Of witness, counsel, judge—a cruel task indeed.

S. A celebrated Queen, in very ancient days,
Whose grace and loveliness were held beyond compare;
She made her subjects by their skill and labour raise
One of the wonders of the world—her city fair.

T. "Do you remember how the soaring eagle swooped
To snatch the cap from off your head in yonder plain?
And after bearing it aloft once more he stooped
To set it in its place upon your head again?
Husband, this omen is for good and leads you on,
My every thought for your sake now ambition fills;
We'll quit this paltry town, where nothing can be done,
And seek that busy city on the southern hills."
Wise man—he follows what his wife as law lays down;
Her enterprise and energy good fortune bring;
He rises, step by step, to honour and renown,
Till in that city he is chosen for its king.

U. A pious Princess, living near St. Michael's Mount,
Desired to preach the Gospel to a heathen race;
With many maids-in-waiting (more than I could count),
She started on her way to find the appointed place.
Embarking in their summer vessels bright and gay,
They made a tedious voyage the foreign shore to gain;
But when the fierce barbarians checked their onward way,
Alas! the gentle messenger of peace was slain.

V. A famous poetess, some centuries ago,
The friend of all the great and learned of her time;
Widowed, her poems breathe the utterance of her woe,
Yet softened and inspired by piety sublime.
Betrothed at four years old, at seventeen a wife,
Her days of married happiness were early crossed;
Her husband in a famous battle lost his life,
That battle where, "excepting honour, all was lost."

W. Oh, wise and witty wife! did not thy simple wiles
Work rescue for thy husband from impending doom?
Softening his guards' rough hearts by gifts and gracious smiles,
Obtaining free and frequent access to his room.
Thy tall attendant, Mistress Betty, did her share,
Providing garments just like those she daily wore;
So when the day arrived the Earl that dress should wear,
He passed unnoticed by his barred and guarded door.
But later on, when evening came and guards were changed,
The real Mistress Betty issued forth, and said—
"My lord would sleep, let none go in," 'twas thus arranged,
So time was gained and his escape securely sped.

X. For many generations I have been maligned
Because I disapproved my husband's careless ways;
'Tis hard a married woman may not speak her mind,
For if she sometimes blames, yet also she can praise.
I did my duty, as a wife should ever do—
Was not extravagant, my house was always clean;
I loved my husband—in his way he loved me too—
But yet domesticated he had never been.
'Tis true my hasty temper may have sometimes flown
To angry words against his passive nature hurled;
But is it, therefore, justice that my name goes down
As vixen, shrew, and scold to all the listening world?

Z. The lion-hearted Queen, who held her foes at bay,
She fought for empire, for her people, for her home;
But, overcome in battle, she was borne away
To adorn the victor's triumph through the streets of Rome.

XIMENA.



VOL. XV.—NO. 722.] OCTOBER 28, 1893. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



BODICE WITH DEEP BASQUE AND BANDS. (*See p.* 56.)

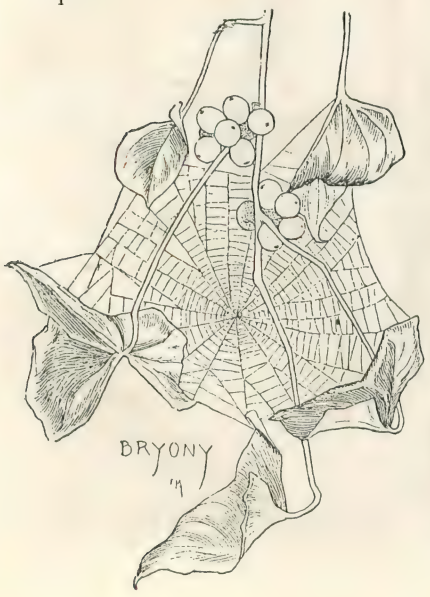
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NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.



We all remember how true and beautiful is the note Burns strikes in his great poem—

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough;
The shot'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose."

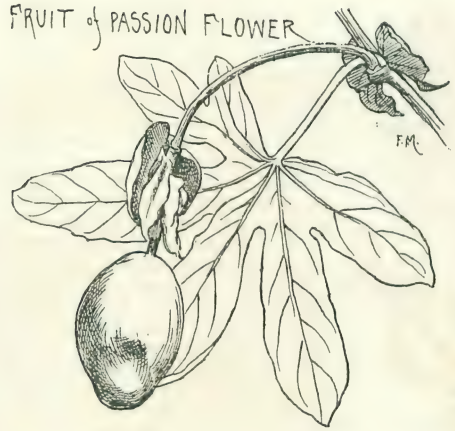


These four lines are not spun out of a poet's inner consciousness; a mere sweet jangle of conceits. The picture limned in the mind's eye at the poet's touch is one that I can see any time this month, though November is not wholly given up to chill blasts. On the contrary, some most genial sunny days which bring out the rich luscious colour of the yellow-tinted elms, or orange-coloured beeches and golden-brown oaks, are given to us, and for beauty, in an artist's sense, I know of few things that fill one with sweet satisfaction like a warm day in November. The sunlight is soft; there is always an amount of mist which clothes the distance, if not in azure blue, as Campbell puts it, at least in those warm grey tints that the painter loves, and spends a lifetime learning how to render; and even the trees that have become leafless afford him passages of most subtle colour which we of the palette prefer to the wall of green of midsummer. It is as well to be more than usually receptive on such days as these in order that the recollection of them may keep in check that melancholy that so many seem only capable of feeling as the year draws to a close. As I grow older I find myself more disposed to look upon the humour, the comedy of life; to think of the warm sunny days in November rather than the bitter blasts that bring down "the one red leaf, the last of its clan," for this latter is the obvious side of the month—the seamy as opposed to the sunny side of November.

It depends upon the early frosts whether trees shed their leaves in October or November, for by the end of the month all deciduous trees are bare save a few oaks which will often carry their dead leaves until pushed off by the new growth in the following Spring.

Last year was very remarkable for its early frosts. In the third week of October we had ten and a half degrees of frost, with the result that in one day the walnut tree at my gate dropped its leaves, amounting to a good many barrow loads, while the willows, ashes, poplars, and chestnuts were made nearly bare by this frost. As soon as the sun gets out the day following the first severe frost the leaves will begin to fall of their own weight, and by the evening the trees that a day ago were in full dress will be stripped to nakedness, as was the case with my walnut.

Quite early in October we had a frost which killed the dahlias, nasturtiums, marrows, and beans, and very melancholy is it to walk out into your garden the morning following the first sharp frost, for the ordinary white frosts we get in the autumn are not severe enough to do any harm to even such tender plants as dahlias. Did we go without a sharp frost till quite late in the year we should find that the half-hardy flowers like zinnias, phloxes, nasturtiums and dahlias would go on blooming, for when mine were cut down last year we were gathering quantities of flowers every day, and it is a great privation when you have been accustomed to having many vases always filled with flowers about your rooms to have to search diligently to find enough to fill so much as a specimen glass. Of course there are blooms still to be had. I gathered myself some eschscoltzias, scented candytuft, clarkias, gillias, Virginia stock, nemophila and mignonette from a bed of annuals I sowed in the spring. These were not killed by the frosts, and if we had had another spell of mild weather I should have had plenty of annuals for cutting, as those which bloomed early had sown themselves, and their offspring were just showing for bloom. I should recommend all gardeners to have a bed of annuals, not only because of their free blooming in the summer, but also on account of their hardiness. Cut them freely all through the season, for by keeping all flowers from seeding you greatly prolong their flowering season, as they will keep throwing fresh blooms in endeavouring to fulfil the law of their being which is to produce seed. I have at this moment got Canterbury bells, which were quite a sight to see in June, covered with a third crop of flowers simply because we kept the seed-pods picked off, and we have been cutting sweet peas until the frost killed them, by not allowing them to seed. Poppies again are plants that if allowed to seed will only bear one lot of flowers; but some Shirley poppies (quite the best annual poppy you can grow, with their thin delicate petals of exquisite shades of pink, red, and white) are even now after these months giving us blooms, because we kept the seed-pods picked off, while some that were neglected have been over this last two months. This is the first season I have grown hardy annuals, having had a stupid prejudice against them, which, like many other prejudices, has been dispelled by knowledge. I drilled a whole patch of ground early in March with a five-shilling collection of annuals, and though they were sadly neglected and got very weedy through not keeping the hoe at work, produced a most excellent result from June till late autumn. The ones that did best with me were the crimson linum, one of





the showiest annuals grown, the red mallow, a tall-growing free-flowering plant, gillia, with its white and mauvish flowers, larkspur, Virginia stock (one of the quickest growing annuals and capital for borders), clarkia, eschscoltzia, Shirley poppy and dwarf convolvulus. Most annuals are sown too thickly, and then they choke each other and are very unsatisfactory. It is better to sow fairly thickly and then thin severely. It is astonishing how much ground an eschscoltzia for instance will occupy where plenty of space is given to each plant.

As the year wanes, out-door flowers necessarily grow scarce, but as each month has its own particular characteristics and delights which we should dwell upon and get what enjoyment one can out of, so there are plants coming into bloom every month of the year. For November one looks to chrysanthemums to relieve the bareness of the borders, and when grown in a sheltered spot they do very well out of doors, though, of course, you cannot get them as large or as fine as those one sees, say, at the Temple Gardens, where they are grown under glass. Asters of many colours and Michaelmas daisies are in flower now, and these brilliant coloured flowers are a striking object in the garden. There are many varieties, from the minute flowers no larger than a forget-me-not to those the size of a florin. Pansies again will yield blooms for a very long period, and plants raised in the early summer will flower freely in the late autumn, and in fact in mild seasons there is hardly a month when pansies cannot be picked. Just to see what flowers can be had in November I went the beginning of the month to the Oxford Botanic Garden, and noted that there were in bloom herbaceous asters, gaillardias, calendula officinalis or pot marigold, coreopsis, lupins, penstemons, scabious, and anemone japonica, and this did not exhaust the list, as I noticed that an Oriental poppy and an iris *(I. Cengialli)*, and a tritoma or poker plant were sending up late blooms. The Oxford Botanic Garden is the oldest in England, as it was founded in 1632 on the site of a Jews' burying ground, and as it has a fair collection of hardy herbaceous plants it is a useful place for reference, as one can note down things worth growing. Kew Gardens contain the best collection of herbaceous plants in England, and my readers who wish to add to their collection of hardy plants should, if possible, make a pilgrimage there in the spring, summer, and autumn, and see what is in bloom. The object all gardeners should keep before them is to have as many plants in bloom as is possible every month in the twelve, and not merely have a gay time just for a brief summer season.

Wild flowers are certainly over in November, but the beauty of dead river-side herbs and hedgerow plants with the berries of thorns, roses, bryony, and other shrubs are in their way quite as beautiful and even more decorative than flowers. I remember one November walk in particular which I took with two brother artists to look for a subject. It was a still grey day, though not cold, and the mist gave an air of mystery to all but the nearest objects. We strolled along by some small tributary streams, and we were all much struck by the way the dead teasels, willow herb, meadowsweet, and other river-side plants picked themselves out from the sombre-tinted background, giving pencilled details to the scene, with the scarlet berries of the dog-rose for the touch of colour. Finer material for the decorative artist could not be found.





Vases can be kept filled with these November glories, and though the berries soon shrivel and drop, the seed-vessels of traveller's joy, like tufts of cotton, willow herb, teasel, wild hop, thistles and meadowsweet can be kept right through the winter. Everlasting flowers, too, should be dried for winter decoration, and with the seed-vessels of honesty (like oval rings stretched over with thin parchment), and winter cherry quite take the place of flowers. Dead hedgerow herbage affords the decorative artist a wealth of suggestion which he should not be slow to avail himself of. I painted a screen, using thistles, dock, and out-grass as the *motifs*, and I cannot do better than give a sketch of two of the panels to show how such material can be utilised. You can hardly fail to get the colouring harmonious, for the dead herbs are rich in subtle grey tones, and as decoration is a background to life it should never be obtrusive by calling undue attention to itself. Berries of the sloe, privet, buckthorn, and cotoneaster (a capital evergreen shrub for training against walls), Japanese briar, with its large decorative berries, the egg-like fruit of the passion-flower, bright orange in colour, and berries of the bryony, all make capital indoor decorations, and afford many suggestions to the decorative artist.

A good deal of wheat is planted in October, but drilling goes on all through November while other land is being ploughed and got ready for spring planting. Potato lifting is carried on far into November in many localities, and very picturesque it is to see almost a whole village out in the fields gathering in the potato harvest; for while the men, and women too for that matter, lift, the children can pick up, sort, and put in bags. The figures of the men in their shirt-sleeves, of many colours, and the women in their cotton sun-bonnets and vari-coloured garments against the rich low-toned surroundings of freshly-turned earth and autumn-tinted herbage gives the painter every opportunity, if he be equal to making use of such magnificent material. It only wants doing to be a masterpiece

The latest time swallows are seen according to Gilbert White's calendar is Nov. 5, while Markwick gives it as late as the 16th; but both these dates are very late. White also gives in his calendar for November the primrose and hepatica as flowering, but many other plants may be seen in bloom if the autumn is a mild one. Hollyhocks, for instance, were in flower in November, and some that I raised from seed early in the year were just coming into bloom when the severe frost we had killed the flower-buds.

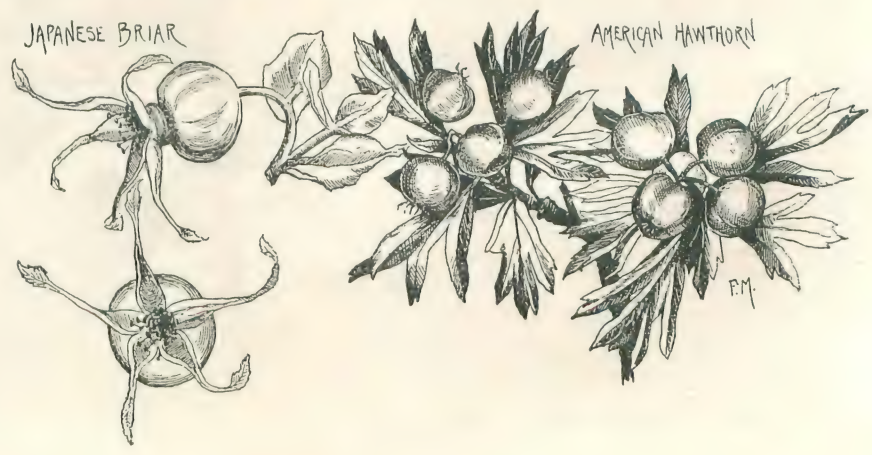
Many of us are like Genevieve, who liked best "the songs that made her grieve," and though I have just now said it is as well to look for the humour and comedy of life, poetry and pathos will, in our more exalted moods, steep us in a calm, sweet melancholy, and the feeling that must often assert itself at this time of the year must be one bordering on sadness. Man is never so lifted up as when moved to tears, and to walk through a wood in November, when the wind sighs through the trees, adding to the purple carpet of dead leaves the few that still kept heavenwards, one thinks of the lines written many years ago by the poet whose death came home to so many of us—

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours wreathe their burden to the ground;
Man comes and tills the field, then lies beneath;
And after many a summer dies the swan."

So Tithonous spoke, and his words find an echo in our hearts as we see, when in such a mood, so much that we delight in going to dust. We see the dead stalks of what a few weeks ago were flowers, and we remember the words of the Hebrew poet, "Man's life is but as grass; he flourisheth as a flower of the field; the wind goeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Such moods should come upon us, for in them we rise to the full height of our nature; but let us not sap our fibre by vain regrets.

"If there are thistles there are grapes;
If old things there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true."

Autumn has its joys, its beauties; let us see for ourselves what they are, and enjoy them when we find them, and not allow the thought of shortening days and the year's decay to weigh on our spirits, and bedim our eyes with tears of excessive sensibility so that we miss those sunny days in November, which by their rarity and unexpectedness are worth so much more than such days in midsummer.



SIGRID THE FAIR;

OR,

THE PROMISE OF FREYA.

A LEGEND OF THE TELEMARK.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE FAITH OF THE "WHITE CHRIST" TRIUMPHED.



If Sigrid and Asmund had been told on a previous occasion (for instance when Sigrid's presence in the boat had alarmed the poor old mother so much) that they should become rich, and that Thor should not oppose their marriage, they would have expected to be perfectly happy.

Why was it then that a cloud of mysterious gloom seemed to overshadow them? Their love for each other grew deeper and more intense day by day, and — except that no children's voices filled their home with merry shouts and laughter—everything seemed to point them out as favourites of fortune; still the shadow followed them.

There were times when Asmund seemed unable to fight against fate, and even Sigrid's sweet companionship only increased his gloom, and then he would disappear for days at a time, and on his return, Sigrid never questioned him as to the cause of his abrupt departure: she dared scarcely allow herself to wonder where he had been, or what he had done during his absence. Once only she had asked him if the cause of his unhappiness was the fact that they were childless, but she never forgot the look of alarm and terror which came over his face, whilst he bade her pray that no child should ever come to their home, "for then, indeed, should the dreaded doom fall on them!"

What could it all mean, she wondered; could nothing free them from the evil spell which darkened their life? She had no one to whom she could go with her trouble: her father was dead, and the good old pastor could suggest nothing for her relief, except her tears and prayers, which she had, at the bidding of her own heart, poured out so lavishly at the feet of her Heavenly Father, with little visible result.

But help suddenly came to her, and that in a most unexpected manner, and when things seemed at the worst.

Sigrid went one day to see her pastor, and finding that he had gone to visit a dying man many miles away, she turned her steps homewards, and, lost in sad reflections, she walked on very slowly and almost mechanically, when she was startled by a gentle touch on her shoulder, and hastily raising her eyes they met those of a stranger, fixed on her with a compassionate gaze which quite reassured her.

Gently the old man asked the cause of her evident grief, and soon Sigrid had given him an account of all her troubles, and implored his help, so deeply impressed was she by his sympathetic manner and venerable appearance.

"Be comforted, my daughter," he said, "if you are content to follow my advice, and have faith in the promise of Him who never forsakes those who trust in Him, I am as certain that your trouble is at an end, as that I have been blessed by a sight of the Holy Sepulchre; if only your faith is as strong as your love, all will go well."

Sigrid gazed in surprise and doubt at the stranger who spoke so confidently of the removal of the mysterious shadow which had darkened her married life.

As if he read her unspoken doubts in her beautiful and expressive countenance, the old man continued in reassuring accents: "My child, great as are the powers of evil against whom you struggle, they are as nothing compared with those on whose unfailing aid we rely; trust me, all will yet be well."

"What must I do?" asked Sigrid eagerly, her heart beating fast with hope inspired by the pilgrim's confident bearing and encouraging words.

"A church must be built on those smiling pastures where once the sullen waters of the fjord lay, but ere the first stone is laid, speak to thy husband, and crave his sanction for thy task, for thine must be the sacred charge."

At the mention of her husband Sigrid's face clouded over, whilst an expression of doubt replaced that of hope by which it had so lately been illumined.

The venerable pilgrim made no sign of having noticed the change in his listener's expression, and he dismissed her to make immediate preparations for the great work which was to be set in hand without delay, bidding her once more to be of good courage and put her trust in Heaven.

It was with less surprise than sorrow that Sigrid noted her husband's gloomy looks as she told him of her meeting with the venerable pilgrim, and his words of hope and comfort.

With a look of despair, mingled with the intense love for his beautiful wife (which in his times of greatest gloom and unhappiness had never wavered or changed), Asmund, after a few moment's silence, cried: "I can struggle no longer against my fate. Anything is better than the constant fear of impending ruin. Be it as thou will, Sigrid, surely they cannot harm thee. They dare not. On me they may wreak their vengeance—I care not."

As he ceased speaking he clasped Sigrid closely in his arms, feeling a deeper and more intense love for her than ever now that peril seemed so imminent, and all hopes of aid so faint; then, as if afraid to trust himself longer in her presence, he kissed her once more and disappeared from her sight, so rapidly that he did not hear her entreaties to him to remain.

* * * *

Sigrid began her task without a moment's loss of time or hesitation. Hers was not a nature to draw back from an undertaking when once she had decided upon it.

Workmen were sought out from far and near, and everything was done to hasten on the work that gold could accomplish, for Sigrid was feverishly anxious to see the sacred edifice assume a definite form and proportions, feeling, as she did, that the future happiness and security of her home depended on the church's completion.

At first all went well, and the loving heart of Asmund's wife throbbed with grateful happiness as she beheld the building assume a definite shape and form. But suddenly all her bright hopes were dashed to the ground, and destruction and ruin seemed about to overwhelm them. When the cruciform shape of the building became clearly visible, strange and ominous sounds were heard, a murmur of myriad voices sobbing and moaning and wildly wailing, and then rising gradually into threatening cries and groans, causing the terrified workmen to throw down their tools in utter panic and affright. But when in addition to the angry and mysterious sounds which filled the air the very ground beneath their feet trembled and shook, whilst the building at which they laboured seemed to rock, then indeed was the panic and confusion complete. With cries of terror the men scattered in every direction, leaving the unfortunate Sigrid terror-struck and speechless on the scene of action. She could neither speak nor move, she seemed turned by a wizard's spell into marble, the anxious, imploring expression of her eyes alone proving that she was not unconscious of all around her. Her gaze was riveted on the pilgrim who from some rising ground had looked down on the prevailing confusion, and now knelt in silent prayer.

As if conscious of Sigrid's despairing looks, the venerable man rose from his knees and approached her, saying as he placed his hand gently on her shoulder, "My daughter, all will be well, only let your faith remain firm."

Sigrid's hopeless glance at the scene of confusion by which they were surrounded did not escape his keen eyes, and he answered her unspoken thoughts in a voice which proved his unshaken confidence in the Powers to whom he had appealed for aid.

"You shall soon see that I have not uttered vain words of comfort, or promises which I am unable to perform. Your loving prayers and tears for your husband's rescue from the powers of evil have not been offered in vain. In the name and with the aid of our Heavenly Father, I thus defy their malignity and overturn their plans!"

Thus speaking, he approached the vibrating building, and after kneeling down for a moment's prayer, he drew from under his robe a small silver box or case and first pressed it devoutly to his heart and lips, then raising some stones from the building he laid, with reverential care, the case and its precious contents under the lowest ones, and then rapidly replaced the others in their former order.

As if by the touch of a magician's wand all became still, no motion was felt and the discordant and threatening cries and shrieks seemed all gathered up and condensed in one long low wail of despairing sorrow which was caught up and given back by a thousand echoes in the mountains, and a silence as unbroken as universal reigned on all sides.

The reaction was too much for Sigrid's heavily-taxed strength; through all the time of doubt and anxiety she had kept up bravely, but now when the time of trial and probation

seemed happily ended, the weakness of her woman's nature asserted itself, and with a long sob of relief and gratitude she sank to the ground unconscious of all around her.

* * * *

When at last Sigrid regained consciousness and looked about her, it was to meet the loving thankful gaze of her husband whom she scarcely recognised, so altered was his whole face and bearing by the expression of joy and relief with which every feature beamed.

With many fond words and embraces Asmund poured forth his love and gratitude to his beautiful wife, to whose unwearied devotion and exertions he owed everything, even life itself.

But it would be a useless task to attempt to describe the happiness of the husband and wife whose married life seemed only now about to begin in earnest, or to describe their boundless gratitude to the pious pilgrim, to whom, next to Heaven, they owed their rescue from misery and despair.

The good man refused all gifts for himself, and bid the grateful pair pour out their gratitude by devoting a large proportion of their wealth to the true and only God.

As no fresh alarms were felt, the workmen returned to their labours, and deep and heartfelt were the thanks returned to Heaven by Sigrid and Asmund when the sacred edifice was at last completed, and still deeper was their joy when their first-born son was dedicated to the service of the White Christ.

Those who journey west from Hittesdal, with its far-famed church, pass through the beautiful Hjærtdal, with its richly-wooded sides rising from the little lake. The end of the valley seems to bar the way of the travellers, but the road ascends in many windings until the top of the high ridge is reached which separates the Hjærtdal from the Flatdal.

Suddenly the view over the latter valley bursts upon the sight, and the traveller has gained the most majestic spot in Telemarken; below him lies a broad and fertile valley studded with farms, but shut in on the western side by wild and rugged mountains which rise precipitously from the valley. To the south, at the end of the valley, lies the small and dark Flatdalsband, a lake which must at one time have filled the valley, but receded gradually to its present position. The waters of the lake empty themselves by a short river, which forms several beautiful falls, into the waters of the large Siljord's lake which lies still further south.

Such is the scene of the legend, and one can well imagine in such a district that imagination would be at work. The old mythology of Norway has left its mark, and the Thorsnut frowns over the northern part of the valley and forms one side of the dark and gloomy Svartsdal, in which, even at the present day, one could well fancy many an ancient superstition might still linger.

F. W.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. TRYON.

"Just when I seemed about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."—*Browning.*



"LETTER will not do," said Elsie to her counsellor. "If Mrs. Tryon is a cross person she won't take the trouble to answer a letter. So I shall go to Winchfield."

"Well, it isn't a long journey," Miss Saxon replied, "and the weather is lovely. A glimpse of the country won't do you any harm."

The glimpse of the country did not do any harm, but it awakened a host of sleeping memories.

When she got out of the train at the quiet station there was the familiar breath of wallflowers in the air. It was a flower which her old father had loved, and she seemed to see him walking along the garden paths, gathering a nosegay for his wife in the early morning. Birds were singing the old blithe songs which they had sung in her childhood; there was a flutter of many wings among the boughs, which as yet were unclothed with green. Country voices came ringing across the fields and over the hedges; country faces, stolid and rosy, met her as she turned slowly into the sunny road leading to the village.

It was not difficult to find Stone Cottage, and, wonderful to relate, it was really built of unadorned grey stone, not of brick. Time had done much to soften the severe aspect of this sturdy habitation; creepers clung to the grey walls—not wholly hiding them, but breaking up the dull uniformity of neutral tint. In the little garden there was such a brave show of jonquils and daffodils that it looked like a golden paradise.

Mrs. Tryon was sitting by the fire in a little room which opened into the kitchen. She was deaf and her sight was dim, but it pleased her to believe that she still kept ears and eyes open to her servant's delinquencies. Years of letting lodgings had developed all the suspicious instincts of her nature; the domestic servant, she argued, was the same all the world over, and always to be regarded with unmitigated distrust. To the last day of her life, Mrs. Tryon would look upon the maid-of-all-work as her natural foe.

The fire was bright; scarlet geraniums made a red glow in flower-pots on the window-sill; a gay china mug, filled with daffodils, stood in the middle of the table; it was no wonder that Elsie received an impression of warmth and gaudy colours when she entered the room. The old woman with the soured face and white hair was the only chilly thing to be seen.

"I don't want Mrs. Dodge to be sending people here," she said, after hearing Elsie's explanation of her visit. "A light-minded, rollicking woman is my niece Dodge. She'll never make that house pay its expenses—never!"

"You knew Mrs. Penn, I think?" began Elsie, anxious to turn the conversation away from the Dodge subject.

"I used to know her when I was in London."

"Where is she now?" Elsie asked anxiously.

"That I can't tell you. She was never a great friend of mine. I was too busy to make friends. She had part of a house in Soho Square. Some people in business had the first floor. But I think she's gone."

"Did you ever hear her speak of a lady called Meta?" inquired Elsie, in a voice that slightly trembled.

"Meta? No; I've never heard the name. Who was she? An actress, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" replied Elsie hastily. "She was an artist who lived with Mrs. Penn."

"Ah, there was a young lady who occupied one room at the top of the house, and did pictures for the papers and cheap magazines. I never saw her, but Mrs. Penn spoke of her once or twice, and seemed mightily concerned when she died."

"Then Mrs. Penn spoke to you of her death?" Elsie said, breathlessly.

"Yes; she was a weak-minded woman, Mrs. Penn was, and allowed herself to be upset by trifles. She said that Miss Somebody was dead—I never could remember names, the name don't matter—and she had called to ask if I wanted any furniture. I said I'd take a couple of small tables and an arm-chair if she'd let me have 'em cheap. I knew she'd got some good, substantial old things."

"And had this furniture been in the young lady's room?" asked Elsie.

"Some of it had, I suppose. She told me that she didn't mean to let the room again; she was going to sleep in it herself, she said, because it was large and light."

There was a brief pause. The clatter of tea-cups in the kitchen warned Elsie that she had trespassed on the old woman's patience long enough. A tabby cat, which had been asleep by the fire, got up, stretched itself, and came purring round its mistress's chair.

"Pussy knows it's tea-time," said

Mrs. Tryon, bending down to stroke the creature.

Elsie rose to depart.

"One word more," she said, stooping to bring her lips closer to the deaf ear.

Mrs. Tryon glanced up impatiently.

"I never could stand many questions," she muttered.

"Only one more. Did Mrs. Penn ever mention a little boy who lived with the poor young lady?"

"Never," the old woman answered. "And now that's the end of it all, I hope. I shall let my niece, Dodge, know what I think of her for sending folks to trouble me in my old age. Mrs. Penn was no great friend of mine. I never went inside her door more than twice, and I never set eyes on the artist-lady, living or dead. As to the number of her house, it's gone clean out of my mind!"

The interview was ended; and, as Elsie went forth again into the afternoon sunshine, she felt a chill of disappointment.

She had learnt definitely that Meta had lived and died in Mrs. Penn's house, that the house was in Soho Square, and that was all. There was nothing about Jamie; and it was Jamie, not Meta, who was the object of her search.

The air was fresh and sweet. A little puff of wind blew the scent of hyacinths into her face. A pretty child smiled at her over a cottage gate, its golden curls tossed by the breeze.

Again she thought of Jamie, picturing the rosy face and golden curls, like these, which Meta had described. If she could find the boy she felt, with a sudden heart-throb, that she must hold him fast. No woman's life is complete without a child's presence in it. There are a hundred ways of filling up the void, but only one natural way. Elsie Kilner was nearly nine-and-twenty, and she was hungering, half unconsciously, after a child's love.

She caught a delicious glimpse of woods, just touched with that first shade of green which no artist has ever truthfully rendered. Men can paint summer and autumn, but the promise of the seasons escapes them; it is too subtle for brush or pencil. You may as well try to paint a perfume or a sigh.

And yet, as Elsie thought, walking onward, there is something in these beginnings which is sadder even than the summer's ending. Birth is the herald of decay and death; but decay and death are the sure fore-runners of new life.

The afternoon was deepening into evening when she found herself again in All Saints Street, and Miss Saxon's pleasant face greeted her at the door.

"Any news, Miss Kilner?" was the first question.

"No news of Jamie," Elsie answered, sadly. "But I must try to find Mrs. Penn's house in Soho Square."

"Does she live there now?" Miss Saxon asked.

"Mrs. Tryon thinks not. She couldn't remember the number."

"That does not matter," said Miss Saxon, cheerfully. "The square is not very large; it will only take a little while to go from door to door."

The last light of the day was shining into Elsie's sitting-room when she went upstairs, and it was a light which seemed to flow in like a golden wave from some unseen ocean of peace.

Had she come into this quiet house to be guided, by a vanished hand, along a path which she knew not? All she was sure of was the influence which had turned her feet out of the old road, so thickly set with thorns. Surely it was a kindly power which had led her away from the contemplation of her own grief and wrongs, and had given her a quest!

Something to do, something to seek and to hope for—this is the greatest blessing which can be conferred on a lonely life.

Elsie lighted her lamp, and wrote a long, cheery letter to the rector's wife in the Sussex village; but not one word did she say about the search for Jamie.

(To be continued.)



OUR "HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND."

By ANNE BEALE.

MELANCHOLY letters frequently reach the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from girls who, owing to unforeseen circumstances, are obliged to discontinue taking in that periodical. In some cases, the parents of the writers have come to grief; in others, they have themselves lost their situations or been paid less for their daily toil. Sometimes sickness has overtaken them, or the friends they help to maintain; and sometimes, even, they are stricken down with a disease which may chain them to their couch for years or even for life. Losses and crosses come to the young as well as to the old. To numbers of these young people THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has been an unfailing friend, and their letters concerning it are very touching. To many it has been the one bright spot in a lonely or hard-working life, and the regrets at its enforced discontinuance have been almost as painful to the Editor as to those who have been compelled to give up their subscription to the paper, and in doing so have made their sad plaint to him as to a personal friend.

It has struck him that among his well-to-do readers some may be found who would help him to remedy this state of things. In the "Answers to Correspondents" there are so many girls who sign themselves "Lovers of the G. O. P.," that it stands to reason they would pity those who had "lost their love," and would strive to "bring him back again." To such the Editor ventures to suggest that they might form a little band to help their poorer sisters to possess this "Paper," which he is grateful to learn they really value, and if such as can afford it will send him the means, he will see that some of those who cannot, shall receive the G. O. P. regularly. Shall we call it "The Help-One-Another Fund?" How much the title suggests! If money flowed in, not only could the coveted boon of our paper be sent to the weary of mind or weak of frame, but all sorts of aid might follow. At present, however, we must content ourselves with asking our young friends to reply in a tangible form to the pitiful letters of the poor girls who hunger after the varied articles that used to cheer and amuse their leisure hours. "Helpful and helping one another," is a text which "Blesses those who give and those who take," and we will strive to make it our motto.

Any contributions sent to "The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," 56, Paternoster Row, for "The Help-One-Another Fund," will be acknowledged in the magazine, and will be appropriated as above. And applicants for free copies who are able to prove that they cannot afford to buy the magazine themselves, shall receive by post THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER each month as the prosperity of our "Help-One-Another Fund" will admit.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

The following donations have been received from readers of the G. O. P.

Joyce Cremer, 2s.; Thirty-two, 1s.; A Fife-shire Lassie, 2s.; Emily and E. A. Douglass, 2s.; E. N. N. Hastings, 1s.

These kind donors, as well as all who have been interested in The Home for so many years, will be glad to learn that the new laundry promises well. Custom increases, and our laundry girls now wash for eighteen families, and earned last week £12. Thus they will do good service to the Home which has done such good service to them. We may, perhaps, be permitted to say that H.R.H. the Princess Louise has sent a charming gift to the girls of 450 yards of material for dresses. We can imagine them clothed in their neat grey and white frocks, which are strong enough to resist both work and play.

GIRLS' ATTIRE:

THE

NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



GOWN OF CRÉPON, AND CHILD'S NEW FROCK.

PERHAPS it is as well to begin with the materials for winter-use which bear the impress of most novelty. Of course, wool is naturally predominant; and it is the natural and proper material for wear when the thermometer falls below sixty degrees, and when "the winter winds do blow," as the old glee has it. Serges, cheviots, and homespuns are all old friends; but there are certain novelties in them all. In serge we have the delightful change from everlasting navy-blue, or black, to greens, reds, and some lovely shades of brown—especially "tobacco" and golden-browns, both of which are amongst the fashionable winter colours. The newest serges are decidedly coarse in texture, and woven diagonally. Cheviots and homespuns, and the more novel hop-sacking, follow the same rule—all three being rough and thick, with rather a hairy surface. In all of them there is much of "knickerbocker" effects, and many are flecked and dusted over with fancy spots and threads. Some woollen cloths seem quite thick enough to be made up without skirt linings. But otherwise, everyone who can possibly afford it has a silk lining, especially to winter gowns, as it lessens the weight and that tendency to cling which is so distressing in walking, and so fatiguing to those easily tired.

Silk appears to be returning to favour again, and we find almost all are shot, the colourings being novel and very brilliant. Moiré silks are made with a coarser rib, and they are produced in very beautiful mixtures of colour, *viz.*, fawn and blue, pink and gold, "Eminence" purple and grey, myrtle and violet; and for evening gowns some lovely mother-of-pearl-tinted moirés are to be found. Chiné and matelasse, brocades, and striped silks of all kinds are also very fashionable; and those old favourites black-and-white stripes—the black stripes being of satin, and the white ground of moiré—the stripes varying from the third of an inch to half an inch in width, and some being mere threads only. Satins are quite as much worn as ever, and at some of the large shops they have a very magnificent reversible satin, which is thickness itself. Two colours, of course, are used—green has violet on the other side, gold-colour has emerald-green, and dark blue has green or gold.

Velvet for out-of-door garments, as well as for gowns, will be the correct thing for those who can afford it, and shot velvet, or the striped velvets on satin grounds; all of these are most brilliant in colour, and the texture is remarkable for its extreme richness and the beauty of its weaving.

As regards these new colours, we seem to be plunging into an era of the gayest plumage; and perhaps, in our dull and foggy England, a little extra brightness may not be amiss. Pinks of all shades and reds, are first in order of popularity. "Guards red," and *vieux rose* are seen the most of all. There is a new shade of electric blue; and this, and the new peacock-blue, are of a grey tone, which modifies both of them. "Artillery-green," tea and sedge-greens—as well as grass and serpent—all are to be found; and the various hues of heliotrope, and violet are as much used as ever. In browns we have a great revival. "Raphael's brown"—as shown in pictures by that artist—bronze-brown, yellow, and golden browns, tortoiseshell—a pinkish shade of brown—and a brown called "swallow," which has almost a shade of blue in it. I am glad to welcome this useful hue again, and beg to remind my readers that it will suit them best when matched either by the eyes or the hair.

Black satin, velvet moiré, and also watered silk, are all employed as dress trimmings. Indeed, I think that black trimmings on coloured frocks are more worn than ever. White serges will be worn trimmed with black moiré, and grey and tan are preferred with black velvet. Black braids of all widths are much employed, and so is *passementerie* of all widths and colours. Embroidery is extensively used, and also much of the "jewel embroidery" that came in two years ago; while iridescent beading and fringes, and much sequin and gold braiding may be seen on very fashionable French costumes, black ones being generally chosen for this style of bright trimming.

Bias bands of satin and velvet, *ruches* of silk and satin, lines of waved braid, and bands of fur are all worn; and I see that some of the newest skirts are cut in scollops at the edge; and underneath there are to be discerned one or two narrow flounces of coloured silk. All the trimmings seem to be still placed on the skirts horizontally; but some efforts are being made to use trimmings on the seams of the skirt, or at regular intervals round them, if no seams be available.

Amongst the latest revivals that I must mention is that of ermine, and ermine on black and coloured velvet is a dress for kings' houses only. But it is a pretty and becoming fur, and very suitable for young people. The worst of it is that it would soon soil in London, or indeed in any provincial city where there is much smoke and dirt. Narrow edgings of fur will continue in fashion, both for gowns and jackets, and the capes of last year will be quite as much used during the coming winter both on jackets and cloaks. We have seen lately so many long cloaks, that no doubt they will have a return to favour this winter; but they are very fatiguing to walk in, though delightful for driving. Those that I have seen are of a soft woollen material, lined throughout with shot silks and edged with narrow bands of fur.

There seems no doubt that the "bell skirt" will remain in favour, and in its present modified form it is really very graceful. But they require very careful making, and more so in their lining than any other form we could select. I think they always seem lighter in wear, even if they be not really so. This idea is given by the fulness being round the edge of the skirt and not at the top.

Polonaises will be amongst our winter fashions, and I fancy that everyone will be glad to welcome them back, though there seems a little uncertainty about them, and they are threatened but not yet come. The round bodice with a belt seems to carry all before it as yet; but I find that people to whom the long bodice is most becoming do not fear to wear them, and the use of the long sash tied at the back of the pointed bodice is not by any means left off. Sashes are of satin ribbon, watered black silk, or of reversible moiré and silk, and they are tied so as to form two upright bows which are pinned when worn at the right side up against the bodice.

Skirts are made short enough to be quite comfortable for walking use, and I cannot imagine why we women do not adopt, at all times, a skirt of a certain length for walking, whatever Dame Fashion may order for wear in the house. A small train, or at any rate a little more length, may be desirable in-doors, especially in the case of a very tall woman or girl. But now that we have a wider model of skirt, even the tall girl looks well in it, and the longer petticoat is not so necessary.

The "butterfly bonnet" has been a great success, and all our bonnets are very small; but all of them have strings and retain the Minerva-like wings, which stand up either in front or behind. These are only superseded by the two upright single feathers, which latter, and a wide band of velvet, are the chief decoration of the new boat-shaped hat, which has become so suddenly popular that it threatens to rival the long-worn "sailor hat." They are so easily trimmed that the "home milliner" can easily manage them herself, and the same may be said of the small bonnets. One need only learn how the trimming is put on, and there is so little of it that the bonnet



DRESS WITH BASQUE OF BLACK SATIN OR VELVET.



DEEP BASQUED JACKET BODICE.
(Paper pattern.)

is soon made. Burnt-straw hats are very popular, and will continue to be used as late as possible in the season.

In the picture of the "dress with basque of satin or velvet," we illustrate one of the new narrow basques which are put on the edge of the round bodices, and are generally used without a band; but they can be used with one if preferred. The front of this dress is seen in the sketch with three figures, and it will be noticed that it is double-breasted and has large buttons, and a wide revers over the shoulders, the waistcoat, which shows, being of black satin also. The skirt is made with three flounces on a foundation, and the whole forms a useful as well as very pretty model for a winter's gown. Each flounce is edged with a narrow jet or velvet *passementerie*, as well as the revers on the shoulders. This dress would look well if made of hopsack, serge, or cloth. The seated figure, wearing the long basque jacket, shows also one of the new hats, turned up in front—a fashion which is likewise followed in this season's bonnets. The standing figure at the back shows a "boat-shaped" straw hat, and the method of putting in the feathers at the side.

The "gown of *crépon*" is a pretty specimen of a simple dress for afternoon wear. It has a slightly full front, arranged in a novel manner, and a *ruche* of the *crépon* forms the only trimming of the skirt except a very narrow jet edging, which goes round the edge. The "child's dress" is one of the new loose, yoked, blouse-like gowns, and for the winter any of the new coloured serges would be found suitable for it. The trimming of this might be of bias-velvet or velveteen, cut in bias bands about two inches wide to edge the skirt, and the yoke might be of velvet as well.

For our paper pattern for this month we have selected the long basqued jacket-bodice, and in addition to this we propose to give as a separate pattern the cut paper patterns of the two basques—the short one and the full bias basque, which will be so much worn this winter. This last should be cut in one piece, and, if possible, of double-width material; but if not, the join should be at the back. The narrow basque is cut in two pieces. One or other of these will be found most useful in remaking and retrimming any winter gown, and they may be used either with or without a band at the waist. If made of the material of the gown, they need, perhaps, a little edge of trimming; but if of velveteen or satin, none; but these materials must be repeated on the gown, either as revers or band to the bodice, or as bands on the skirt. Four yards of velveteen or six yards of satin would be needed.

The basqued jacket-bodice (our other paper pattern) consists of nine pieces, and will require about four yards of double-width material to make it; the basque should be lined, if possible, with silk. The braid put on in pointed shape at the waist may be left out, and the bodice left plain. It is only given to show the style of trimming generally used.

The bodice has no seam at the back, and the front is double-breasted. If preferred, this bodice may be made up only for an out-of-door mantle; but if made in serge or tweed it is better, perhaps, if worn as an indoor gown. Price of deep-basqued bodice pattern, 1s.; of the two basques, with deep revers added, also 1s.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling



NARROW BASQUE. *(Paper pattern.)*

sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

VARIETIES.

DI DO DUM.

Professor Porson once boasted that he could pun upon any words. He was told that he could not pun upon the three Latin gerunds *di, do, dum*, when he gave the following answer:—

"When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was *di, do, dum*."

A GOOD EDUCATION.—The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

GOING TO COURT.

Proud Father: "My daughter is going to Court this season—on her marriage, you know."

Elderly Relative: "Dear, dear! About her marriage already! And he seemed such a nice young man, too."

INFLUENCE.—The essence of life is influence. The nature and degree of our influence on others is the measure of our own existence and power, intellectual or spiritual. —*Bishop Shirley.*

PAYING MUSIC.

"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

"Yes; but I have had a good return for it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I'd been trying to buy out my next-door neighbour at half-price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home and began playing."

"WHEN it becomes needful to explain away a religion, its constraining force is at an end."
—*Charlotte Yonge.*

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid, etc."

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST BATTLE.



My first experience of battle was gained when I was not yet in my teens. Think of that, ye good landsmen and women who never heard the thunder of a broadside, or felt the grip of a boarding-pike, or saw the flash of a cutlass; who were never cooped up between decks, with wounded men carried down bleeding and groaning, while your fate and that of your people, your ship, your country, was decided in the wild warfare overhead!

Father had been forming, with the "nine sail" under his command, an escort to a flotilla of English merchant-vessels bound for the West Indies, as far as the Canary Islands, where he might have landed Aunt Maria and us girls out of harm's way; but the Canaries were in the hands of the Spaniards, who were allies of the French in the great European war.

Father had discharged his mission after seeing the English vessels so far on their way. He was about to return with his ships, when two French frigates and two ships of the line, attended by twice as many sailing vessels of the French Navy and by a privateer or two, appeared on the horizon, and bore down upon us, with the evident intention of cutting us off from our merchantmen, and of pursuing and capturing them one by one.

There was nothing for it save for father to engage the French fleet, though he was seriously outnumbered; besides, the French frigates were of greater tonnage and carried more guns. But such inequalities were not to be thought of when there was a trust to be fulfilled and honour to be won.

It was a lovely May morning, and before I had any idea of what was going to happen, I had strayed up on deck to favourite quarters, in the shelter and shadow of the long-boat hung from its davits. I was fond of learning my lessons there, and I was thus engaged when my eye caught through a port-hole what looked to me like a splendid procession of great and small ships steering in our direction. I was gazing in admiration at the sight, while I had not Tom's skill to detect at a glance the general build of a French ship, or the hull of a Dutch lugger, or the raking prow of an American privateer, when father, coming rapidly towards me as he walked in the centre of a knot of officers, all at once espied me, and called impatiently, "What on earth are you doing there, child? Go down below, Caroline, instantly!"

I ran off as fast as I could, startled by his tone and wondering what I had done to displease him, since he was acquainted with my practice of coming on deck, and establishing myself in out-of-the-way holes and corners, and had been accustomed to give me a look as if he did not dislike to see me there.

I hurried past the sentry at the cabin door and found Aunt Maria, Sally, Jane, our old nurse—who now acted, as far as her failing sight would permit, as our sewing-maid, to help us in making and mending our clothes—and a younger maid who was chiefly attached to Jane's service. The old and the young maids, nurse Simms and Ann Whitelaw, both looked much scared; even Aunt Maria was very pale, though she held her head in its mob cap well up in the air, and sought to preserve a dauntless bearing, as became the sister of a gallant admiral. For Sally and Jane—Sally was stamping up and down the cabin, forgetful of her long frock and the back hair on the top of her head, crying that she wished she was a boy, and she envied Tom; Jane was tottering under the burden of her most precious possessions, her best-be loved books, her crack drawings in the portfolio, which she would not consign to Ann Whitelaw's care along with her cases of ferns, shells, and butterflies. It was clear that if Jane were to be taken prisoner and put into one of the gaols appropriated to prisoners of war, she was not to be divided from what she held so dear; she was to have the solace of their companionship in her captivity. She did not look frightened, on the contrary, she seemed very much alive and keenly curious, as she grasped her goods and looked about her, with her little white face, which struck you as "all big brown eyes."

I had hardly time to ask and receive an explanation of the hubbub, when I heard, "Lack-a-daisy, it is them French as is on us, Miss Car'line," from nurse Simms, who was panting and quaking. Her quavering piece of information was drowned by the announcement in Aunt Maria's naturally deep voice, from lips which were tightly compressed but did not falter. "Your father is going into action with the enemy, Caroline; I trust you will not make a disturbance or be a trouble to anybody." Then Sally called out excitedly, "Oh, Car, we are going to fight, and we are not to see it, or to have anything to do with it!" And Jane looked at everybody but said nothing.

Then Tom and Perry Hood dashed down into the cabin. Their errand was to tell us that we were *not* to remain where we were, in case the *Sea Serpent* should be struck in that quarter; we were to go down into the cock-pit under the gun-deck, where there was greater safety. If we would come at once before they were needed elsewhere, they could settle us for the morning. Perry hastened to add he and Tom had found a comfortable place for us where we would be screened from observation, and would not be obliged to see the surgeons' operations—well, if one or more wounded men had to be carried down.

The boys half forgot their errand in their excitement. They had both of them snatched a moment to put on their full uniform, to fasten their dirks at their sides, and to clutch their cocked hats ready to put on their heads. Tom was half wild. "Such luck," he cried, "to meet them when we were not looking for them on this voyage, which was likely to be so tame an affair! Great thundering sea-dogs worth pitching into." Bill Dawson had sighted them through his glass, and was as certain as there were eyes in his head that the second in order was the *St. Barbe*, which Admiral Trefusis had chased and failed to catch just outside the Channel. Wouldn't it be no end of a go if father in the *Sea Serpent*, which was so much less than either the *St. Barbe* or *The Victor*—Admiral Trefusis's ship, captured the prize which the vice-admiral had missed?

Cousin Perry was more subdued; but small and slight as he was, he looked steadfast and undaunted, and the battle-fire was in the light blue eyes, which were usually so pacific. He tried to meet Sally's eye, and failed at the first attempt, but at the second she gave way sufficiently to smile a half smile, while her mouth quivered a little as if she were going to cry. Our Sally, who was so grown up and so dignified! Then he flushed and beamed with satisfaction.

Tom called, "Come along, Perry, they have begun to clear the decks," and then turned, gave Aunt Maria such a hug as he had not bestowed on her since he was put into breeches, and kissed Sally, Jane, and me in a succession of boisterous smacks.

I half expected Perry to follow suit, since he had been like a second brother to us—to be sure he could not have quite reached up to Sally unless she had somewhat stooped to him, but he contented himself with one look more before he ran after Tom.

"Take care of yourselves, boys," Aunt Maria called after them with a break in her voice. "Do your duty, but do not thrust yourselves unnecessarily into danger. You have some sense, Perry; I trust to you to look after Tom."

"Yes, take care of yourselves," echoed Sally, and strange to say there was a

sob in her voice also. Then, so far as I could believe I heard correctly, it seemed to me that she reversed Aunt Maria's instructions, and sighed out, "Oh, Tom, stand by Perry!"

I thought that if my ears did not deceive me she must have uttered that injunction because our brother was so much taller and stouter, though he was in reality younger than our cousin.

But Jane, who noticed everything, pulled my sleeve to attract attention and whispered, "You heard that, Car? Why, Sally's late snubs and slights to Perry were just a pretence."

I could not understand what reason Sally could have for pretending to snub and slight Perry, unless that girls as they grew up were bound to be affected. But I had no time to attend to the question because of the trampling and shouting overhead while the decks were being cleared for action; at the same time there was ever so much signalling to the other ships in father's squadron to get them into position.

I have often heard father and Tom say that a naval battle is one of the most beautiful and terrible sights that are to be seen. A fight on shore is nothing to it. The ships are generally in line or in a half-crescent if they have had time to form. When the battle begins, each engages her special enemy or defends the friend who has most need of her support. In order to do so, the vessels must be sailed with as great speed as they can command and with as much skill as pieces are moved on a chess-board, so as to deliver broadsides with the utmost effect, or to escape the return fire of the enemy's guns. The ships must answer to the helm, and be brought round and sent on a new course with cunning manœuvres intended to bewilder and mislead the foe. In addition to the casualties of war on shore, the combatants at sea must be prepared for special losses. Ships founder, they are set on fire or are blown up by the explosion of their powder magazines. A sea-fight has all and more than all the features of a battle and a siege rolled into one. To conclude, all the work has to be done under the clouds of smoke which envelop the ships in action, and frequently hide the signals from the flag-ship and the other ships, so that the responsibility of each captain is much greater than any which can be experienced by the generals of division or the colonels of regiments belonging to an army. The naval captains have often to act on their own responsibility, an obligation which they do not dislike, as it leaves room for the exercise of individual ability and gallantry, with the reward of individual distinction. Indeed, I have heard father say that when there were captains of more genius and daring than their admirals, the captains had been known—it was so once in the case of Lord Nelson—to avoid looking out for the half-obscured signals, and to go their own way triumphantly.

But, alas, in the cock-pit, or even in the cabin we could not see the grand sight, we could only hear the hurly-burly. We sprang to our feet at the first sullen growl of a big gun, not that we were not accustomed to the sound in gun-practice and in salutes, but this meant business. And when the shock was followed by another, and yet another, louder and nearer, till the growl became a roar, and the roar was repeated every minute, because it was not single guns which were discharged but broadsides which were poured forth, even Aunt Maria, who boasted of being "gun-proof"—that is able to stand any amount of firing—began to duck her head and put her hands to her ears. And I am sure poor Jane's head was splitting with one of the nervous headaches which were so easily brought on by noise, but she would not own it, and refused at first to give way.

(*To be continued.*)

NERVOUS GIRLS.

By "MEDICUS."

I HOPE that there are not many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who may be called nervous, yet with so large a circulation we are bound to have a few. For them this paper is written. And for girls also who are over thirty or forty, if such may be called girls at all. Indeed, it is the oldest among our readers who are the most likely to suffer from the nerves. It is they who have stood in the front ranks of the battle of life, and have borne the burden and the heat of the day; having to fight for others as well as for themselves, and may oftentimes have had to suffer defeat, but still to hold their places in the contest.

We often hear of people's nerves having been destroyed, almost irremediably, from a sudden shock in a railway accident. Well, luckily, these cases are few and far between; but the experience of many, alas! will be found to confirm my statement, that a series of much smaller shocks than that which a terrible railway accident might entail, may do quite as much ultimate injury to the nervous system. The lesser shocks I refer to are, grief from loss of relatives, loss of friendships, loss of money, etc., care and worry, and oft-repeated illnesses. Some people are peculiarly resilient, and seem proof against reputed troubles. There is no withstanding nature's written laws, however—a constant drop will wear away a stone, even should that stone be granite, and ere long the strongest finds herself going down to it just a little; finds her nerves are not so strong as they once were before this or that recent trouble, feels a kind of abiding anxiety at her heart, and that she is now more apt to worry and look at the dark side of life than formerly. Perhaps she finds herself, moreover, not so vigorous in the more mechanical portion of her system, namely, the muscular; or finds that she catches cold more easily, or feels the cold more than she was wont to.

I may remark here, before I forget it, that this increased sensibility to cold and draughts, especially in the feet or spine, though it is a sympton that is not usually thought much of, is one of the earliest indications of deterioration in the nervous system.

The nerves, by the very old surgeons and physicians, before anatomy had become a fine art and a science, were not considered of much importance, and ailments connected with them were lightly termed "the vapours," and were supposed to be more imaginary than anything else. We know better now. The nerves are as real as the silken thread you hemmed that handkerchief with, and when strange and disagreeable feelings of pain or uneasiness call our attention to them in our own bodies, something has as assuredly gone wrong as that thread would go were you to hold it a moment in the flame of a candle.

There may be actual injury done to some of the parts or portions that are included in the words "nervous system," as from the pressure of a tumour, from the pressure of an inflamed surface, or from inflammation about the nerve itself, in which case there will, of course, be very great pain either constantly or periodically. There may be no injury to any nerve or part of a nerve that can be located easily, but only general weakness of the whole system. This is the trouble I have to consider in my present short paper, and for which I have adopted a name which may be found more euphonious than easily understood. Neurasthenia is a word derived from the Greek, and signifies want of strength in the nerves. The old-fashioned title of Nervous Debility was, perhaps, equally much to the point, and both titles are recognised by the profession more as symptoms than real disease. Perhaps in some cases of neurasthenia such should hardly be the case. When a little girl was asked how she felt when nervous, she replied that she felt "in a hurry all over." She could not have expressed it better. When one is momentarily nervous there is a positive loss for the time being of force power from almost every portion of the skin and muscles all over the body. The very heart, for the time being, feels this loss, and is sometimes said to stand still—as in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in the feet, but of a somewhat similar kind. Sensations of heat and cold are also felt sometimes, and that sensation well-known as the fidgets, when you do not know what to do with your hands, and would just as soon not possess any feet. There is, for the time being, debility of the body. So great is this, often in cases of fright, that the cold perspiration covers the knees, and they feel unable to support the weight of the body.

Well, now, tiredness or weariness is but another form closely allied to this, and occurring from the same cause, the loss of vital power. Professor Michael Foster, in lecturing at Cambridge the other day upon weariness, after stating that the nervous system was a candle that could not be profitably burned at both ends, went on to prove that what we call endurance or staying power depended chiefly upon the supply of actually pure blood, and that the readiness with which the internal scavengers—the lungs, liver, kidneys, etc.—freed blood from the poisons that the muscles and other active organs poured into it was in proportion to the staying power of the worker. "The hunted hare dies," he says, "not because he is choked for want of breath, not because the heart stands still—its store of energy having given out—but because a poisoned blood poisons his brain and his whole body."

Now this physiological reasoning may not be quite easily understood by my younger readers, who however must admit that I seldom

seek to dose them very much with "ologies" of any kind, but nearly everyone will understand the simple statement that all bodily force or vital power passes to the muscles, for example, through the nerves, just as electric force passes through the telegraph wires to work the instrument, and that if that force be not equal to the amount expended, the whole body deteriorates, and the ailment neurasthenia is the result. If in addition then to hard work day after day one has to stand up against the mental shocks caused by innumerable small worries, that seem to have a directly paralysing effect upon the nerve tissues themselves, easily may the system go to the wall, or become physically degenerated. Indeed under such a depressant it quickly deteriorates.

What are the effects of general neurasthenia? These are broad and wide, and so many and varied that while it is impossible to individualise, it is difficult even to generalise? The symptoms of the first oncoming of an attack of neurasthenia will differ greatly in different individuals. Occasional attacks of weariness and fatigue with depression of spirits are usually common to every case. The young lady thinks something is going to happen to her, there seems to be a dark cloud over all her existence. Her sky is not any longer *couleur de rose*, and life for the time being is hardly worth living. The middle-aged lady believes she is growing old, and both are nervous and dyspeptic. Alas, it is a fact that neurasthenia is a complaint which chooses its victims preferably from among the best, the cleverest, and the bravest of womenkind, and among the least selfish. Because it is they who stand in the front of the battle; they who fight in the breach, and in fighting too often fall —and all perhaps for the want of a little well-needed rest. The dull and the phlegmatic on the other hand fling down the foils on the very first signs of the enemy gaining a footing in the stronghold of life, fling down the foils and fly—perhaps to the seaside for a month for the rest and quiet which their common-sense tells them are needed to recruit the health and strength. We know which class we admire the more, but we seldom know or can appreciate the efforts of those who unselfishly and unflinchingly fight the battle of life until they droop and die. Nor do we know how much they suffer at times, especially when alone, for they cannot but see that their best efforts are certainly not overrated, the great majority caring little really for those who do the most for them. "It is their choice to be in the battle's van," says the majority to itself, "well let them; I have chosen the better part." And as with communities, so it is too often with families, the bread-winning father, who, mayhap with breaking heart and aching head, toils day after day to keep his children above want or worry is seldom a hero, seldom crowned with laurel by his sons or daughters, nor is the hard-working mother who stands by his side to assist and encourage him.

Well, I have mentioned weariness and depression as particular symptoms of nerve deterioration. But they are just those that, although probably almost diagnostic, are least attended to. If taken at once, neurasthenia would generally be curable, and the cure is rest. At least that is one portion of the cure. "But, oh," I think I hear a sufferer exclaim, "*I* have no time for rest, my work won't wait. The idea of a holiday for poor me! What would become of my family around me?"

In answer to this I should speak a parable and say: "A certain ship's captain went to sea, and all went well and gaily for a time, till at last clouds banked up in the east and a mighty storm came sweeping up over ocean and over ship. And, behold, in the midst of this storm a portion of the crew came fearfully to the captain and cried, 'Oh, master, the vessel has sprung a leak; pray repair the damage that our lives may, peradventure, be spared!' But the captain turned to them and replied, 'Begone! I have no time to repair leaks. Am I not making a speedy voyage—a wondrous passage—so tell me not of leaks. I must hurry on.' And he did hurry on. To destruction, hurried he on."

But people may not be able to run away somewhere every time they find themselves suffering from overwork, overstrain, and weariness. Nor need they. I am not convinced even till this day that, after all, the best place in which to spend a holiday isn't one's own garden with a good book. Rest should be a daily, almost an hourly, thing with every work-a-day individual. A brain worker should be like a general on the war-path. He ought to well weigh the strength of his forces and consider how he shall lead them forth and spread them out, or concentrate them to the greatest advantage. Remember this, the heart itself has its periods of rest; it rests between its own beats. The heart is seldom enough considered. It is tired when you are. Rest it therefore whenever you can, if working in your own room. You rest it by reclining. Yes, or even by putting the feet on a chair for ten minutes. You rest the mind by glancing for a few minutes at a newspaper. You rest it when you sit down to the piano—that is, if you really love music and play only the airs or pieces that touch the heart. But one can never rest either mind or body by taking a vinous stimulant or so-called cordial. A general would commit the same sort of mistake if he drew out his reserves and exhausted them before they were really required. So beware of this kind of rest, if you would not go very quickly indeed to the wall.

Rest in bed is the best rest of all. I know a hard-working literary lady who always takes a holiday in bed only for a day, but it does her good. She makes some consistent change in diet, and surrounds herself with nice books, etc., and—— Well, there she is; and if you are a friend and call, her audience-chamber for the time being is her bedroom.

But insomnia, or sleeplessness, is one of the worst symptoms of neurasthenia. It is usually a very advanced symptom too, and a symptom, moreover, that makes the disease advance, but not to a happy termination. When this comes on a cure for the complaint must be obtained whatever it costs. It is really now a matter of life and death.

Dyspepsia is a most troublesome symptom of neurasthenia, and one that not only interferes in the most marked degree with the blood-making process, but renders at times sleep almost impossible, except, perhaps, a few hours of dream-perturbed slumber toward morning, when town or country noises are making themselves audible.

Fretfulness is one of the commonest symptoms of neurasthenia. Irritability is seldom absent entirely when there is debility, and never present when the nerves are in a healthy condition and well supplied with pure food. But fretfulness is terribly distressing. More so, as a rule, to the sufferer herself than to others around her. She has every wish and desire to see everybody about her happy, but still she cannot help giving way, many times and oft perhaps, to outbursts of peevishness under scarcely any provocation at all.

There are scores of other symptoms of the ailment under consideration that I have no space even to name, but they one and all depend on the same causes, namely, on an inadequate amount of pure wholesome blood to the whole system—the supply of fuel to the human machine not being in proportion to the output of work or force.

Upon the *cause* we must found our plan of treatment.

Of course we may, by taking extra nutritious food, manage to struggle on for a little while longer, but this is not cutting straight at the root of the trouble. I need hardly remind the reader what a terrible thing a complete breakdown is to the majority of brain-workers in these busy times, when both women and men have often to struggle side by side for bare existence. What might it not mean to your married brother for example—and I know that our readers are often as much concerned for the welfare of their relations as for their own. Well, but your brother, let us say, has not been many years married, although already two pledges have come to stay, and so the world's cares are gathering round him. He has a very pretty little house, but as it was a love marriage pure and simple—very simple, indeed—there is little behind it of worldly substance. Well, he has been working hard and has got paler and even thinner. Suppose he broke down—I don't want to frighten you—and had to take a spell of inactivity for a year. Who would fight for the children then; or get them the little comforts they and their mother have been used to? Yes, indeed, who? The world is absolutely powerless, if not pitiless.

The cure of neurasthenia should be taken in hand, therefore, from the very first week any of its symptoms made their appearance. If the sufferer cannot go for a holiday she, or he, can so regulate the life that all the rest possible may be had. While at work it is imperative that there be no driving, no distracting rushing. This it is which kills so many, or lays them on the shelf for ever and a day.

As nothing can be done without regularity some plan of treatment should be adopted and laid down in your note-book. If this be well conceived benefit may be expected from it in a week or fortnight. It is so difficult to do this. Was that what you said? And a doctor runs into expense. Well let me lay down one for you and just try if for a month.

Rise in time to have your cold sponge bath, which should if possible have a couple of handfuls of sea-salt dissolved in it. Dress as leisurely as you can. When half dressed take at least five minutes' dumb-bell exercise. Go into the open air for ten minutes before sitting down to meals. Eat leisurely. In fact you *must* learn to do everything leisurely. It will come easier by-and-by. Whatever be your duties, enter to them with all the spirit you can muster, but not hurriedly. Care killed a cat. Do you know why? Because the cat *would* hurry and would worry and so fell a victim to a fast way of living.

Do you work in the fresh air? Don't say you won't or you can't; I say you shall. Open that window of yours right up to the top and sit where you can breathe it. Three days working thus is as good as one day at the seaside. Don't be afraid of cold. If the body is well nourished it won't catch cold, *can't* catch cold. I would engage to march two hundred thousand of my girl readers to the top of Ben Nevis in the dead of winter, and they should not catch cold. But I should feed and wrap them up well. What a dinner we should all eat in the evening!

Keep out of doors as much as you can and *vary* your work if you can.

Arrange to have a nice long walk in the afternoon or evening. *Walk*, do not dawdle. Throw the chest out and keep the arms back. Walk regularly every day from three to six miles, rain or shine. Eat a solid meal in the middle of the day. Never touch tea or coffee or stimulants, but drink good milk and butter-milk whenever you can get it. Have a hot bath every Saturday night followed by a cold sponge down.

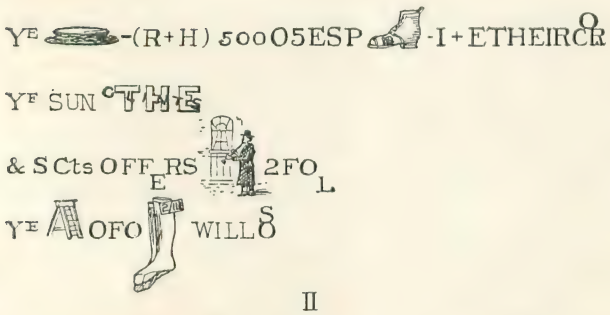
Begin to lay up for your summer holiday. If you spend your day as I tell you, you will sleep at night. But avoid worry and hurry and thinking, or anything the least disagreeable.

Medicine? No, you do not want any. Nourishing food makes good blood, and it is good pure blood you need, and nothing else.

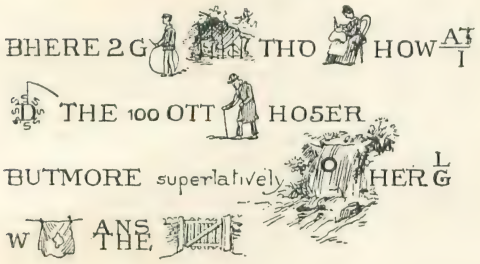
PUZZLE POEM.



I



II



III



IV



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five Competitors (male or female), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be January 1st, 1894; from abroad February 1st, 1894.

NEW HEADING COMPETITION.

THE Editor of this Magazine has decided to have a new Title-Heading for the weekly numbers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The present heading has done excellent service during fifteen years of use, and the question now is, what sort of design shall he adopt for the future?

Here is a chance for designers to make suggestions and to compete for prizes: to endow the girl-world with a beautiful work of art, and to render themselves ever popular with them by being associated with their favourite paper.

As this next heading is a matter needing considerable ability in appropriate designing and executive skill, the Editor has decided to award to the most successful competitor the sum of

Ten Guineas,

and to the second most successful competitor, the sum of

Five Guineas,

both sums to be payable in hard cash.

The Editor reserves to himself the power to publish the designs or not, whichever he thinks the better course—although he will be greatly disappointed, especially after awarding the money prizes, should he not feel justified in publishing the successful designs.

Two of the chief points to be remembered by the Artists are, the legibility of the title,

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

and the depth of the design. Of course, the design should be exactly the width of the page, but the depth should be less than that now in use—viz., 2 inches instead of 2½ inches. Thus, the new design should be 6¼ inches by 2.

The last day for sending in the designs is Lady-Day, 1894. Anyone may compete, men or women. No unsuccessful work will be returned to the competitors unless stamps be sent for the purpose. And the Editor in no case will utilise any design but those he pays for in the form of the two prizes mentioned above.

Please address the packet to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London; and above the address in the left-hand top corner write the words, "New Heading Competition."

USEFUL HINTS.

INDIAN THARRIE.—Take a good-sized saucepan and put into it four ounces of good clarified butter; when it boils put into it half a pint of best Patna rice and a small pinch of saffron, and fry a nice light brown, then pour in a quart of cold water, some salt, and a little red pepper. When the rice is about half done have ready a quart of nice young green peas and two sprigs of fresh mint and put into the above. Stir it very gently with a fork so as not to break the rice, and let all boil gently till tender, and all moisture is absorbed.

FRESH BOILED BEEF AND GHERKIN SAUCE.—Procure a nice piece of beef unsalted, and put it in boiling water; allow ten minutes to the pound. When it has once boiled up, stand it aside and let it only just simmer for the required time. Boil with it turnips and carrots and serve with gherkin sauce made as follows. Put about two ounces of butter in a saucepan, and as it begins to get warm rub into it one tablespoonful and a half of flour till quite smooth, then pour in a little more than a half-pint of thin stock, or water will do by adding a small quantity of Liebig, and stir till it boils, add a little browning, and have ready six gherkins chopped fine, and put in just before serving.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.



SOMEONE has said—who, I forget—"that for every ten men who can think, one man can speak; and that for every ten men who can speak, one man can see." Intelligent observation is the rarest of gifts. To observe and know something of the ever-changing sky over our heads; the bird that is flying in the blue expanse, with steadfast purpose, faster than any express train; the tree that clothes itself with the pure light-green of spring, to slowly change into the deeper and duller green of summer, and then to change again into all the various and glorious tints of autumn; the flower and weed that are beautiful by the wayside; the animals quietly eating the green grass, or resting lazily in the warm sunshine; the numberless insects that move in the summer air with rhythmical sound; the bit of human nature that stands by our side; to observe and know something of it all is to fill the measure of life with an interest and joy that will not waste. It would be wise, when we go for our walks and incursions into the country, to leave the business behind, the social worries and unkindnesses, the unsolved philosophical problem, and only to observe and talk about the endless things that on all sides are pleading for notice.

Seldom in the history of the English climate has the worker of the soil looked anxiously for a rain-cloud to appear on the horizon, and longed that it might gradually spread and deepen till it fell on the parched earth as rain. But so it has been this wonderful year, and the grumblers against the vileness of the English climate are compelled for once to cease their wailings. The leaf sprang from its winter's imprisonment fresher and more beautifully green than ever; the early spring flowers—violets, celandines, speedwell, ground-ivy, spurges—spread their yellow, blue, and white flowers with a reckless abundance. Week after week passed and no rain came, and yet the green kept its freshness and the wild flower did not fade; for in February a larger quantity of rain fell than usual, filling the rivers and wells and saturating the soil to a great depth, and so the tree's fibrous and spreading root could obtain in liquid form the food from the soil that it required for a long, dry spell.

It was a lovely day this early spring. The sun was warm, the air still and fresh, and the sky an expanse of soft blue. I was walking along one of the beautiful Surrey lanes; the dog-mercury, violet, yellow celandine, and ground-ivy brighten up the foot of the wayside; but as yet the hedges hardly gave a sign of the glorious foliage of a few weeks later, when up got a flock of peewits and a flock of starlings—they are often found together at this time of the year—and in two distinct and compact bodies flew round and round in perfect order, the united swish, swish of the peewits' wings breaking on the still spring air with deep regularity. Away they flew, now turning to the right, now turning to the left, with perfect precision, as if under a word of command; sometimes the starlings in front, sometimes the peewits, flying further and further away, till they disappeared, as two tiny specks, in the distance of the blue heaven. It was a very beautiful flight, and I do not think that I shall ever forget it.

The ways and doings of the starlings I love to watch. One day I went out in my garden with the intention of writing, but my attention was arrested by the quaint movements of two starlings. They had just found a suitable place for their nest under the roof, and they did not seem able to contain themselves for joy at their discovery. One of the birds kept popping into the nest and then on to the roof, flapping his wings, snapping his beak loudly, and imitating in turn a blackbird, tit, and chaffinch, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other, as if quite conscious that he was a very funny bird; then he flew from chimney to chimney in chase of his mate, then popped into the place that he had found for a nest, then on to the roof, and repeated this very funny performance again and again. Save a dog who has lost his master, and found him again before time has dimmed his devotion, I have never seen a greater exhibition of gladness. The very sight of it made me the happier.

Starlings are very sociable birds; directly they have finished with their young they collect in flocks. In fenny countries, such as Lincolnshire, they collect not in flocks, but in clouds. A single flock will consist of countless thousands, quite darkening the sky; and they seem to move under a guiding spirit, as they now wheel to the right and now wheel to the left, now advancing, now retiring, then by suddenly changing their course and presenting only their wings to the spectator they become almost invisible. The beautiful colour of the bird is not developed till it is three years old.

Owing to the great destruction of eggs and birds from various causes, it is necessary that birds should live a comparatively long time if the number of the species is to be kept constant. The mortality amongst the young is terrible. Certain eminent German scientists have calculated it like this:—Say, a certain species lives 10 years, and during that time lays 200 eggs—20 eggs a year; if the species is to remain constant in numbers, 198 out of that 200 must perish. Again, a golden eagle lives for 60 years, and lays 2 eggs each year; then in 50 years 100 eggs will be laid, but out of these 100 eggs only 2 will grow to adult birds, or, in other words, a pair of eagles will only bring 2 young eagles to maturity once in 50 years. Small singing-birds live from 8 to 18 years. Nightingales have lived 8 years in captivity, and blackbirds 12 years, but both will live longer in a natural state; canaries in captivity 12 to 15 years, ravens 100 years, magpies 20 years, parrots 100 years, fowls 20 years, golden pheasant 15 years, turkeys 16 years, pigeons 10 years. There is a fairly well-authenticated record of a cuckoo, which was recognised by a peculiarity in its note, that sang in the same place for 32 consecutive years. A golden eagle, which died in Vienna in the year 1719, had been captured 104 years previously. A falcon is said to have attained an age of 162 years. A white-headed vulture, which was taken in 1706, died in the Zoological Gardens at Vienna in 1824, thus living 118 years in captivity. Swans are said to have lived 300 years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNIE EILLES, Mühldorf, Bavaria.—We were much interested in your letter, and wish we were able to send you the used stamps of different countries for your brother's collection. We have little space for correcting your English. You transpose words in your sentences sometimes, as, for instance, when you say, "also, would it be a very unnecessary expense," you place the words in the form of a question, not as the statement of a fact. You should have said "it would," not "would it?"

MARY GRAY.—1. Your parents are your nearest of kin, and your brothers and sisters come next to them.—2. Your spelling is very bad. The word "question" should not be spelt "quiston," nor "feel," "fill."

VERY ANXIOUS.—The fact that you desire Christ to be your Saviour and do not wish to deny Him is a proof that the sin you dread cannot be laid to your charge. Read all we have said on the subject to others. If you do not reject Him He certainly will not reject you.

SUSIE.—1. You had better take the advice already given to the owner of a parrot who has the same trick. Cut out a cardboard collar, cut an opening through it at the back, and sew it together round his neck. It must stand out straight, and needs not to be very wide to preclude the possibility of his picking out his feathers.—2. We have little doubt but that you could obtain a tortoise in Covent Garden; or a naturalist would procure one for you. A hedgehog would serve your purpose equally well.

TOMBOY.—In the ancient Greek mythology the God of Love and the little Cupids are represented as shooting the object of their affections with an arrow aimed at the heart. So your lover's sketch of "a heart transfixed by an arrow" signifies that his own has been smitten with your arrow, and your love and attractions have penetrated his heart. Do not imagine the emblem to be equivalent to a "moonlighter's" sketch of a coffin or a skull and crossbones! No harm is meant.

TRIXIE.—Gargle your throat with a mild solution of borax and powdered alum. A chemist would prepare it for you of the right strength.

SUSAN.—If your cousin be still growing there may be a chance of her straightening her round shoulders. She should always wear a face-board stuck into her belt when at her studies and writing to keep her head up and her chin well back; and she should use a backboard at the same time when not requiring to use her hands. We regret that a former letter of yours received no reply, and are gratified by your warmly expressed approval of our paper.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Try a little milk applied with a sponge. We cannot advertise what is sold in the shops for cleaning patent leather.

DOT.—1. The origin of the common phrase "it suits to a T" is found in the instrument used by mechanics and carpenters, the "T-square" or rule which is employed when great exactitude is required.—2. Every precious and semi-precious stone has ancient superstitions connected with it. The opal was by no means regarded as bringing ill-fortune on its owner, as generally supposed; it was called the "child of love," and said to make its possessor lovable. The turquoise was said to protect the wearer from falls.

SENSITIVE.—1. What sort of ill-bred people do you associate with? Nothing could be more grossly ill-bred than to make personal remarks. Some people admire little brown spots on the skin, so much so that to simulate them by patches of black sticking-plaster was a widely prevailing fashion in the last and early part of the present century. If the moles be raised a surgeon could remove them. —2. Your writing is fairly good.

NELLY.—The most remarkable case of longevity with which we are acquainted occurring within the fourteenth century to the present time was that of Louisa Truxo, A.D. 1780, who lived to the age of 175, and whose case is frequently cited. Henry Jenkins was seven years her junior at the time of his death. Centenarians are continually named in the daily papers, and since more attention has been paid to the subject of sanitation the average duration of life of both sexes has increased by several years; that of women exceeding that of the other sex.

E. E. B.—The ingratitude of your niece and *protégée* is, indeed, shocking; but the time is gone by now for punishing and curbing her temper as it was needed. If you could apprentice her to a trade where she would board out, leaving your house entirely, it would be well. But you would have to say she needed a firm hand over her.

A PANSY.—We do not understand what you mean by thinking that lifting your hand to put your hair off your face may be the means of "selling your soul to the devil"! You seem to be deplorably superstitious. Put your trust in the Lord, and commit yourself to His care and guidance, endeavouring to serve and please Him in thought, word, and deed; and depending on His Atonement as your only hope of heaven. You are in a diseased state of mind and nerves, and need a doctor's advice and treatment, not ours. We should recommend your mother to set you to active manual work—household work, and work in the garden especially—and pleasant, bright companionship of girls who have no morbid fancies. Banish such unreasonable thoughts, and give your mind and muscles to making yourself useful.

KENTISH LASS.—The "Holy Maid of Kent," and the "Fair Maid of Kent," were Elizabeth Barton, a supposed "seeress," and noted character in the sixteenth century; the latter was Joanna, a daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, celebrated for her great personal beauty.

PIPPA PASSES.—1. The wandering of the thoughts during the time devoted to prayer, confession, and praise, is, indeed, a very sad temptation of the evil one. Endeavour to collect your thoughts before kneeling; try to realise the presence unseen of your Divine Redeemer; recall what you have said or done amiss, and duties left undone, during the day when you retire to rest; also the special (as well as generally received) mercies which should be gratefully acknowledged, and pray earnestly for the help of the Holy Spirit to aid you to fix your thoughts, and make you more earnest in laying all your sins, your difficulties, and your desires before your Heavenly Father. Were you drowning your thoughts would not wander when crying for help. We recommend you to join our Guild of Scripture-Reading and Study.—2. Dr. Eadie's *Bible Cyclopædia* is a charming book. It is illustrated, and is published at our office (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.). Direct to the Publisher, Religious Tract Society.

ROSA.—The English stamp of 1840, marked "V. R." in black, the letters in the upper corners, we understand will fetch as much as £10; while the black stamp without those letters can be had for a penny or twopence each. The complete set, comprising every successive issue, of the Cape of Good Hope, A.D. 1860, would sell at £40. The red English stamp is worth nothing.

NESTA.—1. When you answer the door to a visitor go upstairs first, open the door, and standing behind it hold it open that the visitor may enter as soon as announced. You acted correctly.—2. Bathing the back with a solution of bay-salt is strengthening to the spine.

ANXIOUS ONE.—To be an assistant-matron of a union you should be able to spell and to write a good hand. Unfortunately you fail in both these requirements.

STUDENT.—The Septuagint version of the Old Testament was compiled and collated by seventy wise men of the Jews in Alexandria, 285 B.C. It was about 400 years later that the New Testament Scriptures were added to the Old, and the whole translated into Latin; and in 405 A.D. St. Jerome completed his admirable revision of the entire Scriptures—a great work carried out while residing in the village of Bethlehem.

BUSY BEE must obtain such information when being prepared, as all must probably be dressed alike. The other girls, or some of them, will have had orders and will give you the right pattern.—2. Her handwriting is not formed as yet.

F. READ.—We must refer you to our last year's series of articles entitled "New Occupations for Women."

LITTLE NELL.—The quotation your intend to make is to be found in the 193rd line of Milton's "Lycidas," and the words are—

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

SISA.—Perhaps you are of a bilious temperament and the milk may not be suitable for you. Why do you take hot milk every night at bedtime?

EDNA THURSTON.—1. It is best for people to mark their Bibles for themselves. It demands much careful study, which should be encouraged not dispensed with.—2. The usual plan is to offer tracts for sale at a much reduced price. They can be had in packets for a few pence.

A READER.—A private secretary is little in demand by private individuals; and those needing a companion have a member of their own family, or a superior useful maid. Such situations can be had, but they are rare. You might advertise as a travelling companion to an invalid if you can speak well in French, German, and Italian, understand the money, and know something of foreign localities, and of nursing.

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Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

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QUESTIONS.

Ten Questions will be Published Each Month.

Commencing in chronological order, we take Genesis and the Book of Job as our study.

1. What is the meaning of the terms Bible, Testament, Scripture, and Pentateuch? At what periods were these terms respectively first used?

2. What are the three parts into which the Hebrews divided their sacred books? Give references from the New Testament to this division, and to the several parts.

3. What are the meanings of Canon, Uncanonical, and Apocryphal?

4. When was the Jewish canon of Scripture finally settled?

5. Give the names of the five books of Moses and their several meanings. When were these names first used, and how did the Hebrews distinguish these books one from another?

6. Give the names and localities of the more celebrated rivers and cities mentioned in Genesis (not more than four of each), and the references to them.

7. Specify the general order of creation as described in Genesis. What other references to this account does the Bible contain?

8. Show the work of the Holy Trinity in the creation of the world, and support your answer by references from the Old and New Testament.

9. Prove that labour, not enjoyment only, was the original destiny of man.

10. What was the single command given by God to our first parents? Of what was it a test? What do you understand by "the tree of knowledge of good and evil?"

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.



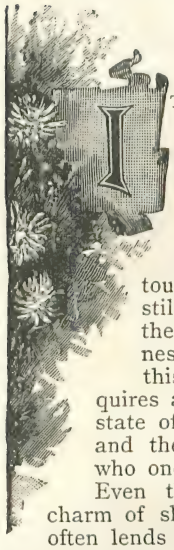
"ELSIE MADE INQUIRIES AT A SHOP."

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CHAPTER V.

MRS. BEATON.

"Guided thus, O friend of mine,
Let us walk our little way;
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray."
—*Whittier.*



It was difficult for Elsie, entering Soho Square for the first time, to realise that it had been one of the most fashionable parts of London till far into the last century. That touch of distinction which still lingers about some of the former haunts of greatness has entirely deserted this old square, and it requires an effort to picture the state of the four ambassadors and the pomp of the nobility who once made it their home. Even the garden lacks that charm of shadowy trees which so often lends a grace to the nooks and corners of the great city, but it is green enough to rest the eyes that are weary with watching the endless march of life.

Elsie made inquiries at a shop in Charles Street, and was fortunate enough to light upon a tradesman who knew something of Mrs. Penn. She had left the neighbourhood, he believed, but he could tell the number of the house she had occupied. It was close by, on the left hand as you entered the square.

As Mrs. Tryon had said, the ground-floor was given up to business, but the upper floors were still let to lodgers. A quiet-looking young widow appeared in answer to Elsie's summons. "No, ma'am, I didn't know Mrs. Penn," she said civilly. "She gave up this house nearly two years ago, and I've only been here six months. It was my sister who took the house after Mrs. Penn."

"Then there is no hope of getting the information I want," sighed Elsie; "unless any of Mrs. Penn's lodgers are here still?"

"No, ma'am," said the widow again; "they are all new-comers. I am sorry that I can't help you."

There was a pause; Elsie was hesitating before she made a request. "There is a room at the top of the house which I should like to see," she said with an effort.

"There are three rooms at the very top," the landlady answered. "Two are small, but the front room is a good size."

"It is the largest room which I want to see," Elsie said.

The widow considered for a moment. "It's let to a gentleman who teaches languages and translates foreign books into English," she remarked at last. "He's out now, I think. Will you follow me, ma'am?"

Elsie's heart beat faster. As she ascended flight after flight of stairs she told herself that there was nothing to be learnt by going into the room which Meta had occupied, and yet she had a longing to be there.

They gained the top at last, and as they crossed the threshold of the chamber a dash of rain beat suddenly against the windows. Elsie's hands were clasped together tightly under her cloak. She was thinking of those winter nights when Meta lay here shivering with Jamie by her side; she thought of the lonely hours when the house was still, and the weary worker had sat up to mend the little garments which should keep the cold from the boy. It was such a meagre tale which Meta had told! But Elsie, with her woman's heart and quick intelligence, could fill in all the details.

The sunshine followed the rain. While she stood musing in silence a light broke through the clouds and shone right into the room. That light brought with it a sudden feeling of Sabbath calm and peace. The wonderful inner consciousness (which seems to be wanting in some natures) received a message of quietness and comfort, and Elsie knew, with quiet certainty, that Meta's sufferings were not worthy to be compared with the bright rest which she had won.

They only stayed for a few minutes upstairs, and then went down in silence. As Elsie, a little tired now, was passing out into the square again the widow suddenly recalled her. "There's an old lady in Wardour Street who used to know Mrs. Penn," she said; "a Mrs. Beaton. She keeps her son's house. You'd find her at No. 127."

In a moment Elsie's weariness was forgotten. The sun was shining; it was still early in the afternoon; her time was all her own. She thanked the civil widow, and turned her steps at once towards Wardour Street.

If she had not been so deeply absorbed in her purpose she must have paused, arrested by the quaint things which were displayed in Beaton's window. It was not, perhaps, more fascinating than other windows in that wonderful street, but it had a great store of delicate ivory carvings and lovely mosaics. Yet Elsie merely gave a passing glance at these treasures, and, passing swiftly into the dim interior of the shop, asked if she could see Mrs. Beaton?

A sallow man, who was young without youthfulness, looked at her with an expression of surprise. She began to explain the object of her visit. "I am in search of a Mrs. Penn," she said frankly. "I have been to the house in Soho Square which she used to occupy, and I was directed here."

"We knew Mrs. Penn," the man answered: "but my mother seldom sees people. However, I'll ask if she can give you any information."

He disappeared, and a pale-faced lad stepped quickly into his place behind the counter. After waiting for a few moments Elsie heard a door close and he came back. "My mother hasn't heard from Mrs. Penn since she left Soho Square," he said. "She cannot tell you anything about her."

An exclamation of disappointment broke from Elsie's lips; she moved impatiently, turning her face towards the door. The man looked at her keenly, with dark eyes shining through his spectacles.

"If you knew Mrs. Penn," she began, with a quiver of distress in her voice, "you must have known a young lady who lived with her. She was an artist, and her name was Meta."

"Yes, we knew her," he answered quietly. "Are you a relation of hers?"

"No." Elsie turned to him with a sudden lighting-up of her face. "But she is a great deal to me! And you really knew her?"

"We knew her," he repeated, "while she lived. Her story was a sad one. I thought you were related to her because you are like her."

"Like her?" Elsie echoed. "I must have grown like her through thinking about her so much! But I never saw her in my life."

The man still looked at her, with a glance kind as well as penetrating. "I daresay my mother will be ready to have a chat with you," he said, after a moment's pause. "Excuse me; I will go and speak to her again."

She waited, looking out through the doorway, and feeling that she was nearer the goal than she had ever been before. A strange joy and excitement thrilled her as she heard the shopkeeper returning.

"My mother will be glad to see you, madam," he said.

As he spoke she caught the gleam of firelight in a room at the back of the shop. It was a neat little parlour in which the old lady sat, and she rose to receive her visitor with quiet courtesy. Elsie sat down in an arm-chair, close to the window overlooking a little back-yard, and Mrs. Beaton attentively studied her face as she spoke.

"My son tells me that you want to ask some questions about Mrs. Penn and Miss Neale."

Elsie started slightly.

"Miss Neale?" she repeated. "Ah, that must be Meta."

"Did you not know her as Miss Neale?" the old lady asked.

"I only knew her as Meta. I found a manuscript of hers in the drawer of an old table in my lodgings, and I have been seeking her ever since. That search has brought me to you."

"A manuscript? Did it tell you her story fully? Was it long or short? She had not time to write much, I think, in her last days."

"It was not long; only the outlines of her story were told. The manuscript began with the words, 'If I only knew that someone would be kind to Jamie,' and ever since I read them I have been longing to find Jamie and be kind to him."

Mrs. Beaton had put on her spectacles and was regarding the speaker with an intent gaze.

"Do you know," she said, after a pause, "that you don't seem a stranger to me? You are like Miss Neale, so much like her that you might pass for her sister. Many a time she has sat where you are sitting now."

"It is as I thought," Elsie murmured.

"I have been guided by a vanished hand."

The old lady smiled.

"We are all guided," she said. "But sometimes the guidance is more plainly manifested than usual, or it may be that our perceptions are quickened. You will be disappointed when I tell you that I don't know where Jamie is now. However, you must keep up your heart, and not be discouraged."

"I will not be discouraged," Elsie answered resolutely. "Did Mrs. Penn take the boy away with her?"

"She did. She went away more than a year ago, and she has not fulfilled her promise of writing to me. If I had not been old and rheumatic I would have kept the little fellow myself."

"I wish you had kept him," Elsie said earnestly. "But until he is safe in my own keeping I shall not rest,"

"That was spoken like Miss Neale," the old lady remarked. "You are prettier than she was; I am an old woman, and you won't mind my plain-speaking. She was not as tall as you are, and her eyes were grey instead of brown as yours are; but she had your black lashes and eyebrows. She always wore a very peaceful look, a look that comes to some people after great suffering. Your face is more eager than hers."

"Mrs. Beaton," said Elsie, bending forward entreatingly, "I want to hear Meta's story from one who knew her. She has said very little about herself in her manuscript. Won't you begin at once, and tell me all that you know?"

"Yes, my dear, I will tell you," Mrs. Beaton replied. "I have missed her very much. She used to come and talk to me when she had a little time to spare. Hers was a busy life, and it was a life lived for others. She was always going about among the burden-bearers, and trying to lighten the burdens. That was how it was that she met Mr. Waring."

(To be continued.)

WOMEN SOLDIERS.

"The maid with helmet head,
Like a war goddess, fair and terrible."



THIS scarcely sounds like a description of the military women we have at present in our midst, the wonderful body-guard of King Bedazin of Dahomey; but in times past it has been a truthful portrait of some heroines of the battle-field, who have made in some instances chapters in the romance of history, and who may justly claim a place in the niches devoted to military glories in the temple of fame.

If we go back to the times of the Crusades we find frequent references made to the parts women played in these holy wars. Heroines often appeared in the *mêlée*, and disputed the prize of strength and courage with the bravest of the Saracens.

Omad of Ispahan speaks of the Christian heroines who mingled in the fight. He adds that the young women fought, and the old women animated them by their cries.

Of really British origin we have not a great many Amazons. True, we had our Boadicea, whose courage in leading the Iceni against the legions of Suetonius deserved better fortune. We had Alfred's daughter, Athelfleda, who directed the slaughter of the Danes in the streets of Derby, and even Queen Elizabeth herself, whose Amazonian tendencies were prodigious. In her reign the bellicose barons were almost constantly at war, and they used to leave their liege ladies at home to fight any enemies who might choose this time to make a raid upon the castle.

The Dudleys of Northampton are said to owe their crest, a helmeted female with bare bosom and dishevelled hair, to an Amazon named Agnes Hotot, who fought a neighbour on behalf of her sick father about some disputed land, and the neighbour, it appears, got the worst of it.

Then there is Mary Ambree, or English Moll, who distinguished herself in the attempt to recover Ghent from the Prince of Parma in 1584. She was at the head of 1000 men, and sustained an equal combat with 3000 Spaniards for seven hours. When compelled to leave off she went into a castle and defied the enemy, challenging any three Spaniards to try their prowess against her single arm, and when summoned to surrender she said "No."

"No knight, sir, of England or captain, you see,
But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree."

Another notable example is Hannah Snell, or James Gray, the Worcester hosier's daughter, who had such an extraordinary career: first enlisting in Captain Miller's company of Guise's regiment at Coventry, and finally becoming the possessor of a public-house at Wapping.

Christian Kavanagh or Welsh fought in the war of the Spanish Succession, and received innumerable wounds and a pension from Queen Anne. She married a soldier named Davis at Chelsea, and at her death she was buried with full military honours in the burial-ground of the soldier's hospital.

Mrs. Christian Davis, the trooper of the Scots Greys, commonly called "Mother Ross," was a hardy Irish Amazon who led a strange and decidedly romantic career, and was wounded at Ramilies, at which battle the Greys took sixteen or seventeen colours and standards. These are only a few examples of female military courage picked out at random, but there are hundreds of instances which might, if space permitted, be cited.

There were also naval Amazons who did good service as able seawomen, such as Ann Mills, who served as a seaman on the Maidstone frigate, and on board the *Queen Charlotte* an African woman served for eleven years, receiving frequent commendation for her excellent work. Then there was Rebecca Ann Johnstone, who fought and died on board one of Nelson's ships.

Women played no inconsiderable part in the American Revolution. They helped to write some of the truly animating, patriotic songs which served to cheer and encourage the soldiers of both armies; they housed and sheltered those who were in danger; they carried despatches which, entrusted to other hands, would never have reached their destination, and some few of them fought themselves. Of these few perhaps the best known were Katherine Steel, or "Katey of the Tosh," as she was wont to be called, Jane Gaston, Mrs. Pickens, the general's wife, Mary Gould, Mrs. Wright, brave Deborah Samson, who served in the army as Robert Shirtliffe, and was at the storming of York Town, Nancy Hart, "the honey of a patriot, the devil of a wife," who never by any chance looked in a mirror, so ugly was she with her cross eyes and her broad angular mouth.

There are others whose names are revered in many parts of the States as brave, fearless mothers, wives and sisters, who forgot everything but their family and their country's honour in those terrible days when the States were deluged with blood, when homes were confiscated, and broken hearts and limbs the most common of possessions.

In speaking of famous military women we naturally turn to France, which has given birth to more courageous swords-women than any other country. From the time of the invasion of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, to the days of the First Empire, and even later, France can reckon to herself a whole series of heroines gathered from all ranks, from the throne to the most obscure women of the country. Lamartine says of these Amazons that all nations have somewhere in their annals a few miracles of patriotism, of which a woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is lost and seemingly hopeless in a national cause, still one must not give up hope if there remains one corner of resistance in a woman's heart.

The subject of military women is one which has been deemed worthy of all honour in France, and in addition to the many mentions of such heroines in the works of some of the greatest authors and poets, there is a delightful volume on *Les Femmes Militaires de la France*, by Alfred Traucleau and Jules Ladimir, which gives details of the life and work of every heroine who has won fame and glory amongst the ranks of the French Army.

The first we learn of the military heroines of France is of Saint Geneviève (451), Frédégonde, Hermangarde, Emma, and those remarkable women of the second crusade, known as "Les Dames aux Bottes d'or et ses compagnes," Blanche of Castille, Jeanne de Montfort, Jeanne de Blois, and the beautiful Jeanne de Belleville, whose husband's death was due to the treachery of the Lord Salisbury of the day (1343.)

In the next epoch we have the women of Orleans, and amongst them the military gem of many stars of female military glory, the intrepid Joan of Arc. Her exploits are too well known to need recapitulation here, so we will pass on to the ladies of Compiègne, who did so much towards the successful defence of that city on the Oise, the twelve brave *chevalières* of Angevines with Marguerite de Bressieux-Anjou at their head; Marguerite d'Anjou, another woman warrior whose deeds are familiar as household words to English readers, La Dame de Brétigny, Jeanne Hachette, and Catherine de Lire. The third epoch introduces us to many interesting women, including Rénée de Balagny, La

Chevalière d'Eon, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Anne de Vaux, all those heroines which French chroniclers name "Les dames de la Rochelle," "Les dames de Lille," and the dragoon—Geneviève Premoy.

Finally there are the heroines of the eighteenth century, the Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont, whose manifold capacities were tested as lawyer, ambassador, writer, courtier and warrior. Her parents ardently desired a son, and when Charlotte was born they did not reveal her sex, but brought her up as a boy, giving her a boy's education. Her career was such an extraordinary one, her military achievements so great, that I can only recommend those who are not acquainted with the facts to read them for themselves. Madame Drucourt, who so bravely withstood the siege of Louisburg in New England (1758), when eighteen thousand English, twenty-three line-of-battle-ships, and eighteen frigates stormed the walls of that city. She was the wife of the governor of Louisburg, and throughout the siege, day and night, she was to be found on the ramparts, her purse in hand, encouraging the soldiers with money, sometimes loading and firing the guns herself, and in every way sharing the perils and the glory of her husband. After Madame Drucourt we must mention the beautiful Corsican patriot, Princess Marie Laetitia Ramolino Bonaparte, mother of the first Napoleon, whose prowess and endurance during the civil wars of her own country would have rendered her famous, apart from the fact of her being the mother of one of the greatest of France's heroes. We must not omit a mention of the Amazons of the French Revolution. These were a battalion of young ladies who, under the name of Amazons, took up arms in 1789, after the taking of the Bastille. They wore a specially designed soldier's dress, they did all a soldier's work, and amongst the outlying districts of France they rendered yeoman service by the way they went about firing the enthusiasm and the love of liberty of the peasantry. These Amazons were never guilty of any excess, they lived pure if strangely unquiet lives, and when the revolutionary movement degenerated into what it did, they disappeared from the military arena, finding their way back to the homes they had left to take up their country's cause, and leaving their place to those shameful women, who, under the name of *Tricoteuses*, dishonoured France and their own sex. From 1789 to 1829, there are two or three dozen military women whose exploits made France ring with their praises, not forgetting brave Citoyenne Théroïgne, general of the army, who was publicly whipped on the terrace of the Tuilleries May 31st, 1793, and Louise Andu, or La Reine Des Halles; there were also Jeanne Lacombe, the comedian who forsook the dramatic for the military arena; Madame de Champrond, the young sisters Félicité and Théophile Fernig, Rose Barreau, the grenadier who was nicknamed "la liberté," and who received in 1805 a military pension from Napoleon I.; Angelique Duchemin, decorated in August 1851, with the Legion of Honour, and who lived at the Invalides until 1860, where she died at the age of 88; Marie Schellinck, one of Napoleon's best officers under the Italian campaign; Theresa Figueur, or as she was known in the regiment "Sans Gène," who had seen four horses die under her, and many others. In Hungarian history the most popular figure is that of Zrimyi Ilona, a female warrior of some merit. She defended the Fort of Munkacs for upwards of three years against the German troops, who on various occasions gave up the bombardment.

I would scarcely be doing justice to the subject of warrior women if mention were not made of those famous creatures, who, according to Orellana, who discovered it, gave the name to the majestic stream which runs through the centre of South America from the Andes of Peru to the Atlantic. The Amazons of South America were at the commencement of the sixteenth century one of the vexed questions of the day in Spain. Every traveller told of their existence, many of futile efforts to trace them, whilst the historians always included some mention of them in their accounts of the country. On the other hand, there were numbers of people who refused to believe in there being such tribes. Humboldt appears to have testified to the existence of tribes of women who lived independent of men. His solution of the matter was that he thought it possible that some women in all parts of America got tired of enduring the state of slavery men imposed upon them, and they resolved to migrate to some part where they might hope to live unmolested, their desire to retain their newly-achieved independence making them into warriors. Thus it seems that the first idea amongst bellicose women was to separate themselves from men; but later experience of them points to a desire to join the ranks of the sterner sex, to adopt their apparel and accoutrements, and in fact to throw off as much as possible the elements of femininities.

In the accounts of Columbus's voyages, there is frequent mention of tribes of women living independently of men in the West Indies. No doubt whatever can be entertained of the existence of the female warriors of Dahomey. Have we not seen them at their martial drill and dances, and heard them singing their strange war-songs and triumph-hymns, one of which runs thus—

"Dahomey, thou art master of the universe,
Thy daughters are more courageous than the men."
We, the Amazons, defend our king," etc.

A great deal that is interesting has been written about this Pretorian guard of the Dahomeyan monarch, several articles appearing in the French reviews in 1889–90–91, soon after the French operations in West Africa, and the memorable attack on Kotonou; and lately our English journals have devoted some space to these Amazons or "Minos" as they are styled at home. These women are very jealous of their soldier rivals, and seem to be afraid of losing or even of sharing the king's affection. They are continually employed in dancing before their master, and in singing him songs in which they tell him that he is stronger than the lion, that with him nothing is impossible, and that they will conquer his adversaries and devour their glens, which declamations apparently please his Dahomeyan majesty greatly. There are about fifteen thousand of these women, who all lived in the king's palace of Abomey, and who, although they are divided into two battalions, the "Elephants" and the "Alligators," the former being the better battalion, are both under one chief.

The French troops found these women-soldiers very formidable antagonists in Dahomey, and some of the encomiums passed upon them by the French army were certainly testimonials of their military skill and extraordinary courage.

In the face of these emancipated females from Africa, whose native country can certainly not claim the title of civilised, with the remembrance of the hundreds of women of all ranks and all countries who in the unenlightened days of the Crusades and other wars, threw off the trammels of womanhood and fought side by side with man for the same object, with the same fervour, how is it that every step woman takes in the direction of securing her own rights is met with sarcasm and put aside with ignominy? With all the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century, we have no better examples of great female courage to show than those given by the Joan of Arcs and the Maids of Saragossa of olden days.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.



HOW TO MAKE A CHILD'S PINAFORE OUT OF TWO POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

THIS little garment is very easily and cheaply made from a couple of cotton handkerchiefs, with coloured or hemstitched borders, such as may be bought anywhere for 2½d., and sometimes even as low as 1d. each.

First cut a strip 2½ inches wide (A) off the top of one handkerchief, then cut that handkerchief in halves (B and C); take the other handkerchief and cut the top straight off (D), making a similar strip to Fig. A. Now cut strips from each side of this same handkerchief (E and F), which pieces you must divide by cutting the lower corner (H) 2½ inches wide off F, then divide F into two equal lengths (F and G).

Now for the making up. Take the large

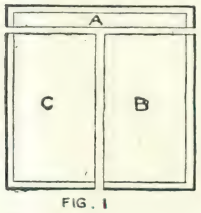


FIG. 1

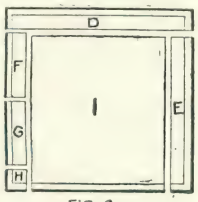


FIG. 2.

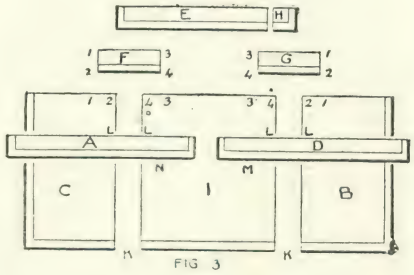
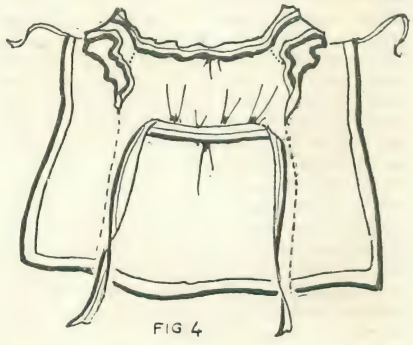


FIG 3

centre piece I; place C and B on each side of it, taking care that the hems, patterns, etc., are correct. Make neat seams from K to L, leaving 4½ inches for arm-hole. Then sew F and G according to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, on top of shoulder; these form a nice little frill. The arm-hole must be hemmed round. Sew H to E, and gather the neck to the exact length of that strip, which you must put on as a band by folding it down its entire length and hemming it on to the gathered neck on both sides; then run a narrow tape through. The long strips A and D must now be joined together. You will find that they are ready hemmed on one side, so only need a similar hem on the other side; these form the waistband. Gather slightly the centre of front of pinafore from M to N, secure it by stitching the centre of waistband across it. If you wish your handiwork to look very smart, you can add a narrow edging round neck and armholes.

"COUSIN LIL."


FIG 4

BEETHOVEN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

PART I.



MOST great musicians have had a very precocious childhood. Mozart composed pieces of music before he was four years old, which were unexceptionable in form and correctness, the only blemish about them being the blots of ink and the smears which were imprinted on the paper by his baby fingers. Mendelssohn wrote compositions before he was ten. When Handel was almost an infant in arms he clambered on to an organ-stool and played the king of instruments. When he reached the advanced age of seven or eight he was sitting up all night long practising music on a spinet in his bedroom. Liszt gave a concert at the age of six, and astonished the greatest critics of Vienna by the wonders of his playing. But contrary to the usual rule, Beethoven, one of the greatest, in the opinion of some the greatest musician who ever lived, was extremely late in developing his powers, was slow of study, dull and refractory, and what must ever amaze us had in his early days a positive aversion to music and all its belongings. Parents, therefore, whose children do not display much ability in their early years may take heart of grace by thinking of the example of the greatest master of the symphony, who had to be flogged to the piano, and learnt so cordially to detest it that at one time in his life there seemed no prospect of his ever becoming a musician at all.

His father was a singer in the private chapel of the Prince Archbishop of Cologne at Bonn, a position somewhat answering to that of lay-clerk in one of our own cathedrals. The elder Beethoven had a small but steady salary in return for his services, and might with thrift and care have brought up his family respectably; but unfortunately he was a most dissipated man. Nearly all his time which was not spent at the services in the chapel was wasted at the beer-gardens in the environs of Bonn. He drank the greater part of his money away, and his poor family had to suffer accordingly. Pinching poverty, squalor, and wretchedness reigned supreme in the Beethoven household, and constant unhappiness was the lot of every member of it. Had it not been for his excellent voice and correct knowledge of music, the dissipated singer would have been turned out of the choir; but his faults and shortcomings were overlooked by those in authority at the chapel, and his family were the unfortunate sufferers who felt it all.

It was when the future composer was a child of seven or eight years that his father noticed him at the piano, endeavouring to hammer out a tune, and appearing well pleased with the pastime wherein he was engaged. This was enough for the coarse mind of the elder Beethoven. He resolved that the child should become a musician and help to earn a little money for the household expenses. Accordingly he took the very means most calculated to counteract the end which he had in view, and issued an edict in his family circle that the boy should practise a certain number of hours every day whether he liked it or not.

Some years before, the musical world of Europe had been electrified by the performances of young Mozart, at that time at the zenith of his reputation, the marvellous child whom the Empress Maria Theresa took upon her lap and kissed in rapture at his playing, who had performed before Queen Caroline of England, and had been the lion of every court in Christendom. The elder Beethoven, with his sordid mind and base notions about art and artists, saw nothing further in the musical ability of his son than the possibility of his becoming a juvenile prodigy like Mozart. He believed that the boy had musical talents if they could only be cultivated, and therefore he determined to flog culture into him as soon as possible with a golden harvest in view.

The life of young Beethoven, which up till now was as miserable as poverty and hunger could make it, became ten times more wretched owing to the enforced labours on the piano, which henceforth were his daily occupation. All the time that could be spared from morning till night he was kept hard at work on the piano. If his father found him remiss in his practice he beat him. If he discovered him absent from the instrument when he should have been sitting there, he flogged him and dragged him back to the hated piano again.

Meanwhile the elder Beethoven, speculating on the rosy future which awaited his son and the fortune which it would bring into the house, indulged his dissipated habits to still greater extent than before. He would often bring home late at night a number of dissipated companions from the tavern, and after regaling them liberally with lager beer and other liquids would propose that his son Ludwig should favour them with a piece on the piano. Accordingly, although the unhappy boy was fast asleep in bed, forgetting for a few brief hours music and all its misery, he was awakened by shouts of "Ludwig" from below, and hastily attiring himself was compelled to

descend, and to the accompaniment of clattering flagons and occasional outbursts of drinking songs, was compelled to play piece after piece until he almost fell off the stool through weariness.

This sort of existence continued with scarcely any change for some years, and it was the happiest day of young Beethoven's life when he left Bonn and started for Vienna. Unfortunately he was not able to stay there for long, and was summoned back to Bonn by the sad news of the illness of his mother. He arrived in time to close her eyes. Her death was a great blow to him. She had shielded him in his infant years from the brutality of his father, and indeed had it not been for her gentle aid the poor boy must have broken down under the hard discipline which the father inflicted on him. Now she was no more, and Beethoven, overcome with grief, wrote to an acquaintance at this date—"No one was happier than I was when I could utter the word 'mother.' There is no one to whom I can say it now."

Beethoven's second visit to Vienna was of longer duration than his first; for while the first was merely a temporary sojourn, the second may practically be said to have lasted all his life. One great advantage which he received on the second visit to the Austrian capital was the benefit of Haydn's tuition. The great composer, whose name was on the lips of every musician in Europe, was now an old man of sixty, whose reputation was secured and whose circumstances were those of comparative opulence. Haydn did not trouble himself very much with correcting his pupil's exercises, and Beethoven, though he worshipped Haydn's musical genius, soon discovered his weakness as a tutor. With that independence of spirit which habitually characterised him, Beethoven did not scruple to act on his discovery, and without more ado transferred his lessons to another master who had less European celebrity but more educational skill.

At this time Beethoven's pianoforte playing was of the highest order of excellence. Despite the fact that his father had behaved to him so brutally, the blind discipline of the elder man must have had very wholesome effects on the culture of the son. His playing was described by those who heard it as brilliant, inspired, and, last not least, correct; without reaching the heights of execution which only the greatest virtuosos obtain, Beethoven's execution might compare with that of anyone in Vienna, at a time when the Austrian capital was famous for its great pianists.

Great composers as a rule are not the greatest players. Composition and execution do not go together in their highest separate manifestations. A great executant is compelled to devote so much time every day to the labour of rehearsing scales and exercises, that he has neither leisure nor inclination to give his evenings to composition. When his labours of the day are ended, his zeal is exhausted, and music for awhile must rest; with a great composer in the same way, life is spent in dreaming of mighty works, in considering great themes, in conceiving and planning in his mind vast architectures of sound; he cannot be expected to feel much interest in the drudgery of music practice, nor is he willing to descend from the clouds in order to refresh himself with cascades of flats and sharps. The two things as a rule do not go together. Let us think of the great executants of to-day—Paderewski, de Pachmann, Madame Schumann, Joachim, Hans von Bülow—they are none of them great composers. Let us in like manner reckon up the great living composers—Verdi, Gounod, Tchaikowsky, Grieg—they are none of them celebrated executants. One striking exception is that of Rubinstein, at once a marvellous executant and a great composer. But such instances are rare.

Beethoven's playing therefore was not of the highest order of excellence, such as that of Liszt, Chopin and others since him, but yet was divine, glorious, and noble. He was frequently invited to the houses of wealthy amateurs in Vienna for the purpose of making one in the trios, quartets, etc, which were the fashionable style of music in those days, and by that means he made a great number of friends. But we do not hear of his giving concerts on his own account, where the main attraction was his own playing, such as was the case with Liszt, Henselt, and other virtuosos. A composer, it may be mentioned *en passant*, suffers sadly from this deficiency in the highest execution, for by means of the latter he could earn a handsome competence with ease, and so relieve himself from the pressure of that poverty which has so often been the lot of the great creative geniuses of the art.

It was in the year 1795 that Beethoven, then twenty-five years old, wrote his first composition which saw the light, viz.:—Three pieces for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello in E flat, G, and C minor. Three sonatas for pianoforte in F minor, A, and C followed, and from that date onward (1795) till 1827, the year of his death, his prolific and inexhaustible muse continued to pour forth music in wonderful profusion. Sonata followed sonata, and symphony symphony. Trios, quartets, songs, overtures, every style, every order of music are represented in his voluminous catalogue of works. Oratorios, masses, and cantatas, have each their representatives, and if he only wrote one opera, it was not because he doubted his ability to succeed in that walk of music, but because he shrank from the life of theatres with which the cultivation of that sphere of art would have brought him into connection.

Let us take as a type of his sonatas that beautiful one, which is known as "Les Adieux L'Absence, et La Retour." It was one of the composer's happiest efforts in a sphere wherein he did not much attempt to shine—we mean "programme music." The sonata is intended to depict the departure of a friend into a foreign land, his absence and his return, and under the three headings quoted the music paints, as well as music may, the impressions and feelings connected with these everyday but still pathetic occurrences. Doubtless Beethoven was led to legitimate such a subject in his otherwise exclusive repertoire, because John Sebastian Bach had once forsaken the paths of fugue and the ways of counterpoint to celebrate a similar event on a similar occasion. Bach's sonata is more realistic than Beethoven's, for in the margin the old contrapuntist has noted the exact bar at which the mourning friends cluster round their departing acquaintance to pay him their "adieux;" he has indicated the melody which is supposed to be the lament of the nearer and dearer friend on the coming absence of the hero, and finally he despatches the traveller to the sound of a post-horn galop, which agreeably to his custom he works up into a fugue. Beethoven's sonata, though differing in many points of treatment from the above, is yet very near it in general conception, and in some parts actually recalls certain passages of the melody. It breathes throughout the tenderest sentiment, the deepest passion, and finally the liveliest joy. These very well contrasted illustrations of human emotion are selected in Adieux, Absence, and Return, and each in its turn receives due measure of expression.

We have mentioned that Beethoven recoiled from the excitement of theatrical life, and preferred the arena of the concert-room for the display of his genius. The only opera he ever wrote, "Fidelio," is rendered particularly interesting from the fact that it was the first attempt ever made to portray the domestic emotions amid the artificial surroundings of the operatic stage. Wearied as we are with a constant succession of tenor lovers and soprano heroines, both alike very romantic and highly unreal, baritone villains and contralto confidants, both equally uninteresting, we find ourselves in "Fidelio" breathing another and a purer air, and the interest of the drama centres on the afflictions of husband and wife, the sufferings of common humanity. Up till Beethoven's time such subjects were unknown to the tragic muse, and since his time how few composers have condescended to follow his example. We know that many librettos were offered him before he made his final choice, and the reason which guided him are given in his own words, viz, "that he might sing of the domestic virtues, which to him were of higher import than the artificial glitter of sentiment which furnishes the basis of most such productions."

To this work Beethoven wrote no less than four overtures, laying aside one after another, and commencing a new one according as his taste or fancy took him. Having completed the fourth, which he intended should be the best, he was dissatisfied with it, and turned back with longing eyes on the second. He would even have commenced a fifth in a spirit of sheer obstinacy or vacillation, had not his friends dissuaded him from making the attempt. The work to which these overtures were composed was three times given in Vienna, and as often was driven from the stage; and not until it had been considerably reduced in bulk, from three acts to two, did it seem to meet the general taste at all, and to attain that imperishable reputation in the world of music which it has since preserved.

But of far higher glory and abiding renown than anything which he achieved in the domain of music, are his immortal nine symphonies, in which he displays the climax of his art; all that is most sweet, most noble, and most grand in the conceptions of Beethoven meet and are focused in these immortal productions. The ancients gave the names of the nine muses to the nine books of Herodotus' history. It would be a compliment fully as much deserved if titles equally honourable and appropriate were bestowed upon Beethoven's nine masterly compositions. The first symphony overruns with lovely melody and frolics in sweet sound in a way more resembling the art of Haydn than the more melancholy music of Beethoven. In the second symphony, we find a greater depth of thought, more earnestness, stronger determination, a higher and sublimer aim. Yet still the charm of lovely and enchanting melody hangs about this symphony too, and the composer is plainly still under the dominion of the spirit of beauty.

The third symphony, or the "Eroica," is a singular one so far as its title goes, and a noble one in its matter and expression. It was written shortly before the assumption of the title of Emperor by Napoleon Bonaparte, in the palmy days of the French revolution, when that monarch was still First Consul, and when all the world believed that in France was found the realisation of that political happiness which a republic alone was supposed to give. Beethoven, among the other ardent spirits of his time, was perfectly of this way of thinking. He believed that as France was then, so she would go on till the end of time. He admired, he almost worshipped the great First Consul, as one of the noblest and most self-denying of men. He compared him in his heart to the great lawgivers and patriots of antiquity, and felt that he could pay no greater tribute of respect to the marvellous hero than to write a symphony in his honour and to dedicate the work with a formal acknowledgment to him.

Accordingly he entered on the task with

zeal and enthusiasm. The symphony, martial in spirit, begins with that familiar phrase of melody, rendered common by the flourish on the bugle. From this military flourish it branches off into the noblest and most colossal harmony, repeating for awhile the opening phrase. Noble airs succeed, and the interest of the listener is wrought up to the highest pitch by the stupendous architecture of sound which the great master builds around this elementary idea, by the admirable and ingenious manner in which he varies the music, the unexpected episodes he introduces, the masterly development of the leading subjects which follow one another in a grandiose manner throughout the movement. It is followed by a grave and solemn march emblematical of the death of the hero. Funeral marches have been written by Handel and Chopin, both of which have attained almost world-wide celebrity. Handel's "Dead March in Saul" is the best known of any such composition, and deserves the high place in public estimation which is accorded it as *par excellence* the funeral march. Chopin's Funeral March is infinitely more touching and tender, though less grand and sublime. It has a plaintive and well-marked melody running through it which Handel's has not, and for this reason has doubtless commended itself more to people's sympathies of late. Beethoven's funeral march in the "Eroica" symphony combines the salient features of both of these great marches. It has the grandeur and sublimity of Handel's march, the plaintive melody of Chopin's. Both are combined in a masterly and remarkable manner. The affections are touched, the heart moved, the spirit exalted.

Succeeding this funeral march in the symphony comes a rapid passage, the *scherzo*, full of fine and thrilling effects, and to conclude, a grand and elaborate *finale*. Thus is the symphony constituted which Beethoven wrote in honour of Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul of the French Republic.

The work was written; the manuscript was laboriously completed and ready to pass into the printer's hands, when suddenly, to the dismay of its composer, came the intelligence that Bonaparte had been so selfish and unpatriotic as to upset the French Republic altogether and procure himself the title of emperor, converting the ideal commonwealth into a despotism. Beethoven, in an access of rage, tore off the dedication page and threw the symphony on to the floor. He would not allow anyone to pick it up, and declared he should consider it a personal injury if anyone removed the manuscript from the floor, or alluded to the symphony in his presence.

We may be surprised that the indignant composer did not tear the whole of the music to pieces instead of limiting the wreaking of his wrath to the title-page alone. But it is a peculiarity of musical composers, and doubtless we ought to add of authors likewise, that they are singularly careful not to destroy any of their own manuscripts, even in a fit of passion. Composers seem to be pre-eminently careful of this, whatever authors may be. The French composer Lully was the author of a musical work which was not in the best taste, and which by the views it propounded about things in general brought on him the censure of the church. The ecclesiastical dignitaries who took him to task for the rash and careless words which he had set to music and reprimanded him for the ill which he had done, agreed after awhile to a compromise. They said that if he would destroy the manuscript of the piece and submit in this way to the cruellest blow which can fall on a composer, they would pardon him the offence he had committed. We must explain in elucidation of this story, that in those days works were performed chiefly from manuscript, and with the destruction of the orchestral parts and of the original manuscript from whence they were taken, the work was practically annihilated. Lully undertook to submit to this severe self-sacrifice in order to reconcile those in authority with him. A bonfire was made of the orchestral parts to which the precious manuscript itself was added; and the clerical big-wigs whom he had offended were appeased by this instance of submission, and agreed to make no more allusion to the matter.

"How comes it, Lully," said a friend to him shortly after the occurrence, "that you have consented to destroy the manuscript of your work in deference to the wishes of others? You, who prize your manuscripts so highly—how came you to allow this particular one to be destroyed?"

"My friend," replied Lully, "I have kept a copy of it."

In the same way Beethoven, boiling over with indignation against Napoleon, was yet sufficient master of himself to keep his fingers off the main portion of the MS., and after destroying the title-page allowed the work to lie for days neglected on the floor, keeping a sharp eye, however, to see that the servant did not carry it off to the dustbin, or use it to light the fire with. At last his rage subsided so far that he had patience to look on the neglected composition again. What was he to do with it? The symphony had been written in honour of Napoleon. All Napoleon's career was described there. It was admirable music and must not be wasted. Accordingly he resolved to dedicate it to an impersonal hero. He named it anew "The Hero's Symphony," or as we more commonly call it, "The Eroica," and ere long produced it in Vienna.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Coral Growing Pale.

It was formerly superstitiously supposed that coral became pale when those who wore it were ill. Thus, in the *Three Ladies of London*, published in 1584, we find—

"You may say jet will take up a straw,
amber will make one fat;
Coral will look pale when you be sick,
and crystal will staunch blood."

The Friendships of Youth.—Of unspeakable importance are the friendships which we form in youth. That is the season when natures soft and pliant grow together, each becoming part of the other and coloured by it; thus, to become one in heart with the good, and generous, and devout, is, by God's grace, to become in a measure good, and generous, and devout.

"Common Taters."—A clergyman was much surprised one day at receiving a basket of potatoes from an old woman in his parish, with a message saying that as he had remarked in his sermon on the previous Sunday that some "common taters" (commentators) did not agree with him, she had sent him some real good ones.

An Engaging Conversation.

Bashful Suitor: "What would you consider an engaging conversation?"

Quick-witted Maiden: "Well, if you said to me, 'Be mine,' and I replied, 'Why, certainly.'"

In the Editor's Room.

"Give me your candid judgment on these lines," said the young lady of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes," replied the editor, looking them over; "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind-hearted man, letting her down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."

Marrying in China.

When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate the fact to a professional "match-maker," who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's card, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the day of his birth.

If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, tied together with red cords.

Only a Trifle.—Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

Double Acrostic I.

Two motive powers, that rule us through our life,
In poverty or affluence, peace or strife;
The one allures us by its gentle sway;
The other goads us through a hateful way
To guilt and suffering—yet we must obey.

1. The outlaw, who entered the knights' banquet-hall
   And murdered their monarch in sight of them all.
2. The beautiful queen, whose soft blandishments take
   Such effect that the hero consents, for her sake,
   To be robed like her damsels from cestus to hem
   And, prone at her feet, to sit spinning like them.
3. A colony famous for wool and for gold,
   Above ground, below ground, has riches untold:
   It received from the sovereign ruling at home
   A name of good omen for ages to come.
4. The wisest of kings in the times when he reigned,
   Though his title, "The Peaceful," in scorn he obtained;
   He raised from his subjects, so chroniclers told,
   A tribute in wolves'-heads instead of in gold.

Ximena.

"THE WISHING WELL."

By ADA M. TROTTER.

As we roamed through the dewy meads,
My love and I,
A well 'midst fern and rustling reeds
We did espy.

"When you the crystal waters drink,
Wish silently,"
These words were carven on the brink,
The goblet nigh.

Long bent she o'er the fateful cup,
While I drew near,
All silently, at length did sup
The waters clear.

The goblet then she filled for me,
My love so dear;
But in her eyes mine heart could see
A look of fear.

I took her gentle hands in mine,
(The cup o'erthrown
Fell splash 'midst fern and creeping vine)
And she, my own.

As we roamed back across the meads,
My love and I,
The shadows swept the rustling reeds,
Yet passed us by.



LIFTED UP.

By the Author of "The Knock at the Door."

CHAPTER I.

"MASTER LESLIE, Miss Laura says you're not to spin your top any more, you make such a noise, and Master Herbert is trying to go to sleep; you're to be quiet!"

"Oh, dear, it's always the same! What does he want to sleep now for?" Leslie looked quite discontented for a moment, as he slowly put his new top away in its box. "I'd just got it to spin properly to show Herbert at tea-time! What does Laura want him to sleep in the day for?"

"His cough kept him awake all last night, and he's tired, so sit down and be quiet, and don't fidget about; you know you're just over his head."

With another sigh Leslie subsided into a seat, and amused himself for a time by cutting a very misshapen, unsteady L on the arm of his little chair with a new pocket-knife. Fascinating as this employment was, however, the result was not wholly satisfactory, and he decided not to carve a corresponding V for Vaughan on the other arm, as he had at first intended. Indeed, he would not have been sorry to have been able to obliterate the L after all, had it been possible, for it looked nothing but a ragged, white scratch on the polished, black wood, and he was sure that no one, least of all nurse, would admire it, or look upon it as an improvement; but as vigorous rubbing with his sleeve and handkerchief produced no effect whatever, he shut up his knife and put the chair away in its corner.

"Nurse, I suppose you haven't such a thing as a book with pictures in it for me to look at, have you?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," nurse answered, not looking up from the novel she was reading. "You've got plenty of your own."

"Yes; but you see I know them all. I should like something quite fresh," Leslie said, peering up curiously at the yellow-backed volume in her hand. "What a nice picture there is outside your book, nurse! Is that someone killing someone? Oh, it does look interesting! And what is that lady doing with the white veil on? Are there any more pictures inside like that?"

"No, there are not! Do go away, there's a good boy, and don't chatter so!"

Poor Leslie sighed again as he moved away, with a side glance of great regret towards his new top, and, opening a cupboard door, proceeded to drag out a heap of somewhat torn and ragged books on to the nursery floor; but they were all so familiar, and had done duty so often on similar occasions, that in the end they were all thrust discontentedly back again, and presently he left the room, returning, after some considerable time, with a large and heavy volume, which he had some difficulty in carrying, and which he deposited on the hearthrug with a sigh of content, and opened with eager hands.

"Master Leslie, whatever have you got there?" nurse exclaimed presently, as, in turning over a leaf in her novel, her eye happened to fall on the child stretched on the rug in the fire-light, with the ponderous tome before him. "Why, I declare if you haven't fetched a book up out of the library! You naughty boy, you know you oughtn't to touch anything in there! What would Miss Laura say if she was to see it! You have no business to go into that room at all, nor to take any of the books out! You've got plenty of your own, and if it was spoilt, or any harm came to it, I should be blamed for what you'd done!"

"Father let me look at it the last time I was in there," said Leslie calmly. "He was glad for me to be quiet, he said, and it's so full of pictures it keeps me still. I thought you wanted me to be quiet too—don't you?"

"Well, there, as you've got it, you may look at it for once; but don't you ever go and bring another book up, mind, or I shall get into trouble!"

Leslie turned the pages of the old-fashioned, solidly-bound family Bible he had unearthed from a bottom shelf in the library, with careful fingers, noting the delightful frequency of the pictures with great content—Adam and Eve in the garden he had seen before, and passed over with a mere glance as it did not particularly interest him; the picture of Cain too, killing his brother Abel with a thick cudgel, he rather avoided, having heard the story from nurse; but Noah leading the animals two by two into the Ark was an old friend, as it were, and deeply interesting, as was also the building of the spiral Tower of Babel; Abraham preparing to offer up Isaac was rather terrible, because of the agonised look the artist had imparted to Isaac's face, which, together with Abraham's occupation of binding him with a rope, seemed to suggest some very severe punishment; but Rebekah at the well was a great favourite, mostly on account of the camels about, and the handsome chain the servant was putting round Rebekah's neck, whilst Joseph, receiving his many-coloured coat, and his reception of his brothers at the court of Pharaoh, and Moses in his pretty little cradle amongst the bulrushes, were in the highest degree interesting and delightful, and were well studied. He was only five years old, and was a rather lonely little boy, the youngest of a family of six, three of whom had died



MY LOVE AND I.

when quite little, leaving a gap of ten years between his brother Herbert, who had been mostly away at school, up to within the last few months, and himself, whilst Laura, who was nineteen, and her father's housekeeper and right hand since her mother's death, could hardly be expected to find much time to spare for her little brother, who was left almost solely to the care of the nurse.

There had been perfect silence in the room for the space of some twenty minutes or so, broken only by the rustle of carefully-turned pages from the hearthrug, and an occasional sniff from nurse, as she followed her heroine through the closing pages of her novel, when Leslie suddenly exclaimed—

"Nurse, what does this picture mean? Look at those horrible snakes!"

Nurse stopped to read the final words of her book, and wiped her eyes, as she laid it down with a sigh; then taking up her work, she glanced across at the open volume on the hearthrug. Leslie was sitting upright now, looking with intense disfavour at a very vivid representation of a number of men and women lying on the ground, some dead, with upturned, ghastly faces, some in attitudes suggestive of intensest agony, whilst amongst them, twining about their limbs, or gliding from one body to another, were numberless snakes, portrayed with life-like accuracy, and whose vicious-looking heads and forked tongues were specially noticeable.

"Oh, do look at them, nurse! How dreadful they are!"

"Turn the book round a little so that I can see," nurse said. "Oh, that's when the children of Israel were naughty in the wilderness, and grumbled, as you do sometimes, and complained about their food and that, so God punished them that way! You see how wicked it is to find fault with your food."

"But what are all those nasty snakes doing?" asked Leslie.

"Why, they're biting the people and killing them; don't you see? All those people in that corner are dead—see, the snakes are leaving them to run to these others; that snake there has just bitten that woman's neck. Everybody they bit died at once."

"But couldn't they run away from the snakes?" asked Leslie, looking at them with the deepest aversion. "They could have killed them with knives or swords or something, couldn't they? Why did they let them come near them?"

"Why, because they couldn't help themselves, of course! Look at them everywhere about; they couldn't escape them anyhow."

"Not if they climbed on to those rocks there? They might have got up there out of the way. Snakes can't climb, can they?"

"I expect those snakes could," nurse answered, counting her stitches calmly. "You see you can't escape punishment if you're naughty, and God's very angry, always when people grumble, especially about food, so don't let me hear any more complaints about rice-pudding at dinner! You see what grumbling led to!"

"Hadn't they any horses they could have jumped on to, and galloped away from them?" asked Leslie. "Snakes can't run as fast as horses can."

"Well, but you see they haven't any horses in the picture, so they couldn't gallop away; besides, they wouldn't have escaped the snakes if they had."

"One has climbed on to this man's stick; look, he's pointing to it!" said Leslie, with a shudder. "Why doesn't he throw it down and run away? It will bite him too!"

"Where's that? Oh, that's Moses with the brazen serpent. You know little Moses in the bulrushes you're so fond of, well, that's him grown up, leading the children of Israel through the wilderness to another country. He was very good, and he prayed to God about the snakes, because so many people were dying, and God told him to make one in brass and put it on a pole and hold it up so that the people should see, and when they looked at it they were cured at once."

"How did it cure them?" asked Leslie.

"Ah, that's more than I can say! All I know is, directly they looked at that serpent they were all right again."

"And was that all they had to do, only just to look at it?" Leslie asked, looking at it himself with much interest.

"That's all! No doctors to come, no medicine to take, no binding up or plasters, only just a look towards that pole and they were as well as ever they were!"

Leslie looked very attentively at the twisted serpent.

"Would looking at it cure other things beside snake-bites, nurse?" he asked, after a pause.

"I daresay. If it would cure one thing it might another," nurse answered. "I don't know anything about that."

What a funny sort of cure it was, Leslie thought; and as he bent over the picture, studying the figure of Moses and his odd-shaped pole and serpent, the idea crossed his mind that it would have been very nice if Herbert had lived then, so that he could have looked at it and been cured of his bad cough and got quite well again. "Why aren't they all looking at it then?" he asked. "Look at this man, he has his back turned to it!"

"I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps he's dead."

"No, he isn't, he has his eyes open; perhaps he doesn't know Moses is there holding it up, as he's behind him."

"Well, if he died it was his own fault then, for he'd only got to turn his head and to look at the pole. But I daresay some of them didn't believe it would cure them. Very likely some said, 'what good would looking at a thing like that do them,' and so they wouldn't trouble to look at it!"

"How silly!" cried Leslie. "Wasn't it silly of them, nurse? If they'd only tried, they might have lived! I wonder if there were many who didn't believe it?" He looked again at the rather crowded picture, quite excited at the competition, as it were, between Moses' pole and the horrible writhing snakes. "Oh, look here, nurse, there's one man almost dead and another man's telling him about the brass serpent. See, he's pointing to it! I wonder if he looked? Perhaps he wasn't strong enough to turn! What would he do? Nurse, do you think the other man lifted him round so that he could see?"

"Very likely. I expect he'd manage to be cured somehow!"

"But if there was a blind man there, nurse, what would he do? He couldn't see the pole if he was quite blind, could he?"

"Oh, I daresay there were no blind people there!" nurse answered, calmly. "If Moses could cure snake-bites, he could cure blindness too."

"Yes, to be sure!" said Leslie, contentedly. "And the snakes couldn't kill anyone whilst Moses was there holding up the pole with the brass serpent on it, could they?"

"Not if they looked at it, of course," said nurse. "Of course if they didn't they died."

"And you think everyone could see him if they liked? All those people in the distance there? They don't seem as if they could, they're such a long way off!"

"You may depend upon it everybody knew," nurse said, decidedly. "Do you suppose if someone were to hold up a brazen serpent in London, anywhere, to cure people by looking at it, everybody wouldn't contrive to see it if they had anything the matter with them?"

"Oh, I wish there would come one here!" exclaimed Leslie, eagerly. Then he added more slowly, after a pause, "But if they were very ill, and couldn't walk—like Herbert?"

"Well, I should just wrap Herbert up in a blanket and carry him there," nurse said, comfortably, "so he'd see it as well."

Leslie was very pleased and thought it very kind of nurse to promise that Herbert should not lose such a chance.

"I like Moses, he has such a nice face, I think," he said, looking with much interest at the representation of the great law-giver, and carefully avoiding a glance at the loathsome snakes in the foreground that made him shudder to think of. "Don't such things happen often now, nurse?"

"No; that all happened when the world was young," nurse answered, sententiously. "Things were very different then; you can see how differently people dressed, even! And now shut the book up, and carry it down and put it away carefully again; then come up and have your face and hands washed. It's just upon five o'clock, and master Herbert will be wanting his tea!"

Leslie obeyed rather slowly, with a surreptitious peep at other most interesting looking pictures as he carefully closed the book; then he carried it downstairs and replaced it on the lowest shelf of the long book-case in the library. Just as he began to remount the stairs to the nursery again, the dining-room door was opened and the well-known figure of the doctor who attended Herbert slowly crossed the hall to the front door. He looked very grave; but Leslie's attention was taken up by the peep he had obtained into the dining-room as he passed out, and of Laura sitting with her face hidden on the dining-room table as if she were crying. Could she be ill, too? But just then nurse's voice was heard calling him to be quick, and he made haste to get ready for tea.

All was very quiet and still in the room downstairs, when he descended a few minutes later; tea had not been brought up, nor was the lamp lighted, and Herbert had evidently gone to sleep again on his sofa, drawn up into the flickering firelight, for he did not seem to hear the door being opened and shut. Leslie seated himself on a stool in front of the fire, rather disappointed, but consoled by the reflection that Herbert would have to wake up in a minute or two, when tea was brought in. As he sat watching the flames, and wondering whether nurse would let him have some strawberry jam for tea if Herbert would like some, there was a movement on the sofa, and a rather uncertain voice said huskily, "Leslie, old fellow, is that you?"

"Yes," said Leslie, jumping up with alacrity; "which jam would you like best for tea, Herbert? Strawberry or raspberry, because I'll ask nurse for whichever you choose."

"Neither; I don't want any tea;" the voice was still more husky.

Leslie could scarcely believe his ears. No tea! With a choice of such jams! "Why, it's tea-time, and aren't you hungry?" he exclaimed. "What a funny thing! I'm so dreadfully hungry; I wish Jane would be quick! Oh, I forgot my top! It spins beautifully. I'll run and fetch it for you!"

"No; I don't want to see the top; come here." Herbert stretched out a hot, feverish hand, and grasped his little brother's as he turned his face more towards the firelight. Leslie saw with astonishment that his eyes were swollen and wet, as if with tears. "Leslie, old man, do you know that I shall never get well again?" There was such a tragic look in the dim eyes that rested on Leslie's, that he felt frightened and awed.

"Why not!" he asked, trembling in spite of himself.

"I shall never go back to school and see the fellows again, nor play cricket, nor ride old Jack, nor help father, as he said I should, nor go to the seaside together and swim, or go for rows as we used to. Everything has ended for me." Herbert's voice choked.

"Why sha'n't you go, Herbert?" asked Leslie, still trembling. "What are you going to do?"

"I shall never make a name after all, as I promised mother I would! I have to die and go away alone, and be buried under ground and forgotten, and never see the sun, or hear the birds, or see you and father and Laura again." He turned his face to the pillow again.

Leslie, still more frightened, began to sob. "Why are you going away, Herbert? Don't go! I don't want you to go! Why must you?"

"Hush! Don't cry, old fellow, never mind, it's all right!" Herbert raised himself with an effort, and tried to speak soothingly; but Leslie had clambered on to the sofa, and for a minute or two the brothers, for all their difference in years, clung to each other convulsively. "There, never mind, old chap, I didn't mean to make you cry! It's all right, you know; everybody must die, I know, and I may as well face it bravely, only"—something swelled in his throat—"it does seem so hard, when I was getting on so well at school, and father was talking about college——"

"Are you very ill then, Herbert?" asked Leslie, wiping his eyes very hard, and trying to be brave like his brother.

Herbert nodded. "Dr. Westwood told me this afternoon that I can't get well again. Mother died of consumption, and so shall I. He said it was better I should know the truth, and I sha'n't mind soon, I daresay; it's only just at first——"

"Why can't he cure you?" Leslie asked.

"No one can cure consumption—it's deadly; they couldn't cure mother, you know!"

"I wish someone would hold up a brass serpent on a pole somewhere, so that nurse could carry you out to look at it—don't you, Herbert?"

"A brass serpent on a pole?"

"Yes; like Moses cured the snake-bites with, you know; then you could look at it and get quite well again. Oh, I do wish one would come here!"

"I don't care about Moses and his brass pole; it's a cure for consumption I want. I wish there were that!" said Herbert, with a long, deep sigh. "It's so dreadful to think of being buried, being put into the ground, never to see anyone any more!" He shuddered.

"Nurse says people go to heaven," Leslie said eagerly. "She says mother's in heaven; she's said so often."

"Mother may be. She was older, and she was very good, and did a lot of things, I know; but I shall be down there in the dark and the cold, I know, whilst you will all be here, just the same, in the light, with plenty of people to talk to! You're so cold and still when you're dead. I saw Jim Cleaver who died at school, and I can never forget how he looked!"

"How did he look?" asked Leslie, deeply interested.

"Oh, white, and still and dreadful"—again Herbert shuddered. "I wish you were going with me, old man. I wish I hadn't to die alone." He threw his arm round Leslie, and laid his head on his little brother's curly one. "I wish I hadn't to die alone," he repeated, with a break in his voice that was a sob. "I feel afraid of it, somehow; it seems all so dark and awful and mysterious. I can't forget Jim Cleaver."

"Did he die alone too?" asked Leslie, in an awestruck voice. It seemed, somehow, very terrible!

"Yes; people always do, you know—mother did. I wonder if it hurts to die? And what happens then? I wonder if I shall live anywhere afterwards, and if I shall be able to see you all down here? I can't bear the thought of sleeping for ever and ever!"

"Perhaps they won't put you in the ground, Herbert, and then you wouldn't be *in the dark* and cold!" suggested poor little Leslie hopefully.

Herbert sighed and shook his head. "Clergymen always tell you that good people go to heaven and live again; people like mother, who go to church three times on Sundays, and give away their money, and visit sick people, and take them things and are always good; but I never did anything like that! I wonder if there is such a place as hell? I'd rather sleep for good than go there."

"Nurse says only wicked people go to hell," Leslie said; "and you're not wicked, you know, Herbert."

Again Herbert shook his head. "You're a good little chap, Leslie, but you don't understand. I wish I didn't think I should have to look like Jim Cleaver. I wonder where he is? If one could only know something for certain about it all! There, get down, dear; there's Jane with the tea, and I hear Laura coming; get down."

And at that moment tea did make its appearance, and Laura bustled in, very brisk and cheerful, but with very red eyes. "Why, you're all in the dark!" she exclaimed, lighting the lamp quickly. "There, that's better! Why, how hot and uncomfortable you look, Herbert! Let me shake up that pillow." Her voice sounded odd, Leslie thought; and as she bent over the sofa, deftly replacing the pillow under Herbert's head, she whispered passionately, "I don't believe Dr. Westwood knows anything about it! I shall make father send for someone else! You'll get well again in time, I'm sure you will! Don't think you are going to die, for we won't let you! And now we'll have a nice tea, and I sha'n't let you mope alone any more! We'll have a game at Halmar after, and then I'll read a nice story-book to you; it'll cheer you up."

(To be continued.)

"THE PATTERN WIFE."

By the Rev. C. H. GRUNDY, M.A.



In our last monthly part the qualities in the ideal daughter were discussed, the conduct of such a daughter in relation to her father, mother, and brothers and sisters, was described, and the value of the interval between school life and marriage was urged. Let us now suppose the case of a girl who has employed that interval well, and who, after some bright, useful, dutiful years in her father's house, has given her hand to some honest noble-minded man, and is installed in her new home, where everything possible to secure her happiness has been provided, so far as her husband's means and thoughtfulness can ensure it.

Consider now the gain to her by the past experiences in the father's home. The mistakes of the past can now be avoided. For every girl is sure to make mistakes. Still, in the father's house there are others ready to point them out and to rectify them, whereas no one with sense dares to interfere in the married life of a young couple, whatever errors they commit. But the very closeness of the relationship between husband and wife renders mistakes all the more disastrous, therefore the need of proper training before marriage cannot be overrated. Half the misery of early married life is the result of either ignorance or narrow-mindedness; but indeed narrow-mindedness is merely ignorance in another guise. The following quotation from a sermon by a well-known clergyman will illustrate my meaning. Speaking of the young wife, he says:—

"She does not know this and that and the other, because she has never been told. She knows next to nothing about men. She is surprised to find her husband's mind on nearer acquaintance so unlike her own. She thinks he ought never to be pre-occupied. He comes home tired, she thinks he is cross. His mind is still full of business details; although he has not seen her all day, he can hardly speak to her; he must go to his study and make a few notes. She thinks he is concealing something from her, and so, when he comes out of his study with a clear brow and wants her society, she is affronted: it is now his turn to wonder. Or again, she cannot estimate the value of his time; she cannot see the necessity for his glancing through the *Times* in the morning instead of talking to her, although the whole work of the day may turn on something seen in the morning paper. She has no idea of the relative importance of different things—a bit of ribbon and a political speech are equally important in her eyes, or rather the first is more important than the second. Why any exertion should be made for anything outside the family, or for anything which does not bear upon the narrow home circle, is unintelligible to her."

This plain speaking is of a kind to make us thoughtful, and among a large audience like this, such language may hit home in more than one instance.

Then also there is the frequent mistake arising from pretentious extravagance in the size of the house selected, the style of food, or the display of dress, or the money spent on amusements. People with limited incomes cannot, as the phrase is, "go everywhere and do everything," and the attempt to behave with a small income as though you had a large one, not only makes you ridiculous, but brings, and quickly too, dreadful money anxieties into the home. It is quite refreshing now and then to meet with a married couple courageous enough to give the real reason why they do not do certain things, why, for example, they keep clear of an expensive seaside place when seeking a holiday. When a man and woman honestly say "we can't afford it," their words command the respect of sensible people, and help to render society a little less hollow. A genuine reason of the right kind, firmly given, for not following a fashion, always does good, and strengthens the "weaker brethren" who hear it. Another mistake is that of self-indulgence on the part of the wife, owing to the fact that her husband is in town all day. There are homes where, by degrees, the entire

establishment is in disorder until far into the afternoon, while the wife gradually gets into the way of thinking that want of method matters little in the earlier part of the day, so long as things are got into fairly good order by the time the husband arrives from town. Lazy, self-indulgent habits grow very easily.

Happy is that young wife whose training in her father's house has firmly fixed in her character, activity, order, and tidiness.

The great thought a young wife should have in her mind ought to be this—I must let my influence be a helpful one to my husband. Helpfulness is the keynote to harmonious married life. Hear the words of Rousseau: "Men will always be what women make them; if, therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are." Hear also the words of Ruskin: "No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion." Help your husband to do right. Women do not understand how hard it is for men to do right. Public opinion is not as potent for virtue among men as among women. The wife's duty is to maintain the high standard of uprightness in her husband's heart, which he acknowledges to be the best one in his highest moments; uprightness in business; uprightness in social life; uprightness on all moral questions. Men look to good women to save them from their lower selves and keep them out of the mire and clay. Rousseau and Ruskin do not at all exaggerate the marvellous influence of women. If you are wise you will also help your husband forward in an honourable career of usefulness and success. Identify yourself with his prospects; talk them over with him, consult together as to plans, and ways and means. Join your interests to his interests beyond the sphere of home. Let him feel that no department of his life lies outside your life. Urge him to a right ambition, and, if needful, undertake some self-sacrifice to further his desires and aims. Many a man has been chilled into inertia by the frigid reception his wife has given to the exposition of the schemes and wishes he has for the future. Many a life of intended public usefulness has been dwarfed and stunted by the withering process of constant disapproval and disparagement on the part of a narrow-minded wife; while, on the other hand, signal instances could be given where the man owed a large portion of his success in life to the talent, tact and advice of his wife. For example, Lord Beaconsfield, Tom Hood, Anthony Trollope, Augustus Sala. Many others might be named. But of this be sure, that your powers of making home happy, of assisting your husband, comforting him in sorrow, nursing him in illness, encouraging him in those moments when business trials weigh heavy on him, when disappointments and losses almost overwhelm him, will depend greatly on the use you have made in the old home of the countless opportunities afforded you there of qualifying yourself for becoming a pattern wife. Let us now note some of the characteristics of the virtuous wife, as sketched in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, verse 13—"She worketh willingly with her hands." In her eyes nothing is menial, nothing degrading if it is helpful and useful. She is not afraid to soil her hands, or to perform acts of service some might consider beneath them. She is not the kind of hostess who would be ashamed to open the door herself if she saw you coming, and the servant were busy. She has no false ideas of what a lady may not do. She is on the alert to help; "she worketh willingly with her hands." She is also an early riser (verse 15), and plans out the day for her dependents that there may be no confusion. There is no excuse for healthy girls to come down late to breakfast, and so to waste some of the most precious hours of the day. A brisk mistress makes a brisk household. In the same verse you will see that she also arranges the meals, and apportions the food. In verse 16 it is mentioned that, as we should say, out of her own money, she was able to buy an estate. No doubt that money was partly saved from her allowance and partly earned by her skilful weaving of clothing, some for the household, and some for sale. It is always a great satisfaction to a thrifty wife to be able, directly or indirectly, to contribute towards the increase of the family property, and to thus improve the position of her husband and children. The ideal wife is also very careful when speaking about other people and their affairs; she knows when it is well to keep silent. She does not go about a neighbourhood chattering from house to house and repeating rumours. Many a man has been obliged to remove from a locality because of the mischief done by a wife, who says out at once whatever she has heard, or whatever comes into her head, but we are especially told (verse 26) that among the "properties of a good wife" (see heading to the chapter) prudence in conversation is included; "she openeth her mouth with wisdom." And further, "in her tongue is the law of kindness;" she makes it a rule to be gentle and courteous to all, not excepting the poor. She has a sweet, winning, irresistible manner and deportment. She never says bitter things to people. Charity is the law of her life and conversation. This picture of a good wife is as true and complete as ever. When we read it we recognise the portrait of a busy, sensible, well-educated, kind-hearted gentlewoman, beloved by all, and at a value above rubies.

One or two more features of her behaviour to her husband may now be indicated. She will be honest and firm, but very quiet, in the statement of her opinions and convictions. She will not sink her own individuality because of her love. Her judgment must be founded on reason. She will be ready to be convinced by argument, but the sincerity of her character will not permit her to pretend to be convinced, merely for the sake of peace. It is very hard to be obliged to differ from those we love, but at times it is our duty. A wife who dare not state her firm conviction is not doing her duty to her husband. Numberless homes, now gone to pieces, might have been saved, had the advice of the wife been asked and acted upon by the husband, or, if the wife, no matter how much it pained her, had refused to give way, or to move from what she knew to be the best course. The wife often approaches a question from a more unbiased direction than the husband does. My advice to young wives is to remember to be ready to prevent their husbands from forming hasty plans or action, or from accepting the suggestions of men, whom the husband believes, but whose insincerity and duplicity the wife perceives by a kind of instinct. Pray for a right judgment in all things, and for the moral courage to stand firm where firmness is needed. Your husband, in looking back, will thank you for your timely aid and for the strength you supplied him in moments when he was weak.

Next, be companionable in every sense of the term. To be companionable is not as easy as it appears. People may live together and yet not be truly companionable; they may share the same pursuits and recreations, and to the world may seem what is called very suitable to one another, without being completely in harmony. To win love is one thing, to retain it is another. The companionable wife will try to be really responsive to the thoughts and ideas of her husband. She will endeavour to cultivate a quick comprehension of what is in his mind, of what he leaves unsaid as well as of what he expresses, of his view of difficulties, of pleasure, his way of viewing literary questions, scientific matters and the great subject of religion. Many a man, while loving his wife truly and deeply, has gradually, though with regret, given up attempting to speak about things very precious to him, or problems fascinating to him. He knows it would be a waste of time to go again the weary round of conversation, which has, in the past, caused him to feel what a gulf there was between them; not in their love, but in their companionship. Similarity of thought, taste, feeling, aims, is a thing which can be cultivated. Cultivate companionship. Again, may I remind you of the advantage of what is termed "keeping up your accomplishments after you are married." Why should the easel, or the piano, or the voice, be neglected now that you are married? Surely they were not merely means to an end now attained! One often hears married women say—"Oh! I've given all that up now," "I have not touched the piano for months," and "in singing I am quite out of practice." Why should this be? Homes need all the sunshine that accomplishments can give them. She is but a foolish woman who thinks lightly of her talents, when they were given her for the purpose of dispensing pleasure and mental refreshment to those around her. Accomplishments assist that air of refinement which renders the home a salutary antidote to the coarseness of the world, and which is in itself one of the most attractive parts of a proper hospitality. Among the characteristics of the new home allow those mentioned in the marriage service to be prominent, "quietness, sobriety, and peace," not a round of excitement, but a climate of restfulness, not a tendency to excess, but a reasonable self-restraint; not a dual warfare of argument and contention, but a peaceful sense of perfect trustfulness in one another. To these add, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." Month by month, year by year, new ways of pleasing one another by a growing unselfishness will suggest themselves. All that is pure and lovely will expand in the congenial surroundings of your refined and well-regulated home.

Let me close these remarks to young married women by three things, which Bishop Thorold once mentioned in an address to wives. They were sympathy, truthfulness, and intercession. And by sympathy I mean more than mere sorrow at the sight of suffering. A wife's sympathy will render her tender-hearted, quick to forgive, ready to excuse, willing to concede in trifles, able to view things from another's standpoint and so to make allowances. Sympathy nurses the sick, comforts the sorrowful, pours oil on the troubled waters of disagreement, smooths over difficulties, prevents collisions, restores self-respect, encourages the down-hearted, shares all successes, is partner in all disappointments. Sympathy is the chief ingredient in that "charity which never faileth."

Truthfulness, without which there can be no true confidence in married life. The slightest mistrust of one another's intentions, words, and deeds, is fraught with grave danger to the home life.

Then last of all, intercession. The wife pleads for her husband at the Throne of Grace, as he pleads for her. She presents him by name, with all his love, and all his faults before the God who has given them their happy home, before the Saviour, who always, when on earth, blessed and sanctified home life, and as she prays for him, she asks for that heavenly wisdom which may enable her to help him, guide him, and to use her wonderful influence over him, for the advancement of his highest happiness and holiness. She knows he values her above rubies, but her prayerful hope is that the experience of their married life may be that "her husband may safely trust in her."

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THAT the status of women, as members of society in general, should have been raised, and the sphere of their work considerably extended, under the auspices of a sovereign of their own sex, could scarcely be a matter of surprise. Yet the rapidity of the advance made in every direction, and the triumphs achieved, is a remarkable revelation of intellectual power, and indomitable energy and courage. Does the reader ask, "Why so?" Because of the long-existing monopoly, by their countrymen, of all scientific, literary, artistic, and practical training of a high-class character; and of all spheres of bread-earning employment, which could possibly be available for themselves. The first effort made in this country to extend the limits of a woman's remunerative work—was that of the "Victoria Printing and Publishing Institution," inaugurated by Miss Emily Faithfull, to which our Empress-Queen ever gave her cordial patronage. A bright and very noteworthy example of "diligence in business"—even beyond her bodily powers—has been presented to us, during many years, in Her Majesty's own person; and added to this example, those of her five highly-educated, well-trained, and gifted daughters; who aid and encourage female labour and advancement, and every beneficent institution for the training and protection of their country-women.

At three-score years and ten Her Majesty acquired the language of her Indian Empire, and, so thoroughly, as to converse in it, thereby to bring herself into closer touch and sympathy with her Eastern subjects. Moreover, so carefully had she studied the history, habits, and sentiments of those dusky races, and the commerce and geography of the land, its boundary lines, its forts, and strongholds, and its divers races and their respective interests, that, when a deputy of the Indian Government came over, some few years ago, to lay certain facts before her, he declared that his Imperial Mistress knew considerably more than he knew himself, or had come over to tell her! Of the scores upon scores of documents of every description to which her signature is required, not one of them receives it until she has thoroughly perused and considered the questions involved. And in addition to this, she has audiences to give to her ministers, and deputations to receive; her own private affairs to manage, and the personal claims of an immense family connection to meet; and over and above all this we must add her daily study of the politics of her own, and of all other nationalities, the course of events leading up to friendly alliances, or to impending collisions, knowing that, on her own woman's shoulders, she owns the prerogative, and must bear the responsibility, of declaring or prohibiting war.

But enough has been said, in view of my limited space, of the venerable and illustrious lady, whose example I exhort you to emulate. I do not mean to take a retrospect of the "women's movement" in the course of the last fifty years, but restrict my theme to noteworthy events, embraced in the circle of the last two or three years, in all parts of the world. I must also make a note of the societies which have, at last, had the magnanimity to remove the disabilities of the sex; and have admitted them to membership and equal privileges with their brethren. Amongst the old clubs, or orders of the (so called) "working-classes," that of the "Foresters," the "Friendly," and the "Oddfellows" have extended the privilege of admission to women. I do not know whether this act of reformation in the lower grades of the community were prior, or subsequent, to the accordance of equal privileges to women by the "Salvation Army," but imagine that they have "followed suit." The institution of university education, the granting of degrees and diplomas, and the opening-up of professional spheres of work for women, at first a gradual and somewhat slow process, and then, as it were, with a rush, must be well known to all classes of my readers.

The legalisation of their practice of the "healing art" has been but a restoration of an ancient privilege, and that in other lands besides our own. An instance of the divine blessing on their rectitude and fearless self-exposure to danger, in the exercise of one branch of the profession of which, at that time, they enjoyed the undisputed monopoly, is given in Exodus i. 20, 21. In 1892 there were one hundred and forty medical women in the United Kingdom, and the British Medical Association has recently expunged one of its rules, that excluded women from membership of the Association; and I may also observe that amongst the latest concessions made in this department of professional work, is the step taken by the University of St. Andrew's this spring. By an ordinance recently enacted, lecturers have been specially appointed for the instruction of women in medicine. A sum of £30,000 becomes available this present year (1893) for bursaries or scholarships, "one-half of which is reserved for women students exclusively." Moreover, "the women who intend to enter the medical profession will have a prior claim to these bursaries." But they may graduate in arts, sciences, and theology. During a course of seven years past, medical education has been granted to women in the Edinburgh School, and access to the licences of the Conjoint Scottish Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons; but the University degree has been withheld from them. Now the barrier of old prejudice has been broken down, and existing evidences of a woman's absolute capability for the theoretical acquirement and practical exercise of any intellectual profession she may adopt, have been recognised, and our medical students may now matriculate as its undergraduates, and obtain its medical degrees.

It was in 1882 that these degrees were first granted to women in the London University, and of those who have taken it—now upwards of thirty—four of them have won the gold medals of the University, *viz.*, the distinguished and much-lamented Miss Prideaux, and Miss Piercy in anatomy and in the *Materia Medica*; and Dr. Mary Scharlieb and Miss Pace in obstetrics. These were taken successfully in the years 1881–82 and 1890–91, and in 1890 Miss Alice McLaren passed in first class honours. Twenty-seven or more of our medical institutions for women and children are officered partially, and in most cases wholly, by registered medical women, including the post office appointments held by them (for the female staff), the Homerton and Stamford Hill fever hospitals, the Edinburgh school board, and two lunatic asylums. Many more appointments are held by medical women in India likewise. An article by Dr. Garret-Anderson, president of the London School of Medicine for Women, recently appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, called "The History of a Movement," in which those interested in this department of women's work may make themselves acquainted with the rise and progress made by women-doctors, and the advantages now secured to them.

America took, I believe, the lead in this direction. At the present time, lady physicians are distinguishing themselves in that continent by their thorough efficiency, and those in Philadelphia are specially credited with making large fortunes, or, at least, incomes, some of these averaging from 10,000 to 20,000 dollars per annum. In Russia, women appreciate the ministrations and advice of duly qualified practitioners of their own sex. The first who took the degree of Doctor of Medicine in that country was Madame Susslow, who has been in full practice for five-and-twenty years, enjoying a great reputation as a specialist for the diseases of her own sex. She was the daughter of a small farmer, educated in Moscow, and, showing a strong desire for medical studies from an early age, was sent to Switzerland to pursue them. These she rapidly completed, and took her M.D. degree, returning to her native land to follow her important vocation. I may here note the fact that a new opening for women in a lower branch of the art, but which, on account of the necessary practical co-operation of men in certain cases, I do not myself approve, viz., the profession of veterinary surgeon, has been adopted by one lady (and it may be more) in Russia. Mdlle. Dobrowilska is the first lady to whom the necessary diploma has been awarded in that country.

In Germany the movement is making fair progress. The Prussian Minister of Education has been receiving petitions requesting that women may be allowed to enter the universities, and attend the state examinations, and ladies who have graduated in high schools are already permitted to attend certain lectures as *Hospitanten*, in Berlin and Leipsic. The society just inaugurated for the "Reforming of the Education of Women," has opened (or will shortly do so) a private school at Weimar, where girls will be thoroughly prepared for matriculation, and entrance into the German universities. These latter are still closed to them, but the strain on limited fortunes, under the pressure of increased taxation, will carry some weight in the counsels of the stolid German Fatherhood, and the old and widely prevailing idea, that a woman should be recognised only as a *hausfrau*, will give way to the now universal awakening to the fact, that "all sorts and conditions of men" should be self-supporting, if need be, and if within the range of personal capability. I cannot enter fully into the struggles, defeats, and successes connected with the "Woman's Movement," even in our own country, and can give but a sketch of a still slighter character of recent rebuffs or triumphs it has met in foreign lands. In France there is little chivalrous feeling in behalf of women, albeit, that it was, *par excellence*, the home and centre of the ancient chivalry of Europe. But the rising generation is growing up under very different auspices, and the autocrats of the schools, and the government *bureaux*, are not the representatives of the ancient *noblesse*; and thus it is little matter of surprise that the male students of Paris have shown themselves bitter opponents to the admission of women to the lectures which they themselves have hitherto monopolised. It seems that on the occasion of one

of the Sorbonne lectures (on "French Romantic Literature"), which, being of a description that permitted the opening of the doors to the general public, was attended by some ladies, the young men students endeavoured to interrupt M. Larroumet, the lecturer, and failing to do so, shouted, "No women," till both he and his lady audience had to leave the room. Comment would be superfluous. But the progress of would-be women-breadearners is, nevertheless, already making headway in France. Amongst other questions connected with them, that of their licence to acquire and practice the vocation of druggist is under discussion, or was so very recently. There is a society for "the Amelioration of the Position of Women," which has decided to grant a sort of scholarship annually, to enable girls of slender means to go up for the examination that must be passed in order to qualify for dispensers of medicines. Here in London we have three institutions for the training of women in this connection, *i.e.*, the "Pharmaceutical Society," "South London School of Pharmacy," and the "Middlesex College of Chemistry," and in Dublin there is the "Pharmaceutical Society of Ireland."

Dentistry is being successfully practised in England as well as in other countries. In the Edinburgh Dental Hospital, women are trained as practitioners, and we have a "Ladies' Dental Institution" in the old Brompton Road. In Denmark, women are practising dentistry in several instances, after due qualification, having passed the regular examinations instituted for that profession.

I have already alluded to the institution of colleges for our sex, with a list of which it is not necessary that I should occupy space, although I cannot refrain from naming a few of the most brilliant amongst the students. It may be that some of our girls had an opportunity of reading an article by Canon Browne, in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which the institution of an "Imperial University for Women" was suggested. The curriculum in this seat of learning would be specially adapted to the requirements of the sex, so as to open a career to them "comparable in honour, and emolument with that open to men." So far they have not been permitted to qualify for degrees at Cambridge or Oxford, and thus a special university for themselves is decidedly called for. Canon Browne's idea is that there should be a central council, *i.e.* a senate with degrees, fellowships, and all else essential to a perfect organisation, women holding degrees themselves having a share in its administration.

We have certainly shown ourselves deserving of every educational advantage for which we have struggled, and won by indomitable energy and perseverance; for though not all endowed with the splendid abilities of some of our distinguished sisters, the percentage of women who pass examinations successfully for Government positions in the various kingdoms (or republics) of the world, is found to be greater than that of men. A certain doctor has given it as his opinion that great study was more injurious to women than to men. But as it happens, those of the first-named sex who have achieved the most brilliant of successes, are healthy young women, in no degree injured by their brain work; nor unsexed in reference to those duties of private life, which tend to render home a retreat of rest and happiness. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that our distinguished women who have, in some instances, invaded the hitherto monopolised "hunting-grounds" of their brothers, outside its precincts, are women equally exemplary as wives and mothers, and "guides of the house." As a rule the size of a female head is smaller than that of a man, and from this fact it has been argued that they lack the cerebral capacity and powers of mind of their brothers.

But, arguing from analogy, this statement does not hold good, in the face of the fact that some of the most insignificant of the creation by far excel in brain-power the vastly larger animals, in an instinct almost equal in reasoning ability to human intelligence. The ant, for example, is specially pointed out to us in Holy Writ as an example from which we may learn wisdom, and yet in point of size and weight, the brain substance of this tiny creature may be compared to a mote in a sunbeam!

It is the quality, rather than the quantity which, as a rule, should decide the question of intellectual ability. A woman is generally a smaller animal than a man, and her brain-tissue is in due proportion to her entire size. The average weight of a man's brain is said to be forty-nine and a half ounces, and a woman's forty-four ounces, the latter having a higher specific gravity. The man's brain is larger in proportion to his own stature, but the woman's in proportion to her weight.

To return to the remarkable fact that some of our best scientific and classical students are healthy, vigorous young women, I may specify Miss Edith Read, who took a "double first" in two of the stiffest tripos at Cambridge—mathematics, and moral science.

"Look in my face and see."

The wranglership was not gained by a bespectacled, old, wizen-faced, "blue-stocking," of the approved and once distinctively typical race. She made a most promising beginning, for at the age of eighteen she matriculated at the London University with first-class honours. At the Girton entrance examination she obtained two scholarships, and at the close of her course she came out with a place equal to that of twenty-sixth wrangler. She now holds the appointment of assistant-clerk to the "Parliamentary Commission on Labour," and I may add seven or more women are engaged in the same work who were students of Oxford and Cambridge. And in the brief list which I cannot but give my readers of some of our most remarkable female scholars, the name of Miss Black should be recorded, for she was said to have "walked over the course where no man then dared to compete." She appeared in the first-class mediæval and modern languages tripos. Miss Scott may, perhaps, have a claim to be placed the first on my list as being one of the earliest of our distinguished collegians who was bracketed with the eighth wrangler. Miss Ramsay—now Mrs. Butler—and Miss Hervey come next on my catalogue, the former having distinguished herself in the classical tripos, and the latter in the modern languages tripos, Miss Ramsay winning first-class honours, and attaining to the position of senior classic of the year. Her study of Greek only commenced the year before she entered Cambridge; and four years subsequently she ranked amongst the first classical scholars, and beat them on their own ground. As the result of this indisputable evidence of the brain-power of which a woman's smaller head may be capable, another distinction was awarded her, for a letter of Her Majesty's congratulation was sent her by Sir Henry Ponsonby by command of the Queen, accompanied by an engraved portrait of herself. The last of our students to whom I can award a space in this collection of brilliant women is Miss Fawcett. Her first achievement was to gain the Gilchrist Scholarship at University College, and thence she entered Newnham, where in due time, and after study never exceeding six hours a day, she came out on the lists "above the senior wrangler." Some very noteworthy facts in reference to this remarkable girl are, that she took her meals with extreme regularity, and went to bed early, had keen enjoyment in fencing, tennis, and hockey, and that she is a proficient in the essentially feminine arts of embroidery and dressmaking. My next part in this series will deal with our representative women in the several departments of astronomy, archæology, music, entomology, etc.

(To be continued.)

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE air of the cockpit was hot and stifling, and felt as if it must be full of the great clouds of smoke which we knew were darkening the blue May sky, and serving to conceal one ship from another. We clustered together like crows in a mist, which the dimly-burning lanterns did not do much to illumine, when we heard a loud crash in the near distance. We could not tell whether it was a mast which had fallen, or whether the side of the *Sea Serpent* had been pierced by a shot. Aunt Maria and Sally could not repress a simultaneous scream and clung to each other. It was not our little Jane who blenched; we lived to learn that she was a very heroine in the midst of her weakness, and I suppose I was too ignorant to understand the damage which might have been done.

Presently we were told that it was only part of the bowsprit, with its sails and rigging, which had been shattered and torn, and was, no doubt, hanging disconsolately and disreputably down in front of us; but no very serious injury was inflicted, and we were comforted by the tidings.

The first time heavy steps came stumbling down the companion-ladder, and the drooping figure of a sailor, carried, like a bundle of clothes, by two of his messmates and followed by the surgeon, was seen by us as it was taken to the other end of the cockpit, we caught our breath, held each other's hands tightly, and said in an awe-struck whisper, "Oh, poor, poor fellow! Who can it be? Not anybody we know particularly, let us hope!"

But surgical treatment and nursing were a mystery and a horror to women of that day. Aunt Maria and Sally were, the one a sailor's sister and the other a sailor's daughter. They were humane women; neither of them was a

coward or a fool in the ordinary affairs of life, yet here they were utterly overcome by the mere sight of blood, and the idea of a surgeon's case of instruments in the background. Not even when the sailors who had brought the wounded man down and returned at once to their duty—only staying long enough to tell us that the Admiral and Master Tom were all right, and that the fight was going on like a house on fire—did we dare to leave our corner in order to ask if we could do anything to help the surgeon or to assuage the sufferings of the sailor. In fact, it was only Jane and I who could have been of use, and Jane had at last been forced to admit that she was prostrated by the sharp pain of her nervous headache, to consent to rest with her head on my knee and to have a wet handkerchief laid on her throbbing temples. The poor, wounded man, who was a kind of scarecrow to us, could not have looked whiter or more spent than Jane looked. But as I poured fresh water from the water-jug with which we had been supplied on the handkerchief I was about to apply anew to Jane's forehead, it darted across my mind that I had heard a wounded man was a prey to thirst, and I could not bear to think of the pangs of thirst added to this victim's other pains. I did not wait to ask leave from Aunt Maria. I caught up the water-jug, and hurried on tiptoe with it down the length of the cockpit. The doctor was standing with his back to me, stooping over the man, who was lying, like Jane, stretched out on the floor. I knew the doctor, of course, but not nearly so well as Jane knew him. He was a gruff man, with little to say to young people in the mass, and I had been too healthy a child for him to have had much more to do with me than in the pulling out of a first tooth, for which I long bore him a grudge. I dared not look past the doctor; I gasped out "Here is water, sir, if he wishes for it." He seized the jug without looking who had brought it, dashed some of the water over the face I could not see, poured some into the flask beside him, and held it to the sailor's lips.

I heard the man's laboured breathing and a stifled moan, and was about to fly, putting my fingers into my ears, I am sorry to say, when the doctor arrested me. He looked back at me as coolly as if he were doing nothing out of the way. Then he gave me a nod and smile of recognition.

"Is it you, Miss Car? Now that was thoughtful of you. I believe you've helped to revive him. He ain't able to thank you yet; but he may some day, for the grape-shot has taken off his left arm as clean as a knife and saw would have done the deed, and I've only had to pick up the arteries."

I ran like a lap-wing at this confidential unbending of the doctor's; but I was so happy to think that I had been of the slightest use to one of father's brave seamen, and I can safely say that the experience tended to make me more courageous and less silly in whatever troubles visited us in the future.

There was no intermission of what the sailors called the barking of the sea-dogs. Soon it was accompanied by the rattle of small shot in the shrouds—that "murderous musketry in the tops," apt to set fire to the sails, which Nelson disliked as an unseamanlike practice, to which he was destined to fall a victim. The small shot showed that we were all but side by side with one of our adversaries. Wounded men were carried down not one at a time, but in batches, and the surgeon sent up on deck to summon an assistant to lend him a hand with the critical cases, so that we were actually thankful for the noise, which might serve to drown other sounds.

At last we were conscious of a shock and a quiver running through our good ship, and Aunt Maria cried out that we had thrown out grappling-irons,* and were boarding "the Frenchman."

"Oh, children, pray with all your might that God will shield your father and friends, and cause the right to triumph!" she implored solemnly, "for they are striving now foot to foot and hand to hand."

It appeared as if but a second or two had passed when we heard a faint cheer; faint as it was it rang clearly above the hubbub, which began to die away from that moment. I fancied Tom's voice was in the cheer; but Sally maintained it came from Perry Hood. "Anyhow the enemy is pulling down her flag," she proclaimed exultingly, while Aunt Maria's lips moved in silent thanksgiving that our prayers had been answered. Gradually the dropping fire, which had succeeded the furious cannonading, ceased altogether. Tom tore down to tell us the *St. Barbe* had surrendered after she had lost her main topmast, and her foremast, had a hole in her side, and was beginning to drift unmanageably, while not a few of her officers and men had been "potted" by our fire (how hardly and heedlessly boys speak in the height of their excitement, as if they were as cruel as wolves!) She had been aided for a time by other ships of her squadron, while our ships, in their turn, did their best to draw the enemy out from their lines, and engage them separately. The tactics were successful in more than one instance; but the main body of the fleet, finding that they could not save the *St. Barbe*, with a smaller frigate and a corvette also taken, were heading away to leeward, closely pursued by such of our vessels as were sufficiently uninjured to be in sailing order.

"We've beaten them to sticks," shouted Tom, ready, if Aunt Maria's eye had not been upon him, to execute the double shuffle of a sailor's hornpipe—regardless of his uniform and of the sad work going on at the far end of the cockpit. Yet Tom was anything rather than unfeeling—when he took time to feel. "We've beaten the vice-admiral and everybody, only dad is too modest to take the credit we deserve."

"Oh, Tom, tell us all about it!" besought Jane, sitting up—looking like a ghost, but forgetting her head-ache and weakness, while I stood open-mouthed.

"Your father is too much of a gentleman, you mean, to crow over his neighbours or even over his enemies," remarked Aunt Maria drawing herself up. "I wish somebody else would remember to be a gentleman with his 'dads' and his bouncing ways."

"Why, Aunt Maria, would you have me mince my words on the back of a splendid victory?" remonstrated Tom.

"Tom," interposed Sally, who had waited in silence till now, speaking in so piping a voice that we all turned and stared at her. Was she going to sink into a swoon now that the battle was over, and we had won it? "Are you—all—alone? Where is—where are—the others?"

"Getting things ship-shape, to be sure," answered Tom surprised yet nonchalant. "There's a deal to do, and you're none of you to venture on deck for hours to come. These are father's orders—do you hear, Car? There's a deal of splicing and overhauling and tidying up to do, and women and girls have not stout stomachs like men," he observed, by the way, with a flourish of his manliness before our eyes. "Perry has pressed Jones and Harris and all the men he could lay hands on into the task, and they are up to their eyes in the business, as if they were so many ship-boys, bent upon clearing away every vestige of what we've been doing, before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I could have guessed as much," said Sally, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, recovering her strength and spirit on the spot, and making a fine gesture of disdain. "Just what Perry is fit for—a carpet knight—not likely to be disabled by so much as a scratch from his humdrum round of finicking niceties and proprieties."

Again we all gazed in astonishment at her whims and caprices, before we flamed up in a body in hot indignation at her unaccountable injustice to our well-beloved Cousin Perry, who, as we all knew, was as brave as a lion, while Tom declared he had been fighting like a Trojan.

(To be continued.)

* The boarding was sometimes done in a more unceremonious fashion, as when one of Nelson's captains (Berry) leapt from the mast of his own ship into the enemy's mizzen chains, and at the same moment a marine broke the upper-quarter gallery window of the enemy and jumped in followed by a score of his comrades.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

W. H. STRINGFELLOW.—If you could obtain a nomination signed by an alderman or a member of the Court of Common Council you might finish your education in music at the Guildhall School of Music, at which the entrance-fee is only 5s. The fees for the year are from £4 10s. upwards, according to the number of lessons taken and the subjects, rising to £33 1s. 6d. Exhibitions and prizes given. Should this not suit you perhaps you could obtain efficient instruction from some past student duly qualified for teaching and in need of pupils at a low rate of charge.

MEG should be shown how to take her notes or she will get into some bad trick in singing.—2. Sixteen is the best age for commencing the exercise of the voice with a view to training it; but nineteen is not too old for learning unprofessionally.

PLAYER (Carmarthen).—It is better to slacken the strings of a violin when put away.

IMPROMPTU.—You will do no harm in studying for the licentiate. Of course, if music has to provide you with a bread-earning profession much practising is essential. But we quite sympathise with your family at home when they complain of your playing the same thing too often. It must, indeed, be very trying. All professional practising should be carried on in an isolated building, out of hearing in any private dwelling. We have no right to mar the lives of other people—disturb their studies and make their heads ache. To be condemned to hear one passage played or sung over and over again is enough to drive a sensitive person out of their wits. Refractory female convicts adopt this form of torture to worry the warders and their companions, and only an experience of the "black hole" stops the nuisance.

KERRY must make all enquiries respecting the banjo, method of playing, suitable exercises, and music, together with the several prices of the cheapest, medium, and best instruments—both new and second-hand—at the instrument-maker's shops. We do not give prices.

I. M. ALIX.—A Correspondence Class for the Study of Harmony is directed by Miss Feary, Cranbrooke House, Earith, near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Write, enclosing a large stamped and directed envelope for the reply and the rules.

M. B. (Brisbane).—You need advice from a resident of a local nature. We know nothing of your surroundings, nor where any teaching in music or art could be obtained within your reach or pecuniary means. The correspondence classes in this country are not available for you at such a distance.

LADY ORGANIST.—1. Organ-playing is not considered advisable for women. Strong, unmarried, middle-aged women may play the foot-keys without suffering from the unsuitable strain on the back and loins; but it is a risk if the instrument be a large one.—2. Miss E. Hartland, Newent, Gloucester, is secretary to a good practising club.

NOBODY'S DARLING (Aleppo).—The Irish harp is held on the lap. Its form is in every respect that of a large, full-sized instrument, but of course it has no foot pedals. We do not take translations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. M.—Only a very insignificant minority would care to detect a trifling oversight in a magazine of unparalleled popularity. The heartily-expressed thanks of thousands of gracious readers (representing nearly all nationalities, and all ages and conditions in life) for the instruction, advice, and sympathy derived from the paper, more than compensates us for our "labour of love," and the excellence of the work accomplished.

WHITE HEATHER.—You could not do better than join our new guild for Bible-reading and study. There is a useful society called Watchers and Workers for Invalids; Secretary, Miss A. Randolph, Bayford, Hertford. They publish a magazine called *The Watchword*.

BERTIE.—The hair turns darker as you pass from infancy to maturity, and as you advance in life it grows darker before turning grey. It is quite the exception to retain the infantine colour. You can do nothing to stop the course of nature that would not be, more or less, objectionable.

EGERTON.—Soak in warm water and use pumice-stone.

HILDA.—1. Certainly, stand up when a lady comes up to greet or bid you "good-bye."—2. The name of the person you address by letter is written below your own signature when you write to him in his official character. You do not inscribe it in a private letter.

PUDGEWUMSY.—Photographs should be attached to a card or page of a book with a solution of starch or a preparation made for the purpose and sold at an artists' colourman's. Stamps may be attached with paste or gum.

TECH.—On no occasion should a man walk in first before a lady. There should be danger menacing her to justify his preceding her, and he should always place himself between her and harm. A man should offer his right arm for her to lean upon in descending from a carriage. You should read our long series of articles both on good breeding and on etiquette, the latter being unnecessary for anyone but those in the highest society.

HOLIDAYS and BETA.—We do not know of any home of rest for governesses of a very bracing character at the seaside. There is one at 2 and 3 Denmark Terrace, Bognor, Sussex. Terms from 15s. to 21s. a week. There is a home at Llanfairfechan, North Wales, from 14s. a week. Also, St. Martin's Lodge, South Cliff, at 15s.; and another home of rest at Ye Olde House, Cobham, Surrey; address Miss Blunt. In Scotland there is Craigend House, Linlithgow; write to the Secretary or the Lady Superintendent. We cannot give any information as to such a place at Margate, at least, we have none on our list.

GIPSY GREY.—You probably need a tonic if you have become more or less deaf after measles. But this should be selected by a doctor who has seen you and knows your constitution.

MAGNUS.—The "cold wave" to which you refer as having reached New York was not one of the waves of the ocean, but an atmosphere affecting the thermometer and barometer.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—The next-door or over-head piano nuisance is a very grave one. Write a very civil note and ask to have the feet of the instrument of torture placed on glass insulators, and the piano removed from the partition wall.

NIENA.—1. No one particular person sets the fashions in England.—2. Bowing in church is to be avoided. A glance of recognition between relatives or intimate friends would not signify nor attract attention and make other people look round.

NESTRA B.—It is quite impossible for us to guess for what occupation you would be suitable. At fifteen you can be but half educated and have no experience. It might be well for you to be apprenticed to some business. Perhaps you could be a shop-assistant if you understood enough of arithmetic.

EDWIN C. GIBSON.—Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, who wrote the poem from which you quote ("Curfew must not ring to-night"), was and is a young woman, and we believe is living; but her name does not appear in any of our biographies of celebrated people.

STUDIO MARIANO, ETC.—We think it very unwise, as well as unmaidenly, to force yourself on the acquaintance of any strange man with a view to marriage. It is simply degrading. Women are not introduced to men, but men to women. Where is your sense of delicacy? This is what is (vulgarly) stigmatised as "throwing yourself at a man's head!" Leave yourself and your future in your Heavenly Father's hands and wait for His guidance.

> "I know not the way I am taking,
> But well do I know my Guide."

Let that knowledge suffice, and do not try to force yourself out of the condition in which He has placed you.

FERIKE DE MAAR (Hungary).—Your letter, so kind and appreciative of our work, gratified us. With reference to crinolines, the attempt to revive so ugly and dangerous a fashion was a complete failure, as you may have already observed. Your English is excellent; it would be well if all our English girls wrote their own language as well.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE.—Your appreciation of our articles and answers is gratifying, and we thank you; but we cannot make promises as to future competitions. You are little aware of the expense they involve, and the great expenditure of time as well as of trouble.

SEMIRAMIS.—The quotation you make is from *Hamlet*.

> "There is more in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than is dreamt of in your philosophy."

BESSIE.—It is always desirable for girls to go out accompanied by a friend or a brother; never alone, when possible to avoid it. When going on a boating expedition take a friend with you, and pay your own share of the boat. Do not let any young lad nor any man pay it for you. Your father, brother, or uncle alone should do that, unless the man were your affianced husband.

TWENTY-ONE.—A bad circulation and a weak digestion may produce redness in the face. Keep your head up after eating, and do not study after meals for some time.

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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER AND A CHASE.

WHEN we were allowed to go on deck a strange sight met our eyes. True, Perry and his associates had accomplished marvels, and we only saw decks wet from hasty holy-stoning where there had been ghastly splashes and slippery stains, which Aunt Maria and Sally dared not have faced to save their lives. But, as it seemed to us, there was enough of wreck and ruin. The shattered



"ARMED WITH BASIN, SPONGE, AND BANDAGE, PROCEEDED TO DO OUR DUTY."

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bowsprit was only in course of being mended; a great deal of the rigging and such sail as we had carried had been torn and displaced, and was still dangling and fluttering in wild disorder. The vessel had been hit in various places, and there were the bruises dints and jagged wounds as in human flesh and blood—all smeared and blackened by gunpowder. It looked as if our *Sea-Serpent* would never be her smart, taut self again. But any damage she had sustained was as nothing compared to the destruction wrought on the *St. Barbe*, which was being towed at our stern. Two of her masts had been smashed right across; there was so big a hole in her starboard-quarter that much caulking would be needed to render her seaworthy, on the brink of becoming water-logged as she was. Her flag was pulled down—that greatest humiliation a ship can undergo—while our Blue Peter was fluttering cheerily aloft. We had missed the ceremony of the French officers resigning their swords to father, but we got a glimpse of the captain of the *St. Barbe*, a tall man, black-bearded enough to have looked very fierce had he not been so exceedingly suave in manner. Not to be out-done in politeness, father was entertaining his captive as if he had been an honoured guest. Some of the other French officers and the bulk of the men could not so readily accommodate themselves to circumstances. They looked grim and stern in the part of the vessel assigned to the prisoners. Many of them were pale and haggard, and had bandaged limbs. I was so sorry for them that I could not bear to look at them. I forgot my elation, and felt almost ashamed, though, no doubt, we had beaten them in fair fight, and their fate to-day might be ours to-morrow, though we were constantly singing, "Britons never, never, never will be slaves."

The first time we went on deck after the battle my father disengaged himself from the French captain, with whom he was talking, and came over to us accompanied by a young lad not older than Tom was. "This young gentleman has been particularly recommended to my care by Captain Beaufoi," father said to Aunt Maria. "He has been serving, by his own special desire, as midshipman on board the *St. Barbe*. But he is young, as you can see, and he is the only child of the widow of a Provençal gentleman. She is a kinswoman of Beaufoi's, and she brought him under an obligation to look after the lad, who, from his nurture and his tender years, is not fit to rough it with his fellow-prisoners, though he has all the will to do so. What settles the matter is that one of his wrists is badly sprained, and he is in great pain. I think you had better take him in charge, Maria. Do what you can for him till the doctor is at liberty to see to him. Keep him with the other young people; he'll be more at home with them. We'll have a hammock slung up for him near Tom's."

I listened to my father's words and looked with interest at the poor young fellow, who was knitting his brows and biting his lips to help him to behave like a man, and keep under the acute pain from the hand and wrist resting on a sling improvised from the boy's neckerchief. I could see how swollen and discoloured the hand was, and could guess how the sprain tortured him, for I had heard that the pang from wrenched tendons and sinews is ten times harder to bear than the ache from a broken bone. He was slender and youthful-looking, far more so even than Perry Hood, who was, in fact, five or six years his senior. He was not effeminate-looking, however—not a bit like a lady's page, and yet he had the air as if he had always been prized, cared for and attended to, and more or less obeyed. His uniform was of the finest cloth and cut, his shirt was of more delicate cambric than that of his captain. He wore his dark hair cut straight across, just above his eyebrows, and hanging long enough behind to be gathered together, and tied with a riband in a little queue or curl coming down beyond the neck of his coat. Perhaps it was the foreign fashions which lent something distinguished to his appearance; for we could not see then that his clear-cut brown face was handsome and winning, since his eyes were heavy, his lips bitten, and he was frowning and writhing, ill at ease.

Aunt Maria was considerably put about by the charge confided to her. Her utter distrust of foreigners extended even to this youthful midshipman, struggling manfully with circumstances. She could not regard him as anything save a polished villain in the bud, come among us to tempt and corrupt us, since he could not slay us. She did not speak a word of French, and he clearly did not understand much English. With one exception none of the family was better armed. The exception was Jane, who was much better, stimulated by the novelty of the situation. She came forward in the difficulty, and with a little blush, for Jane was too clever in earnest to be in the least pedantic, or to have any inclination to show off her acquirements, indeed, she shrank from appearing to know more than the rest of us knew. But she could not resist acting as interpreter, while she took care to explain that her French was only book French—not conversational French. To which we replied never to mind, although it were dog-French we should not criticise it, if it would do the job, and could convey to the prisoner the information that we were his friends—now that he was our prisoner, and that we were prepared to do our best for him, which we were bound as good Christians to try to do.

Jane managed to stammer out a question—whether we could not make him more comfortable?

He was very quick in taking up her meaning. He made a low bow, his hat in his uninjured hand, tortured as he was, and said in his soft southern voice and very broken English—

"Sanks, no-ting, mademoiselle;" and he gave his shoulders the national shrug, and glanced gloomily at the ravaged *St. Barbe*.

When his answer was repeated to Aunt Maria, she said he was saucy, though rather more straightforward than she had expected. She said he had better be asked to share our lunch, as the admiral seemed to mean something of the kind; but for anything else we must keep out of his way as much as possible.

I do not know what Aunt Maria apprehended the poor boy would do to us—whether he would seek to rob and murder us, or while retaining Jane as an interpreter, strive to poison our minds by introducing us to the tenets of Jesuitical Roman Catholicism, or by infecting us with the free-thinking creed of Rousseau and Voltaire. But we understood that father's instructions were that we should behave hospitably and kindly to the poor, vanquished French middy, and we knew Aunt Maria would not dispute father's instructions. Besides, Jane had a fellow-feeling for pain, and her brown eyes were full of pity while she managed to say to the lad in her "book-French" how sorry we were that he should suffer.

His face melted at that; his eyes, which were not only brown also but resembled Jane's in some lights, filled in their turn, and his lip gave a quiver though he repeated it was "no-ting, no-ting," after the loss of his fine ship. We ladies had too much goodness for a mere twist of the hand—a "no-ting"—all the same, he was much obliged.

The doctor's orders were to foment the wrist with a decoction which might be procured from the ship's medicine-chest; if not, with hot water—as hot as the patient could bear—then to bind up the wrist tightly, and not to use it till he got leave. Who was to carry out the orders in the unusual bustle and turmoil, when there was so much to be done, and if you put the exquisite pain out of count, far more serious cases for the surgeon to attend to. Aunt Maria sought conscientiously to play her part; but between her distaste to the French, her ignorance of the language, and the fact that she was worn out, with her nerves unstrung by the ordeal she had undergone, she could do little. Her eyes grew dim, her hands shook, she was compelled to relinquish the task to Sally, Jane, and me. After all, the prisoner was but a boy, and we three were girls, only one of us barely on the verge of womanhood.

As we stood round him after we had compelled him to sit down in the midst of us, and armed with basin, sponge, and bandage, proceeded to do our duty, he looked up in our faces with a mixture of despair and a convulsed sense of amusement. He rather imperiously waved off Sally, who showed only too plainly, though there was no blood or wound, simply the discoloured swelling of the flesh to sicken her, that she did not like her work; and he deliberately selected Jane and me to minister to his wants. Jane was so little, and her hands, though she had all the will in the world, were so weak and nerveless, that, young as I was, I could do more for him, and, unlike Sally, I was particularly proud of my part, and zealous

to fulfil its obligations to the utmost. I was really able to relieve him, and he kept saying, "Sanks, merci, bon, good," alternately, and bidding Jane in French, which not being "book French" but being alarmingly fluent, she found difficulty in following, to tell Mademoiselle, her sister, that he, Hyacinthe Beaufoi, was profoundly indebted to her, and that his mother would be the same when she heard what I had done for him.

It was droll to hear of a boy called "hyacinth," but he was brave enough to have been named "tiger lily," or "bear's ears," as I learnt afterwards is the French term for auricula; for when in my good will I applied the water too hot and ran the risk of scalding him badly, he hardly flinched, but still smiled and bowed his thanks, though he had to wink away the water starting to his eyes.

Hyacinthe Beaufoi had fallen to the care of the ladies on board the *Sea Serpent*, and he stayed with us for the most part, naturally. Tom and Cousin Perry, when they contrived to have any time to spend with us, made his acquaintance by signs, since Tom had never dreamt of learning *parley vousing* as he announced unblushingly, and I suspect that Perry's linguistic attainments, though more creditable to his opportunities, were not even equal to Jane's "book French." Tom and Perry, on their slender materials, did not hesitate to pronounce M. Hyacinthe a "jolly good fellow," no mere *petit maître*, but a lad displaying spirit and fortitude, deserving something better than to be sentenced to spin or weave with Penelope's maidens—a classic way of expressing that it was his misfortune and not his desserts which consigned him to the company of a parcel of girls while other fellows were sailing a king's ship and fighting the enemy. But there was no help for it, he was a prisoner and on the sick list, and then the two English middies had, in their own estimation, far too many active duties to discharge to be at liberty to take the stranger in tow. I need not say, even if they had been qualified to communicate with him freely, our boys were too much gentlemen at heart, and had too good an example given them by father, to have baited and badgered a prisoner of war. They would not even have teased him as they were in the custom of teasing and playing practical jokes on each other and on the rest of the middies.

Next morning our new acquaintance was sent to us to have his arm seen to. It was now very stiff, though it was less painful. Jane and I were quite ready to figure as joint nurses; but in the middle of our operations such a tumult arose on deck, such hoarse shouting and piping of the boatswain's whistle that, by common consent, we deferred our business, and hurried in a body to look from one of the port-holes and see whether another French squadron was descending on us. Not a squadron, but an extra well-manned, well-sailed, nimble corvette was making up to us. The vessel was not equal to the *Sea Serpent* in size, and a corvette ranks as a sloop of war not as a frigate. But bulk does not always constitute an advantage in sailing. In addition we had not got sufficient time to remedy the injuries we had received in the recent fight. We were heavily handicapped by our capture of the *St. Barbe*, which was not unlikely to give our haughty spirits a fall in the long-run, for we were separated from the other ships of father's squadron. They had gone after the French ships; some of our ships in returning had missed us in the night, others were still engaged with the enemy, or were delayed by the wind which was contrary. We could indeed have cast the *St. Barbe* adrift to be recaptured, slipped our cable and held on our way; but that was the last thing any gallant and efficient officer would have thought of doing unless in extremity. I know father would rather have nailed his colours to the mast, even supposing the corvette were as the *St. Barbe* had been, decidedly our superior in size and strength, and dared the worst. I think it was the consciousness that he could not well do this with women on board which forced him to regret, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he had not left Aunt Maria at home and caused his family to be brought up on shore; and that it was that which made him look so very grey and stern, and be so very cross when he encountered me on the cabin stairs. "Get out of the way, child; will you never learn to make yourself scarce when you are not wanted?"

That was not like father, who if he had few words for us, had still fewer which were harsh and unreasonable. Doubtless he was much harassed this morning, and girls of eleven or twelve, are, without meaning it, more tiresome than babies of two years.

Father's idea was to get under weigh—for we had been lying-to during some hours for repairs—as soon as possible, put on all the press of canvas the *Sea Serpent* could carry, and try if he might not, even with the *St. Barbe* dragging behind him, distance the corvette. We had this in our favour, that we could sail with the wind, while our pursuer was coming up against the wind and had to beat and tack in order to get up with us.

The weather had changed and was what sailors call "dirty," with a cloudy sky, across which darker masses of vapour—having their edges frequently turned up with white, or tawny colour, as the sun shone out or withdrew his beams—scudded persistently, while the *Sea Serpent* laboured a little under its burden, and the waves grew choppy. In fact, to practised eyes there were many signs of an approaching storm.

Tom had been in the habit of saying that the sailing of the French ships was chiefly good for running away. Now it was our turn, as discretion is the better part of valour, to run before the enemy. The interesting question was, should we be able to run fast and far enough?

We were between Madeira and the Canaries, so near that the peak of Teneriffe was visible through the rising mist to the naked eye, while with a glass we could distinguish the harbour and town of Funchal.

Father's reasons for hugging the islands was the chance of coming up with some of the English vessels, very often hovering there—so much did we, as a nation, covet the whole of these islands from our enemy's allies.

Even if we *girls could* have been safely sent ashore and thus summarily disposed of, we did not wish it. We were accustomed to be in the middle of everything which was going on, and we had the vanity to flatter ourselves that in place of being an unmitigated burden we were sometimes a comfort—as when Aunt Maria did the honours of father's table to Captain Beaufoi, and Jane and I saw to Hyacinthe's disabled arm. He did not know where to go or what to do under the new aspect of affairs. His uncertainty ended in his watching with us the wonderful spectacle of a chase. If we had been merely passing Madeira we should all have been on the outlook; but what was the sight of an island, however beautiful, to the breathless crisis of a chase.

The *Sea Serpent* had chased but had never been chased before, and we should have regarded it as a gross indignity if we had not suffered in a good cause. It was to retain our prize, the *St. Barbe*—which Vice-Admiral Trefusis had not been able to take—to send or carry it home to England as a tribute to our bow and spear, that we stooped to run away.

We were rather enjoying the encumbered rush of our vessel through the water, and measuring eagerly with our sharp young eyes the distance between us and the corvette, speculating wistfully whether she were gaining on us by the least little bit, and listening to a short lecture by Jane on the origin of speaking of so many "knots" an hour, when I chanced to look round at Hyacinthe Beaufoi gazing over my shoulder. Then I recognised with a flash of conviction in what light he saw this chase. I comprehended, as I had not comprehended before, that he and we stood on opposite sides in this war; how his heart was hanging on the pursuit; and he was devouring every motion of the corvette with the brown eyes which I had hitherto thought so mild and dreamy in their expression, while his breath came panting between his teeth. He was wishing and praying with his whole heart that the corvette might overtake us and rob us of our spoil, the *St. Barbe*, even if she did not make herself mistress of the *Sea Serpent* and all it contained. Yet we had all been friendly to him; we had been good to him, Jane and I, and done our very best for that poor arm of his.

His intent attitude and ardent expression jarred on me. I turned from him with cold repulsion at the ingratitude he showed. Then I thought better of it, and was fair and magnanimous—it was the easier to be so since I had no notion the enemy would succeed in his attempt. Was M. Hyacinthe not French as we were English? Was he not bound to hope and fear, long and strive for the honour and glory of his nation as we did for ours? He had been deeply hurt by

the loss of the *St. Barbe* on the part of the French; was it not "only natural" that he should hail any hope of her being won back?

I looked upon Hyacinthe in quite a candid and kindly spirit again, and though I shook my head in laughing disparagement of the corvette and denial of its power to change the fortunes of the day, it was all in good faith and good feeling, and he nodded a return challenge in as amicable a spirit.

The wind was with us, and if the wind held out we might reach a point to which our antagonist durst not follow us—the point at which any English vessel cruising in the vicinity would make us out and hasten to our assistance. We failed to recognise, as more experienced people might have recognised, that the fitful gusts to which we were trusting were veering round in another direction, till we were instinctively conscious of the diminishing speed of the *Sea Serpent*, and that the billowing canvas was beginning to flap idly over our heads. Then we heard the cry to "reef sail," and we knew the wind had changed. We looked blankly in each other's faces and stared at Hyacinthe, who stared back at me with a curious mixture of triumph and remorse in his face. Must we let the *St. Barbe* go? Was it possible that French prisons were in store for us? We had heard much of the horrors of these prisons.

No, at the very minute when I could have almost fancied I heard a cheer from the corvette as she was brought round with great dexterity, and all sail hoisted in order that she might swoop down upon us, she fell away from the touch of the helm, plunged forward, and then heeled to one side. She did not sink, for she had stuck fast on a ridge of rock whose place on the chart had been overlooked in the excitement of the moment. There she lay, while we could hardly believe our eyes, not only powerless to harm us, but in peril herself from the rising tide and the increasing force of the waves beating against the barrier which held her impaled.

Hyacinthe Beaufoi's face was a study in its doubt, consternation, and deepest chagrin, while loud self-congratulations rang out on all sides of him in the *Sea Serpent*.

If father had been free to follow his own course, I am certain he would have rendered every help to the unlucky corvette—which, by the way, was called the *Audacious*—would, if possible, have got her off the rock before the turn of the tide, and with his stiff bow—a little deeper than usual—have handed back the swords which the officers must have presented to him, and signified that they and their ship were free to go their own way till they met the *Sea Serpent* once more in fair fight. I know father never alluded to the taking of the corvette but as to a misadventure on the part of the officers and crew—a kind of visitation of God which wrought our deliverance. We were grateful for it, and were bound to profit by it. At the same time we deserved no credit for it. Jane told me that father's attitude was that of Queen Elizabeth in relation to the inscription on one of the medals which she caused to be struck in commemoration of the defeat of the Invincible Armada. "He blew with the breath of His nostrils, and they were scattered," was the text the queen selected in reference to the mighty storm in which so many of the great Spanish galleons perished.

The corvette's misfortune was England's good fortune, and father was called upon to gather and bring back England's spoil for England's enrichment. It was not a private and personal matter which a generous man might dispose of at his pleasure. If we had not gone to the corvette, boarded and taken possession of her where she lay half on her beam ends, yawning and creaking as if she were a living creature groaning under the injuries she was receiving, before she could be floated off at high water, and a temporary patch put on her gaping wound, some English cruiser off the island would have taken advantage of her disabled condition and captured her. Of course she would rather surrender to a distinguished admiral like father than to one of the comparatively unknown captains of these cruisers.

Thus it happened when the rest of the squadron were recalled, and the whole returned from their expedition, the flagship, the *Sea Serpent*, arrived at Portsmouth, with a French frigate and a French corvette in its fangs as a small offering to Britannia, who with her trident ruled the waves.

(To be continued.)

CAUGHT A LITTLE COLD.

By "MEDICUS."



OTTIE ROBERTS was dressing to go out for the evening. I had promised to call for her and take her to the Geralds' party. The carriage was at the door and I was talking to her mother in the drawing-room, when presently Lottie herself glided in. She was a beautiful girl at most times, and a sensible too. I do not mean you to infer that she was not beautiful even now, dressed in white as she was, but a ghost could not have been more pale.

I advanced to meet Lottie, and perhaps she noticed something in my look, for she immediately burst into tears.

What was it all about? Well, I will tell you, albeit it shall destroy the romance. Lottie had caught a little cold. It wasn't much perhaps, but it had most provokingly located itself in the head. That was not the worst of it. You see, the girl had made up her mind to go to the Geralds' party, so instead of coming down to luncheon, she had kept her room and tried to rest. Then after ablution, to her dismay she discovered that—don't smile please—her nose had assumed a colour which, however charming in a carnation or poppy, is not to be tolerated in the principal feature of a lady's face, it was red—well, roseate would sound nicer. It had never exhibited the slightest tendency to turn so before. It really was provoking. And to occur on this evening of all evenings! Lottie had dressed notwithstanding. It would go away, she had thought, as speedily as it had come, and she had almost persuaded herself that it had disappeared, until she had noticed that unlucky look in my eyes. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence those tears. And the tears put an end to any lingering hope she might have had of being able to go out after all, for eyes as well as nose were red now. However, as I said already, Lottie was a sensible girl, so she submitted herself to her mother's nursing and went early to bed.

Verily a cold in the head may have dire results. Lottie Roberts was only eighteen, therefore not old enough to be married, but fancy what might or might not have been the consequences, had she been twenty-one or over, and had somebody been waiting for somebody that evening, and somebody not able to go, and somebody else there—the other girl for instance—oh, I can assure you I could weave a very pretty romance out of a red nose, though the story would require a more taking title.

But come, suppose instead of romancing, I give you some very practical advice about the annoying little complaint that doctors call catarrh. For the winter is on ahead, and who knows but that you, reader, might some evening find yourself in the same disagreeable fix as Lottie Roberts.

"It is only a common cold." This is an expression that we hear as often as that other, "He is only a common sailor." But colds, like sailors, often prove that they are not so very common after all.

Common colds may in some constitutions pave the way to consumption that might have lain dormant for a score of years, or never have blazed forth at all. Common colds may lead to severe bronchitis, to inflammation of the lungs, or to pleurisy. Common colds may induce indigestion and liver trouble. Common colds—but there! what need to go further? common colds are most disagreeable things to have summer or winter, and we should take every precaution to prevent them, or cut them short when they do come.

One very good reason why we should do our best to get rid of a cold as soon as possible is this. They thicken the mucous membrane. That is Greek to you, is it? And you don't know rightly what the mucous membrane is? Well it is simply the skin that lines the air passages, a moist secreting skin that begins at the lips, and goes on downwards into the very inner recesses, the ultimate ramifications of the lungs, and all through the digestive canal as

well. Talking physiology again? I really can't help it at times. Sir Alfred Power describes the mucous membrane much more prettily and probably more effectively when he says—

"There is a skin without and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin.
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inwards and carried completely throughout.
The palate, the nostril, the wind-pipe and throat
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and all from end to end."

Well, then, this inner skin, this mucous membrane has a disagreeable tendency to get thickened after successive colds, and this is one reason why a cold should never be neglected. A thickened mucous membrane means a very irritable, spongy one, and it means in the end that almost incurable complaint called winter cough, from which poor grandmas suffer so much, so that oftentimes they cannot sink to rest at night, and are so jaded and worn next day that they cannot take sufficient nourishment to properly sustain nature.

How do people catch cold? In a variety of ways, either summer or winter. And sometimes so mysteriously, that I have my doubts whether there is not yet to be discovered a catarrhal bacillus. The bacilli, you know, are the little ragamuffins that work so much mischief to mankind, and produce typhoid, influenza and even cholera itself. Small they are indeed; why, five or six hundred of some species could float through the eye of a needle. But whether catarrh may be induced by a bacillus or not, there are alas! too many other causes for the complaint. The commonest is what is called catching a chill. You see there is a certain amount of blood in the body which is or ought to be equally distributed throughout. But if the surface of the body be exposed to a draught, or cold induced by damp or wet, the arteries and veins of the skin and underlying tissues get contracted, and the blood is squeezed out of them so to speak, back into the inner part of the body. The outer skin gets too little blood, the inner or, say, lining membrane of the lungs gets too much and becomes reddened. It throws out more mucous than suffices to keep it moist. This one coughs up. The very act of coughing increases the irritation, and what was at first but watery mucous soon becomes matter. The blood, owing to this state of the lungs, is not sufficiently aërated, and one feels ill all over.

Well, cold may take place from damp or cold feet on precisely the same principles, or from exposure of the head to cold.

Cold may also be caused by breathing dust, and a cold is also easily caught from temporary congestion of the lungs, during hard exercise, as in riding a tricycle.

We all know the symptoms of a nasty cold, as we call it. These, however, vary even in a cold in the head.

Briefly speaking, whatever lessens the animal heat of the body or drives the blood interiorly may produce a cold independent of direct irritation to the lining membrane of the lungs, as from breathing dust or irritant cases.

If we know the various causes of catarrh or common cold we may better avoid the complaint. I cannot be wrong therefore in mentioning a few in addition to those named above.

1. Sleeping in a damp bed.
2. Exposing that portion of the back, that lies between the shoulders, to cold in bed. Delicate young ladies ought to wear a little Shetland shawl in bed as a special protection to this most vulnerable region.
3. Standing about in evening dress.
4. Omitting to wrap up well before coming out from a heated room or assembly at which you have worn evening dress. If you have been warm at all, the pores are all open, and a chill is *so* easily caught.
5. Riding in an open carriage against the wind, a prolific source of cold.
6. Getting wet through and not keeping moving until there is a chance of changing.
7. Omitting to wear woollen underclothing in winter and spring.
8. Remaining too long in the bath, whether cold or tepid. The cold bath is a tonic, but do not forget that a plunge or two is enough.
9. Sitting on a damp seat or on wet grass.
10. Sitting in a draught.
11. Sitting in a room without a fire.
12. Going to bed in a too cold room.

Well, there are many other causes, but I daresay these will serve every useful purpose.

Some people, especially young and anæmic girls, have a susceptibility to catching cold. This should be changed, and I firmly believe can be, by taking plenty of exercise in the open air and the cold sponge-bath every morning. If you have never tried this health-giving bath, I think you ought to. No occasion to have it quite cold on the first morning. I should permit you just to take the chill off, but reduce the dash of hot water every day until you can take the bath at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere. You will then begin to find the bracing effects of the bath, and as a preventative to cold it stands to reason that if you can bear a dozen large spongefuls of the coldest water over you and find it beneficial and pleasurable, a puff or two of cold wind isn't going to lay you up for a month.

As regards wind or a draught, or wet or damp, it is the continuance of the application that does the mischief; but you are not in the slightest danger while exposed to a cold wind, so long as you keep moving briskly to and fro. You are probably already aware of this, but there is no harm in medical testimony reminding you of the fact.

I have dwelt longer on the causes of colds than I otherwise might have done, for the simple reason that the treatment of these troublesome ailments is not altogether on a satisfactory basis. In the multitude of councillors, we are told, there is wisdom, but when we have a multitude of remedies we have a real difficulty in knowing which to choose. I think you may dismiss from your mind the idea that it is possible to actually cut short a cold, as it is called. You can ease it, you can shorten the attack, but to dismiss it peremptorily, you cannot.

If however you go in for treatment at once, you will find the best remedy is the aconite mixture of the shops. I cannot tell you the dose because I do not know your age; but any respectable chemist who compounded the medicine would. Remember that it should be taken only at the early stage of the complaint, and the sooner the better. It often acts like a charm.

Go to bed, and take a book to read if you cannot sleep. I am an advocate for reading in bed, I may tell you, in cases of sleeplessness from whatever cause. Reading soothes the brain by keeping the thoughts in one groove. Well, you may drink as much nice cooling drink as you choose, only the diet must be lowered. The mixture can be continued till the skin is moist, and, after a few more doses, discontinued.

In recommending the aconite mixture, I do not forget that I am departing from my usual rule, of not advising self-doctoring, but it is such a valuable remedy in the commencement of not only colds, but a great many other ailments of an inflammatory kind, that begin with shivering, and a depressed feeling of illness all over. It is older people than girls that ought to administer the remedy, however.

Well, there is the old-fashioned treatment for the speedy relief of a cold, namely, Dover's powder, a warm drink, mustard and water to the feet, and an extra blanket. Almost every father and mother know this; I need therefore say no more about it, further than to add, it entails confinement to the house for a day or two, and a dose of aperient medicine. I don't actually advise this plan of treatment, however, because there is opium in Dover's powder and it does not always suit.

A more agreeable remedy for a cold is camphor. It is often wonderful in its effects. Even pouring a little spirits of camphor on the hands, rubbing them together, and inhaling, will do good. But if there be cold and shivering at the commencement of a cold, if you feel, as it were, that you have caught it, then three to five drops of essence of camphor may be taken on a lump of sugar every quarter of an hour, then every hour till warmth is restored. It need not be taken after this.

If the restoration of warmth is uncomfortable the aconite mixture may be taken after this, or whether or not for that matter.

You see the indication of treatment is to gradually restore the animal heat and equalise the circulation.

If you go to bed or keep quiet on the sofa in a warm but not hot room after this, nature herself will in all probability do the rest, and you will be well in a day or two.

A warm bath at night will do good, or bathing the feet and legs in hot mustard and water. This will also conduce to wholesome sleep, which, you know, is "Nature's sweet restorer."

The diet should in every case be lowered when there is heat and discomfort about the body, heat in the eyes, and slight frontal headache. Milk diet is the thing, and meat for a time or solid food should be abjured.

The recipe for Dr. Farrier's well-known snuff, a pinch of which may be taken now and then for cold in the head and nostrils, is as follows*:—Muriate of morphia, two grains; powder of acacia, two grains; trinitrate of bismuth, six drams; mix. A quarter to half of this may be used as snuff in a day—twenty-four hours. A handy family medicine this is anyhow. So is the aconite mixture, and parents ought to have them both in the medicine chest, especially the mixture, because this is no good unless taken at once.

The worst of a cold in the head, if neglected, is that it creeps downwards to the wind-pipe and lungs, and this is just what we want to prevent.

But after all, prevention is better than cure, and if you dress rationally and do not expose yourself, and if you inure yourself to the morning tub, then you will escape many and many a cold and many another ill as well.

Let me conclude this brief paper with two more verses from Sir Alfred:—

"With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm.
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin,
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.
All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants, without and within,
Need not of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years."

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* The morphia may be omitted.

LOGIC FOR GIRLS.

By F. RYLAND, M.A., Author of "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," etc.

I. THE USE OF LOGIC—DEFINITION OF TERMS.



OGIC for Girls! what can be the use of that?" I hear, or fancy I hear, my readers say. Even if it were not the proud privilege of women to be illogical when they want to be, is logic of any use to anyone? Can the power of right reasoning be acquired by any process of study? Are not people born logical as they are born poets, or born mathematicians; and when they have not the original gift, is it of any use to try and acquire it? And even granting that it can be learned, is the study of logic, as we find it in text-books, the best way of learning how to use our reason?

To which questions, as it would seem, two answers are possible—as indeed they are to most questions—Yes and No. The attainment of any ability depends on two conditions. In every case we must start from some natural endowment, and this endowment in the vast majority of instances requires some education to be of any great service to the owner or to others. If you think over the case of music, of drawing, of arithmetic, of business capacity, you will see what I mean. And with reasoning the same thing is true. There are some people who never will be able to think, in the proper sense of the word. They can dream, they can guess, they can talk; but to see what follows from a given statement, to draw the conclusion which must be true, and to set aside the conclusions which may be true, to discriminate between what is proved and what is only asserted—all this is impossible for them simply because their minds are otherwise constituted. There are other folk to whom these processes come as a matter of course; they have a natural gift for logical inference which needs little or no teaching. They are like the calculating boys who every now and then appear, boys who can add long columns of figures, and multiply big numbers together without ever having learned arithmetic. But they are almost as unusual. The majority of us belong to neither class. We have some capacity for thinking, but it requires cultivation. Granted that it is worth while to be able to reason aright, and to know when other people are reasoning aright, our only way to acquire the ability is by effort of our own.

In purely practical matters we can often go very far without consciously reasoning at all. The great artist, the great general, even the good cook knows partly from habit and partly from natural gift, what is required to produce a certain effect. Given the end the means suggest themselves. But this power of intuitive judgment, of merely looking at the facts and immediately seeing the right conclusion, without any recognisable process of reasoning is not universal, even in practical matters; and it is extremely unusual in matters of abstract truth. Few of us are infallible in affairs of art and business; indeed, none of us, not even the youngest, as the Master of Trinity said. Outside our special practical interests, and in dealing with matters of truth and falsehood, whether purely scientific or belonging to such subjects as politics and religion, we must all depend on reason. Even if we believe ourselves to have the gift of intuitively knowing what is true, we shall find that other people will be rude enough to question it and to ask us for proof of our assertions. So that even supposing we feel no need of logic for ourselves, regard for the interests of others should lead us to acquire the means of knowing how to prove the truth of our opinions.

This proposal that ordinary folk should know something of logic is not a new-fangled idea due to the perverse ingenuity of modern teachers anxious to find something fresh to teach. To prove this let me quote from the work of two great thinkers and teachers of the seventeenth century, the *Art of Thinking*, written by Arnauld and his friend Nicole, the Poet-Royalists, who represented one of the purest and noblest movements in religion and thought which the world has ever seen.

"There is nothing more desirable than good sense and accuracy of thought in discriminating between truth and falsehood. All other qualities of mind are of limited use; but exactness of judgment is of general utility in every part, and in all employment of life. It is not alone in the sciences that it is difficult to distinguish truth from error, but also in the greater part of those subjects which men discuss in their daily affairs. There are, in relation to almost everything, different routes—the one true, the other false—and it is reason which must choose between them. Those who choose well are they who have minds well-regulated; those who choose ill are they who have minds ill-regulated. . . . This inaccuracy of thought is the cause, not only of the errors we meet with in the sciences, but also of the majority of the offences which are committed in civil life—of unjust quarrels, unfounded law-suits, rash counsel, and ill-arranged undertakings . . . . We ought to train our minds to discover the truth, however concealed or disguised it may be."

Their famous Poet-Royal Logic (as it is usually called) is an endeavour to put in simple and interesting form the really practical and useful part of logic as it was then taught.

And then there is dear old Dr. Watts, whose fame is still in all the nurseries, but who in his day was respected by good men as a thinker, a theologian, and a poet. His *Logic*, published in 1724, or early in 1725, and once used as a text-book at Oxford, tells us that—"The art of logic, even as it assists us to gain the knowledge of the sciences, leads us towards virtue and happiness; for all our speculative acquaintance with things should be made subservient to our better conduct in the civil and religious life."

In this and the following pages I hope to be able to give my readers some slight idea of certain portions of logic which have direct and obvious practical value. If the papers should induce anybody to take up the study more seriously, so much the better. But now we shall only touch on a few points here and there, without any attempt at being thorough and systematic. We shall as far as possible avoid all technical terms, unless they have been adopted in ordinary language. It may here, by the way, be remarked, and the truth of the remark will be abundantly justified, that a surprisingly large number of logical technicalities have passed into the language of every-day life.

Logic is the science of reasoning. It is a scientific account of the conditions which are involved in correct inference. As a practical science it gives us directions how we may avoid error in reasoning. The sciences are all of them examples of applied logic. They are examples of right reasoning about the particular classes of facts with which they severally deal. And so the names of most of them end in the termination "logy," which represents the Greek *logia*, and this is from *logos*, meaning rational discourse. The scientific mind is the mind which by training and habit comes to think logically about the phenomena it observes. Most scientific men are thus examples of accurate thinking as far as their own subjects go, though as we often see, their training does not always enable them to think fairly and clearly about other subjects. The theologian sometimes makes a bad biologist; and the biologist has been known to fail as a theologian. The logician, on the other hand, tries to point out the principles which underlie all correct thinking in all the sciences and branches of knowledge. He is not confined to one class of facts; he says, "No matter what this proposition is about, given that it is in this form, what can be legitimately inferred from it?" And so he is somewhat in the position of the mathematician who says, "No matter what x and y mean, what can I infer from this equation as to their relation to each other?" In technical language, the logician has (in the main) to do with the form of thought and not with the matter, or actual subjects of the thinking.

Inference is the mental process by which we pass from a statement (or statements) to some other statement which depends on the former, and is necessarily true if it is. The original statements are called premises; the statement we draw from them is the conclusion. The technical name for a formally expressed statement is a proposition, so that a premise is a proposition from which a conclusion is drawn, while a conclusion is a proposition drawn from a premise or premises. Propositions are of two kinds, categorical and conditional. "The sun shines," or, "Lord Tennyson is dead," is a categorical proposition; and we often hear people who are not logicians speak of a categorical assertion, or a categorical denial, meaning one which is made without any condition or qualification. The second term scarcely requires explanation. "If the sun shines, the thermometer rises," is a conditional proposition. "There is much virtue in an If," as Touchstone says; but it is astonishing to find the ease with which it can be overlooked by a man in a temper, or a man who wants a definite promise instead of a conditional one. One of the first pieces of practical advice I would give is this: Always be sure whether the proposition with which you deal is really categorical or tacitly involves a condition.

A categorical proposition consists of three parts—a subject, a predicate, and a copula. Ordinary language recognises only two—subject and predicate; because the true predicate and the copula are often concealed in one word. The logician divides "the sun shines" into, "the sun" (subject) "is" (copula) "a shining thing" (predicate), for he insists that in every assertion we must have: (1) a thing thought about (subject); (2) something which is asserted of it (predicate); (3) the actual act of assertion (of which the verb "is" is the symbol).

All the processes of inference depend on

our reducing our statements to this unambiguous form. The first thing we must do is to clearly distinguish one subject and predicate, so as to see exactly what we are thinking about, and what we are asserting of that thing. The subject and predicate are each called a "term." And every term, whether expressed in one word or in many, is the name of something, either a real object or "thing," as we call it, or some abstract idea. Thus the "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," and the "President of the Royal Academy" are single terms, though each consists of several words.

The first and most necessary condition of all proper inference is that we understand the terms of the propositions which we are using. Most words are ambiguous. The needs of language will not allow us to have a separate word for each minute shade of meaning, so that we use just the same group of sounds to express many different ideas. Take some simple word like box or book, and note for yourself how many varying meanings can be given to it; then go to some good dictionary, best of all to the new Oxford Dictionary now appearing in parts—you can see it at any free public library—and see how many more are recognised by careful observers. Usually this ambiguity causes little inconvenience. When the postman speaks of "the box" we understand one thing, when the coachman speaks of "the box" we understand another, when the carpenter speaks of "the box" we understand a third. But in abstract argument things are not always so clear. A great deal of the discussion which is always going on between men of science and politicians and theologians, turns on the exact meaning which is, or ought to be, given to words. What is the real meaning of force or cause? Or of liberty or coercion? or of sacrament or church? "It is hard," says Locke, "to find a discourse written of any subject, especially of controversy, wherein one shall not observe, if he read with attention, the same words (and those commonly the most material in the discourse and upon which the argument turns) used sometimes for one collection of simple ideas, and sometimes for another. . . . And a man in his accounts with another may with as much fairness make the characters of numbers stand sometimes for one and sometimes for another collection of units (*e.g.*, this character 3 stands sometimes for three and sometimes for eight) as in his discourse or reasoning make the same words stand for different collections of simple ideas."

Nearly all words are equivocal or ambiguous, and our first care must be to see what they mean, exactly what they mean, in the particular propositions which we reason from. In other words we must, wherever any possibility of doubt arises, employ the process of definition.

A general term, which answers to what in grammar is called a common noun, has in a way two meanings. It is the name of certain things, and it implies that they possess certain attributes. Thus "dog" is applied to a number for individual creatures—my dog, your dog, the dog over the way, and so on—which possess in common certain attributes (external shape, anatomical characteristics, etc.). The things to which the name applies form its denotation; the attributes which the name implies form its connotation. There will be other attributes possessed in common by dogs, but the connotation is just those features which every dog must have, and the absence of which in any individual would put him outside the pale of doghood. The business of definition in the case of general terms is to give the connotation. Abstract terms, answering to abstract nouns in grammar, have only one sort of meaning. They are names of qualities, or groups of qualities simply, and not names of things possessing qualities. The business of definition will be, as before, to assign the qualities implied by the use of the term.

Logicians have laid down certain rules in regard to definition, all of which are important.

1. The definition must give the essential attributes, *i.e.*, the connotation, and only the connotation, of the term defined.

2. It must not be expressed in unfamiliar, figurative or ambiguous language.

3. It must not contain any term which is synonymous with the term to be defined, *i.e.*, it must not be tautologous.

4. It should not be negative if an affirmative definition is possible.

If any of these, or at any rate of the first three, be broken the definition will not do. If a definition includes properties which are not implied by the name, we say it is too narrow. If some of the properties really implied are omitted, it is too wide. Thus to define man as a "rational animal having the idea of a supreme Creator" involves our excluding a large part, perhaps the greater part of the human race; while to define Man as a "sensitive being walking upright on his hind limbs" would involve our including all birds in the class Man. If we define money (with one dictionary) as "pieces of metal stamped by public authority and used as the medium of exchange" we exclude bank-notes which are certainly money. If we define it (with another dictionary) as "pieces of stamped metal used in commerce," we include token coins formerly issued by tradesmen, and perhaps indeed metallic advertisements, such as the enamelled iron tablets which call on the railway traveller to use a particular soap. The test of the definition lies in this, does it apply to all those things which properly bear the name, and to no other?

It is often very difficult to settle the exact connotation, and we must of course consider the meaning of the word when used for different purposes. The term money as used by the political economist, the City man, and the ordinary person must be defined in three different ways, for the three mean different things by it. So many of our definitions we must acknowledge to be provisional, that is to be valid only for the purpose in hand. If I am going to talk politics with a man, I may agree that we will for this present assume that a "Liberal" means a "follower of Mr. Gladstone," even if I am myself disposed to adopt a different definition. But I must not in the middle of the discussion quietly substitute the other meaning which I prefer.

Here we may point out that dictionary definitions are seldom accurate enough for serious thinking. They are, as a rule, rough-and-ready indications of the meaning of a term, which serves the purpose of telling us the popular and usually loose usage of it. They often sin against our third rule by employing a word practically equivalent to that which they propose to explain. Thus you will often find "money" explained to mean "coin," while "coin" is duly defined as "money." This may help the man who knows one word and not the other, but does not contribute to clearing up our thoughts.

Rule 2 warns us to use clear and simple language. Locke objects to the scholastic definition of motion as "the act of a being in power as far forth as in power;" and he would hardly have approved of Mr. Spencer's definition of evolution as the "progress from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity." But sometimes such definitions are allowable, because they may come at the end of a long technical discussion, in the course of which the various terms have been properly explained. This apology is not possible for Dr. Johnson's famous definition of net-work as "anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections," where his use of long words seems due to a mere superfluity of naughtiness.

The third rule need not be dwelt on further, except to point out that the dual character of our English vocabulary, half English and half-classical, often enables careless or sophistical writers to put us off with sham definitions which seem to explain, but in reality only substitute one unanalysed term for another. We cannot really explain "bishop" if we use the word "episcopal" as a part of our definition, nor "liberty" by saying that it meant "freedom to do as we like."

The last rule may be dismissed with an example. To say that a "Liberal is not a Conservative," or "is one opposed to the Conservatives," does not, it is quite obvious, constitute a definition. It can be of no service to us in drawing accurate conclusions.

It is important to remember that some words cannot, in the strict sense, be defined at all. They express simple ideas, which we cannot analyse, but only indicate, *e.g.*, pain, pleasure, redness. We must not press an opponent to define such terms as these; but we can all the same insist that he uses it only to indicate one and the same thing. Thus I may describe red as the colour-sensation produced by light waves coming to the eye at the rate of from three hundred and ninety-two billions to four hundred and seventy billions a second; and if I stick to this, although it is not a definition which really tells anybody what the colour red is, I shall not be led into fallacy. It just covers the denotation of the term, although it does not reveal the true connotation of it.

You will find it an admirable exercise to take a leading article in a newspaper, or a political speech, and try to define for yourself the principal words in it. Or if you care too little for politics, try your hand at this list.

bread	money	murder
telescope	wealth	justice
desk	wages	courage
book	capital	temperance

The complete statement of all the attributes implied by the word would often be a very tedious proceeding. So logicians advise us to shorten it by naming the class to which the thing we are defining belongs, and the special features which distinguish this thing from others included in the class. Or to be more precise, to name the nearest class which includes the class of things denoted by the word we are defining, and the particular attributes which mark off this smaller class from other smaller classes included in the same larger class. Such a superior class is called a genus, while the inferior classes are species. Thus dog is a species to quadruped, so is cat, so is mouse. And dog again is a genus to spaniel, mastiff, and so on, while quadruped is a species to vertebrate animal. The special features which distinguish the members of the species from those of other species of the same genus form the differentia or difference, *e.g.*, the possession of four legs, which distinguishes the smaller group of quadrupeds from the larger group of vertebrate animals. In order to define quadruped it is not necessary to mention all the attributes connected or implied by the word; we may say shortly that a quadruped is a vertebrate animal having four legs.

A chair is a piece of household furniture forming a movable seat for one person (genus) and having a back (difference), which difference distinguishes it from the other species included in the genus, viz., stools. The genus in our example is expressed rather fully to exclude the other class of movable seat for some person which we call saddles.



"WHEN TREES IN THE WOOD ENCHANTED STOOD."

FROST FLOWERS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A GENIAL presence is drawing near,
  There's frost on the window-pane;
The north wind blows over wastes of snow,
  And winter is here again.
Fancy tracings of flower and fern
  Are drawn by some fairy pen
On window and wall, while the echoes fall
  Of "Peace, and goodwill to men!"

Oh! magic blossoms of winter-time,
  As fair as the rose of June,
Ye bloom in a night, in silver light,
  All under the winter moon,
And speak to our hearts of the bygone days
  When we laughed and shouted amain,
To mark the flowers and crystal bowers
  A-gleam on the window-pane!

Because we held it a certain sign
  That Yule was coming apace
When trees in the wood enchanted stood,
  Each wrapped in its veil of lace.
Oh! dear are the blossoms of sunny spring,
  And dear is the rose's reign;
But we love the most the flowers of frost
  That bloom on the window-pane.



A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART I.

"INDEED, I don't know what to do. They are really quite spoiled."

Mrs. Bowen had tears in her voice, and almost in her eyes, as she looked at a little heap of Jaegar under-clothing just returned from the wash. Those articles had been so soft and flexible when they went away. They had returned shrunk up and hard almost as a millboard. Emmie's combinations were only just fit for Anne, the second girl, while Mr. Bowen's vests were diminished wofully. The mistress hardly dared to look at her own nightdresses. They had cost so much, and now——

Mrs. Bowen changed her laundress. Alas! as a class, those worthy women are wofully ignorant of sanitary underwear. Then she tried doing them at home. But the cook understood even less than Mrs. Brown—had less soft water—fewer drying appliances—and less time.

Mrs. Bowen told her laundry troubles to her friend, Miss Bond, as indeed, she told most of her difficulties. She was startled by that young lady's abrupt proposal.

"Why not do them yourself, Bella?"

"Myself! My hands would crack, and chap, and skin. Besides, I know nothing about washing."

"You are only one of the many heads of families, Bella, that profess their ignorance on that point." Miss Bond was fond of using long words. "You would affront ninety-nine mothers out of one hundred if you suggested they could not housekeep—or cook—or sew—or darn. Yet you are one of the ninety-nine who do not blush to confess that you know nothing of just as important a part of household management."

To be accurate, little Mrs. Bowen had no flush on her pretty brown cheeks, but she spoke a deprecative, gentle apology, and added:

"I know you would not find fault unless you were going to help about those Jaegars, Annette. Do tell me what to do."

"Have a pot of warm soft water ready for me next Monday morning. A bottle of strong ammonia, and a bit of the best yellow soap. I'll show you how to defy Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Bowen almost hugged her friend as she helped her on with her cloak.

"How clever you are, Annette," she said, admiringly. "How is it no good man has made you mistress of his home yet?"

I think if any of those excellent men Mrs. Bowen spoke about had seen Miss Bond the next Monday morning at ten o'clock, they would have proposed on the spot.

Over her usual morning-gown she tied a big white apron with broad straps, and, to preserve the sleeves, she drew over them a dainty pair of linen cuffs reaching to the elbows.

"Now I am ready," she said, surveying a clean tin pan, a pint bottle of ammonia (Mrs. Bowen was determined to have enough), a bar of soap, and a heap of soiled, self-coloured flannels.

"First shred a small piece of soap into a saucepan and melt it," she ordered, "about a quarter of a pound to two gallons of water is the proportion."

While this was doing—Mrs. Bowen was entrusted with a tin spoon and allowed to stir it—our amateur laundress shook out thoroughly every bit of underwear before her separately, "to get rid of dust, etc.," as she explained. Then she filled her tin with lukewarm water (one jug of boiling to two of cold), and added enough boiled soap to make a good lather, lathering with one hand as she poured in the soap jelly with the other. Then she added to the water a tablespoonful of ammonia, and completely soused every bit of natural coloured merino or wool she could see.

"Cover every morsel," she explained to Mrs. Bowen, who watched anxiously and curiously "Any bit that is left uncovered will shrink."

This done, she took up a pasteboard that stood near and carefully covered the pan, "to prevent evaporation."

"Now let it stand for an hour," she concluded, "and we will adjourn for that period to the parlour, or you can order dinner, Annette; I will amuse myself."

"Why, ma'am, all them clothes 'ull be shrunk up to nothing." Harriet the cook could no longer contain herself. This was a departure from all her notions about woollies.

Miss Bond smiled.

"If they are spoiled, Harriet, I promise to replace every one. Only don't uncover the tub till we come back."

Sorely was the good cook tempted to do this while those sixty minutes flew by. Was some magic at work under her honest pastry-board?

Magic or no, when Miss Bond returned to the kitchen punctually at twenty minutes past eleven, and lifted the tray, a lot of very dirty water greeted her gaze.

"Well, that is wonderful!" Mrs. Bowen could not restrain her admiration as her friend, first gently squeezing and lifting out the wet "duds" proceeded to rinse them thoroughly in another pan of lukewarm water, minus the suds or ammonia.

"Always look at the collars and cuffs before you rinse." Miss Bond had almost forgotten this. "They are the parts that show dirt. If very soiled rub gently between your hands. But as a general rule no rubbing is required."

The rinsing was done as she spoke, and she began to wring.

"Put your elbows against your waist. Have both hands palm uppermost and use force. It don't spoil or pull the things out of shape. Of course a rubber wringer is the thing, but fingers and wrists are handy."

Very dry looked the vests, as Miss Bond, having wrung them, passed all through a mangle and shook them out vigorously, "to restore the hairy surface."

"You have a good drying-ground outside, and the day is fine," quoth the teacher, looking out of the kitchen window as she spoke. "So please, Harriet, will you hang them outside. This slight wind will dry them splendidly."

Harriet took the bundle of slightly damp garments and departed.

"If it had been wet, Bella," Miss Bond was pulling off her linen cuffs as she spoke and folding them away, "we would have hung the Jaegars at the fire. Not too close. The quicker they dry the softer they are, and the less they shrink."

Mrs. Bowen was an exact person.

"But how near, Annette. Your warning is vague."

Miss Bond laughed.

"If ever steam rises out of your woollens they are too near. Remember that."

The two friends were already halfway upstairs when the spinster suddenly turned round and dashed down again.

"I am sure that cook of yours will have hung your precious Jaegars in the sun, and they will be ruined."

Sure enough, there on the line, in the full blaze of a June sun, hung the poor things. Miss Bond quickly changed them to a beech hedge under a clump of laburnums and syringa, and left them there.

"I can't wait to finish up," explained Mrs. Bowen's friend in need as she popped away. "When the clothes are dry, fold, and run through the mangle. That is all."

She was gone.

That week Mrs. Bowen's face was wreathed with smiles as she sewed tapes and buttons (why do those things so often need replacing?) on to her sanitary clothing. Very soft, very sweet, very clean. Quite unshrunk. Just like new they felt to her criticising fingers. Even Harriet said they were "beautiful."

Every following Monday found Mrs. Bowen in the laundry with her bottle of ammonia (at other times kept carefully out of harm's way in the store-room, as it is poison, and should be labelled so). A few minutes' work a week kept her household like the wise woman's of old (Prov. xxxi. 21) clothed in clean "double garments" (marg.) of Jaegar or Alpine wool, without any great expense.

Mr. Bowen's vests are as new, though he has worn them three winters; while the children's combinations descend from one to another.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFTED UP.

By the Author of "The Knock at the Door."

CHAPTER II.

"NURSE," said Leslie next morning, when, after being washed and dressed, and having repeated "Our Father" and "Gentle Jesus," he rose from his knees, "nurse, did they put mother in the ground?"

"Put your mamma in the ground?" repeated nurse. "Bury her when she died, do you mean? Why, of course, child. What put such an idea into your head; come and eat your breakfast."

"I thought you said she went to heaven, nurse. Didn't you say so?"

"Yes, and so she is in heaven if anyone ever went there," said nurse, emphatically. "Do you try to be a good boy and go there too?"

"But how did she get out of the ground if they buried her?" asked Leslie, looking up very intently at nurse.

"Why, child, because it's her soul that's gone to heaven, of course, not her body; that's still in the coffin; it's the soul only that goes to heaven. Now eat your bread-and-butter."

Leslie looked troubled; after a few thoughtful bites, he asked, "If they put Herbert into the ground, will his soul go to heaven, too, nurse?"

"Put Herbert in the ground, indeed! You mustn't talk about such things, Master Leslie. It's very naughty. You ought to try and cheer him up, and make him get well, and not think about his being buried. I don't know what Miss Laura would say, I'm sure. Never let me hear you mention such things again!"

Nurse looked very severe, and almost shocked.

"But Herbert was talking about it yesterday, nurse; he said he didn't like it, and I do wish he hadn't to die. Why must he?"

Leslie's lips quivered; he did not know anything about death, which was but a name to him, but he had quite realised that it meant separation for ever, as it seemed, and much chilliness and loneliness, and general discomfort for Herbert.

Nurse opened a cupboard-door and took out a pot of strawberry jam. "There," she said, giving him a good helping, "eat that, it'll do you good, and Master Herbert'll get well again soon, you'll see."

Leslie's eyes sparkled at sight of the delicious rosy preserve, and he ate his bread and jam with great content; nevertheless, as nurse could see, he was very thoughtful.

"Do you think if Moses had been here he could have cured Herbert?" he asked, presently.

"I daresay; all sorts of wonderful things happened in those days," nurse answered, comfortably.

"When the world was young," put in Leslie.

"Yes, when the world was young," repeated nurse, rather sharply.

"Such things never happen now, nurse, do they?"

"No, never," nurse answered with much decision. "But now you're not to speak about such things to Master Herbert, or I shall be very angry, and so will Miss Laura. You're much too little to know what you're talking about, and sick people can't get well if those about them are not cheerful; you must try to amuse him, and cheer him up."

"But I can't be cheerful if he makes me cry," Leslie said; "and I don't want him to die, and he says he must."

"There, there! you be a good boy and keep up his spirits and perhaps he won't—no one can tell. And now finish your breakfast and don't talk."

"May I have that book up again, if I'm very careful?" asked Leslie; "I'll be very quiet with it."

Nurse looked stern, but as she wanted to go out that morning, and it was very convenient to make sure he would be quiet, she relented after a little. "Well, as it's Sunday, I'll ask your papa if you may have it, for a great treat," she said; "but you must be very careful with it, and not put it down on the floor again. I'll bring it up before I go to church."

Whilst breakfast was being cleared away, Leslie went downstairs to Herbert's room; but Laura was there, very sharp and decided, for Herbert had had a very bad night and was weak and more breathless than ever, and she was going to try and read him to sleep with the story-book, and although he looked rather wistfully at Leslie as if he would really have liked him to remain, and even, Leslie thought, glanced with interest at his new top, which he had brought down, there was nothing for it but to retrace his steps to the nursery again, and put the top away with a sigh. Leslie would have had no pleasure in spinning it now; somehow he had seemed to read in Herbert's eyes that he was looking forward to being buried, whatever nurse might say.

However, she kept her promise about the Bible, and presently departed for church, leaving Leslie in high content, with amusement for the entire morning before him, and with Jane the housemaid to refer to from time to time, as she came in to stir the fire and otherwise manage to keep an eye on him.

Down in the street below, at a corner where two roads met, a street preacher had taken up his stand with a little band of fellow workers, and now they were singing a hymn, a very pretty one, Leslie thought, "Come to the Saviour," with a bright, ringing refrain that sounded joyful, as if they were all very happy out there, in the cold and the east wind, and wanted everybody to know it. They came there very often on Sundays, and Leslie knew them all by sight; sometimes they had quite a large crowd of passers-by round them, and then the singing was very loud and hearty, quite like it was in church, nurse told him; sometimes there were very few, and then they moved on elsewhere, and Leslie would watch them regretfully from the nursery window, thinking how nice it would be to be grown-up too, and sing in the street like that for people to hear.

This morning, however, the book proved a greater attraction even than the window, and he had just had another brief, and rather shuddering glance at the snakes, when a familiar name, spoken in the street below, caused him suddenly to prick up his ears.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." Leslie almost overturned the book on to the floor in his excitement at the next words, and scrambling off his chair, rushed to the window. "The great Physician provided a cure for the sins of His people in the wilderness and He has provided a cure for us now. 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Look to Him, then, all ye weary and suffering ones, brothers, sisters, fix your eyes on Him in faith, and He will, in His great mercy, cure you. What does He tell us, 'Look to Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the world.' So 'there is life for a look at the crucified One'; the great Physician has spoken it, and none need die unsaved. Let us all look then and live."

Leslie had dragged a chair up to the window and was now kneeling upon it, his face, red with excitement, pressed against the pane, staring down eagerly at the little group of people below. Where was it, oh, where could it be, this thing they were all to look at? He saw nothing being held up anywhere; the preacher had nothing in his hand but a book; he seemed indeed pointing upward now and then, but though Leslie scanned the housetops and the sky with all his might, he could discover nothing. And now they were singing a hymn about it, all of them, and with such fervour too, as if they all knew about it and had seen it themselves and been cured. "Look, look, look and live! There is life for a look at the crucified One, there is life at this moment for thee." What was it they could look at and live? Oh, if Herbert could only

see it; oh, if nurse would only come in. "And know with assurance thou never canst die, since Jesus thy righteousness lives." Herbert need never die then. Another moment and Leslie was out of the room and down the stairs, and after a struggle with the heavy hall-door, was down the steps into the street.

They had closed their hymn-books, and the preacher was turning away to go elsewhere. Leslie almost screamed in his fear lest he should miss him. "Don't go, oh, don't go, please; let me see it too! I want it for Herbert! Let him see it, do let him!"

"What is that?" asked the man in surprise, looking down at the breathless child. "Let him see what?"

"Why, the serpent on the pole!" panted Leslie eagerly. "You said it cured people who looked at it."

"Nay, it's no serpent I spoke of, my boy," said the preacher kindly. "That was in the old times. God has given us something surer and better now! Don't you know that it's the Lord Jesus Christ who came into the world to save sinners, and who must save you?"

"You said something was lifted up to look at, like Moses did the serpent," said Leslie, looking blank. "I thought Herbert could see it."

"Ay; and so the crucified One was lifted up, so that all the ends of the world might see him and live; and God forgive your parents if they haven't shown you the way to Him yet, for none are too young to escape death! Where do you live?"

"There," said Leslie, pointing vaguely. "Is the—is it able to cure like Moses, then? Have they only to look, like they did at the serpent?"

"Ay, that is all! There is life for a look at the great Physician. Come to the foot of His cross, and He can make the greatest sinner whole."

"Where is it, then?" asked Leslie, in an agony of impatience. "Is it in London? Oh, there's Jane coming to fetch me! Where is Herbert to see it, please?"

"Nay, child, we come to the foot of His cross through faith. Do you say your prayers?"

"Yes," answered Leslie, very much surprised at this sudden turn; "I say them to nurse every night and morning. Why?"

"Then ask God to help you. Pray to Him to let you see the crucified One, your Saviour, my boy; ask Him to give you faith and light, and never fear. His ears are opened to the feeblest cry."

"Will Herbert be able to see it too then, if I ask?" began Leslie; but at that instant Jane caught sight of him, and he was ignominiously captured, shaken, and hurried into the house, and when, after indignant complaints from Jane, and a very severe reprimand and lecture from Laura, on the enormity of his conduct, he was shut into the nursery with strict injunctions not to leave the room under any pretext whatever, the preacher and his little band had disappeared, and the street was quiet and deserted again.

"Nurse," said Leslie that afternoon—he had been going steadily through the pictures in the big Bible, nurse sitting by explaining them to him, and had been altogether as "good as gold," as she expressed it—"nurse, don't you think the afternoon is very long today?"

No, nurse had not noticed its length, she said; she found it no longer than other afternoons.

"I wish it were tea-time," Leslie continued. "May I go to bed directly after tea?"

"Directly after tea!" repeated nurse, looking quite astonished. "Yes, if you want to, Are you sleepy then?"

"No; it's not that exactly," said Leslie, "only I want bedtime to come particularly tonight."

"Why, child?" asked nurse, mystified at this sudden desire for what was generally an ordeal.

"It's something about Herbert. I want to say my prayers," Leslie answered. "I want him to see the thing like Moses held up, so that he sha'n't die."

"You're a very naughty little boy, Master Leslie!" nurse said, quite shocked. "You know I told you that happened hundreds of years ago, and that there are no such things now. I shall be very angry with you if you talk like that. Besides, Master Herbert's not going to die."

Leslie was silent for a minute or two, and looked thoughtfully at the pictures; but presently he asked suddenly, "Nurse, do you know what the 'crucified One' means?"

"Hush! You mustn't repeat such words; it's very wicked," nurse said severely.

"Well, but what does it mean? It isn't a snake on a pole, is it?"

"What has come to the child!" exclaimed nurse, scandalised. "You are a very silly, naughty boy, and God will be very angry with you, and punish you if you say such things. I can't imagine what you are thinking of."

"The gentleman in the street told me of it," said Leslie. "He had seen it. It's something that people look at and get cured, and he told me to ask to see it in my prayers tonight. I told him about Herbert."

"And a very disobedient, good-for-nothing child you were too, to go out into the street, talking to strangers directly my back was turned. You see how it is—you are naughty, and I get into trouble for it. It's always the way."

"But what does it mean, nurse? Don't you know either?"

"Don't I know, indeed! It's what little boys like you have no business to talk about—it means that our Lord died to save everybody. He was crucified, that's what it means. You see you try to get hold of all sorts of ideas which you can't understand. That man was speaking to sinners, wicked people who ought to repent, not to children like you. He was telling them to pray to God, and they would be forgiven."

"But he told them to look at something—something like Moses held up—and they would be cured, he said so," said Leslie positively. "Is it only wicked people who can be cured by it?"

"There, don't chatter so, child, you make my head ache! What he was speaking about was repentance for sins, that was all. He meant our Lord died then, so that everybody who dies now should go to Heaven. You see, you don't understand at all."

"But he said no one should die at all if they looked at it," Leslie said, almost in tears. "I want Herbert to see it; I don't want him to die."

"Don't keep on so about Master Herbert dying! I tell you you don't understand what you are talking about! You're too little to know anything about death and such things, and you're very naughty to talk about it!"

Leslie was silent for a moment. "Am I too little to die then, nurse?" he asked; but this appeared to be a very wicked question indeed, for nurse gave him a very severe scolding for it.

"See what comes of disobedience and talking in the streets!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't have believed a little boy, well-brought up like you, could be so naughty. You had need wish to say your prayers soon to ask to be forgiven for having been such a bad child!"

"I want to see it, that's all," said Leslie, tearfully. "The man told me to ask God to show me the crucified One, and I want to see it, I want to know what it is."

"Oh, dear me, child, haven't I told you what it is," said nurse impatiently. "Our Lord was nailed to a cross stuck into the ground; you can see it in Mayer's shop any day, there was one in the window when I went by yesterday."

Leslie could scarcely believe his ears, and almost overturned the table in his excitement. "Oh, nurse, is it true, is it really and truly there? Oh, isn't *it nice! When* can Herbert see it?"

"When can Master Herbert see it?" repeated nurse, to whom all this excitement was quite incomprehensible. "Why, when he gets up again and can go out, when the winter's over."

"But you're going to carry him, nurse! You promised you'd wrap him up in a blanket and carry him to see it, didn't you?"

"What is the child talking about?" exclaimed nurse, quite indignantly. "I never heard such a thing! I should like to see myself carrying him wrapped in a blanket to look in Mayer's window! Everyone would say I was mad, I should think! What next, I wonder!"

"You said you would!" Leslie exclaimed, his face crimsoning with indignation. "You said you'd carry Herbert to see the serpent! You always tell me to keep my promises, and now you're breaking yours!"

Nurse was much too angry at this remark to listen to anything more. "You're a very rude, naughty, disobedient little boy, and I'll have nothing more to do with you. I've a good mind to say you shan't go down to tea tonight, it would serve you right for being so impertinent."

"How is Herbert to see the thing in the shop, then?" asked Leslie, his face still crimson, his lips trembling.

"I don't know and I don't care," answered nurse calmly. "You'd better save up your money and buy it for him, if you're so anxious he should see it! The idea of thinking I should carry him down the street in a blanket."

But this suggestion was a fresh excitement for Leslie, who forgot all his indignation straightway. "Could I buy it myself, then, and have it always here?" he exclaimed; the idea was a delicious one, it seemed almost too good to be true. "Oh, nurse, do you really think I could buy it? Can anyone buy it, then?"

"Of course they can if they have money enough," said nurse, prosaically, "though what all this fuss means that you are making about it, is more than I can make out. If you've got ten shillings I daresay that would buy it, and now I'm going down to see if you're to be allowed to have tea with Master Herbert, and you're not to leave the room, mind. I'm sorry I can't trust you now, after this morning."

Nurse intended this remark to be very cutting, but Leslie scarcely heard her; terrible misgivings as to the amount collected in his money-box occupied his mind. It had been opened at Christmas, most unfortunately, when he had taken a strong fancy for a small magic lantern—perfectly useless now, for something had gone wrong with the lamp, and Laura had forbidden its use. Supposing there were not ten shillings, what could he do?

He mounted on a chair to reach the top shelf in the cupboard, where the money-box was kept, and with some trouble got it down. It felt nice and heavy, but as nurse had the key, and therefore he could not open it, he was reduced to the laborious method of emptying it by means of the slit in the top, shaking the coins out one by one, a very long process, and only accomplished by dint of much rattling to and fro and much patience. There it all lay at last, however, quite a little heap on the table. Fifteen pennies, four threepenny pieces, four sixpences, two shillings,

one two-shilling piece, and one half-crown. A grand total of exactly ten shillings and ninepence.

Flushed with exertion and surprise, Leslie counted it over three times to make quite sure there was no mistake about the amount; and then with a triumphant sense of possessorship put it into his pocket and replaced the box on its shelf. Nurse returning, wondered over his air of suppressed excitement, and the docility with which he yielded himself to the necessary process of face washing and hair brushing; she thought him unusually silent also, and indeed with such a surprise in store for Herbert and the whole family, Leslie felt that if he did not keep his mouth closely shut, the secret must escape him. As it was, it was as much as he could do to keep his hands from fingering the pocketful of money under nurse's very eye. When his toilet was completed, and he was sent downstairs with strict injunctions to behave properly, and not to tire Herbert, he ran down to the kitchen, and asking to see Jane privately in the passage, confided the ten shillings and ninepence to her, and after some difficulty in getting her to understand what it was she was to buy, by reason of his own vagueness of description, she undertook to go round to Mayer's shop as early next morning as possible. Having bound her meanwhile to the very strictest secrecy, Leslie remounted the long flight of stairs in the highest spirits, and went in to have tea with Herbert.

Poor Herbert! He had been striving to be brave and cheerful all day, but it had been hard work. Laura had scarcely left him, hovering round him with story books to read aloud, or trying to make him laugh by her amusing chatter; his father had sat with him twice for an hour, talking cheerfully on different topics; both had been anxious that his mind should not dwell on the one dread idea, which none dared mention one to the other; he had had a visit from a schoolfellow also who was in town for a few days, and brought him much news of school and new arrangements and studies. At first he had been quite excited over the arrival of this unexpected visitor, but when he remembered that he should never see the new scholars he heard of, nor join in all the new plans for study and amusement, nor take part in any of the sports his companion was so full of, it was hard work not to break down like a coward and cry out to him to have some pity and stop. Almost his first question had been about Jim Cleaver's brother, much to the surprise of his visitor, who only knew of Robert Cleaver as a third form boy, much younger than Herbert, and of no particular interest at all; he could not guess the workings of the invalid schoolboy's mind, and the intimate connections there now seemed to him, somehow, between the Cleavers and himself. When Harry Trafford had departed, full of health and spirits and hearty vociferations that the "fellows" would be glad when Herbert returned to school, and that he must try to be in time for the great football match, he turned his face to the wall and lay so still that Laura coming in, thought that he was crying, and quickly summoned tea, and was even relieved to see Leslie, and set herself to be as cheerful and amusing as she could to counteract what she thought was Harry Trafford's depressing influence, and when at last she went down to dinner, it was with the comfortable conviction that she had left the two boys plenty to talk about and amuse themselves with, and that there was no fear of Herbert's being dull for the hour she would be absent.

Directly they were left alone, Leslie climbed on to the sofa. His secret had seemed to be bursting out all tea-time, and it was more than he could do not to hint at it, even if ever so little. "Herbert," he said eagerly, snuggling up under the rug, "do you like surprises?"

"Surprises? Yes, sometimes, if they're nice ones. Why?"

"Wouldn't it be a nice surprise if some-one told you you were not going to die at all?"

"I should think it would!" said Herbert with a half-sob, flinging his wasted arm round his little brother. "Only there's no such surprise in store for me, Leslie, old fellow! I feel it's quite true what Dr. Westwood says, though Laura and father won't believe it. I'm dying—I know it! It's no use bringing another physician; nothing can cure me now!"

"Oh, yes; something can!" cried Leslie rapturously. "Something I'm going to have; only it's a surprise, and won't be here till to-morrow morning. Herbert, you'll promise you won't die before to-morrow morning, won't you?"

Herbert shuddered involuntarily. "I hope I sha'n't!" he said fervently. "I feel afraid to go to sleep now sometimes, for fear I should never wake up again! It used to seem nothing to me, dying. When I used to read about people giving up their lives and that, I always felt I could do it too quite easily; but it seems different now, when I have to die, whether I will or no."

"But you'll see mother and be with her, sha'n't you? Nurse says when we die we shall go to her. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Yes; but how do I know I shall see her?" asked Herbert, tossing his arm feverishly outside the coverlid. "I don't believe I shall, somehow! For one thing, mother was so good she would be amongst the good people, angels, and all that; and, for another, I feel I shall just be in the ground, cold and still, like Jim Cleaver, and it will be all over with me for ever! I don't seem to have anything to look forward to, and it all seems so mysterious and uncertain, and having to go quite alone——"

"Oh, Herbert, I wish I wasn't too little to die! I wish I could come with you to keep you company! Why must you go alone? Isn't there anyone who could go with you?"

"No; everybody has to die alone! I wish mother were here, she'd help me somehow. I wonder if it seemed so dreadful to her as it does to me? I never remember her complaining. Perhaps she knew more about it, as she was good!"

"Oh, but there's one thing—there's the surprise!" cried Leslie, clapping his hands. "I am going to buy it with the money out of my money-box—ten shillings and ninepence! Jane's going for it to-morrow morning, and you are only to look at it! Herbert, would you like to see the picture of Moses and the snakes? They were some horrible, dreadful snakes which bit everybody, and Moses made a brass one and held it up on a pole, and it cured everybody who looked at it directly? Wasn't it wonderful? I'll run and fetch the book; it's down-stairs!"

"No, no—I don't want to see it! Stay here; I know all about it. I wish Moses were here now, if he could cure me! Is that what you were thinking of?"

"No, not exactly—not Moses," said Leslie, torn by the desire to tell the secret out and yet to give his surprise, "It's the 'Crucified One,' you know; only I don't want you to know!"

"Hush, Leslie, old fellow; you mustn't talk like that! It's not right to use such words, you know. Where have you heard them?"

"A gentleman in the street told me, and they sang about it. I can remember the tune—I'll sing it for you;" and Leslie, quite proud at being able to remember it so well, began the refrain, "Look, look, look and live!" and sang it through. "Isn't it nice?" he said eagerly when he had finished.

"It's a pretty tune," Herbert said. "I only wish there were life for me by looking at anything! I'd be very different, I know, if I were well again. I always wish I'd been kinder to Jim Cleaver, and let him come with us sometimes; I used to treat him like a cad, because I thought him beneath me! And then I've always hated going to church. Somehow, it always seemed such dull work, and I didn't care for the fellows to think me religious, you know; so I never said my prayers at night, though mother made me promise."

Leslie looked very serious; nurse was always so very particular about his saying his prayers that he could not help feeling that Herbert really had been dreadfully wicked. "You say them now though, now that you're not at school, don't you?" he inquired anxiously.

Herbert looked at him almost tragically. "I've tried to," he said, almost appealingly, as if his little brother might condemn him; "I have tried to, but I can't. It seems of no use, somehow; I can't say any!"

"Don't you know 'Our Father,' or 'Gentle Jesus'? asked Leslie, quite overwhelmed at such terrible ignorance. "I say them both every night and every morning. Nurse says mother used to say 'Gentle Jesus' to me when I was quite little. Shall I say it to you?"

Herbert nodded; somehow the thought of his mother made his heart swell with longing for her, and he could not speak. Leslie knelt upon the sofa, and, folding his hands very carefully and tightly closing his eyes, repeated the little hymn through in the monotonous recitative enjoined by nurse:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Blessed Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy precious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, as Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart."

"Isn't that easy?" he asked, directly it was ended. "I've known it for years. Can't you say it?"

"You see, it's for little chaps like you," said Herbert. "I can't call myself a 'little child,' because I'm not one. I got the Prayer-book the other day to see if I could remember one or two prayers." He drew out a small Prayer-book from under the sofa-cushion. "I suppose they're the proper ones to say, only there seems such a lot!"

"Shall I ask nurse?" said Leslie doubtfully, but Herbert shook his head. "I wish mother were alive now," he said, with a break in his voice; "I do so dread the thought of dying! Why must I? I can't bear the thought of everything being done with for ever and ever, and having to go away somewhere in the dark and cold alone! I wish mother were here now, or that I knew where she was, or whether I should see her."

Leslie clasped his arms tightly round Herbert's neck. "I'll tell you the secret—I'll tell it you now," he said, sobbing; "only it can't come till to-morrow morning! You sha'n't go away; you sha'n't die! If it's more than ten shillings and ninepence, nurse 'll lend me some money, and I'll give her my weekly money; and you'll only have to look at it!"

But Herbert was worn out, and such a terrible fit of coughing supervened that nurse hurried down, Jane summoned Laura, and Leslie was summarily despatched off to bed.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

A Free House for Women.

An amusing insight into domestic service on the other side of the globe is given in Mr. Hume Nisbet's *Colonial Tramp*.

"Nasty stuck-up ways," says Mr. Nisbet, "do not avail you much in the out-of-the-way corners of Australia. At Castlemaine, when I went to bed, I left my boots outside the door to be cleaned, according to hotel habits.

"In the morning I heard the maid-servant knock at the different doors, crying, 'Ye've got to get up if you want any breakfast, for it's jist about ready.'

"Grunts and exclamations followed the maiden in her passage. When she got to my door, I heard her kick something out of her way and pass on to the next.

"I jumped out of bed, as I heard the others doing, and scrambled into my clothes and opened the door. It was my boots which the maiden had kicked out of the way.

"Then I remembered that in early times, when fastidious guests wanted to polish their boots they had to do it themselves, so I wended my way to the kitchen to ask for the materials.

"'Was them your boots that I found at the door this morning?' asked the maid, as she pointed to where the brushes were.

"I admitted the delinquency meekly.

"'Then don't you try that on again in this house,' answered the irate maiden, as she turned her back upon me in her virtuous indignation. 'This here is a free house for women, and not a place for slaves!'

"I waited after that until I reached Melbourne before I tried to get anyone to blacken my boots, happy to have got off so easy. In the good old times I might have been kicked out of the hotel."

Tests of Ability.

Some curious observations have been made by Dr. Delauny, a well-known Paris scientist. To ascertain the qualities of a cook applying for a place, he says, it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean or a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable.

The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in what direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as of the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same.

Work and Wages in India.—Millions of men in India live, marry, and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above two shillings a week, and frequently sinks to eighteen pence.

In the Storms of Life.

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales careering go
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.
—*Dryden.*

Pause Before You Speak.—It is easier not to say than to unsay what has been said. Therefore think well before you speak ill.

Biscuits in Church.

At a Lincolnshire consecration service there was a large congregation, and the rector, seeing that there was only one alms-dish, made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him, and bade him go into the rectory-garden and through a glass door into the dining-room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the aisle and up the other, and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started.

The rustic disappeared, re-appeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then, approaching the rector, whispered in his ear:—

"I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side of the aisle and up t'other. They'll none on 'em 'ave any."

No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits.

Answer Your Letters.—Answering a letter does not mean simply sending another letter in response to the one you have received. It means taking the trouble to read the letter you get, and to refer to the subject-matter of it. It is never polite, and sometimes little less than insulting, to write in response to the letter of a friend, and ignore the subject which was evidently uppermost in his thoughts when he wrote to you.

Fear Thyself Most.—In the commission of evil fear no one so much as thyself. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayest avoid; thyself thou canst not.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HAROLD AND META.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.
From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."—*Whittier.*

THE two women, sitting together in the little parlour behind the shop, seemed to have been drawn to each other by some subtle influence which neither could explain. When Mrs. Beaton proposed that Elsie should take off her cloak and stay long enough to drink a cup of tea, the invitation was accepted at once. And then Elsie told her name, and a little bit of her own history, before she began to listen to the story of Meta.

"There is a resemblance between your life and hers," Mrs. Beaton said thoughtfully. "I remember she once told me that she was alone in the world; parents, brothers, and sisters had all passed away, and the few relations who remained cared nothing about her. Some artist friend, who had helped her to get on, recommended Mrs. Penn as a safe woman to live with. Then too that top room was a suitable place to work in; there was plenty of light and air. One day Mrs. Penn brought her here, and asked my son to show her some of our art treasures, and that is how we were acquainted with her first."

"Was she very clever?" Elsie asked.

"I don't know enough of art to answer you; but my son says that she was. Andrew is a judge in such matters, and I have often heard him say that Miss Neale had the true gift. But, although she had been well-trained, she lacked a good many of those advantages which help to make artists successful. She could not afford to travel, and she was so poor that she was forced to work below her powers. Still, she was rising steadily in her calling, and increasing her earnings, when she first met Mr. Waring."

"Mr. Waring? Ah, that was Harold," said Elsie.

"Yes, that was Harold. He was the junior curate at St. Lucy's Church in a street close by. In that street there was a young girl dying of consumption who was very lonely, and wanted a good deal of cheering and visiting. I used to see her as often as I could; but when my rheumatism cripples me I am helpless. I soon found out that Miss Neale knew how to comfort the sick, and I asked her to go to the poor girl. She went, and did more good than I had ever done. And it was in that sick-room that Mr. Waring first spoke to her."

Elsie recalled the words in the manuscript, "What a new life came to me all at once when I met Harold for the first time."

"There are many kinds of love," continued the old woman in her quiet voice, "and it was given to those two to know the best kind of all. They gained strength from each other, they worked as one. In these crowded streets they have left traces of their simple earnest lives—lives of self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity. They made no noise in the world. Harold Waring was not eloquent; he was not a profound scholar; he said very little about creeds. And yet all sorts of believers and unbelievers trusted this man, and looked up to him, because he was simply an interpreter of

Divine love. Harold and Meta lived long enough to reveal their Master's sweetness to the people. And the sweetness lingers with us still."

Mrs. Beaton took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes. Then she looked up at Elsie with a smile and shook her head over her own weakness. "My tears are for myself—not for them," she said. "I still miss them, and I am too old to go amongst those who miss them even more than I do. I shall never forget Mr. Waring's face when he came to tell me about the legacy. He was tall and fair, with clear eyes that had the blue of heaven in them."

"And Jamie's eyes are like his," interrupted Elsie.

"Yes; that's true. The boy was more like his uncle than his father. I only saw Mr. James Waring once or twice, and I always distrusted him. Well, as I was saying, Harold Waring's face was beautiful with hope and happiness. 'We shall have a home, Mrs. Beaton,' he said; 'we shall have a home!'"

"That hope was never realised!" sighed Elsie.

Mrs. Beaton's look was very bright.

"Don't you think that it is realised now?" she asked. "I have often fancied that it is the want unanswered here which is most fully satisfied hereafter. It makes the new life all the fresher and sweeter, you see. They wanted a home; but home is not a place, it is a state. There can be no home at all if there is not that mystical house, 'not made with hands,' where spirits blend and dwell together for ever."

Just then the parlour-door opened quietly, and Andrew Beaton came into the room. "Mother is giving you some of her notions," he said. "She says that all the joys of heaven must first have had their beginnings in our souls on earth."

"'To him that hath, shall be given,'" the old lady quoted. "Miss Kilner, I'm afraid you find me very wearisome, my dear. You wanted to hear about Meta Neale's life in this world, and I am trying to talk about her life in the next. Forgive a foolish old woman, who sits and dreams over her fire."

It was pleasant to see the look in Andrew's eyes when his mother called herself a foolish old woman. His glance had flatly contradicted her statement before Elsie spoke.

"Mrs. Beaton," she said earnestly, "I like to hear your notions. You have done me good. I have been thinking a great deal too much lately about the things that are temporal. There were no spiritual influences in my Sussex home," she added with a sigh.

"One ought to look up sometimes," said Andrew; "but one mustn't forget the story of that great artist who was painting the ceiling of a chapel for two years. He got into such a confirmed habit of looking up that it cost him a mighty effort to look down at the common ground he had to walk on."

Mrs. Beaton poured out tea for her son, and smiled at Elsie across the table. It was a humble home at the back of a London shop, but Elsie found here the thought and refinement which she had so often missed in other houses. She remembered the prattle which usually accompanied the clatter of afternoon tea-cups, and the bits of scandal handed round with the cake.

"I don't think we will dwell too long on the end of Meta's earthly love-story," said Mrs. Beaton, after a pause; "she has told you enough in her manuscript. For nearly a year after Harold Waring died, she was living and working among us and taking care of Jamie. It was in December—just before Christmas—that Mrs. Penn found her by the child's side in her last sleep."

There was another pause. Elsie felt that tears were gathering in her eyes and could not speak. It was well that Andrew broke the silence.

"It is just a year and six months since Mrs. Penn and Jamie went away," he said. "She had grown tired of her house, I think, and the death of Miss Neale preyed upon her mind. Someone came and took house and furniture off her hands. My mother and I have been expecting a letter, but no letter has come."

"I think we ought to bestir ourselves," the old lady remarked. "Mrs. Penn was not quite the right person to have the care of a boy. If I hadn't believed that we should be informed of her movements, I would not have let Jamie go so easily. But the child clung to her very much after Miss Neale's death; no one else could comfort him."

"Have you ever heard of Arnold Wayne?" Elsie suddenly asked.

"Never," replied both the Beatons at once. "Who was he? Had he anything to do with Miss Neale?"

"I don't think she ever saw him," Elsie replied. "Her manuscript merely says that he was Harold's college friend, and she must search Harold's papers to find his address. It was evident that she felt her own end approaching, and thought that Mr. Wayne might do something for Jamie."

Andrew Beaton caught at the idea at once. "We'll find him out!" he cried. "Mr. Waring was a King's College man. It will be easy enough to learn something about Arnold Wayne there. But we must find Jamie first of all."

"Don't you know where Mrs. Penn went when she left Soho Square?" inquired Elsie.

"Not exactly," Andrew admitted. "Mother, how could we have been so neglectful? We ought to have insisted on having her address!"

"But she had no address to give us," Mrs. Beaton answered, with a troubled look on her kind face. "She said she would go to stay with some friends at Brighton for a month; the sea-air would be good for the boy and herself. They had both fretted themselves quite ill. After leaving Brighton she was thinking of settling at Lee, in Kent. Naturally, I approved of the Brighton plan, as I knew that Jamie needed a change."

Elsie was thoughtful for a moment; then she looked up with a sudden hope shining in her eyes. "Perhaps we are worrying ourselves without a cause," she said. "It may be that they have not left Brighton, and the child is well and happy there."

"Who can tell?" The words came from Andrew, as he rose from his chair and went to a side-table. "I am going to write to Mrs. Penn through the papers." His mother and Elsie watched him as he opened a blotting-book and set about his task at once. There was something firm and business-like in his way of doing things. In a few minutes the notice was written and he read it aloud to them:—"Mrs. Penn, formerly of —, Soho Square, is requested to communicate at once with Andrew Beaton, —, Wardour Street, W."

"That will do," said Mrs. Beaton, approvingly.

Elsie, too, rose from her seat. The afternoon was wearing away, and Miss Saxon would be getting uneasy at her absence.

"You will come again, my dear?" said the old lady, holding her hand in a lingering clasp.

"I shall be very glad to come," Elsie answered. "It is so long since I have talked with anyone so motherly as you are." As she spoke her lips quivered. They both knew that the loss of a mother leaves a void which can only be filled up in heaven, and perhaps the first treasure restored to us there will be the unspeakable gift of a mother's love.

"I have never had a daughter," said Mrs. Beaton, with a slight trembling in her voice. "When Meta Neale came, I sometimes caught a glimpse of what a daughter might be."

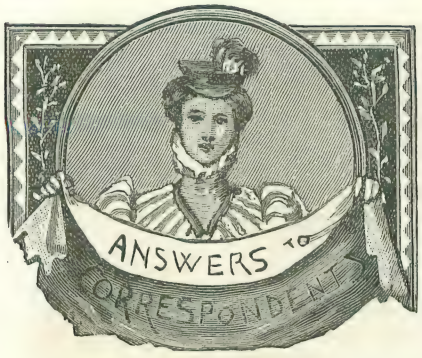
The room was growing darker; but Elsie felt rather than saw the swift look of pain which swept across Andrew's face. She felt in her mind, magnetically, the feeling that was in his. It came to her all at once—that sudden, strange intuition which reveals to us the deep places in other people's lives.

He, too, had caught a glimpse of what a daughter might have been to his mother. He had seen how lovely his life might have grown if he could have won Meta. But that vision had been sternly put away from him; neither in this life nor the next would she belong to him.

It was worse than a loss, Elsie thought. It was "the devotion to something afar" from his own sphere; a longing for the light of a star that had never shone into his world at all. He was not grieving for a gift given and taken away, but for a treasure which had never for an instant come within his reach. She went away in the gathering dusk with a heart full of sympathy. Had the "vanished hand" guided her into the path of his solitary life that she might shed a ray of brightness there?

Miss Saxon was waiting for her with an anxious face. Some people had called and left cards—friends who had lived once near her old neighbourhood. Elsie felt very little interest in them now, her mind was full of new feelings; she did not care to talk over bygone days. "I don't want to begin visiting," she said. "I am so busy, Miss Saxon! In this life of mine there is so much to do, is there not?"

(To be continued.)



EDUCATIONAL.

PRICKLY PEAR (Alpes Maritimes).—1. Since astronomers have computed more accurately the number of days and hours in each year, we find that a difference of four years has been the result, in the course of nearly 1,900 years since the birth of our Lord. This new calculation and more accurate division of time puts back the date of His birth some four years earlier than according to the time stated under the old arrangement, the days and hours taken into account making up the extra time. We are glad you like our paper so much. Your English is excellent.—2. With reference to passing examinations by correspondence we advise you to write direct to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., C. R. Hodgson, Esq., and he will inform you and send the necessary papers, if the plan is feasible.

J. W.—In the upper classes of society no girl is considered out of the schoolroom until she has attained the age of eighteen. Although an "infant" in the eye of the law, and not of age, she is then received into society, and may be presented at Court. But girls in the middle classes are not able to prolong their educational studies, except when apprenticed; and the same rules do not apply to all classes alike.

MARGERY DAW.—1. Ten women took honours in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, and ten more in the Natural Science Tripos (all at the summer examinations). Two in the first-named, mathematical tripos, as wranglers, one between the fifth and sixth, and the other equal to the seventeenth wrangler.—2. Go to bed early, take regular exercise, and live generously, and you will not require wet bandages round your head to enable you to study any more than any of the lady honourmen or lady wranglers who have "gone in" for the highest distinctions, and won them with apparent ease. If you have really good abilities, and specially so in any one department of learning, regular, persevering, application—not too hurried, nor of the nature of mere cramming—will carry you through your studies without the smallest danger of injury to your health or nervous system. Most of your young countrywomen who have distinguished themselves in so remarkable a manner, have been, personally, pictures of blooming health, and have been of the type exemplified as "muscular"—though by no means unfeminine—"Christianity."

BOOK-WORM.—You could not do better than to join the National Home Reading Union. Address the Secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment.

MUSIC.

M. OR N.—It is a matter of uncertainty when the organ was introduced into the churches of Western Europe. No instruments of music are employed in Eastern churches. The invention of the organ has been attributed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, B.C. 250; but Pope Vitalianus is believed to have been the first who adopted it, at about 670 A.D. One fact seems to be fairly established, that King Pepin of France received one as a present from the Greek Emperor Copronymus, A.D. 755, or thereabouts. They were not common in Europe until the time of Charlemagne; but were in England before the tenth century, and improved in compass and otherwise as compared with those on the Continent. The pedals, or foot-keys, were invented by Bernhard, a German.

A NATIVE OF THE GOLDEN HORN (Constantinople).—1. We do not think you could teach yourself to sing without having had a few lessons to show you how to take your notes, where to take breath, and where your voice breaks, its true compass, and its quality, without which instruction you would not know what songs would suit you and bring out your best notes, and prevent your acquiring tricks or over-straining your voice. Your master would also select the exercises suitable for you, and you could then carry on your vocal studies and practising by yourself till able to take a few more lessons later on.—2. Your writing is not formed as yet. We are very glad you derive benefit from our paper.

AGNITA.—They will generally be able to tell you the names of song-composers at any music-sellers, as they have to keep a stock of both old and new.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHESTER.—1. The best wash for the skin of the head, when the hair falls, is a decoction of rosemary. But it is not a cure for dryness. Some nursery washes, suitable for children, might prove efficient in your mother's case, and can be had ready-made at any chemist's.—2. Your writing is good.

A. L.—Yes, there is a home at Woodchurch, Ashford, Kent, of very limited proportions, for destitute little girls, aged from four to fourteen years, when they are sent out into domestic service. Direct to the Hon. Secretary, the Rev. W. M. Rodwell, 39, Charing Cross Road, W.C., or to the Rev. A. Welch, The Rectory, Woodchurch, Ashford, Kent. Those desiring the admission of a child must give or collect sufficient subscriptions to pay £12 annually for its maintenance. There are sixteen children in the Newbery Home at present.

SNOWDROP.—1. We cannot supply you with any prescription to make a pale "pasty complexion" rosy. If in good health be satisfied. As you remark, some people prefer pale faces.—2. Pink and white would suit a fair complexioned bridesmaid.

WANT TO KNOW.—The cropping of dogs' ears and tails ruins them so far as any chance of winning a prize at a show. It is very wrong to mutilate them thus. You cannot improve on God's creation. If you want an animal without a tail buy a guinea-pig, a Manx cat, or a bear. If you want stand-up ears do not get a dog or rabbit with pendant ones. You should hire or purchase a book on natural history, and you will learn all about goats and donkeys. Both these animals are much ill-treated; the former should not be made animals of draught. Their feet and natural habits disqualify them for such work.

IMPULSIVE.—1. It is far from desirable that young people should sleep with old, elderly, or delicate persons. It even endangers an infant's life to do so for any length of time.—2. Your second question cannot have an answer applicable alike to all such cases. See Proverbs xxix. 10 and Hosea iv. 17.

F. T. D.—The father (or widowed mother) of the bride provides carriages for his own family, the bridesmaids, and any guests sleeping in the house. The groom and his parents and family, if not sleeping in the house, provide for themselves. Under all circumstances the groom does. All the wedding gifts are sent to the bride's home. If living so far off it would be well for the groom to find a lodging for the night somewhere nearer, if possible.

NEMO.—Nothing but daily and very careful practice can settle your handwriting.

PUSS.—*Ma chère* is the French for "my dear" (feminine); *con amore*, "with love," or, "with warmth," "earnestly," "heartily"; *dolce far niente*, "sweet do nothing," or "sweet idleness." These latter phrases are in Italian.

PANSY had better soften her waterproof cape or coat by making it thoroughly damp. In such hot, dry weather as we have had, it could not be otherwise than hard and stiff.

MISS MUFFETT.—The name Sophia is Greek, and denotes "wisdom." Ada is old German, and means "happiness" and "a rich gift."

GOLDEN HAIR.—You were wrong in corresponding with any man to whom you were not engaged. As it is, you had better name the fact to him of the addresses now being paid to you by another man, and you will soon know whether he has been trifling with you or not. You surely would not marry either of them unless he had won your heart? And you must know which you love, if either? Why should you hurry?

UNEASY.—You should go some morning to a doctor who receives patients gratis at certain hours, and have your heart examined. It is quite impossible for us to pronounce any opinion upon it. There may be a defective action, without organic disease.

JUNE BIRD.—Honolulu is the capital and seat of government of the Hawaii or Sandwich Islands, one of the most important groups of Polynesian islands. Honolulu is situated in Oahu. Molokai, the island inhabited by lepers, must be familiar to you by name, and is one of the collection which consists of eight principal, and a few small ones. The enormous crater of the Kilauea, and the high volcano of Mauna Loa are in Hawaii, and with these you should be acquainted. We recommend you to study a good atlas, and get our *Universal Geography*.

DODO.—The difference between the English and Irish mile is, the latter is a quarter of an English mile the longer of the two, and the Scotch mile is of the same length as the Irish. There are eight furlongs in our mile, or 1760 yards.

KATIE.—The term "God's acre" as applied to a cemetery is the old Teutonic and Saxon designation. The idea, as given by Longfellow, is that the seed is sown there of the good wheat for God's harvest-time, when it will spring up and be gathered by the angels into the heavenly garner.

AMY JENKINS.—Your writing is so bad we cannot read your second question. Write to the secretary of a Freemason's orphanage and inquire there. We do not know what claims you may have to entitle you to assistance on the ground of your father's membership. Perhaps one of his friends might give you advice and information.

GRISELDA.—You are not too heavy for your height. Your handwriting is sufficiently good for a bookkeeper or clerk.

ROW.—We gave a whole article on the subject of skeletonising leaves in our first volume, and we have given one of the methods, in brief, in an answer to a correspondent. The continual requests we receive to give repetitions cannot be granted. However, we will transcribe the answer given in Volume II. Place the leaves in an earthenware vessel filled with rain-water, and leave in the sunshine for days or weeks. When the outer covering of the fibres is pulpy and ready for removal, place the leaves in clean water, and shake to and fro to remove it. This may be supplemented by the use of a flat painting brush. Then place the skeletons between sheets of blotting-paper to dry them. We see no advantage or otherwise presented by the season of the year for carrying out this process. Spring, summer, or autumn would prove suitable, were sunshine obtainable outside your window or in your greenhouse or garden. But beware of the unwholesome odour of the water.

MINNIE and ELIZABETH inquire, "What is the meaning of ears?" Truly a strange question. Ears are the organs by which you hear. To divine the possession of certain characteristics by their formation, you should study Lavater, the great physiognomist. We could not give you a lecture thereon in an answer.

N. W.—Yes; as a rule a boy infant's brain weighs about a sixth more at birth than a girl's at that time. But it is an established fact that quality rather than quantity determines the intellectual abilities of the owner of the brain. There are about five ounces less of brain matter needed to keep a woman from idiotcy than required for a man (nearly the average difference in the weight between the sexes), and we may naturally presume that this amount does not represent tissue necessary for mentality, but merely that it corresponds with the smaller muscular mass and shorter stature of a woman as compared to a man, the brain being as large in proportion to her weight. A woman's brain has a higher specific gravity.

SEVENTEEN.—So a girl not yet out of the schoolroom wants to marry-off her four elder sisters simply "because you think you will have more friends and relatives to visit"! How very disinterested and unselfish! We really cannot "inform you what you all can do to get engaged." We do not regard matrimony as essential to happiness, nor as tending to increase your powers of usefulness, nor yet (necessarily) to promote your advance in spiritual life. Try to be a help and comfort to your family, and to serve the Lord faithfully in that condition of life in which He has placed and seen fit to leave you.

FLOSSIE tells us she has "an old machine with a walnut case," and inquires "how she can utilise it as a fancy or useful ornament." But what description of "old machine," or of what shape and size the "walnut case" is, she leaves us in ignorance. Perhaps by standing the case on end upon a table, and by having a shelf or a tray or two put into it, the case might be used as a cabinet for coins or curios.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. If your teeth be decayed they need either "stopping" or extraction. You had better look out the words in a dictionary, when not sure of the spelling, as you say "decade teeth." The word "decade" means "the sum of ten." The first decade of life is that completed at ten years old, and the second when reaching twenty, and so on. Always keep a dictionary beside you, if you do not wish to make ridiculous mistakes.—2. Perhaps you become over-heated and then expose yourself to draughts, or take off your outer covering too soon on returning home. When removing it, put some slight substitute over your shoulders so as not to cool too quickly—a fruitful cause of severe colds in warm weather.

F. CHRISTTON.—A clock was constructed by Rechard, Abbot of St. Alban's, about the year 1326. Harrison's time-piece (he was of Foulby near Pontefract) was brought to London in 1735, a reward having been offered by the government for methods of determining the longitude at sea. His second was produced in 1730; his third in 1740; and his fourth a few years subsequently, which latter obtained for him the reward of £20,000 from the Board of Longitude; and for his further improvements thereupon additional sums were adjudged, bringing the amount up to more than £24,000. An eight-day clock of his may be seen in the Patent Museum at South Kensington. It struck the hours and indicated the day of the month, and with the exception of the escapement, the wheels were all of wood. It was going in 1871, and, possibly, still. See our articles on "Sun Dials" which appeared in last year's volume. Watches began to come in from Germany in 1584.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER does not say where her place is situated, only that "the rooms of the house are large and lofty," and that "it is pleasantly situated." She should have named the county, whether near a railway station, on a hill, or a flat country, and other particulars. Many people like to spend a holiday in a farmhouse. You should advertise in some London paper. To improve your handwriting you should write copies daily.

IN DOUBT.—No one—man nor woman—should marry if in bad health, or having any hereditary taint in the blood. Where there is such delicacy or disease on both sides, it is highly reprehensible to marry.



"STILL ONE FAMILY."

By ANNE BEALE.

How beautiful her early death
  Who thinks not Death a foe!
Whose higher life has been begun
  In this brief life below;
Whose will has been the will of God,
  Whose soul a fount divine,
Where heavenly gifts reflected shone
  As stars on waters shine.

Thus beautiful the holy death
  Of her for whom we grieve;
She said she had as many friends
  To meet, as friends to leave:
Those who had passed away before
  Her gentle call was given,
And who would gladly welcome her,
  An angel, up to Heaven.

"We shall be still one family,"
  She said, in faith, and smiled;
A smile that to the sorrowing ones
  Death of his frowns beguiled.
For blessed is the Christian's hope
  That the unseen and seen
Are one, with but a feeble shed
  Of tottering clay between.

So while they kneel around her bed,
  And watch, and wait, and pray,
They scarcely mourn while that dear smile
  Dwells on the lips of clay.
And if the silent tears o'erflow
  When life's last cord is riven,
They yet rejoice that they may be
  "One family in Heaven."



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GIRLS WHO WORK IN THE FIELDS.

PART II.

SINCE that day in August we have paid many visits to the same farm, and now several of the workers have become familiar to us. When passing one is greeted with many a smile and nod of recognition. The corn which before shone golden in the sunlight is all gone. The ploughmen are at work, and the carpet of yellow stubble narrows day by day as the rich purple earth is turned over. The earth is however not long left idle, line after line of little green plants are beginning to cover it. On each acre of ground a planter is at work. Having placed a line of cord from one end of the field to the other, with the spud in his hand, and guided by the cord, he bends down and spuds the hole, and plants the small plant which has just been dropped for him. About four yards in advance is the girl who is dropping the plants; her apron is full of them, and at intervals along the field are baskets of them, with which to replenish her apron when she has disposed of those she has been carrying. She drops them about a foot apart, and occasionally looks back to see if they have fallen in the right position. She is Ruth, the daughter of the blacksmith, and we always know her at a glance, for of all the girls who work on the farm she is the neatest and tidiest; she is also the best read girl. While her parents were living it was not necessary for her to work so hard as she now does, and owing to the lending library attached to the church, in her spare time she has read one or two of Dickens' and Scott's novels. Her conversation, however, nearly always gets upon her dead father, and with what pride she recounts his deeds of strength, how he could break bars of iron with his hammer, and the weights he could lift! When at the school sports, after the boys had been throwing the hammer, he would take it up and throw it farther than any man that ever lived. How in the winter he would be knocked up at all hours of the night to put rough nails in the shoes of horses passing. This work was

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MORNING—GOING TO WORK.



RETURNING FROM WORK.

very frequently required, as most of the carts laden with vegetables for London passed that way, so as to be in time for the early morning market.

On her pressing us one day, we went to her little cottage to see her father's hammer, which she had carefully preserved, and valued beyond all her earthly possessions. What a pretty little cottage it was—how neat and tidy. The tables and chairs were only of unstained deal, the boards were uncarpeted, but how spotlessly clean. Over the mantleshelf hung the cherished hammer, a lump of iron with a wooden handle, not very much certainly to look at, but such a golden treasure in her eyes! She had one or two books also, amongst others *Ivanhoe*. She thought Ivanhoe was not unlike her father when he was a young man, although to be sure Ivanhoe had been to Palestine, and her father had never left the village, but the way in which Ivanhoe beat them all in the tournament was like her father. When we suggested that Ivanhoe was beaten by the knight in black armour, she said she thought her father would have beaten him too, for with his hammer in his hand no man could stand against him.

On the table was a well-thumbed copy of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. She always read it, she told us, but sometimes it had to be passed to another before it was quite finished, as there were generally many girls waiting for it, and she had so little spare time to read now, but she managed to copy out many of the recipes for cooking and cleaning, etc., and probably much of her neatness was owing to the excellent advice laid down by this paper.

The girl in the next field is also plant-dropping, and we know her too; they call her "Sally." She is the hardest worked girl on the farm, and one of the untidiest. She is not so used to the work as the other girls, so the planter who has employed her makes her work longer hours for less money. Ruth, who is working for her brother-in-law, begins at six and finishes at six, and receives eighteen pence a day, but Sally begins at half-past five and will have to work until half-past six for sixteen pence. She is indeed very untidy; her hat is on one side, her long black hair has partly come undone, and a lock or two hangs down in front of her face; she has mislaid her apron, and in its place she has a sack tied round her waist. Her boots are all on one side, and full of holes, being but a very poor protection against the damp cold earth. But, gentle readers, you must not condemn her. The morning was misty and cold, yet at half-past five, when it was scarcely light, she had to be at her work, after having prepared her own breakfast. All through the long, cold, misty day she has been working, and she will not finish until half-past six, and all for sixteen pence! When her work is over she will probably trudge off to a bit of ground the farmer has lent her, and for another hour tend her own little plot of vegetables, and dig up sufficient potatoes to last her for a day or two, or to put by for the winter. She is very unfortunate and always has the hardest work. When all the beans were picked, her work was to pull up the plants, so that next year they should not come up as weeds. There were acres of these plants; their roots get a firm grip of the earth, and their stems become hard and horny. Hour after hour she had to stoop down and tear the plants from the ground. We tried our hand at the work, and after clearing a few yards our hands were sore, our backs felt ready to break, and we felt that for all the world we could not pull up another plant. Yet this girl had twelve hours of the work, and in rain, mist, or sunshine, she toiled on without grumbling, and indeed, even had a smile for you whenever you met her and exchanged the greetings of the day.

In another part of the farm the spinach is being picked, and here again we see familiar faces; those two tall strong girls picking the leaves side by side are "Lisa" (Elizabeth) and Mary, but unlike their namesakes in history, they are fast friends. Nothing seems to separate them. They live together in the same cottage, divide their earnings and work for one another. The farmer, who is a good-hearted man, generally tries to get them work on the same field. Lisa is fair and good-looking, and has many admirers, so report says, but she will have "none of them," as marriage would mean separation from her friend. But a time will probably come when wedlock will seem more pleasant in her eyes, and the old friends will have to be parted. Let us hope, however, when that time does arrive, Mary will also be looking forward to marriage. Mary is dark and very sunburnt, almost swarthy, but she is always laughing and looks so very good-natured, that we would not wonder if she was the first to be mated.

The year is growing older now, and the days draw in. It is six o'clock, and darkness is coming on. The engine, which has been threshing the corn, has just finished up with a puff and snort. The old mill has ceased to go round, and men and women are making their way home, some singly, others in groups, to the various little cottages which stud the landscape. What a hard day's work it has been! and with what keen pleasure they must look forward to the few hours' rest they are about to enjoy!

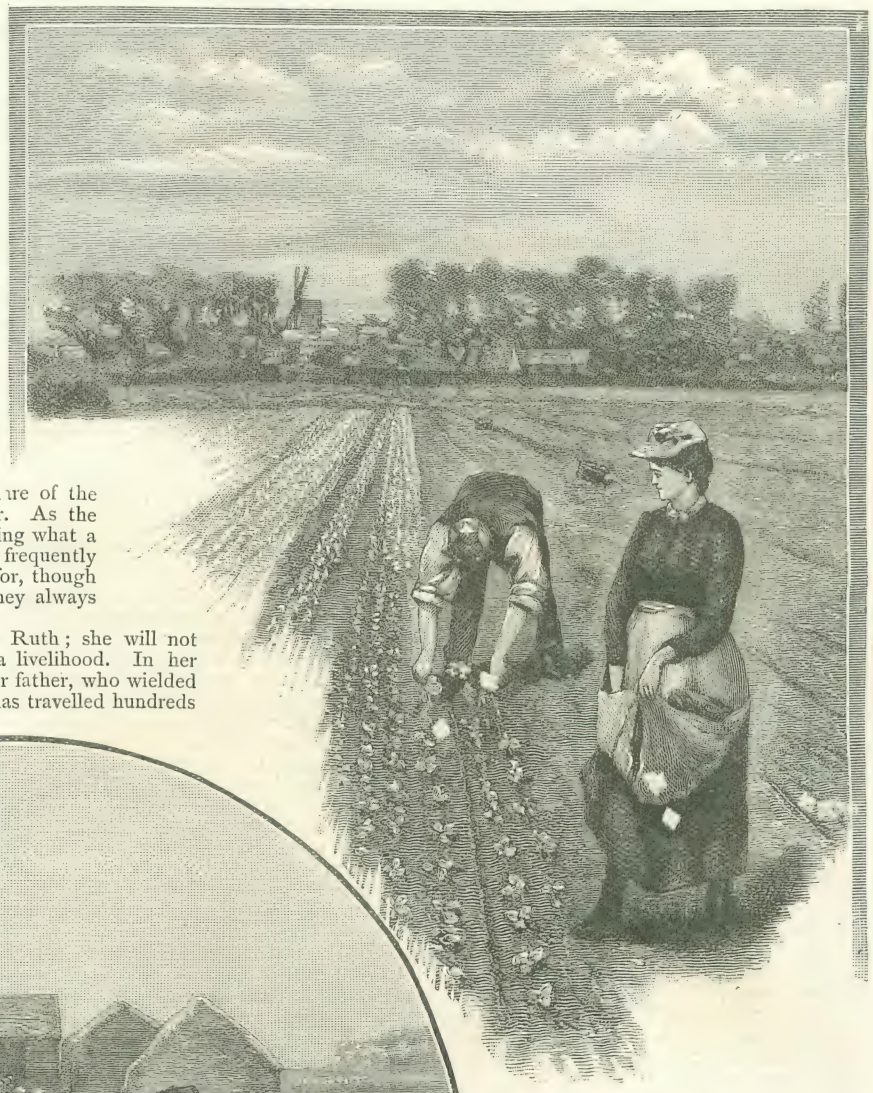
The work done by girl-labour on the fields is generally of the lighter kind, such as tying and picking the vegetables, tying the corn, the rye and tares, and the cabbages; picking the beans and peas, and the fruit, and in hop countries, the hops. All this work is paid by the piece, so the more skilful the worker the higher the pay, and girls brought up to it are able to earn from 1s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. a day. It is owing to this work they can put by sufficient to keep them through those times when work is very scarce, or not to be had. Girls also work at weeding, plant-dropping, plant-pulling, and potato gathering, etc., which is paid as day labour, and at it they earn from 1s. 2d. to 1s 6d. a day. Some of this work is done by the wives and daughters of the poorer country people, who can get time between their household duties, and by this means assist in making sufficient for the year's necessities, but the greater quantity of the work, especially on the vegetable gardens, is done by such girls as we have been describing, who, through their whole lives, are working in the fields, and the money they make at this work is their only means of support.

In one of our rambles about the farm, we met Ruth opening the gate to her cottage, and with her was her sister's daughter, a little girl of about four years old. Ruth had not been planting the last day or two; her brother-in-law who had been employing her (the planters are paid by the acre, and out of their

money they pay those who assist them) was in difficulties. He and a few of the farm men had been out rabbit-snaring. They had looked upon it as an "evening's lark," but how differently it turned out. They were caught and sentenced to some months imprisonment. How selfish had been their action in risking their liberty. In prison, they would not suffer one tithe of the misery that would be caused their wives and children, who through the long cold winter would lose their principal bread-winner. Indeed, in the case of Ruth's sister, it would mean starvation or the workhouse, as she was too unwell to work, and had four children, all too young to earn. But think you her fellow-workers would let her starve? No, hard as it is to live, and difficult as it is to make sufficient to keep "body and soul" together, there is not one who will not lend a helping hand to her friend in distress.

Indeed, they were all now taking as much from their savings as they possibly could spare to give to her, so that the home should not be broken up, and Ruth was bearing her share of the burden by bringing the eldest girl to live with her. As the gate closed upon them, we could not help thinking what a lesson these poor hard-working people might frequently teach their better-off neighbours in the towns; for, though these peasants are so very poor themselves, they always manage to assist their still poorer companions.

There are better things in store, though, for Ruth; she will not be always dependent upon her own work for a livelihood. In her mind there dwells another Ivanhoe; not like her father, who wielded his hammer with so much strength, but one who has travelled hundreds



PLANT DROPPING.



GOING HOME.

of miles away. "Old Sarah" has told us all about it. Before her father died Ruth was engaged; but her lover, seeing no chance of making sufficient to offer her a home in this country, had gone over to America, and there had been working hard to make a living, lately with so much success that in the following spring he will come over and marry her in the little village church, and then they will leave for their new home and perhaps never again see the country of their birth. Ruth's familiar face will at first be missed by her friends; but in this hard life memories soon fade, and when her place is filled by another she will be to them like last year's flowers, blotted out of remembrance by the new ones that have come up in their place.

All the workers are not like Ruth; many were born and will live all through their lives near the farm. There is "Old Sarah," for instance. She was born in the little black tarred cottage she now lives in, and has never been farther than a walk from it; she has never been inside a train; the only changes which she understands are those which are connected with the farm. She has grown up on the farm, and is as much a part of it as the old barn with its red roof, or the hedges which divide the fields. The farm has changed hands several times, but the new

farmers always take her on; and she tells you with pride how her advice is asked about the crops which succeed best, what kind of manure to use, which is the best time for seeding and ploughing; and she points to one crop flourishing better than the rest, and tells you the farmer took her advice about that crop. Then, pointing to another crop all blighted, she tells you that the farmer would try to rear vegetables on the field, although she advised a crop of grain. Then, if you care to go with her, she will show you her pantry, all lined with large red earthenware pans, for making ginger-beer, bark wine, elderberry wine, etc., and tell you how she always was noted for her skill in making these beverages. In times gone by, when the villagers were ill, they used to come to her for a little wine, which was, in her opinion, much more efficacious than the nasty medicines sold by the chemist. Now, however, they are all empty. Hard times and old age are upon her, and when her day's work is done, she has no strength or energy left for making these beverages. One cannot but smile at her little conceits, but what are they when compared with her truly noble action in supporting her invalid husband and child when she herself is so very old.

How pretty the little cottages are on a bright morning with their gardens all glowing in the sun. Nature seems to take these gardens under its own care, for indeed nowhere else do flowers grow so luxuriantly.

Here are roses which seem to be always blooming, rows of hollyhocks, phloxes, poppies, carnations and hundreds of other flowers all growing together like one huge nosegay. If you are early enough in the morning, a little before six, when the sun sparkles in the windows, and throws long shadows across the paths, and the air is sweet with the smell of flowers and fresh as the new-born day, you will see the brightest flower of all, the toiler in the fields, kissed by the morning sun, and gilded by its rays, as she issues forth to her daily round of work. Her work is hard and rough, and requires but very little mental exertion; but when her day's work is over, if she has done her best, what more could be required of her. Are we not judged according to the light that is given to us, and will not her day's work be as acceptable to God as that of the more highly gifted?

LIFTED UP.

By the Author of "The Knock at the Door."

CHAPTER III.

LAURA VAUGHAN, writing letters in her room after breakfast next morning (Herbert, after a sleepless night, had dozed off), and hearing a careful, plodding footstep descending the nursery-stairs step by step, with a mysterious accompaniment of bumps against the banisters, opened her door with some curiosity, and found Leslie, flushed and triumphant, at the foot of the stairs, bearing in his arms what looked like a good-sized picture, almost as tall as himself.

"What are you doing, child?" she said sharply; "what is that you are bringing down? Where is nurse?"

"It's my surprise!" said Leslie breathlessly. "Jane went out and got it for me; wasn't it a good thing they hadn't sold it? And it was ten shillings and sixpence, so I have threepence over! Look, it is a pole thing, just like Moses held up—only no snake!"

Laura stared at the child in astonishment, as with beaming face he turned the frame round and displayed a print of our Saviour on the Cross. "Why, who told you to buy that?" she exclaimed. "What put such an idea into your head? What are you going to do with it?"

"It was a gentleman speaking in the street," began Leslie; and then, suddenly remembering that Laura had expressed herself very strongly on that occasion, he stopped, and added vaguely, "Moses cured the snake-bites, and nurse says this is the one she meant; so Herbert won't have to die after all—he'll only look at this!"

"My dear Leslie, what a mixture! What are you thinking about?" said Laura, really shocked. "Here, come in here, and just explain what you mean. I can't allow you to go into Herbert's room. Come along!"

"Oh, Laura, I must go to him—I must!" Leslie exclaimed eagerly, clasping his picture in his arms. "I promised him I'd bring it. I want to put it by his bed, so that he can see it easily. I don't want him to die at all!"

"You silly child, do you suppose a picture will do him any good?" said Laura impatiently. "Why, Leslie, I'm surprised you're such a baby! What good do you think looking at that can do anyone?"

Somehow these words sounded familiar to Leslie, as if he had heard them before somewhere; he looked up at his sister in surprise. "Why, that's just what the people said to Moses!" he exclaimed; "but it did cure them—nurse told me so!"

Laura, knowing nothing of nurse's late Scripture lesson, stared blankly at the child. "I can't think what you are talking about, or what you mean!" she said. "When did you promise Herbert to bring him that picture?"

"Yesterday," answered Leslie promptly. "I asked him to be sure to wait till this morning, and Jane has just brought it. I want him to look at it soon; it's my surprise, you know, Laura, so that he shall get quite well again!"

Laura did not answer; crossing the hall she softly opened the door into Herbert's room and looked in. "He is still asleep. If I let you go in, you must be as quiet as a mouse, mind!" she said severely, noting the child's flushed, expectant face. "If you make the least noise, I shall come and fetch you out directly!"

Leslie nodded breathlessly, and, clasping his precious burden again, crept laboriously in on tip-toe, and, with a warning murmur to be careful, Laura shut the door again and returned to her letter-writing with a somewhat disturbed, uneasy mind.

From place to place in the room Leslie carried his picture, anxious to select the best position for attracting Herbert's eye upon waking up. It was a wonder, indeed, that he was not aroused long before a suitable place for it had been secured, for it was lifted on and off chairs—always with much difficulty, and twice with considerable noise—was propped against a footstool, was set up on the chest of drawers, and once Leslie caught his foot in the string and fell with it on the carpet. It was settled at last, however, and Leslie, with a great sigh of relief, curled himself up in the arm-chair at the foot of the bed to await the eventful moment.

How long it was in coming! How slowly the time passed! Would Herbert never wake up? Stay—there was surely a movement in the bed! Leslie held his breath, and grasped the arms of the chair in intensest excitement as Herbert slowly turned and opened his eyes. Surely, he was looking straight at the picture! Leslie scarcely dared breathe, and then the languid eyes wandered round the room and rested on himself, and a smile crept over the thin, flushed face, as Herbert held out a feeble, wasted hand. "Leslie, old chap," he whispered, "I never heard you come in. I've been dreaming about mother!"

"Oh, I made sure you were looking at it!" cried Leslie, jumping down and running to his brother's side. "Look, Herbert, look! There it is! See, I've got the surprise for you! Oh, I am so glad!"

Herbert's eyes fell languidly on the picture again. "Did you buy it for me, dear?" he asked. "It's very nice, indeed."

"But you're not looking properly at it!" cried Leslie excitedly. "It'll cure you, you know; that's the surprise! Look at it again, please Herbert. Now, don't you feel any better?"

Boy though he was, a dim idea of what his little brother had hoped and expected crossed Herbert's mind, and he threw his arms round him and drew him closer. "Never mind, old man!" he whispered fondly. "It's a beautiful picture all the same, and it was awfully good of you to buy it for me. I'll get father to hang it up when he comes in."

"Oh, but, Herbert, it'll cure you! Won't it cure you? Oh, do look at it again! I'll bring it nearer you. He said it would cure everybody. Perhaps you haven't seen it well!"

"Never mind, dear; if it doesn't cure me I like to have it," said Herbert, distressed himself as he saw Leslie's quivering lip and disappointed face. "Come and sit on the bed here, and tell me all about it. It's a beautiful surprise, I'm sure, and I like it very much."

But poor Leslie's disappointment was too great to be borne so calmly, and he burst into a passion of sobs. Was this the end of it all, after all he had hoped and dreamed and planned for? Was it nothing but a story that the preacher in the street had told him? Was Herbert still to die, and go away alone, and never to get up and be well and strong and play with him again? Where was nurse? She would console and sympathise with him; she was always kind to him when he was so unhappy. He turned to rush out of the room and up-stairs just as the door was opened and Dr. Westwood and Laura entered, and ran straight into the doctor's arms.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Where are you off to, my little man? What is the matter? What is all this about, eh?"

"He said he need only look at it, and he'd be well," sobbed Leslie, clinging to him; "and it isn't true. It hasn't cured him at all!"

"What hasn't cured him? What need he only look at?" asked Dr. Westwood.

"Why, the picture like Moses and the

snakes," sobbed poor Leslie. "Nurse said it was this, but it wasn't true!"

"Poor little chap; he'd got the idea into his head somehow that that picture would cure me!" said Herbert, in his weak voice, pointing to it standing on a chair at a little distance. "He bought it for me this morning with his own money, expecting I should be quite well, I suppose, when I looked at it; and now he's so disappointed!"

"Now, Leslie, you're very naughty to cry and disturb Herbert like this, after what you promised me," said Laura severely. "Go up-stairs at once to nurse! I'm very sorry, doctor. I ought not to have allowed him to come in, I know."

But Dr. Westwood was looking thoughtfully at the picture which was to have worked the miracle for poor Leslie. He sat down by the bedside and took the sobbing child upon his knee, somewhat to Laura's disgust. "So you thought Herbert would be able to jump out of bed and run about again directly he looked at it, did you?" he asked presently. "Why, my boy, what made you think so?"

"He said—the gentleman in the street said—it was just like Moses holding up the snake in the wilderness," said Leslie, trying hard to gulp down his tears. He said whoever looked at the 'Crucified One' would be cured too; and nurse said she had seen it in Mayer's window, but she wouldn't carry Herbert down to look at it, so Jane bought it for me this morning for ten shillings and sixpence, and now it isn't true!" Again the tears burst forth.

"Hush!" said the doctor, as Leslie clung sobbing to him. "Do you know Who that is on the Cross?"

Leslie nodded. "It's our Lord," he said.

"And what do you think He died on the Cross for?"

"Because they crucified Him," Leslie answered.

"Yes; but why do you suppose He allowed Himself to be crucified, and die such a terrible death, eh? It was not to save our bodies, which cannot at best live much longer than a hundred years, and are worn out long before, but to save our souls, yours, and mine, and Herbert's, and everybody's, which must live for ever and ever somewhere, either very happy or very sad, and can never die as our bodies do."

"But I don't want Herbert to die," said Leslie, with quivering lip, "I don't want him to go! Why can't he be cured?"

"Leslie!" cried Laura, indignantly, with a warning look at the doctor. What effect might not this incautious talk have upon Herbert's spirits. "Who has been putting such gloomy ideas into your head, I should like to know!"

"Leslie," said the doctor gravely, "you know Who it is that has made us all. We only come into the world when and as He pleases, and we must leave it when He calls us! Why do you suppose God has called Herbert now and told me that neither I nor anyone else can cure him?" He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and took Herbert's wasted one in his friendly, helpful grasp.

"Has God called him?" asked Leslie, looking at Herbert in wonder.

"Ay, God has called him. Herbert will tell you that he has felt the call, and He would never have called him if He had not wanted him, I know. He has told him to get ready at once to go home, and we must help him, not hinder him. Do you think you should be sorry to let Herbert go home to be with God and to see your mother?"

"Is mother alive up in heaven like she was at home here?" asked Leslie. Laura had moved softly away to the window, and was hidden by the curtain, Herbert lay very still, with a curious intent, absorbed look on his face, watching the doctor.

"Yes, your mother is alive and in heaven. Shall I tell you how I know it? Because she loved our dear, kind Lord, Who died on the Cross for us, and she knew He had saved her soul and so was happy to go. And now God calls Herbert to go too, and gives him a little time in which to get ready to meet Him; and so, because God wants him, we cannot stop his going."

"But he doesn't want to go!" said Leslie. "He can't bear to be put in the ground in the dark and cold, nor to go all alone, can you Herbert?"

Dr. Westwood pointed to the picture.

"He went through it all before you, my boy," he said gently. "Trust Him and never fear. He will take care of you and lead you, and will never let you feel alone. He has promised, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!'"

He rose to go. Herbert's hand was still in his; he felt the hot fingers clasping his now, as if loth to let him go, and looking down at the young, wistful face, with some faint shadow already across it of the awe and mystery of the great change, he softly picked up the little prayer-book, which the schoolboy had searched hopelessly through for suitable prayers, and read about that glorious Easter morning long ago, when the sorrowing friends had stolen to the lonely grave to weep, and were met by two angels in shining garments, and heard the wonderful news that has robbed death for ever of all its gloom and terror—"He is risen! Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

* * * *

Some echoes of this, and of their conversation, seemed to weave itself up in Herbert's fitful sleep that night, long after poor disappointed little Leslie had sobbed himself to sleep in his crib upstairs, and the house was still and quiet, and somehow mixed itself in his dreams. When he awoke he had a strange feeling that he had heard his mother speaking to him, and for the moment he thought he was really dead and that when he opened his eyes he should find himself amongst new and unfamiliar surroundings. But there was the well-known room with the accustomed chairs and sofa and table and books about in the flickering light of the fire, and through the half-open door leading into the adjoining room came the sound of regular breathing that told that his father was there asleep; nothing had changed or altered, only for the first time that day he was alone. His thoughts turned to his little brother, the being he loved best in the world, and involuntarily his eyes wandered to the wall beside his bed, where now hung the picture Leslie had bought that morning. As the fire-light flickered on the sad face of the dying Saviour it seemed to Herbert as if the eyes opened and looked at him, and the pale lips moved as if in speech. With difficulty he pulled himself up into a sitting posture and stared hard at it. No, he could see the eyes were shut now; but how sad, how patient, was the suffering face and the marred, pierced body! What untold agony must have been endured! There were some words at the foot of the picture which he did not remember to have noticed before. In the dim light he could slowly make them out—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Poor, lonely, ignorant Herbert! He remembered being filled with deepest boyish admiration once when reading of a man who, knowing that it was almost certain death, had heroically gone down into a mine after an explosion in order to save some imprisoned workmen; and some echo of a like sentiment stirred his heart now, as he looked at the picture of the pain-racked body on the cross, and thought dimly of the love that had constrained One so good and so great to suffer so much for the world. "I wonder if anyone ever thanked Him for doing it?" he thought, as he gazed earnestly at the sad, sad face; "those whom he died for, the Jews and those people? I should hope they did!" Then he remembered that it was "the world" God loved, and therefore it was for everyone in it Christ must have died, he himself included, although he had never thought of it before. Had he ever thanked Him for doing it? "I wonder if mother has seen Him up in heaven, and whether she has thanked Him?" thought Herbert. "Is heaven what is meant by everlasting life, I wonder. He died too, although He was God; but then He knew He should go straight back to heaven, and I suppose that's why mother didn't mind dying so much, because she knew she was going there too! It must make dying so much easier. If I only knew whether I should go! I don't feel as if I should, but if I only knew for certain that there was a hope of it perhaps I shouldn't feel so afraid."

Poor, groping boy-soul, yet not forsaken of God in its dim, faint searching after truth! As he stared up still at the fire-lit picture a brighter flicker momentarily illumined the words beneath—"whosoever believeth on Him"—and a sudden ray of light seemed to penetrate the dimness of his mind. "Whosoever"—that surely meant everybody; "whosoever"—there was no limitation at all, he was included as well; "whosoever believeth on Him." Did he believe on Him? believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had come down from heaven and had died for the world? "Yes, I do believe it; oh, I do believe it!" said Herbert with a breath that was a sob. "Oh, God, if that is all I have to do, only to believe that He did die for us all and for me too, I do believe it with my whole heart, and I thank Him! Oh, dear Lord, I thank Thee for doing it, and help me now to die too! Thou hast died and been buried in the ground, and know all about it. Oh, help me! Don't leave me alone! Let me feel Thee somewhere near, for I am so afraid! Dear Lord Jesus, I don't seem to mind it so much now, if I can see you and be near mother!"

The little prayer-book was still lying beside the pillow; but a petition, winged with surer flight than any it contained, had ascended to the mercy-seat; for it was the first articulation of a human soul, in deep personal need, to its Maker; a personal dealing between a soul and God; a speaking of heart to the great loving Heart above with nothing earthly between, and the answer was swift and sure. The fire flickered lower and dimmer; the room became shadowy and stiller than ever; and the weary boy, sinking back upon his pillows, his hands still clasped as if in prayer, fell into a calm, refreshing sleep.

* * * *

"Leslie," said Herbert, next morning, after breakfast, when the two were alone and Leslie had climbed on to the bed, "isn't it funny? I don't seem to mind dying much now! I don't think I'm afraid at all; it's just like going home, it seems, to go to heaven!"

"Is it?" said Leslie wonderingly. "Aren't you afraid of being put in the cold and dark now, Herbert? It seems so dreadful, and to go all alone!"

"I think He spoke to me last night, somehow," said Herbert, in a low voice, looking upwards, "and told me not to be afraid at all, because He'd been through it all Himself, and would be near me. Do you know it seems as if He weren't far off now!"

"Did He speak out of the picture?" asked Leslie in surprise.

"Oh, no; only the picture set me thinking, you see. It's the words under it that made me know I should go to heaven. See them? You'll go too, if you believe in them. Wasn't it a splendid thing that you should let me know I should have everlasting life!"

"Then it is like Moses in the wilderness, as the gentleman in the street said!" Leslie said, looking bewildered.

"I tell you what, Leslie," said Herbert, with sudden energy. "You go down and get that large Bible with the pictures in it, and you shall show me Moses, and we'll go through the others together and learn all about it. I daresay there'll be some about Jesus Christ dying and being buried, and his friends being told by the two angels in shining garments that He was alive again, like Dr. Westwood read to us; and I'll read it all to you, shall I? But first, somehow, I should like to teach you those words under the picture, so that you can say them every night before you sleep, and never forget them. Will you learn them? Listen——"

And little Leslie, running eagerly from the room to fetch his favourite book and exhibit Moses and the snakes at last to an appreciative companion, came gladly back for a moment to kneel on Herbert's bed, and spell out the beautiful words that his brother pronounced so reverently and thankfully:—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." C. C. Y.

HOW TWO SISTERS LIVE IN THE COUNTRY ON A POUND A WEEK.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER III.



WE had sufficient saved out of the sale of our furniture to make Honeysuckle Cottage, as we called our little home, very comfortable and pretty. One can effect so much with refinement and taste to make the humblest home look charming.

We were also enabled to give the garden a good start, and to purchase all the necessary implements for its cultivation with some of the proceeds from the sale, without entrenching at all upon the sum from which we had to draw for our weekly expenditure, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the domain around our dwelling look in apple-pie order, well stocked with seeds or plants of everything we thought we should require, while the fruit-trees all in blossom made the garden, both back and front, a perfect bower of pink and white.

Once fairly installed, and it did not take us long to get in order, we prepared to settle down, and made out our plan of campaign forthwith.

Our rent we had arranged to pay half-yearly; but the money for it was put by every week. Thus we had 17s. clear for all other purposes. It was very plain to us that we must do the household work ourselves, and not that only, but we must also turn-to diligently and become the cultivators of our own plot of ground.

Loïs looked at her pretty white hands. "What," said she—"wash, scrub, and dig? My dear Barbara, what would Camilla say to that!"

"She would probably faint with dismay; but I do not exactly propose that we should wash and scrub," said I. "We could afford to have a woman in to do that for us. I was asking about it in the village this morning, and find that the man Rose who did the garden lives with his sister in one of those cottages close by on the common; she is just the sort of person we want—very quiet and respectable. Her charge is 1s. 6d. a day, so if we have her two mornings during the week—once to do our washing, and once to do the hard and dirty work we do not care to put our own hands to—that would not be extravagant. Make a note of that, Loïs. What have we left?"

"Just 15s. 6d.," said she. "But should we have to provide her with dinner?"

This I had not calculated upon; we both hoped not, and subsequently found that Miss Rose, who has come in "to oblige" ever since, had to be at home for the midday meal, which her brother came from his work to partake of.

It was quite clear that we must make up our minds to do everything else, both indoors and out.

"Well, then, Bab, you must be plain cook and I will be house and parlour-maid, while the garden will provide us with fancy work."

"Healthy work too," added I. "How thankful we ought to feel that we have the strength to do it. Now, look here, I have made a list of what I consider we shall require for our weekly housekeeping. I do not think I have forgotten anything, and the total amounts to 10s. 3d. It seems very little, but we shall have to make it do. You see I have only put down 3s. for meat, well, we can't afford meat dinners always, so I propose that on alternate days we content ourselves with ——"

"Bread and potatoes?" laughed Loïs.

"Well, vegetables and pudding, or, perhaps, we may indulge in eggs or a bit of bacon. An occasional vegetarian diet is exceedingly wholesome. Besides, you know, the families of cottagers living on 18s. or 20s. a week rarely touch meat except on Sundays. I believe cheese and bacon form their staple diet, and they are for the most part strong and healthy enough, so if they can go without meat, I presume we can sometimes."

"I suppose so," agreed Loïs; "but," she added doubtfully, "you don't propose to put cheese on the table for every meal like they do?"

"Not exactly. Don't you see I have left it out of the list altogether? We neither of us care about it, so there is no need for our refined tastes to suffer. As to what we shall drink, the water from our own well sparkles like champagne; it is all we can desire. Some day, perhaps, we will make our own wines—rhubarb, cider, or currant—quite strong enough for feminine palates. Look at my list, and see what you think of it, Loïs."

My sister complied, and said she thought it reasonable.

Then arose the question of fuel. Wood was cheap; coal dear. We found we consumed about three pennyworth of faggot-wood a week. We decided to do without coal altogether, for experience had taught us that we could economise greatly by burning coke. Servants object to using this because of the trouble it involves in breaking; but being our own managers with respect to the kitchen fire, we find coke answer all culinary purposes, and when broken small and mixed with cinders, it makes a hot and brilliant fire.

We calculated therefore that at 12s. a chaldron we should consume for cooking purposes at the rate of 1s. 6d. worth a week during those months of the year when only a kitchen fire was needed. This we should let out in the afternoon, and boil our water for tea either over wood or on a small oil stove with which we had provided ourselves.

For the winter we intended to lay by 1s. a week in order to purchase a load of cord-wood, which we learned could be done for £1.

Then came the matter of dress—not such a weighty one as it would have been in a town, where you must make more of an appearance, and keep closer to the too frequent changes of fashion, thus incurring far more expense. We felt that where we had elected to live, we need not be too particular about our costume, because we should be just as happy in last season's fashions without the too frequent criticisms of our neighbours; and this was well, for we found we could reserve no more than 2s. a week for clothes. This amounted to a total of £5 4s. a year between us—a startlingly small figure; but we had to congratulate ourselves that we should get at least one new gown a year, for which our dressmaking contrivances would be brought into requisition. Thus we calculated that we should have £1 each in hand out of the allotted dress money with which to provide other necessaries for the wardrobe.

The sum of 1s. 6d. still stood to the good for any sundries the week's housekeeping might require, including an occasional letter or newspaper to keep ourselves in the memory of friends, and in touch with what was going on in the busy world outside us. We resolved, however, to keep as strictly within the limits of the amounts we had set down as possible, and to keep a little box for what savings we could manage, so as to provide for any emergency that might arise.

As to a doctor—well, if we had been living in a town, the probabilities are that its atmospheric conditions would have necessitated provision for medical attendance. As it was, we hoped and prayed to be able to dispense with it.

"The garden," said I, "ought to pay for itself. We have stocked it and found out what that costs. A bushel of seed potatoes is ample to provide us with that necessary vegetable till the time comes round for another planting. Then peas, beans, and other seeds make the total 5s. 6d., while for three loads of dressing we have paid 18s., and half that to a man for digging it in. So far, then, our garden has cost us £1 12s. 6d., and I think it need cost us no more till it requires dressing again. We shall do all the rest, and enjoy it."

"And when that time comes?" said Loïs.

"When that time comes," answered I, "we shall, I hope, have reaped sufficient profit from the sale of our surplus fruit and vegetables to enable us to pay for all the ground requires.

Master Shaw, remember, paid the rent out of his garden produce; and if he could find a market, why not we? There will be plenty for our own consumption to make our table bountiful, I hope."

CHAPTER IV.

LET me now describe our retreat as it was when Camilla came to see us a month ago. The honeysuckle over the porch was fully out, and filling the air with its subtle fragrance. We had plenty of old-fashioned flowers under our windows, that always stood wide open to admit not only the sweet scents from our little *parterre*, but also the delicious aroma of Nature's incense, that floated all about us from woods, and fields, and heathery common.

We introduced our fashionable cousin to our various vegetable borders—not forgetting the odorous onion-bed—and gave her quite a learned dissertation upon the capabilities of the soil, its produce, and the labour and management it required.

"You see," said Loïs wisely, "we feed it well. We have found the ground and the plants require as much attention as a nursery full of children. If you want them to grow and be healthy, you must feed them properly, and never stint. So it is with the garden, which seems always hungry; so we fill it at right times, and it rewards us as you see."

Camilla laughed heartily at the mixture of vegetables and flowers that grew in such rich profusion in close proximity. There were wall-flowers and lilies rearing their heads as neighbours to the onions, rose-bushes rubbed against cabbages, and the evening primrose stood sentinel-wise side by side with the tall artichoke.

"Anyone may see that this is a woman's garden," exclaimed she; "it is all so deliciously quaint and out of rule. I wonder what our head gardener would say if he saw it!"

"I don't care in the least!" broke out Loïs hotly. "We judge by results; and if they are good, what more do you want?"

Camilla put up her long-handled eyeglass and looked my sister comically up and down.

"I think you are changed, Loïs," said she. "You used to be so pensive—not to say languid. Whence this energy, my dear? Your cheeks were lilies, now they are roses, and your eyes are brighter and clearer than I ever remember them."

Loïs laughed good-naturedly.

"Then I am a living testimony to the advantages of living in the country—of breathing pure, sweet air, of rising early, of having my days full of useful work and rare enjoyment. Camilla, I am happy and contented."

"You are aiming a few shots at poor me, I suppose," said our cousin; "but they have passed harmlessly by. I grant that your life here seems one long tonic; but what suits you would not suit me. I should die of *ennui!* No amusements, no theatres, no concerts, no friends——"

She would have proceeded with the melancholy list if I had not drawn her to our favourite rustic seat, saying: "Let us sit here awhile and listen, Camilla."

"To what?" asked she; but I made a token of silence, and she leaned back submissively and closed her eyes.

We were protected from the north and east winds by the hill and woods that sloped away right and left of us. In front, below the road, the fields of grass, and corn, and clover stretched away in varied tones of greens, and greys, and purple, over which the summer clouds swept shadows in endless succession. A gentle breeze fanned our faces, overhead carolled the larks, in the woods uprose the daily concert to which its feathered songsters treated us, unpaid and ungrudging, while every now and then the soft coo-cooing of the pigeons broke through the harmony without marring it.

"This is very sweet and soothing," remarked Camilla, at length; "in fact, the sounds and scents all around make me feel quite dreamy."

"Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and gay dreams
Are all enchantment,"

quoted I.

"Then, to be practical, in comparing the respective merits of town and country life, you reckon that what you gain by your life here, balances against what you have lost by leaving the great world?" asked Camilla.

"No," replied I; "the accounts do not balance. The charms and advantages of sylvan life and sylvan economy outweigh every other consideration."

"What—that of social intercourse as well, Bab? Are you not cut off by the kind of existence you have chosen from the society of your equals?"

"Of course we have not the same opportunities for forming friendships, neither can we afford the time or spare the means for cultivating acquaintances promiscuously; but we have friends—have we not, Loïs? The country is not over-populated with gentlefolks hereabouts, and we only know, and care to know, those who think us worth the trouble of visiting. In that limited list we number the old rector and his wife, with whom we are always welcome, and who think it no condescension to come and drink tea at Honeysuckle Cottage. There are one or two other nice people besides who do not turn up their noses at us, and there are a few who do; but we can well afford to dispense with the—honour, shall I say?—of their acquaintance. Our poverty makes us proud, I dare say, but I don't think it is a pride that does us harm, because it partakes largely of the nature of self-respect."

Camilla nodded as if she approved; and Loïs here took up the thread I had dropped.

"We have no reason to complain of dulness," said she, "for we find plenty of human interests outside our little domain, though our friends' houses do not stand shoulder-to-shoulder, neither are there any elbowing crowds in the lanes. We have a share of parish work to attend to which we find quite to our taste, and we have plenty of humble friends worth seeking out and cultivating; for, I assure you, Camilla, there is a great deal that is pleasant, entertaining, and instructive to be gathered from the sons and daughters of the soil, who have lived on it and by it all their lives, claim intimate acquaintance with all its varied moods and tenses, and with whom the love of the country-side is almost a part of themselves."

"You cannot have much leisure," said Camilla, glancing over the flourishing garden, "what with your indoor and outdoor occupations."

"That is true enough," I answered. "We often go to bed as tired as any labourer; but I have come to the conclusion that it is a misfortune to have very little to do. Health suffers for the lack of work—besides, it is demoralising. We find it so delightful after a long day's satisfactory labour—and labour which is for ourselves, too—quite a different thing to working for other people—to take our well-earned rest in the depths of a favourite chair, with a book that is greatly to our liking."

"Tell me now," said Camilla, rising to face us, and looking very earnest and thoughtful, "does it pay? Are you quite satisfied with the results? Have you no secret reservations, no longings for a different kind of life than this spent in your Arcadia?"

"It does pay," we both replied. "We have had sufficient time in which to make the trial, and we have never once regretted it. We have been able to live more easily than we anticipated—quite within our modest income, and have, moreover, by dint of acting on the maxim 'Waste not, want not,' been able to put by—by driblets, if you choose—what has helped to render the long months of winter less trying to go through. And not that only; but we have been so successful in the management of the garden that it has more than paid for itself. Why, we made £3 out of it last year, and we hope to do still better this year now that we understand better how to work it! Tell me now, Camilla," added I, impressively, "do you honestly think that we could have done better if we had decided to remain in London? What a miserable existence it would have been! How should we have dragged out the weary days, hardly knowing sometimes how to get a decent meal? Why, half the money would have been swallowed up in rent!"

"And I am sure," added Loïs, "you would infinitely prefer coming to see us here to having to trudge into some horrid cheap neighbourhood such as we should have been forced to find lodgings in! A stuffy street, with houses all of the same pattern all let in apartments, a public-house at each street corner, no blue sky to be seen, no shady trees—can you fancy yourself, Bab, after this, shut up in such a hole, afraid to open the windows to air the hot rooms because of the dust that blows in, and for ever worried by the noises incidental to such a neighbourhood? How we should pity ourselves!"

"And behold us here," concluded I, stretching out my hands to embrace the fair landscape. "We are mistresses of all we survey. There are woods inviting us to explore their leafy glades; there are hills that draw us nearer to the skies; there are deep embowered lanes to attract; there are birds and insects singing and humming all around, and all is ours to enjoy, while there is a dear little modest nest of a home just suited to our needs and our purses, where we can live free from embarrassments and unfettered by conventionalities. Who, after tasting the sweets of existence in the home of nature, could sigh after the pleasures that pall in a crowded town, or could breathe in comfort its smoke-dried atmosphere."

"You have both grown too enthusiastic for me," said Cousin Camilla, stifling a yawn. "It is all very nice, and I congratulate you on your success and contentment. I think you are wonderful women, and I feel a most ordinary individual in comparison; but, oh, Bab, if you don't mind, I am so thirsty, that the only thing I can go into heroics over just now is a cup of tea."

Whereat we laughed and repaired indoors on hospitable thoughts intent.

(*To be concluded.*)



MY LADY.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DOWN the broad oak-stair she trips
With her floating filmy gown
Like a cascade shimmering down
To her dainty, slim toe-tips.

With her gay and girlish grace,
And her gleaming golden hair,
And her brow undimmed by care,
How she lights up the old place!

And I almost could declare
That the high-born pictured dames
Look down from their gilded frames
Wondering, "Were *we* e'er as fair?"

But I half resent the stare
Of the *courtiers* on the wall
As she passes through the hall
With the lamplight on her hair.

Oh! the wonder in her eyes,
And the shy hopes in her heart,
As she goes to play her part
In the world that 'fore her lies.

And I kiss her on the brow,
Breathing in my heart this prayer—
"God go with you everywhere;
Keep you pure and good as now."

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

DIAMONDS.—*Hardness*, 10; *specific gravity*, 3·52–3·53.

"Those sparkling blossoms of the rock."

"What creatures here on earth have we that are endued with so much sincerity, purity, transparency, and splendour that are so fit to resemble heavenly things by as these?"
—*Tho. Nicols, A.D.* 1652.

I HAVE already remarked that the most wonderful thing about precious stones is the commonness and universality of the materials of which they are formed; and in no gem is this more noticeable than in the diamond, which is simply crystallised carbon, or carbon in a state of absolute purity.

It is a material found everywhere and in everything—in the bread we eat, in the coal and wood we burn, in plants and trees and flowers.

Uncrystallised it is brittle and opaque and worth but little; in its crystallised state, however, it takes to itself new qualities and becomes the hardest of all known substances, as well as the purest and most brilliant, and is often above price.

Another interesting circumstance is that the materials of which precious stones are made seem to have their doubles in inferior varieties, which are so like the true, that only the keen and critical observer can detect the difference, thus bringing to our minds the parable of the "Wheat and the tares."

For example, there is carbon and carbonate; the latter is of the same composition as the former, even possessing the same hardness; but it is black and lustreless, and will never have a chance of becoming a precious stone; but its existence is not useless seeing that its office is to enhance the value and brilliancy of its higher class sisters by cutting and polishing them. It seems to be the connecting link between uncrystallised carbon and the diamond.

Before a stone can be admitted into the magic circle of precious it must be proved to possess certain qualities born and bred in it.

Crystallisation is one of these characteristics, and when one thinks of the marvellous combination of circumstances required for the formation of these beautiful crystals, we know that only Mother Nature herself could be the author, only she, in her mysterious and patient method of working, could produce the exact amount and tint of colour, the necessary transparency, brilliancy, and lustre, together with the absolute freedom from defect and flaw which mark the precious stone.

Another quality inseparable from a precious stone is hardness; not as we understand it in common talk, but rather a power within it which prevents its being scratched or impressed by other stones. The diamond possesses this in the highest degree, and the two which come next are the ruby and the sapphire, which are simply crystallised clay. If a stone refuses to be scratched by these you may be quite sure it is a diamond. In a conflict between crystallised carbon and crystallised clay the former is always victorious because it is the hardest of all. Its hardness is represented by x, while that of the ruby and sapphire is stated at nine.

Hardness is the quality which allows the proper polish and lustre, and is, therefore, of great importance.

A circumstance which characterises the diamond is that neither solvents nor acids have the slightest power to dissolve or decompose it, while very great heat will entirely consume it, if applied in a special manner. A test of precious stones, well known to the ancients and practised in India many centuries ago, is what is called the "specific gravity" of a stone. It enables us to detect the class of stone without injuring it in the least.

To make it clear—two equal volumes of different substances very rarely have the same weight; a piece of lead, for instance, is heavier than a piece of wood equal in size. Bearing this in mind, it will be easy to understand that the specific gravity of a stone is the proportion its weight bears to an equal volume of water, and the way to arrive at this is first to weigh it in air and then in water, and to divide the weight in air by the difference between the weight in water. For example, suppose the weight in air to be 17 carats and the weight in water 12 carats, the difference between the two would be 5 carats. Divide the 17 by the 5 and you would have $3\frac{2}{5}$ as the specific gravity.

Many qualities for which the diamond is valued, such as its lustre, transparency, refraction, and dispersion of light are only seen in a slight degree in the rough; in order to bring out these to the full extent they must be submitted to cleaving, grinding, and polishing.

An old writer, speaking of the diamond, says: "The true diamond is the hardest of all stones, without colour, like unto pure water, transparent. This property it hath that it will snatch colour and apply it and unite it to itself; and thus will it cast forth at a great distance its lively shining rays, for that no other jewel can sparkle as it will."

Before starting to see the diamonds in their homes it would be well to explain the carat by which precious stones and gold are weighed. Carat is the name of a bean, the fruit of a pod-bearing plant growing on the Gold Coast of Africa. When dried it is nearly always of the same weight, equal to four grains avoirdupois or 3·174 grains troy. In very remote times the carat was used in the chief market of Africa as a standard of weight, and it was subsequently introduced into India for weighing diamonds.

Diamonds are found in all parts of the world, but the best* and most valuable have their homes in the oldest mountains, which are composed chiefly of granite, porphyry, and mica slate; but even here they do not court attention. The rocks must be broken up into small fragments and the *débris* reduced to sand before the diamonds appear.

Many of the finest diamonds are, however, found far away from their original homes in alluvial soils: that is to say, in soil deposited by water, and in the gravels and sands of river-beds, having been swept away from their original moorings by heavy rains and rushing torrents; and in their passage from one bed to another they are often exposed to rough usage which would ruin them but for their natural attributes of hardness and density. Job seems to have been familiar with the habitats of precious stones, for we read, "He putteth forth His hand upon the rock; He overturneth the mountains by the roots; He cutteth out rivers among the rocks, and His eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the floods from overflowing, and the thing that is hid bringeth He forth to light."

The rocks, and the diamonds they contain, are of extreme antiquity, and probably had their place in the world long before the plants and animals had their existence in it.

* Oriental and Occidental originally were applied to precious stones in their literal sense, but at the present time they are retained, not to indicate the regions from which precious stones are brought, but rather to establish between stones of the same name a comparative value. The most precious variety of any precious stone is called Oriental, and the inferior variety Occidental, whatever may be the countries in which they are found.



"WITH THE LAMPLIGHT ON HER HAIR."

"They are," says a French scientist, "an inheritance to man from an age when there was no foreshadowing of his existence in the world."

The ancients valued and preserved precious stones thousands of years ago, investing them with an importance far above that they obtain in the present day. They attributed to them a spiritual and material power—a power to cure diseases, to avert calamity, and to drive away demons. "This alliance of religion with science is one of the distinguishing characteristics of antiquity," * and helps to explain many things. The vesture of the high priest, which was made "for glory and for beauty," was adorned with symbolic gems: he carried on his breast the emblems of purity, of glory, of light, of perfection, of truth, of justice.† The twelve stones were set in the form of a double square, the adamant, or diamond, being the third in the second row. During the Middle Ages the habitat of the diamond was quite as much a mystery as its composition, and many vague stories concerning it were formerly believed; one current was that when Alexander the Great approached the inaccessible valley of diamonds in India he directed pieces of meat to be thrown in, as the only means of procuring the gems. Vultures, it is said, picked them up with the precious stones attached, and dropped them in their flight.

The valley of diamonds was an article of belief to the Eastern world, and Marco Polo, who travelled in India in the thirteenth century, tells the same story of the manner of getting the diamonds, viz., by means of pieces of meat thrown into the crevices of the rocks. As to the composition of diamonds, there were many theories. One was, that precious stones were engendered by juices distilled from precious minerals in the cavities of rocks, the diamond being derived from gold;‡ another was that precious stones were living beings, one authority stating that "not only do precious stones live, but they suffer illness, old age, and death." The two opinions accepted at the present time are, first, that diamonds are formed from carbon by the action of heat; the second, that they are formed from the very gradual decomposition of vegetable matter with or without heat. The chemical composition of the diamond was not made clear, nor the history of its discovery completed till about forty-four years after Sir Isaac Newton's death.

The diamonds earliest known to the Romans were furnished by Ethiopia; but when Pliny wrote in the beginning of the Christian era they had already been brought from India, and thenceforth, until the eighteenth century, no diamond mines were known but those of the East Indies, in the empire of the Great Mogul, and of Borneo.

The first reliable accounts we obtained of the diamonds in India were from travelling merchant-jewellers, the most noted of whom was Tavernier. He was born in Paris in 1605, and spent forty years of his life travelling in the East, where he made a large fortune by trading in precious stones. He was the first to give a detailed account of the diamond mines, the manner in which they were worked, and the trade carried on in them.

Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century had the question been asked, "Where is the home of the diamond?" the answer would certainly have been "Asia;" and if for "the best home in Asia?" the reply would surely have been "Golconda." But now, with increased knowledge and experience, we should acknowledge that the localities of the diamond are not confined to India, but include Sumatra, Borneo, Brazil, South Africa, parts of North America, and Australia. It is true that the first diamonds known to European trade were brought from Golconda. The discovery of these mines is attributed to a poor shepherd, who, while tending his flock, stumbled upon what appeared to be a pretty pebble. It must be remembered that there is nothing very attractive about the diamond in its rough state; there is neither brilliancy nor play of light to be seen. It has been thought that mines of precious stones emit light like stars; but this is not so, as the qualities of brilliancy and light are only brought out after man has removed the covering.

Well, the shepherd, knowing nothing of its value, exchanged it with a friend, as ignorant as himself, for a little rice. It subsequently fell into the hands of a merchant, who recognised its worth and eagerly sought for the home whence it had come. He found it and other mines as well, not in Golconda itself, but five or six days' journey from it, at the foot of the mountains near to the Kistna and Pomar rivers. When the diamonds were found in these mines, they were taken in the rough to Golconda, there to be cut, polished, and stored, and therefore called Golconda diamonds. The ground in which they were found was sandy, and full of rocks which contained many veins and fissures; the miners probed these with little iron rods crooked at the end, dislodging the sandy earth. Unfortunately, they were not always content with this, but gave the rocks such hard blows with levers of iron that they frequently produced flaws in the diamonds embedded within them. The next process was to well wash and carefully search the material, to see if it had any diamonds.

In 1669, there were as many as sixty thousand people at work in these special diamond mines. The number and size of the diamonds discovered were remarkable, but they were not, as a rule, of the finest water; to fulfil this condition "a diamond should be like a dew-drop hanging from a damask rose-leaf."

Tavernier asserted that the Great Mogul Diamond was found in one of these mines; if so, it was quite sufficient to distinguish these so-called Golconda mines, for few diamonds have had such a career. Indeed, the adventures and incidents belonging to it are startling. The time of its first appearance in the world (1630 to 1651) was one of trouble and conflict both in England and in India, and, like all other great diamonds, it seemed to bring ill-luck to its possessor.

Tavernier, who was the first European to see it, spoke of it as the heaviest of which he had any knowledge, and weighed in the rough 793⅛ carats. At the time he saw it it was in the Palace of Agra, which was for the time turned into the prison of the dethroned and stricken Mogul. "Brought to light in the midst of tumults and wars, the Great Mogul Diamond, after an existence of two hundred years, went out with the expiring flames of a great rebellion known in history as the Indian Mutiny." * It was probably stolen either at the sack of Delhi or at the death of Nadir Shah, and in order to avoid detection the thieves most likely had it broken by cleavage into two or more stones.

It will be a surprise to many that the chief negotiators in the sale of Golconda diamonds were boys under sixteen years of age. Tavernier gives a very pretty description of the way they conducted their business:—"It is pleasant to see the children of merchants and other people of the country, between the age of ten and fifteen, coming every morning and seating themselves under a large tree in the market-place of the town. Each has his diamond-weights in a little pouch hanging on one side, and at the other a purse attached to his girdle. There they sit and wait until someone comes from the neighbourhood or from the mines to sell them diamonds. The new comer places the gem in the hands of the eldest of the boys, who is, as it were, the chief of the band. He looks at it, and hands it to the one next him, and so it passes from hand to hand in perfect silence till it returns to the first, who asks the price, in order, if possible, to make a bargain; and if the little man happens to buy it too dear, he has to take it on his own account. As soon as evening comes, the boys bring together all the stones they have bought during the day, examine them, and arrange them according to their beauty, their weight, and their clearness; then they put upon each its price at which they intend to sell to the merchants, and by the latter price they see how much profit they will have. They now carry them to the large merchants, and all the profit is divided among the boys, the one who acts as chief receiving one-fourth per cent. more than the others. Young as they are, they know the price of every stone."

It seems as though the diamond, from the first moment in which it is seen, sharpens the wits and arouses ambition for gain. Even the poor slaves in the days long gone by managed, as now, to elude the sleepless vigilance of the overseers. In one of these so-called Golconda mines Tavernier saw a poor creature, who desired to keep a large diamond for himself, force it in the corner of his eye so as completely to conceal it. That things are no better to-day, one has only to state what occurred a few months ago at the Cape. A known diamond thief was seen to leave Kimberley on horseback for the Transvaal; the police felt certain of the object of the man's journey, and seized him on the border and thoroughly searched him, and as nothing was found on him, they had to let him go. When well across the border and under the eyes of the detective, he shot and cut open his horse, extracting a large parcel of diamonds from its intestines, which, before starting on his journey, he had given to the horse in the shape of a ball.

Many of the mines round about Golconda, which were once so prolific, seem now to be quite exhausted. But in their place Brazil came to the front in a curious manner. In 1730, some singular pebbles were found by miners while searching for gold; these they carried home to their masters as curiosities. These in their turn regarded them as pretty baubles merely, and they either gave them to their children as playthings, or used them as counters.

At length they attracted the attention of an officer who had spent some years in India. Struck with their form and weight, he weighed one of them against a common pebble of equal size, and found that used as a counter much heavier; then he rubbed the counter on a stone with water, but could make no impression on it, while on the common pebble, which he treated in the same way, a flat surface was easily produced. He sent a few of the counters to a friend in Lisbon, begging him to have them examined; but the lapidaries of Lisbon, who had probably never seen rough diamonds, replied that their instruments could make no impression on them. The Dutch Consul, chancing to see them, thought they were diamonds, and begged to send one or two of them to Holland; here they were cut and polished, and declared to be equal to the very finest Golconda diamonds. The astonishing

* Dieulafait.

† Mr. Streeter is forming a model of this breastplate of real stones; it is most interesting and most beautiful.

‡ Pliny says, "The diamond is engendered in the finest gold . . . only a god could have communicated such a valuable secret to mankind."

* Streeter's *Great Diamonds of the World.*

news soon reached Brazil, and all that were scattered about as counters or playthings were at once bought up by a few individuals, and search was instituted in right good earnest.

The discovery acted like a curse upon the inhabitants, for as soon as the Government found out the value of these treasures, it took forcible possession of the land, expelled the original inhabitants and declared itself sole proprietor.

Trouble came in abundance to these poor people, for the year of the discovery was marked by drought and earthquake in which numbers perished. "It seemed," says Emanuel, "as if the genii, guardians of the treasure, were indignant at the presumption of man, and tried by every means to prevent the dispersion of the buried treasure. As the news spread across the world the first effect was a panic in the diamond trade. No one would believe in the existence of a rival to the diamonds of India, but of course the Brazil diamonds could not be ignored. The two great mines were Minas-Geräes and Bahia. In the former 144,000 carats were found annually for the space of twenty years, and during the first fifty years it is supposed that twelve millions of money's worth were exported. When once the search began, the riches were found to be almost without limit. The crops of all fowls killed were carefully examined, for it was found that in picking up their food they often swallowed diamonds, and it is recorded, that a negro once found a diamond of five carats adhering to the roots of a cabbage he had plucked for his dinner; they seemed to be about in all directions.

(To be continued.)

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR WITH PRIZES.

LONG before we reached England, Hyacinthe Beaufoi—who was both quick and studious for a sailor, as bright as Tom, and as fond of book-learning and natural science as Jane and cousin Perry—had picked up enough conversational English to be able to converse with us freely. His arm was well long ago, but he had not forgotten our small services, and the association which had begun with fomentations and bandages promised to ripen into a firm friendship. With the mercurial spirits of his youth and his nation, and with a conviction that it belonged to his dawning manhood to submit with a good grace to the buffets of fortune, however hard, he had grown reconciled to the adverse fate which had sentenced him and his beloved *St. Barbe*—as dear to him as the *Sea Serpent* was to us—to be made prisoners at the very commencement of his career.

When were there ever such prisoners and such *émigrés* as the French showed themselves? So patient and *débonnaire*, so long-suffering, ingenious, diligent, and gay, disarming their greatest foes by their good-humoured *nonchalance!*

Those who have not known the best of them in all circumstances are almost tempted to wish that they might never be anything else save prisoners and *émigrés*, in order to afford the world an example of high-hearted courage and cheerfulness. Ah, but it was the men then and always—not the circumstances, not the adversity, which constituted the charm! The first *émigrés* who crossed the frontier, and a proportion of the prisoners, were anything rather than representatives of dignified resignation, wise moderation, simple domestic virtue. They were scamps and profligates, bringing disgrace on the Royalist cause by their follies and excesses. They were evidence that in France men might live under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire; might pass through blood and fire, might have been brave soldiers, and yet have learnt little or nothing which was worth learning. It did not signify whether they were the sons of princes, and had the bluest of blue blood in their veins, or whether they were the scum of the lowest *faubourgs*, or were the most ragged and rustic *sans culottes* of the most remote and obscure departments.

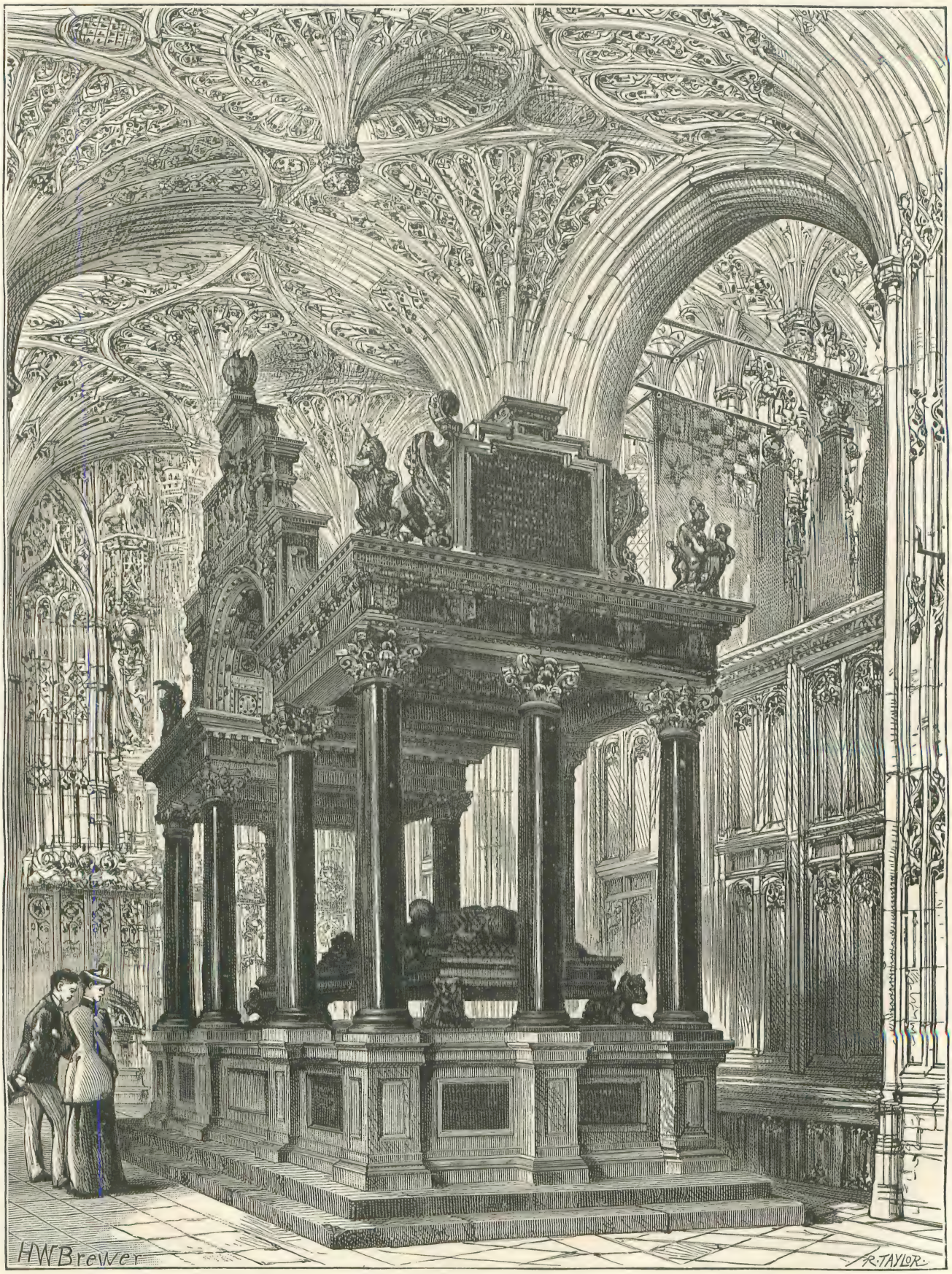
Hyacinthe was far forward for his age; as an only son and an only child brought up on the paternal estate, he had been the little *gentilhomme*. Since his father had died in the boy's infancy, he had been the owner of the surrounding acres, the master of the servants of the château and of the peasantry on the soil from his earliest childhood. Widows' only sons are apt to be one of two things—effeminate molly-coddles tied to their mother's apron-strings, or precocious men with an exaggerated manliness. Sometimes the boys manage to combine both attributes, when the result is far from pleasing. It is that of a hectoring or a conceited *petit maître*, a young bully too early invested with authority, and at the same time a fop and epicure frightened to wet his shoes, or to have the wind blow on him. Hyacinthe did not illustrate this unhappy union of opposite qualities. He was strongly attached to his mother, but she had not made a girl of him in any respect. He was brave, with something of a man's quiet courage instead of with a boy's bluster. He was independent for his years without being self-assertive or defiant. His mother had not succeeded if she had ever tried in insinuating to him that he was superior to all other boys, a very model and paragon. He was secretly humble as well as manly in seeking to do his duty, and he gave all other boys, till the contrary was shown to be the case, the credit of seeking to do the same. He was too conscious of his lapses from his single-hearted standard to crow over his neighbours when they failed in their aim. He was the product of the Revolution, yet he had not entire sympathy with any side in the strife, which lent a certain isolation to his character and position, even in these early days.

There were other elements than those which were contained in the terrible overthrow of the nineties which had helped to build him up, mind and body. He came of a Huguenot stock in a Huguenot colony, to the immense, yet bewildered, relief of Aunt Maria, who counted all foreigners to be a blending of Romanists and infidels. Hyacinthe's ancestors' creed had caused them to stand somewhat aloof from Court and Court patronage of every kind, and had formed a special bond between them and the people on their estates, who were of the same religious persuasion, with a sensible effect on the opinions and inclination of their descendant. He could not remember the horrors of the Revolution, but he liked to tell with pardonable pride how the Beaufois' peasantry had stood by their hereditary head and formed a guard round him and his, instead of putting a torch to his barns, plundering his *château*, and murdering the occupants.

Madame Beaufoi had continued something of a Royalist in politics. As to Hyacinthe, he was of young France; but he was not devoted either to the Republic or to the Empire, though rather more to the first than to the last; but he loved France passionately, and was willing to accept her choice of rulers. He was proud, as what French boy would not have been proud, of the unexampled triumphs and successes of her armies under Buonaparte and his marshals, and panted to serve her in any capacity. His youth led him to magnify a warlike service in whatever form. Captain Beaufoi, of the *St. Barbe*, was Hyacinthe's distant kinsman, and Hyacinthe drew from his mother her consent to his entering the French Navy as a midshipman on board the *St. Barbe*. Landward born though he was, he was fond of the sea in all her varying moods, and he promised to make a good sailor.

We passed Spithead with our "pickings" towed behind us, as the conquerors of the Old World returned in their ivory cars with their trains of captives. It was a beautiful day in July when we approached Portsmouth. Great crowds were assembled on the quays and at the wharves wild with enthusiasm. Multitudes of little boats swarmed out to meet and welcome us; the other ships manned their yards, cheered, and fired their guns as if we were royalty. Everybody afloat and ashore seemed to have taken leave of their senses.

I need not say that this public and triumphal entry was not father's desire, but he had to bow to the wishes of the authorities and the people when they sought to do the Service honour. I need not say again that we girls enjoyed the occasion, or that it was one of the proudest days in our lives, which we always looked back upon with gratitude and tender memories. We stood ranged in a row next Aunt Maria, a little behind and to the left of father and his knot of officers, in the centre of the quarter-deck, as the



THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sea Serpent advanced with the tide, in the stately advance of a ship of war bound for her anchorage.

I think the sight of our bonnets and pelisses must have been a revelation and a considerable surprise to many of the Hampshire country people who had flocked to the shore, who were accustomed to regard a ship as a place to sail and fight in, a centre of rough hardship and boisterous hilarity, destitute of all the amenities of life. I am not sure the rustics did not conclude we belonged somehow to the prisoners we were bringing back with us, who were ranged elsewhere. I fancy some of the spectators thought we too were prisoners of war, who, if we had happened to live in less humane times, might have been so many slaves.

Hyacinthe had deserted us and taken up his position with the other French officers, resolute to bear whatever humiliation was their portion; for, alas! our glory was—not their shame—I cannot call it that—but their mortification; and they would not have been men and Frenchmen if the contrast had not filled them with gloom, whatever gallant face they put upon it.

Neither were the conquerors always generous like father. From the boats circling round us like so many water imps there arose many a jeer and taunt at "the Mounseers," "the Johnny Crapauds," with "Bony" their Corsican chief, who had slain their king (the speakers were by no means conspicuous for historical accuracy), to whom they had sold themselves as to another thief, rogue, and murderer. But the roast beef and the salt pork, the redcoats and the blue-jackets of old England had beaten the enemy to shivers, and would beat them so long as there was a shark in the sea or an ox on the land. It was more than sufficient to cause a man's blood, especially a boy's blood, to boil to hear these noisy patriots. My cheeks burned for Hyacinthe as I listened. Oh! it was mean, it was cowardly and base, it was altogether un-English thus to strike a fallen foe. Then a shaft came nearer home. It was after we had all been handed down into father's boat, in which he had chosen that Captain Beaufoi and Hyacinthe should go with us on shore, that personal remarks began to fall thick and fast upon us.

Father was styled nothing worse than a "grizzled sea-dog," for he was the hero of the day, and the rowdiest of the rowdy Portsmouth population dared not attack him for fear of indignant reprisals from his partisans; but Captain Beaufoi was called "a shark," and Hyacinthe "the spawn of a shark." Poor Aunt Maria was hailed as "a dressed-up foreign harpy"—I have no doubt under the impression that she was a Frenchwoman and a prisoner—not sufficiently subdued by her circumstances. Sally was picked out as "a strapping wench," yet "a brazen-faced baggage all the same." I was styled "a saucy minx of a like brew." Then some of these railers who were also shouting in another key, and on the other side of their mouths, "Long live the gallant Admiral Masham!"—"Hooray for the *Sea Serpent* and every man Jack in her!"—unfortunately caught sight of Jane and shouted afresh. "Heyday, have they brought back a French witch in their company? See to her—yellow coloured, ain't she? as *golden as a guinea*—a dwarf of a humpty-dumpty." Then the chorus was roared—

"Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty got a great fall."

Father frowned angrily, while the rest of us turned away our heads, and pretended neither to hear nor to understand. As for poor Jane she shrank and quivered and hung her head, while wise as she was for her years, the scalding tears rained down her cheeks. Tom bit his lips and scowled, and Hyacinthe Beaufoi's eyes positively flamed. He was not sitting near Jane, but he half rose to his feet and, bending across the rowers, claimed her attention in the most determined and exacting manner. He spoke in more halting English than he had been guilty of lately, while he asked—nay, commanded—her to do him the honour of pointing out to him the different buildings and naming to him the different headlands. From his fellow-feeling with Jane I could guess what his own sensations had been. I realised for the first time the truth of the homely proverb that "One man's meat is another man's poison," and that in this world there is no jar of honey which does not contain a drop of gall.

(To be continued.)

MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

No one can visit Westminster Abbey, without being struck by the fact, that the more ancient monuments are so exceedingly well-suited to the positions which they occupy. They seem, in fact, to use a homely expression, "to fit well," whereas, the later and modern monuments in the same church seem to have been erected or set up without the slightest regard to the position they were intended to occupy. If our girls will turn to the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and compare the drawings of the monuments of Queen Eleanor of Castile, the wife of Edward I., or of "Lady Margaret," mother of Henry VIII., with the illustration we now give of the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, they will see at once what we mean. Or if they should be visiting the Abbey itself, a comparison between the shockingly ill-placed statue of Watt, and the quiet, but artistically treated grave of the standard-bearer of Agincourt, which are side by side, will serve still more to emphasise this remark.

This modern precedent of ignoring completely the surroundings of such structures would appear to have been first established by James I. in his erection of the monuments commemorating Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, which are so badly placed that scarcely sufficient room is left to pass between them, and the walls of the narrow aisles of Henry VII.'s chapel, in which they are so injudiciously placed.

To make the matter worse, both the tombs in question are designed to be seen from the north or south, their fronts in both cases facing towards those points of the compass, yet it is simply impossible to see them at all from these points of view, as there is only a space of about four feet between the monuments and the walls, or solid screens of the chapel, whereas the ends of the structures, which were scarcely intended to be seen at all, are visible the whole length of the aisle, showing distinctly that no consideration as to the position which they were to occupy ever entered into the minds of the sculptors who executed them, or the artists who designed them, and thus they not only block up the delicate and beautiful aisles of the chapel in a cumbrous and clumsy manner, but by this arrangement such artistic qualities as they themselves possess, are for the most part lost. It must be granted, however, that although they have a certain amount of general picturesqueness of effect, they are neither of them works of a very high order of merit. That over the grave of Mary Stuart in the south aisle is generally preferred, but except that it is rather larger, of the two there is not much to choose between them. It is a question whether Elizabeth's monument is not to be regarded as recording herself and her sister Mary, as we read in a very conspicuous position upon it the following inscription: "Regno consortes et urna, hic obdormimus, Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis," which Speed translates as follows—"Consorts both in throne and grave, here rest we, two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of our resurrection." The accounts for the erection of this sumptuous pile are preserved, and we learn that the cost of the whole was £965; but this does not appear to have included the cost of the material, which was £107, or that paid to the blacksmith of the name of Patrick, £95, and to John de Critz the painter, of £100. The blacksmith's work here charged for has disappeared; it consisted of a very handsome railing, which formerly surrounded the tomb, but which was removed in the year 1822. The name of the architect or sculptor, who is responsible for the work, was Maximilian Powtran. It is not however very clear in what capacity Maximilian Powtran is to be regarded; he certainly supplied the materials, and also probably the design, but whether he executed any of the sculpture and carving may be very much doubted. There is so great a similarity between the details of this tomb and that of Mary Stuart, that the same hand must certainly have been at work on both of them; that of Mary Stuart was the work of Cornelius Cure, and it is by no means improbable that he was really the sculptor of some portions, at any rate, of Elizabeth's. The work shows that somewhat coarse treatment which was peculiar to English works

of the period. The fact is that the English did not take kindly to the Italian style until the days of Inigo Jones and the great Sir Christopher, and in all their works, in this style of an earlier period, one notices a want of refinement and familiarity with classical detail which is not to be seen in foreign works of the time. Notwithstanding however the defects which we have pointed out in this monument, it must be granted that, surrounded as it is with the beautiful architecture of Henry VII.'s chapel, it forms an attractive subject for the pencil of the artist.

We have referred to the removal of the metal railings which formerly surrounded this monument, and we would suggest that if they are still in existence they ought certainly to be replaced, as considerable damage appears to have been done since they have been taken away. Some people appear to have an inveterate objection to any object being railed off, and to think that they can't possibly see anything properly if the slightest obstacle is interposed between their eyes and the object they wish to look at; but the injury which has accrued to ancient buildings and works of art by this rank stupidity is almost incalculable, because there are a certain class of people who seem incapable of seeing anything distinctly with their eyes unless they can assist their vision by their fingers, which too frequently leads to either pawing the object over, which in the case of sculpture makes it greasy and dirty, or to the still more mischievous practice of breaking off little fragments as "keepsakes."

The present guardians of Westminster Abbey it must be acknowledged do everything in their power to protect the works of art committed to their care; but with the thousands of people who visit this noble church it is almost impossible to protect the monuments from injury, and therefore we suggest that wherever the railings which formerly surrounded monuments can be discovered they should be replaced. If one looks through *Neal's Westminster Abbey*, published in 1823, it will be noticed that nearly all the tombs within reach of the public were protected by railings. This is especially the case in the view which he gives of "Poets' Corner." The removal of these was most injudicious. It is all very well to put up notices, "Requesting people not to touch the monuments," but it is far more effectual to put up railings which prevent people touching them. We are glad to see that very recently the railings have been replaced round some of the tombs, notably that of Lord and Lady Daubeney, and we trust that this good example will be followed in other cases. H. W. B.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PENN.

"I have a boy of five years old,
His face is fair and fresh to see,
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me."

Wordsworth.

THREE days went by, and then Elsie bent her steps to Wardour Street again. Andrew Beaton was in his old place behind the counter, but his face did not look any brighter than usual.

"No answer yet, Miss Kilner," he said. "My mother is worried about the matter. She *thinks* that we have neglected a duty. I am glad you have come. She is too much alone."

Elsie found the old lady sitting dejectedly in her little parlour, but she brightened at the sight of her visitor.

"We have heard nothing," she began. "And yet the notice has been in all the papers. Mrs. Penn was always a newspaper reader; nothing escaped her eyes. I am beginning to fear that she is dead."

"We mustn't imagine evils," Elsie replied.

"But if she is dead one doesn't know what may have happened to the boy! Mrs. Penn had friends and relatives, but would they be likely to look after him? That's what I have said to Andrew a dozen times at least."

She took off her spectacles with fingers that trembled a little, and put her work into an old-fashioned basket with a crimson lining. Elsie had gentle ways with old people, knowing instinctively how to soothe them with touch and voice. She poured out tea, and hovered round Mrs. Beaton with little attentions which were like caresses.

Andrew, coming in with his quiet step, gave Miss Kilner a look and a word of gratitude.

If you set out to do a good deed you may do a hundred small kindnesses on the way. Elsie's quest seemed very likely to prove fruitless, but in the seeking she was scattering flowers as she went along. Andrew, who sometimes found his life sadly commonplace, picked up a blossom or two, and wore them thankfully. The street, the shop, and the parlour were all touched and beautified by these little graces which a woman like Elsie bestows spontaneously.

It was a pleasant tea-drinking in the London parlour, although the sun could send in only a slanting beam or two.

They had, all three, talked themselves into a hopeful mood. In their brightened fancy Jamie was already found, and they were beginning to arrange his future destiny. Elsie proceeded to state her views on the education of boys; but, as she had never had any boys to educate, those views were rather vague. Mrs. Beaton expressed a wish that he could be turned into a blue-coat boy; his curly golden head was so pretty that it was almost a sin to cover it with a cap, and he would soon grow used to being without one. Andrew hoped that he wouldn't be spoiled, and made into a milksop, and suggested that he ought to be taught a useful trade as soon as possible.

Elsie had other ideas; she wanted him to be sent to college.

Mrs. Beaton said it would be a shame to set him to work too early; he was only a little more than five years old. Both women thought that Andrew was too severe in his notions about boys.

Andrew thought that many a good lad was spoilt because he had lacked a man's control.

Elsie thought that many a dear little fellow was half-brutalised because he had lacked a woman's influence.

Mrs. Beaton then felt that it was her turn to make a remark, but no one ever heard the words of wisdom which were about to issue from her lips. Quite suddenly, with unusual noise, the parlour door was flung open, and a woman rushed into the room.

Andrew started to his feet. Elsie, who had just taken up the teapot, set it down again upon the table. Mrs. Beaton pushed back her cap-ribbons with both hands, and uttered a little shriek.

"It's Mrs. Penn!" she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Penn, it is you, isn't it? And you're gone clean out of your mind, aren't you? Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Yes," answered the intruder distractedly, "it is me. And I'm gone clean out of my mind."

"We don't want you without your mind," said Andrew, grown suddenly discourteous. "If you are mad you ought not to have come. Don't you see that you have given my mother a terrible shock?"

"Don't be unkind, Mr. Beaton!" exclaimed Elsie, in a tone of reproof. "Of course Mrs. Penn has come to bring us some news. Oh, Mrs. Penn," she added, losing dignity and self-control all at once, "do speak one word and tell us what has become of Jamie!"

For a moment it seemed as if Mrs. Penn had no power to comply with this simple request. She stood gaping at them all; then, suddenly flinging up her hands with a despairing gesture, she panted out, "Lost!"

Mrs. Beaton sank back in her chair with eyes closed. Andrew bent over his mother, holding a smelling-bottle to her nostrils, and murmuring reassuring words. Elsie was very pale.

The old lady recovered herself, sat up, and said, rather feebly, that there was nothing the matter. Andrew, somewhat relieved, darted an angry glance at Mrs. Penn.

"Pray sit down, Mrs. Penn," he said, "and let me beg you to be composed. Perhaps a cup of tea may steady your nerves."

Elsie poured out the tea at once, and handed it kindly to the poor shaken woman, whose distress was very genuine.

"The *Daily Telegraph* told me to come here. That's why I came," she whimpered at last. "But no one seems glad to see me," she added tearfully.

Andrew felt a pang of self-reproach.

"We are very glad," he said promptly. "If I was rude, I hope you will pardon me. But mother can't stand a shock, and you came upon us rather suddenly, you see."

"I'm so unhappy," poor Mrs. Penn replied. "I daresay I don't seem a bit

like myself. I lost him nine weeks ago."

Elsie gave a little exclamation of dismay. Had the guidance of the vanished hand led only to a disappointment like this?

"I wish you had told us sooner," said Andrew, trying to suppress his indignation.

"The weeks have gone by like a whirlwind, and my head's been in a mist ever since I lost him," Mrs. Penn declared, wiping her eyes.

"Are you sure that your head wasn't in a mist before you lost him?" asked Mrs. Beaton, with unwonted sternness.

Something in the tone of the questioner led Elsie to examine Mrs. Penn with closer attention. She was a woman of sixty, who had evidently been healthy and active in her earlier days, and ought to have been strong and capable still. But there was a redness of the eyes, and a certain pink puffiness of the whole countenance which had a suspicious look.

"My health hasn't been good lately," she said, in her whimpering voice. "No one knows the burden that the boy has been to me, but I couldn't find it in my heart to part with him."

"If you had written to us, as you promised to do, we would have relieved you of the burden," Mrs. Beaton replied.

"I've been going to write hundreds of times, only I'm such a bad letter-writer. And then I've intended to come and see you, but I've put off coming because things always seemed to prevent me. We stayed at Brighton three months; I don't like Brighton. I was glad to get nearer to London."

"Where did you go when you left Brighton?" Andrew inquired.

"We came up to Lee. My niece Maria is married to a market-gardener there, a Mr. Dennett; he's a most respectable man, and he took quite a fancy to Jamie. But Maria has no children, and she doesn't care for boys; they seem to worry her."

"And between you and Maria the poor little fellow was neglected," cried Mrs. Beaton, in a tremor of anger.

"Don't say so, pray don't say so, it hurts my feelings dreadfully," wailed Mrs. Penn. "I'm sure I paid regularly for him and myself, and he always had enough to eat. But, as Maria has often said, it's a troublesome thing to have a child on your hands."

"How did you lose him?" Mrs. Beaton asked. She steadied her voice as well as she could, but there was an angry light in her kind old eyes.

"I didn't lose him. He lost himself. He must have wandered away somewhere," said this exasperating woman, beginning to cry again. "We went to the police, and did all we could to find him, but we never caught a glimpse of him any more. After wearing myself out for nine weeks, I saw your notice in the *Daily Telegraph*, and then I thought you must have found him. I came here all in a hurry, with my heart full of hope."

There was nothing more to be extracted from her. It was clear that she had told all she could tell.

Elsie turned to Andrew with a look of distress more eloquent than words. As he met the sorrowful gaze of her beautiful dark eyes, a light seemed suddenly to flash from his, and he spoke out in a resolute tone.

"Don't be afraid that I shall let the grass grow under my feet, Miss Kilner. I shall go to Scotland Yard at once," he said, rising, and buttoning his coat.

He merely lingered to ask Mrs. Penn a few rapid questions about the boy's dress and general appearance, and then the door closed behind him, and he was gone.

There was a moment of silence; then Elsie, rising from her chair, went over to Mrs. Beaton and kissed her.

"I am going home now," she whispered. "We won't despair yet. I shall try to be hopeful."

But her attempts at hopefulness were of little avail, and she hurried out of Wardour Street, holding her head down, crying as she went. She walked swiftly, never once slackening her speed till she had gained her own door. And inside the house she seemed to lose all courage and strength and faith, and fell sobbing into Miss Saxon's arms.

"Oh," she said, "it is all in vain! Jamie is lost, utterly lost, and only his angel knows where to find him!"

(To be continued.)

NOTES TO THE ALPHABET OF CELEBRATED WOMEN.

A. Abigail. See 1 Samuel, xxv.

B. Berenice, wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, King of Egypt. The astrologers paid her the flattery of naming a constellation *Coma Berenices*, in remembrance of the sacrifice of her beautiful hair.

C. Charlotte Corday, who rid France of the bloodthirsty tyrant, Marat, by stabbing him while in his bath, July 14th, 1793. She was guillotined July 17th.

D. Dorcas. See Acts ix, 36–39.

E. Etheldreda, wife of Oswy, King of Northumbria, founded a monastic building in the Isle of Ely, 673, and became the first Abbess. In 870 it was destroyed by the Danes, and in 970 re-founded as a Benedictine Abbey. The present church was commenced in 1083 and made the cathedral in 1109.

F. Flora McDonald, who accomplished the escape of Prince Charles from the island of South Uist, where he was surrounded by the English soldiery seeking him. In Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* is a most interesting narrative of the Prince's subsequent wanderings.

G. Grace Darling, daughter of the light-house keeper on the Longstone, one of the Farne Islands. In September, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, bound from Hull to Dundee, struck on another of the rocks. Of sixty-three persons on board fifty-five were drowned, and only by the heroic efforts of Darling and his daughter were the other eight saved from the same fate.

H. Hadassah (myrtle). See the Book of Esther.

I. Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand of Arragon. By her liberality only was Columbus enabled to discover the New World.

J. Lady Jane Grey.

K. Katherine Douglas, who thus endeavoured to close the door against the conspirators led by Sir Robert Graham, who had assembled to murder James I. in the Dominican monastery at Perth. February, 1437.

L. Louisa, Queen of Prussia during the war against Napoleon. The patriotic gift of her jewels as a contribution towards the national defences was an example followed by all the ladies of Prussia, and led to the manufacture of the artistic ornaments in wrought iron as memorials of their public spirit, which are known as "Berlin ornaments."

M. The Empress Maud, or Matilda.

N. Nitocris, Queen of Babylon. Herodotus relates that Cyrus caused her tomb to be opened, expecting to find great treasure; he found a scroll bearing these words, "Had not thine avarice been insatiable thou wouldst not have violated the monuments of the dead."

O. Octavia, the sister of the Emperor Augustus, and mother of Marcellus.

P. Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. before Calais.

Q. The Queen.

R. Lady Rachel Russell, who acted as secretary to her husband, Lord William Russell, during his trial, falsely accused of being concerned in the Rye House Plot and condemned to death.

S. Semiramis.

T. Tanaquil, wife of Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome.

U. Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

V. Vittoria Colonna, the friend of Michael Angelo, admired by Ariosto, and the most famous poetess of Italy.

W. Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale, who accomplished her husband's escape from the Tower after the Jacobite rising of 1715. Having chosen the tallest woman of her acquaintance for her attendant, she carried out her plan by familiarising the guards with their appearance, constantly entering the prison or issuing from it, sometimes together, sometimes singly, bestowing large gifts of money among the men and bespeaking their sympathy in her affliction, for the Earl lay under sentence of death. It was therefore only natural when he, disguised as Mrs. Betty Mills, followed the Countess past the guards on the very day previous to that appointed for his execution, they both should cover their faces as if in bitter grief. At the Tower Gate a coach was waiting to convey them to the vessel ready to sail, and on board of her they reached France in safety. Meanwhile Mrs. Betty had not been idle, but, collecting all materials that she could find, she so arranged the bed as to convey to the mind of the officer of the guard, when he made his nightly round, that the prisoner was safely there asleep.

X. Xantippe, the wife of Socrates.

Z. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, conquered by the Emperor Aurelian.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.



EDUCATIONAL.

G. H. R.—1. Our correspondents are always requesting us to answer them at once. This is impossible. The answers we give go to the printer in large parcels, and are put in as there may be room for them, in course of time.—2. A good knowledge of Hindostani, and some of the various dialects of India, is essential. There are societies for training young women as missionaries and school teachers, as, for instance, the Women's Missionary Institute, Mrs. Meredith, Hon. Sec., 143, Clapham Road, S.E.—3. For Government appointments you should apply to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon Street.

George.—Either apply direct for such information to the Civil Service Commissioners (Secretary), Westminster, S.W. Notice of all open competitive exams. held by them is given some time previously in the *London Gazette*, and a list is specially advertised by the commissioners in a prominent position in the principal London and provincial newspapers—usually appearing on Thursdays—preceding the leading articles, inserted about a month or six weeks before the exam. is held. Obtain a form, and fill it up, to make your application, and another printed form called "Order for Examination" will shortly be sent you.

Would-be Surgeon has written a long letter containing about six queries respecting injuries to the spine. An answer to a couple of them would be very inadequate to suffice for a "Would-be Surgeon." If the spinal cord be severed the patient dies; if the spine be injured only, there is usually no pain below the injury but much above it. Not being a surgeon we do not profess to train students, nor have we a surgical library for reference. We only express a private opinion.

MUSIC.

Madge.—1. It is a great mistake for girls to waste time over learning to play the piano who have no taste for music, and still more so if they have no ear for time or tune. They only make their attempts an intolerable nuisance to others.—2. A girl's frocks should reach to her ankles when she enters her "teens;" and her hair might be turned up at sixteen, but tied in some way to prevent the soiling of her frocks before that. Two plaits, with the ends brought up to a box at the head, would answer this purpose.

Hilda.—1. It is by no means necessary that you should be first a pianist before learning to play the violin. But what you do want is a very correct ear.—2. We must refer you to our answers respecting the disposal of used postage stamps, and the address at Neuchatel where they may be sent for the benefit of a Swiss institution.

A Constant Subscriber.—You should have copied the bars. How do you suppose that we could carry in our memory all the bars of every piece of music by all the great composers so as to answer all the questions of every correspondent respecting them, otherwise we should need to obtain a complete musical library for reference.

B. E. S.—*Andante* means "a slow movement," *più andante*, "more slow," *andantino* means "a little slow," and *più andantino* "a little more slow." You should procure a small manual of Italian musical phrases and words.

Red Tail.—No music would suit the verses you send with it as the lines are quite irregular, and there is no attempt at making corresponding lines alike, either in length or in the beat. Even the grammar is wrong: you cannot say, "instruction are given;" "To die on the cross for poor sinner He came." "Vain" and "hail" do not rhyme.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. A. N.—How many of Sir Christopher Wren's churches now remain we do not precisely know, but they originally numbered fifty-one.

Freda.—1. The origin of the designation "Rotten Row" may be found, according to Camden, in *Rottern*, "to muster." A "rot of soldiers" is a file of six of them. To muster means to assemble, to gather together as for parade or exercise There is a Norman derivation from which it may be traced, *i.e.*, *Ratten* Row or "roundabout way"; and a third origin of the designation may be a natural one from its characteristic feature of softness, a loose soil in no degree bound together nor hardened. The ugly word "Rotten" as applied to the road for equestrians in Hyde Park has been dropped, as it has another very unpleasant signification.—2. There are thirteen essay clubs named in the *Directory of Girls' Clubs* (Griffith & Farran). Try Miss Hathaway's, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

Mavourneen.—Some spots in the vision, which are more or less temporary annoyances, arise from the state of the stomach and liver. Others which are permanent appear to be the result of loss of nervous power. But not being oculists we strongly advise you to go to one of the latter for an opinion, or what would be less expensive, go to an eye and ear infirmary, or to any large hospital, and have your eyes examined and prescribed for.

Weymouth.—1. Our correspondent gives no name, so we give her whereabouts only. Phrenologists of the common sort have one or two characters always ready for the persons who give a shilling for an opinion, and which they repeat from memory. They do not take measurements nor weigh conflicting characteristics that respectively modify and correct each other. The man meant that your reasoning powers were not great, and your mind not logical, and that on that account you should not indulge in controversy. There was nothing to trouble you in that.—2. Donkeys and zebras have always had a cross on their backs. It has nothing to do with our Lord having ridden one. He never rode on a zebra.—3. The so-called thumb and finger marks on a John Doree (or John Dory) have nothing to do with the incident of the miracle performed by our Lord. The name is a corruption of *jaune dorée*, yellow-gilded or golden yellow, a salt-water fish, though, according to tradition, the fish caught by St. Peter in the freshwater sea or Lake of Tiberias.

A Reader.—Leave the dog's ears alone. Why should they not stand up? If you want one with hanging ears you should get one of another breed—a spaniel, French poodle, collie, or dachshound.

A Battle-Maid.—See the articles on the "Care of the Hair" by "Medicus." We do not give addresses.

Inquirer.—See Habakkuk ii. 2: "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables that he may run that readeth it," that is, having been forewarned by the prophecies divinely given and recorded, he may act upon the teaching received.

Motherless Girl.—1. It is sad that you should have given way to such feelings towards any man who had not offered you his heart or hand in the first instance. Pray to God for strength to banish all thought of him, as it is very degrading to a woman, who should only be won over by earnest suit on a man's part.—2. Certainly accept your eldest brother's invitation.

C. L. A. S.—There are various kinds of the tortoise family—as the land tortoise, the marine and the freshwater, etc. The land tortoises are divided into four *genera* and thirty species. Perhaps your pet may be a specimen of one of these. There are also marsh tortoises of small size, which live equally on land and in water. These emit a nauseous odour. The river sort are without scales, and are good for food. The great freshwater kind of the River Amazon is used as food. But the sea turtle or green turtle is the most valuable for food and for its shell. We recommend you not to put your pet into water if he seem to dislike it. Insects, flies, and such-like food may suit him. You had better obtain directions and food if possible from a naturalist, or inquire about his food in Covent Garden market.

Episcopal.—A merely temporary fall is not in question in the passages you quote. It is an abandonment of the faith and a desertion of their Lord and Master. Nevertheless we should beware of every little declension, and "keep a conscience void of offence so far as in us lies," by the grace and help (earnestly and continually sought) of the Holy Spirit. Remember the promise to those who diligently seek Him. "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Anxious Fatty.—An attempt to reduce stoutness is always a risky enterprise, and should never be attempted without medical advice. But you might avoid fat, butter, cream, porter, and much liquid of any kind.

Amy.—The most common of all our Christian names are John and William, according to Sir Herbert Maxwell, who gave an interesting article some time ago on the subject. Before the adoption of surnames, William was most in favour, 68 of them appearing in *Doomsday Book*. We read that in 1173 Sir William St. John and Sir William Fitz-Hamon gave a banquet at the court of Henry II., limiting the invitations to the knights who were "namesakes" of their own, and the guests numbered 120 persons. The day for "John" arrived in 1347, when in the Common Council of London 35 of that name appeared on the rolls. Still in much favour in 1385, amongst the 376 names registered on the roll of the guild of St. George at Norwich there were 128 Johns.

"Flowers of the Underground."—Yes, it is quite true that there are blue, green, and red diamonds, as well as white and straw-colour, the composition of a gem and not its hue determining its character. It is not a ruby because it is red in colour, nor a sapphire because of its blue shade, for the oriental ruby, sapphire, and topaz are composed of clay and slate, mingled with chromic acid (the Brazilian topaz is a compound of silica or flint and alumina), whereas the diamond is a chip of coal or an evolution of it. It is pure carbon in a peculiar allotropic condition. Imitations have been most successfully made; but all attempts to produce the real gem have failed, for the means by which Nature manufactured it have not been explained.

Cherry Blossom.—Tie the whole of the hair at the back of the head, not too low down, leaving a small fringe in front over the forehead. Then you take the round pad, and put the hair through the centre, and place the pad close up to the head; divide the hair into two portions, and comb one part up, rolling it over the pad, and the same with the lower portion, spreading the hair so as to cover the pad completely, secure the ends with a hairpin, and fasten the roll to the head. Cover with a silk hair-net, which can be purchased by the dozen at most hairdressers. This method of dressing the hair has, however, become less fashionable, and three horizontal rolls, with a twist round them, or several thick coils of hair, are much more seen at present.

Lillian L. M.—The little story has some promise in it; but you will need perseverance, and must proceed with your education in order to fit yourself for writing anything worth publication.

Molly.—1. We can only advise you to read the articles by "Medicus," and try to see how you can improve your general health.—2. June 9th, 1874, was a Tuesday.

A. C. D. W. and H. S.—1. If a man liked two girls with no apparent special partiality for either, what should the girls do? There is nothing obligatory save to remember to conduct themselves with proper dignity and self-respect. It will be time enough to "do" anything when he demonstrates a decided preference for one of them. Girls of the ages you name, up to fifteen, should go to bed at 9 or 9.30 P.M.—2. You should become a member of our Guild for Bible-Reading and Study.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 726.] NOVEMBER 25, 1893. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid, etc."

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT—AN INTRODUCTION TO KING GEORGE AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

WE posted up to London, as of course father's destination was the Admiralty, and I must confess so far as bodily fatigue went, it was a weary journey. A hundred times a day I wished myself safely out of the horrid jolting, rattling, yellow chaises in which we were cooped and at home again in our own dear comfortable cabin in the *Sea Serpent*. Talk of storms at sea! I have always said neither the inconvenience nor the danger is anything to seasoned sailors when you contrast such passing trouble with the permanent misery of bad roads, bad springs to your chaise, the being boxed up in hot or cold weather within its narrow bounds, the having to face the impertinent observations of strangers, together with the over-charges, damp beds, and untrustworthy cookery of the inns when you have to "sleep on the road." To sum up the evils, there are the ever-present perils of overturns and footpads—though I was told the last was a rarer danger than it used to be.

But we were fully conscious of the honour of accompanying father fresh from the seat of war on the high seas, come to give an account of what he had done for his king and country. Wherever we stopped it leaked out who we were, and the navy was at that time so much the people's idol, that if we had chosen to copy the bad example of the disreputable hero of a well-known incident, we might have done it without rebuke. A drunken sailor travelling on the top of the coach from London to Portsmouth called, every time the horses were changed, for a pewter pot of ale to be handed up to him, drained the ale and, as his payment, flung the pot and its dregs in the face of the potman, the feat being accepted as a pardonable flight of high spirits on the part of Jack Tar—one of the brave defenders of his country. But so much notice and "fulsome flattery," as father called it, put him about and pestered him. In this light he was more like the famous soldier Wellington than our great sea-captain Nelson, who would blush like a girl with pleasure to hear his praises sung. He had only done his duty, father protested, and every honest mechanic who took care to work a fair day's work for a fair day's wage did the same. Therefore he, Admiral Masham, did not see why he should be chosen to be persecuted by the attentions of the public. There was no affectation in this attitude of father's, since he would have scouted the idea of attaching peculiar merit to risking his life in the service to which he belonged. When it came to that, the humblest cabin-boy was often in as great if not greater danger, and nobody thought of calling him a hero. Altogether the gallant admiral was decidedly gruff and grumpy in responding to his over-zealous admirers' plaudits.

However, presently father was relieved. On our way to London, the news reached us of a great naval victory, that of Camperdown, which far outshone our desultory exploits. I declare I believe my father's delight was doubled by the conviction that his late doings were eclipsed, and that in the resounding tribute to the Scotch admiral, Duncan, he, Admiral Masham, would be suffered to slip back into the comparative obscurity he preferred.

It was not quite so great a satisfaction to us girls, for though we were minded to give the greater honour to the greater success, we were not so modest for father as he was for himself. We were not particularly inclined to have our farthing candle of fame summarily extinguished, though we did not go quite so far as to argue that father should have a sword in a gold scabbard, the hilt crusted with diamonds, presented to him by the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London, as they did honour to Lord Nelson.

But the world was not altogether partial and unjust. When London was all on fire with joy and triumph, we found, to our great satisfaction, that the recent affair off Madeira was not forgotten among the lit-up inscriptions; there was more than one on which there was reference to the dauntless admiral whose flagship had returned with two notable prizes in its wake. For not even at Camperdown could people find many instances of ships which, single-handed, had beaten, boarded, and taken possession one after the other of two of the enemy's sail, one of them the superior in size and force to its assailant, the other one of the best equipped, nimblest corvettes in the French navy.

There are many thousands of people who remember the illumination of London in the celebration of national events and political crises and in connection with incidents in the Royal Family; but soon there will be few who can recall the great city kindled up as a sign of the kingdom's glory, while men, drunk with patriotism, and mad with exultation, forgot all the widespread suffering which war brings in its train, and thought only of the great battles by sea and land in which England was victorious.

It was a different London then, with a more closely built and densely-peopled city, and comparatively rustic and isolated suburbs, extending to only a fraction of the distance which they now occupy. The means of illumination were equally primitive, train-oil and tallow candles for the most part, but the effect on the gazers was all which could be desired. The Bank, the Post Office, the Mansion House, Somerset House, and Trinity House, were alike brilliant beyond our most sanguine expectations. What did we care for the rank smell of the oil and the dripping tallow of the candles, as we rode along where we could ride, staring and exclaiming, or gladly trooped out and walked when riding was out of the question. We had had the use of a fine chariot, pressed upon us by a nobleman who had been an old messmate of father's, and was his friend for life. We were greatly indebted to this nobleman's coachman, a dignified person in a three-cornered hat and powdered wig, for pointing out to us the celebrities we passed. The stout man in the white waistcoat was the great statesman, Mr. Fox; the handsome couple were the great actress, Mrs. Siddons, attended by her brother, Mr. John Kemble; the lame young man with the beautiful supercilious face was the poet, Lord Byron; the little man on whose arm he hung was another poet, Mr. Tom Moore, all well-known figures in the great world.

When we were on foot, obliging people in the crowd did us the same service as the coachman had rendered to us, doing it unconsciously for the mere pleasure of proclaiming that they knew by sight many distinguished persons. On the whole we—certainly Tom—liked walking best. The populace were very good-humoured, and we girls—for father and Aunt Maria soon went home—were well protected by Tom and Cousin Perry, and some of their brother officers, who took the opportunity of joining us. There was also Hyacinthe Beaufoi, whom father had got leave to bring with us to London. Tom and Perry, with the other officers of the *Sea Serpent*, were in their uniform, of course, and this caused us to be welcomed with acclamation, and made way for wherever we liked to go. It was with astonishment and horror that we read in the next day's newspaper of the women and children who had been squeezed and trampled to death in the streets. Every face which we had seen had been decked in smiles, and yet I am not sure whether there is not a touch of savage insensibility to the reverse side of the shield, in these boisterous public rejoicings over battles which are the inevitable calamities of nations. There skeleton Death, brandishing his scythe, has been the true conqueror over heaps of senseless dead, who were, only the day before, the brave strong living, for whose sad fate a multitude of tender innocent hearts are breaking. There was a simple pathetic little poem frequently recited and covertly wept over

in those days. It pictured a poor orphan boy seeking, in his ignorant light-heartedness, to win his mother's admiration for the illumination to celebrate the battle of the Nile, which had cost her a husband, and him a father. True there are things greater than life and happiness — there are deathless principles, fidelity to the right, loyalty to our rulers and leaders—but all the same Campbell, who was the poet of our battles, in immortalising one of them could not resist striking a sad chord in the middle of his jubilation.

"Now joy old England raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou.
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!"

Nobody need say that I was too young to have such thoughts at such a season. The young, not less than their elders, have their quick revulsions of feeling; but I do not know that the incongruity of "a general illumination" struck me so much when I was in the lit streets, as when I had returned home and had time to think of it all.

No doubt the recollection of Hyacinthe Beaufoi, as he escorted us in his plain clothes, helped to arouse the train of thought. Had he worn his uniform, it might have caused an outcry and a raid in our direction which would have been anything rather than agreeable to us. As for his mere presence, whatever association it conveyed, the reason was not to be found in his sulking or intruding his smothered passion and pain upon us. Boy as he was, he was too much of a gentleman to say or even to look anything which might jar upon our mood when he could help it. He said as little as possible, kept himself somewhat aloof, and would only hold his head higher than ever, when there was such reviling and jeering at the mounseers as he could not avoid hearing.

The second and greater victory following so fast on the first had blunted the edge of the original misfortune. He declared that he was resigned to going to the wall for a time; he was biding his time. He even tried to say, with a wry face, that it was not all lost which a friend got, and surely we had been friends as well as foes. But he had been so much one of us, for what seemed to us a long time, that we could easily see when he was galled, affronted, and sore under his panoply of magnanimity and politeness.

Father had got leave, when Captain Beaufoi and the other prisoners were left behind, to appropriate Hyacinthe, who had been put on his parole. I believe father was actuated by two or three motives. He liked what he had seen of the lad, and he, father, had learnt during the past weeks to identify the boy to a certain extent with his own boy and girls, Hyacinthe was so young, and he had so instinctively fraternised with us. Father was very desirous that Tom and Perry Hood, who was the son of a widowed sister of father's—to whom father was guardian as well as superior officer—should improve themselves in the study of the French tongue, in which Tom especially was conspicuously deficient. Father had been much struck by a recent incident in the war. On a misty day, a French ship had been "spoken" in French, and so beguiled by the linguistic abilities of the officer in the English ship which had hailed her, that her captain brought his vessel in sufficiently close contact with the other vessel, which he believed was French also, to become an easy prey to the deceiver. Stratagems are allowable in love and war, else I think father would not have swallowed the guile in this trick without a pretty large gulp; as it was, it took the greater hold on his imagination, since he could speak intelligibly his own language and no other. What greater facility could be granted to our boys than the circumstance of their having a temporary companion of their own age, with whom they might be led to chatter in his native language? This could only be while we were on shore; but then the *Sea Serpent* was laid up in dock for a thorough overhauling, and father might not be ordered again on active service for several months to come.

I think there was still another motive at work. Father was a truly humane man, and fatherly from his experience of a family, though he said little about it. He could not help noticing that Hyacinthe, in spite of the fact that his arm was now perfectly well, was not in himself a robust lad at this stage of his life. His kinsman, Captain Beaufoi, who counted himself surety for Hyacinthe to his mother, was anxious about him, and had urged on father to procure for Hyacinthe whatever alleviation of his lot was to be had. The boy had outgrown his strength, and the strain to which he had been subjected, together with the exciting scenes in which he had taken part, had been too much for him. He was gaunter than Cousin Perry, as thin as a grey'ound, and his great brown eyes looked out of a face as wan and hollow-cheeked as Jane's, compared to which Perry's freckled, tanned face was a picture of health. Hyacinthe was just in the condition of body when a little unfeeling brutality of treatment, even a little careless neglect, might tell heavily upon him, shortening his days or ruining his constitution for life. Considering what might be Tom and Perry's fate in the days to come, father was impelled to use his influence to be allowed to detain the French middy till he could quarter him in a responsible family, who would look after him and be kind to him, before he was included in an exchange of prisoners or before peace came.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Artificial.

He: "How beautiful these flowers are! They remind me of you."

She: "But they are artificial flowers; there is nothing real about them."

He: "Yes, I knew that as soon as I looked at them."

About Gingerbread.—The homely luxury, gingerbread, has been popular ever since the fourteenth century. It was then made and sold in Paris. In those days it was prepared with rye-meal made into a dough, and ginger and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the Court of Henry IV., for their festivals, and was soon brought into general use, treacle being after a time employed in the manufacture instead of honey.

Give Me Time.

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. His master said to him:

"Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast."

"In truth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is no sae soon eaten as ye may think."

Telling Secrets.—When you tell a secret to a friend, remember your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend has also a friend.

Our Business Here.—We are not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out what we have to do, and to restrain ourselves within the limits of our comprehension.

No Use Crying.

Mamma: "Poor boy—how did you hurt your finger so?"

Little Son: "With a hammer."

"When?"

"A good while ago."

"I didn't hear you cry."

"I thought you were out."

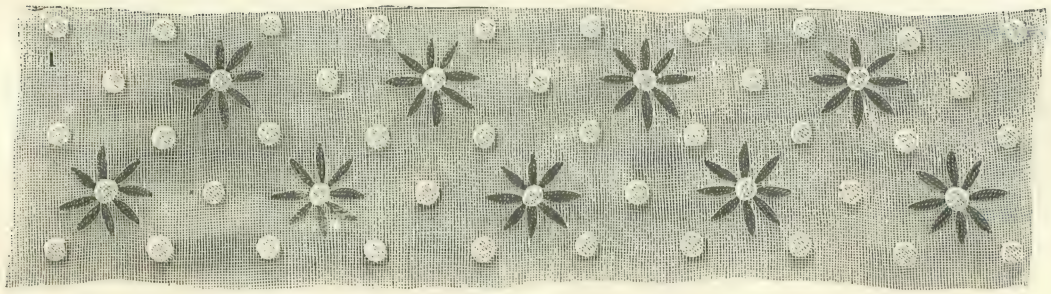
Too Late.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power — the never-halting Time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime!

—*Wordsworth.*

DAISY WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.



DAISY work recommends itself to those who like what can be very quickly executed and which costs little. It has another charm, and that is that it is easy to do.

Ordinary spotted muslin is the foundation for this pretty work, and I should always advise the purchase of the best quality. Very thin, coarse muslin is useless, as it will not bear the work, however lightly the latter may be done.

Daisy work can be done on spotted ribbon or sateen as well as on muslin, and can of course be thus adapted to very different purposes.

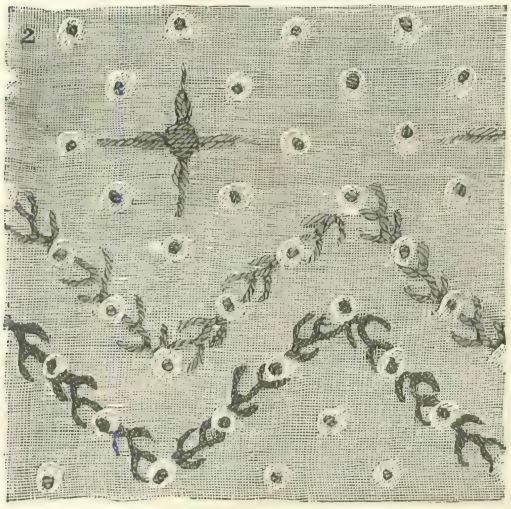
I will begin by describing the work when done on muslin. When finished it is very suitable for sachets intended to contain comb and brush, night-dress, etc., and for the small sachet bags containing lavender or perfume for laying among your clothes.

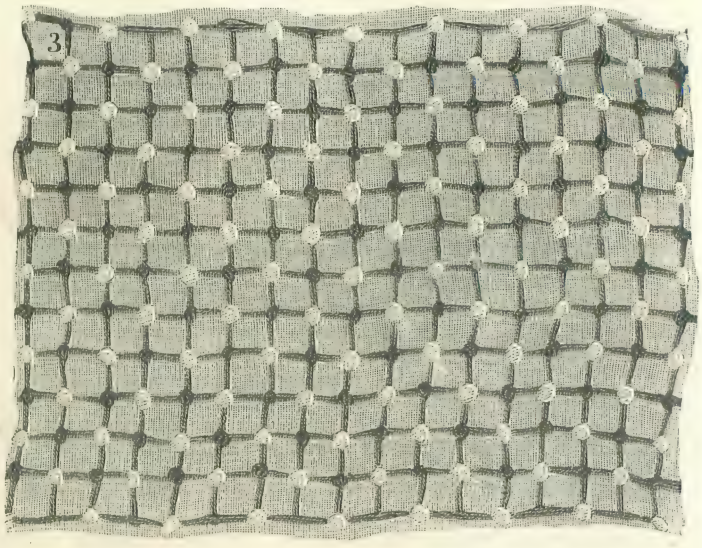
Apropos of night-dress sachets, I must tell my readers of one which I lately saw made of muslin, which would be admirably adapted to daisy work. The shape of the sachet was very novel, being formed precisely like a cracker. Each end was gathered in with ribbon, and a slit down the middle allowed for the admission of the night-dress. Of course it was lined with sateen, and if you wish to make your work very smart indeed you can line it with silk.

Small tea-cloths can be made of muslin, and these should be lined, and a little covering for baby's cot can also be inexpensively and daintily fashioned in daisy work.

Our illustrations will give you many ideas as to how the muslin may be employed, but there are some rules always to be borne in mind.

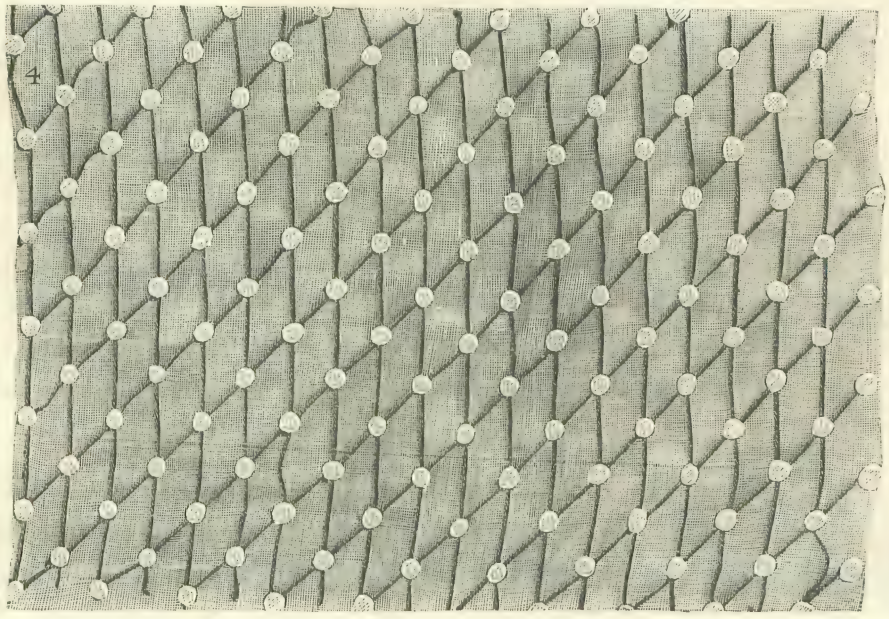
If you are inclined to pucker in working run the muslin upon glazed calico or *toile cirée*.



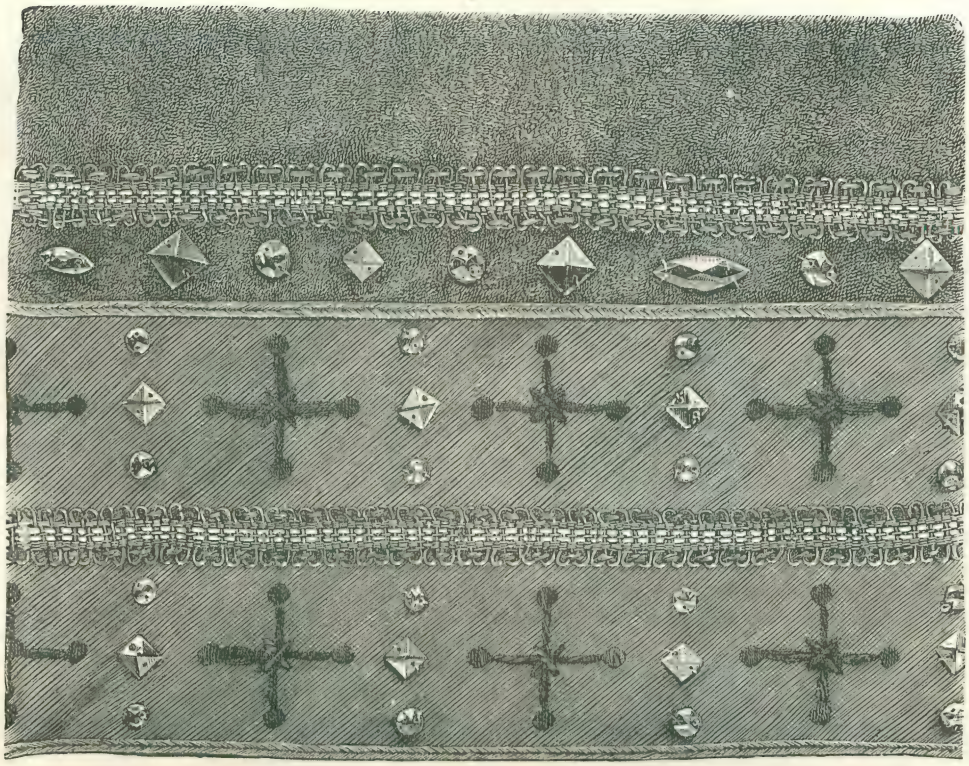


Never pull your thread.

Unless your thread can lie exactly under a stitch and so not be apparent through the muslin, do not carry it from one spot to another but finish off under the spot. Use for muslin what will wash, *viz.*, washing silks, fine flax, or D.M.C. embroidery cotton, D.M.C. *coton à repriser*.



In Fig. 1 you see the spots treated exactly like daisies, just single stitches of red cotton, *coton à repriser* being used, and the muslin spot forming the centre. In Fig. 2 the embroidery is done in pink and pale green silk. The crosses are worked with a satin-stitching, done over the spot, and four loops of picot stitch coming from it. Coral stitch is carried from spot to spot to form the Vandykes, and in each spot is one French knot which I must remind you must be firmly fastened off at the back.



is sewn down between the spots in a way clearly seen in the illustration. You can get some very fine gold-coloured silk in skeins of Pearsall's, which is made expressly for the purpose of sewing down gold cords and braids, and this is the best to use.

Where the gold braid crosses is sewn down a jewel round or square, ruby coloured. The gold braid and jewels are to be had at Mr. Kenning's, 1–3, Little Britain, where every variety of cords and braids and jewels of all shapes and sizes can be had at very moderate prices. Always use very strong cotton for sewing on your jewels, as silk is apt to cut. You will need a very fine needle, and if you wish your work to be very elaborate indeed, you can cut up some bullion into very small pieces, and threading it on your needle, let it hide the cotton you have used as it secures the jewel in its place.

Fig. 9 is another way in which spotted ribbon can be used. A fancy gold braid is laid down in diagonal lines, yellow and red jewels of different shapes and sizes being sewn between. A border of this kind would be very pretty for a bracket, or else for fastening round a small table.

You can make very pretty little ornaments, which are useful as well, with those small wooden stools to be had at many shops, and which cost but a few pence each. Cover the top and legs with satin or plush and nail a pretty border such as this we just described round the top. This is nice to place on a table, as it serves to hold a pot of flowers, photograph frame, etc.

The table-cloth border is done in blue ribbon which has a red spot on it. The latter forms the ends of the crosses, worked simply by taking long stitches of red cable silk, and fastening them down crosswise in the middle. The jewels used are yellow, and a line of them appears on the terra-cotta serge upon which the band is mounted. A narrow gold braid edges the ribbon, and a wider one of a fancy pattern runs along the middle. This is sewed down with thick red silk, and a line of the same is on the serge itself above the jewels.

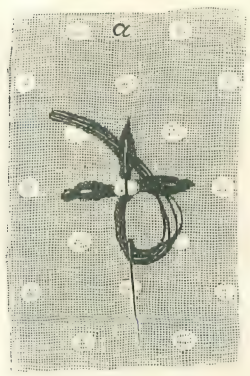
Now as to how the stitches are done.

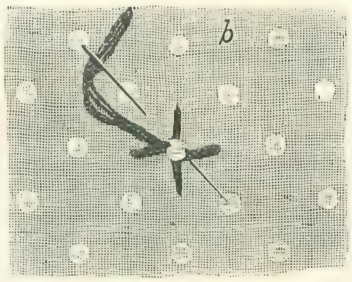
As will be seen by the foregoing illustrations there is no rule about stitches, as so many kinds can be effectively used, and space forbids my giving you more examples than six.

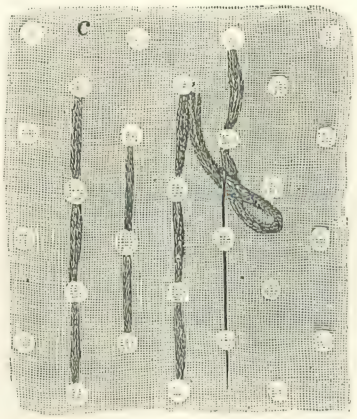
In *a* you see picot stitch. Make a loop as if for a chain, keeping your cotton under your needle, then withdrawing the needle fasten down the loop with a single stitch about a quarter the length of the loop.

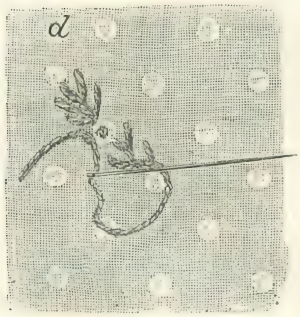
In *b* you see how the straight spike stitches are formed. They must all be of equal length or else a correct star or flower is not formed.

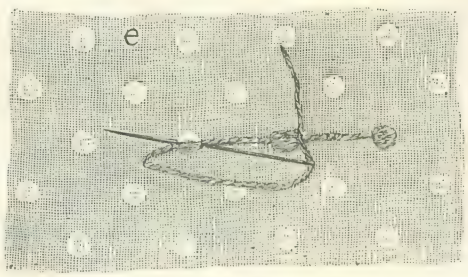
In *c* the needle is left to show how in the crossing the cotton is passed under the spots. Always begin and end your lines at the edge of the piece of muslin, and never break off and

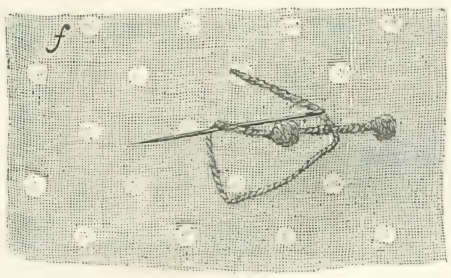


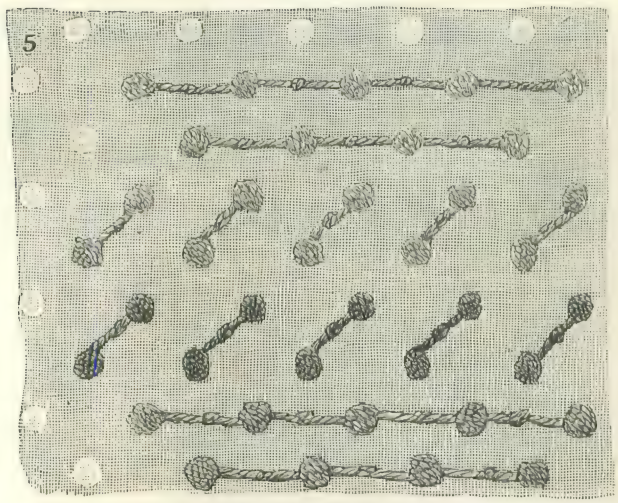


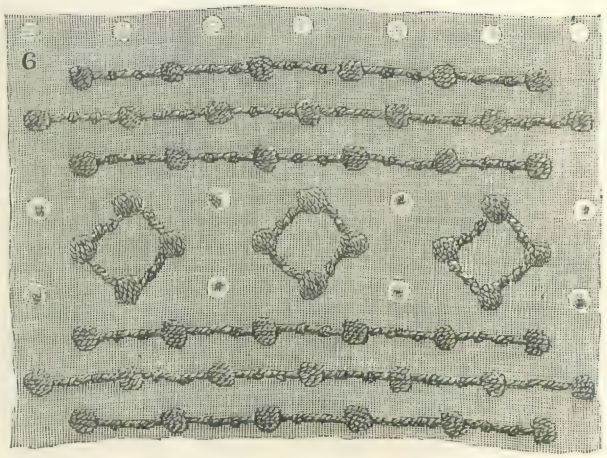












This would look exceedingly pretty as an ornamentation of dresses for children, and a little dress embroidered all round with work of the kind and with yoke and bands on sleeves to correspond would be charming. It should of course be worn over a coloured slip of silk or sateen to go with the embroidery.

Fig. 3 shows yellow *coton à repriser* crossed under and between the spots, a green French knot done in embroidery cotton securing the cotton where it crosses on the plain muslin. If you wish to work this pattern still more elaborately, you can make a French knot in the middle of each spot.

As everyone almost knows how a French knot is made I have not given an illustration of it. It is simply twisting the cotton round the needle one or more times, and then replacing it almost in the same place. There is a certain knack in doing them, as, if badly done, the knots get into a tangle as you draw the needle through it.

Fig. 4 has much the same kind of pattern, the threads being taken diagonally instead of straight across. This is done in orange-coloured embroidery cotton.

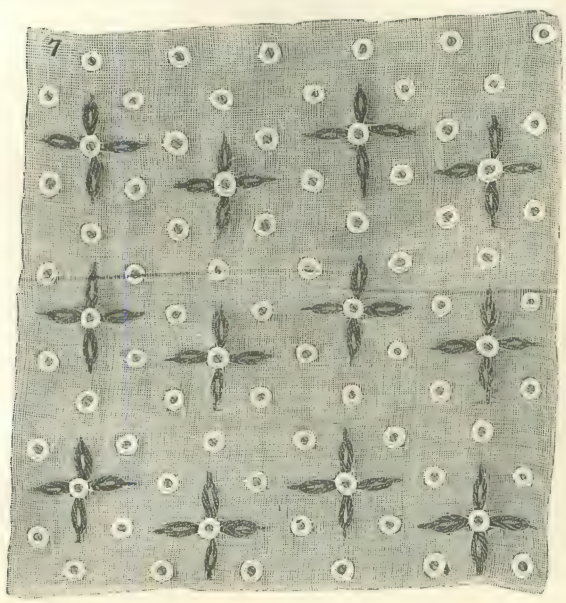
Fig. 5 would answer very well for a child's dress, and is very effective indeed done in silks of two colours. Each spot, as will be seen, is worked over in satin stitch, the line connecting the spots being worked in snail trail stitch.

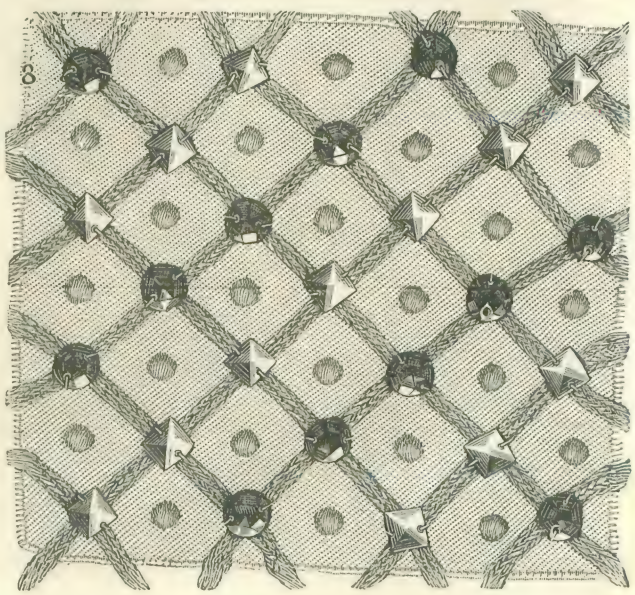
Both satin stitch and snail trail are used in Fig. 6, and as you will easily see, once you begin work of this kind you can form all kinds of patterns.

Fig. 7 is done in red crosses with a yellow French knot in the middle. The stitch for the cross is picot stitch. Every spot, as you will see, has also a yellow French knot. This is a very pretty pattern, and would be nice for window curtains as well as other things.

You can often get ribbon of different widths which have spots on them, and these do capitally for embroidering in this way. When finished you can mount them according to your taste. A strip of ribbon embroidered as you see in Fig. 8 would do very well indeed if laid across a tea cosy made of plush, or else if mounted on velvet or plush, etc., to form a glove and kerchief satchel.

The ribbon before you is white with golden coloured spots which I have left not ornamented in any way. Very narrow gold braid







THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER LONDON

THE TRUANT.

[From the original painting by M. Ellen Edwards]

fasten or begin again in the middle or any other part.

Coral stitch is seen in *d*. Let your branches always be of the same size, and before passing on to it again make the French knot in the spot.

In *e* you see the satin-stitch, which should always be evenly done and worked across the way of the cotton spot, and not in the same direction.

Snail-trail is seen in *f*. Instead of, as in chain stitch, you put the needle in the loop, you place it behind the silk. Then draw the loop and go on to the next.

Before ending I must remind my readers that if they wish the work really to simulate daisies, they should do the flower in white silk tipped with deep red. This can be done by fastening down the loop of the picot stitch with red, or else making a tiny red French knot at the end of a spike. The middle should be worked in yellow stitch, or else a cluster of small French knots made so as entirely to cover the spot.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

II.—The Cuckoo.



FTER a long and dreary winter's rest, the cuckoo's first call-note in the month of April—the month of the fresh furrow—stirs again a feeling of hope in our minds as we picture the sun's warmer rays driving away the chill and dampness of the winter. Day by day we see the green spread, and the flowers show more numerous, till from every corner of the land life most abundant appears, a hymn of praise and joy. When the imagination passes into the beautiful reality, the cuckoo's perpetual call grows wearisome, and the feelings of hope that it aroused in April, in July are turned into despondency. In the middle of July the cuckoo has laid its six to eight eggs of various tints, and taken them up in its beak and placed them in different nests, according to the colour of the eggs of the foster-parent to be, principally hedge-sparrow, meadow pipit, reed warbler, sometimes the wrens and red wagtails, and then, indifferent to their fate, the bird migrates off by Heligoland to Africa, where through the winter its insect food can be obtained.

I have often wondered what were the conditions acting on the bird's ancestors that produced in the cuckoo of to-day these contradictions to the maternal instincts that are so strong in other birds, and can suggest no explanation. The birds are discontented, unamiable, and unsociable even when migrating—most birds are sociable by necessity at this time—they are hungry and greedy, and their habit of feeding on hairy caterpillars, whose indigestible hairs form a network in their gizzard, is thought by some naturalists to set up dyspepsia, which has resulted in their unnatural vices against bird society. The anatomy of the bird shows that they require a great amount of food, and so it may be that they have little time or strength to bestow on the higher development of maternal love or care. The fact of the males being largely in excess of the females may further account for the loss of the maternal instinct. Although the size of four skylarks, its eggs are about the same size as those of the skylark.

The Silver Weed.

Along the wayside, in the rain-gutters that in summer run dry, amidst the stones and dust of the hard road, grows a prostrate weed. Its leaves are divided like a feather, and are covered with a white silky down, especially on the surface that lies along the ground, which gives the roadside where it grows the appearance of burnished silver. Here and there, from amidst its silver pinnate leaves, a sulphur-yellow flower grows erect, in all respects like a very small old-fashioned yellow rose. This humble, beautiful silver weed—unnoticed mostly—is the simplest living type from which has sprung the great rose family of the botany books. From some such humble type of flower as this wayside weed have deviated and developed, under different conditions, the wayside Aveus, cinquefoil, tormentil, strawberry, brambles, agrimony, meadow-sweet, and roses; the trees mountain ash and hawthorn; the fruits cherries, plums, almonds, peaches, nectarines, apricots, apples, pears, quinces, and medlars. This bold botanical generalisation, which is based upon many well-established facts, and reasoned out closely from these facts, is of great interest, but, of course, is too long for me to attempt to even touch upon in these notes. This thought, however, may tempt us not to pass the silver weed unheeded, but with reverence to stop and take notice of it.

The Wisdom of Kindness to Horses.

The other day I was passing a house that was in course of building, and one of the men hailed a good-looking horse standing, some distance off, in a builder's cart, with a heavy load behind him. The intelligent animal at once showed that he understood the signal by walking quickly towards his master, and his anxiety was so great to get to him that for the last few yards he broke into a trot. As is my custom, when I see an act of animal kindness, I stopped, and told the man that he must have treated the beautiful creature well. "Yes," he said shortly; "he would far sooner come to me than go from me." Horses are treated with more sense than formerly, but an improvement is still wanting. We always call a dog to us, whereas a horse, by necessity, we work by always driving from us; but, notwithstanding, a horse, by consistent and firm kindness and early training, can be made every bit as intelligent as a dog. I have often been struck with the high intelligence shown by a horse in finding his way along roads that he has once only previously traversed, and the length of time he will hold the way in his memory. He has often this faculty developed to a higher degree than his master. As with human beings, so with horses; gain their confidence and train their intelligence when young—when quite little foals—the earlier the better; teach them to follow, handle them freely, get them accustomed to the saddle and bridle and harness, and manage them entirely with the human voice. A voice that a horse associates by experience with wisdom and kindness will act in a manner that nothing else will. It will restore confidence, steady the most highly-strung nerves, and make the animal quiet and obedient. Hasty, cruel breaking-in, and rough treatment on the part of the groom or master, has been the cause of nearly all the vicious tempers of the horse.

The Gummy Gloss on the Lime-Leaf.

I have noticed, this year especially, that the leaves of the lime have been more thickly coated with honey-dew than usual. This honey-dew is sweet and sticky, and gives the leaves a glossy, gummy appearance; it is exuded by the green fly aphides. Lady-birds live on the aphides, and so keep them from becoming too numerous, and consequently this year I have noticed lady-birds in unusual numbers. The awful struggle for life goes on everywhere; the lower down the scale the more untiring and merciless is the fight waged—no pause is asked or expected. Day by day, season after season, age after age, is the struggle to live in full activity. "Life living on death" is the Almighty fiat that has gone forth as the internal necessity of all things that live. It demands obedience from the waving tree and green grass no less than from man and the first pulsing of life. It is the undeviating law of earthly life, and can it therefore be other than good and great, although we for the present cannot understand how this can be? Ants capture the aphides and use them as cows.

The Ants Teach a Useful Lesson.

We are in possession of enough facts to justify us in stating with certainty that if an organ be disused it will get weak, and in time become useless. The want of regular muscular exercise, the want of a healthy use of water, air, and wholesome food, will cause in due course a broken down and diseased body. By devoting the mind to its material surroundings, the ideal will lie grovelling at the feet of the sensual. The overstraining of the intellectual will deaden the full pulsing of the human heart towards the human beings that are around us. Too often, and it may be too late, do the high philosophical thinker, the scientific demonstrator of exact fact, the worldly sensualist, in their rare flashes of true insight, discern how one-sided their existence has been, how wanting in fulness of living. This law of atrophy, or loss through disuse, is clearly shown by the reddish ants found in the meadows of Switzerland and Alsace. These ants go forth to attack the nests of blacker and inferior ants, and bring back to their nests the pupæ of the ants on which they have raided. The red ants take every care of the captured pupæ, and when they are hatched hold them in slavery. These slave-ants do everything for their red masters; they feed the larvæ, build galleries and chambers, bring in food supplies, and feed their utterly lazy masters, and as a result the red ants lose the power of feeding themselves. If shut up and supplied with honey, which is their favourite food, they will not feed but rather die of starvation till they are supplied by one of their dusky slaves. Directly this is done the slave eats a quantity of honey, and then proceeds to feed its masters, who are quite satisfied to be saved from starvation in this manner. So these ants illustrate the dire results that inevitably follow from the disuse of any serviceable organ, and the degradation that accompanies a system of slavery.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

OUR autumn modes were so long in asserting themselves, that many people were quite worried to know what it was best to purchase. This was especially the case with reference to out-of-door garments. Indeed, nowadays that fashion proves herself such a changeable mistress, the best advice I can give to all my readers is, to reduce their wardrobes to the articles absolutely needful; to have only the gowns they want for present wear, and when purchasing mantles or jackets, to pay as small a price as is consistent with the appearance they consider it right to make in society. This advice seems particularly wise this year, when one looks at the winter jackets that were purchased last, and compare them with those that are considered the correct style this year. The sleeves and the full capes are all right perhaps, but the skimpy and tight-fitting skirts, alas! are quite "out of it" as the slang expression goes! The full skirts of the early Victorian era form the prevailing characteristic of this year's jackets, and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility of alteration is fully evident. Fortunately the shops are full of really moderately priced out-of-door garments, and so we need not ruin ourselves if we have to look out for something else. But the lesson should be taken to heart, *viz.*, that it is better nowadays to buy cheaper articles, and to have fewer of them, so that we may keep our wardrobe up to date. As I write more especially for girls, I am sure that I am giving them the very best advice.

The revival of the long pelisse is quite a fact, and they show the latest vagary. The season's jackets are all cut in such a manner as to fit the figure both back and front, and the remarkable fulness of the skirt is the principal change in the three-quarter jackets. Braid seems to be preferred almost to fur just now, and some of the jackets have six or seven rows of braid put on round and round the waist, and above it, the pointed or Swiss-bodice-shaped trimming being now less worn. The two most popular shades of colour for jackets are red or mahogany-brown and a hue like the old-fashioned "rifle-green."

Pelisses are worn also made of various colours, tan, brown, navy-blue, Robin-Hood green, and the grey known as "nun's." The wide skirts reach the edge of the dress, where they fall in many folds; but round the hips they fit tightly and without any creases. They have generally wide revers and a prominent collar, which is entirely of fur. Velvet, satin, *moiré* cloth, and all kinds of very thick woollen materials are worn, both for jackets and pelisses.

The restoration to favour of ermine is much to be rejoiced in, and our old friend chinchilla is also well to the fore. All kinds of dark furs are worn as well; and beaver, skunk, and mink seem to be the most popular. Sealskins are more expensive this winter, and are better unemployed just now. Indeed, ever since one has read the account of the way the seals are killed, and hunted down, it has been a question of humanity to avoid the use of their fur. The imitation astrachan and beaver are wonderfully good, and so we can all have fur-trimmed garments at a more moderate price if we choose. Bands of black astrachan make any old winter gown look nice, and are most useful to the economical. Fur capes are now worn three-fold one over the other, of different sizes, the last reaching below the elbow. They sit very full round the edge, and flat on the shoulders, most of them having a turn-over collar at the neck. Long boas, which look more like tippets or collars at the neck, are worn, and the muffs are larger than those of last year.



ACCORDION-KILTED DRESS.

Tailor-made gowns are quite restored to popular favour, and report says that the feminine world means to clothe itself entirely in tweeds, cheviots, and thick cloths. Extreme plainness is the order of the day in them. Plain skirts with flat tucks or braid, jackets, with waistcoats, and smaller sleeves are worn, and lines of stitching are, perhaps, more used than anything else.

The width of all skirts remains the same, and most of them clear the ground and sit quite tight round the hips. The ever-comfortable blouse remains quite as much in fashion, and the chief idea of the autumn was a cloth or cheviot skirt and a silk blouse. The bird's-eye dots in black on some colour, oriental palm patterns, or tartans, are the

three most approved. Tartan blouses are much liked in Paris, and with them stockings are worn to match the tartan. Some are of the clans, but the most are what are called "fancy tartans," especially in Paris. There, also, there exists a perfect craze for red dresses, which are generally made with three skirts, and trimmed with all kinds of fancy braids and silk *passementerie*. I hope that none of my readers will be induced to have their three skirts made-up on a lining in order to save material, for this is a form of economy which always betrays itself and the owner when exposed to the first high wind. The zouave is more popular than ever, and appears in all kinds of conjunctions. The newest coats have zouaves added to long, full basques. A dress of this kind is seen on the nearest figure in the picture marked "Dress of hop-sacking and silk braid," the zouave front and full waistcoat being well shown. The "accordion-kilted dress" is a very charming model for a young girl, and can be carried out for evening dresses, made of *crépon*, or "nun's veiling." Such gowns are very useful for winter evenings, and can be inexpensively made. The "two winter jackets" show one of the full-skirted jackets and a loose-fronted jacket trimmed in the front with ermine, and made of maroon-coloured velvet.



TWO WINTER JACKETS.

I find that the draped overskirt, as well as that which is straight-cut, and the polonaise, are quite the newest introductions in the way of dress. The last-named has been altogether out of fashion for some years past, but must be welcomed again with pleasure, for it is, unquestionably, one of the most becoming and really useful of our recurrent styles. I should not be surprised to find that the polonaise came in by the early part of the year and formed one of our prettiest fashions for the spring. Velveteen is much used for these polonaises and overskirts, and is mixed with all descriptions of woollens. The admixture of colours is as remarkable as ever in dress and in millinery, the chief mixtures being those of brown and pink, pink and green, pale blue and brown, green and heliotrope, blue and orange, yellow and pink, gold and green, brown and chamois, *réséda* and black, beaver colour and light green or blue. The fashion of trimming all colours with black, and black with white, is very prevalent. Indeed, I think that black and white may almost be considered as a uniform, so much is it seen.

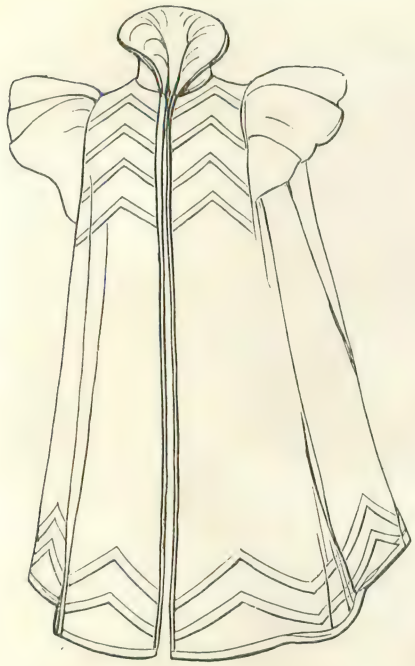
Moiré ribbon is more used for millinery than satin, and all kinds of coloured felt hats and bonnets are seen which seem to be invariably trimmed with black; in reverse, black is trimmed with colours of the brightest kind. Ostrich tips are worn; but we are delighted to see the return to fashion of the long and handsome plumes. Some hats of a modified "boat shape" have a long feather on each side, united in front by a bow or rosette of velvet; the ends of the feathers are long enough to rest on the hair. The craze for rosettes is as great as ever; they are to be seen everywhere, on gowns and mantles, as well as on hats and bonnets. As a finish to a belt they must be used with care, as otherwise they would make the figure look clumsy. Very handsome buckles and clasps are worn with belts, and I hear that necklaces are in again, and that amber and all other descriptions of beads are to enjoy a season of favour. It has always seemed a pity that the necklace should have been dismissed, as it is very becoming, and has the sanction and prestige of great antiquity to recommend it as well. For young girls it is an extremely suitable ornament, and is the first ornament worn by a child.

The boat shape in hats has become almost extinct, except in felt travelling hats; and the newest thing is an excellent imitation of the large beaver travelling hats of the last century, with a high crown and a curved brim. Feathers make them look more feminine, and they are admirably well-suited to the present Greek style of hair-dressing, which is so detested by the hair-dressers in France that they propose making a determined stand against it, as being detrimental to the beauty of French women, and last, but not least, ruinous to the profession of hair-dressers.

In Paris, the white-lace veil with a border and sprays of lace work on it seems all the rage, and very unbecoming it is. Veils of plain white net are less so, but both are injurious to the sight.

Some very good makes of black cotton stockings, at a moderate price, have made their appearance in the shops; some are ribbed, and others are prettily clocked. They are to be recommended for winter wear for those persons who find the woollen ones too hot and thick.

The pattern selected for this month's issue is that of a circular cloak with epaulets on the shoulders and a stand-up collar. This pattern is a most useful one, and of such a simple nature that it can be made by anyone. The amount of rough fleecy cloth required is about four yards. If a cape be preferred instead of the epaulets, half a yard more is needed. The cape will be found outlined on the pattern. The edge is furnished with a galloon, and sewn round by machine. If liked, a facing of coloured satin can be used for the fronts, and a yard and a half will be enough. The braid, already formed in



CLOAK.
(Paper pattern.)

scallops, can be bought at all drapers, and this will be a great saving of trouble in the putting on. It is calculated that the whole cost of making this mantle should not exceed thirty shillings for the materials. The pattern may be obtained for one shilling of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

A LOYAL DECEPTION.

MISS BARLEY lived in the top room of the lodging-house. As she was advanced in years and found the stairs a trial to her breathing, she only went out when it was absolutely necessary, and preferred receiving visits to paying them. She was an independent little person, her independence being the result of pride, and poverty, and "better days." The better days were in the far background, and perhaps they had not been so very much better after all, but in virtue of them Miss Barley was careful about the social position of her associates, and felt it incumbent upon her to present offerings to the church at every festival. At Easter she would have considered herself a defrauder had she withheld her sixpence from the vicar, and when the harvest decorations were being carried on Miss Barley invariably walked up the church with a bundle of carrots and a large loaf.

In appearance she was not wholly prepossessing. She was small and meagre, wore corkscrew curls, had a drab complexion, and queer deep-sunken eyes which were of no special colour but had a perennial twinkle. Her dress had never varied within the memory of the oldest parishioner. In the street she always wore a grey waterproof and a black bonnet which knew no shape, but which approximated to a hood, inasmuch as it covered her ears and the back of her head. In winter she supplemented the waterproof by a red crossover, and in all seasons she carried an umbrella which had stoutly resisted wind and rain and sun, until it was literally worn to the ribs.

Miss Barley had just been down one flight to the tap. She returned slowly with a pail of water. When she reached her room she set down the pail in a corner, and dropped a lump of charcoal into it. Miss Barley had her theories. She believed in ventilation and was particular as to the water she drank, as was necessary in a teetotaller, and she attributed the preservation of some rather inferior teeth to the fact that for twenty years she had been a vegetarian.

After a brief rest she set herself to the work of laying her table for the midday meal. She cleared away the few odds and ends which she had been using, and spread on it a spotless cloth. Then she went to the cupboard, fetched knives and forks and two tumblers, also a complete *tête-à-tête* dinner-service. She laid the table very elaborately, even giving a furtive polish to the little plated cruet-stand which was among her proudest possessions. It looked as if she were going to entertain an honoured guest, yet the only sign of culinary preparation was a solitary saucepan without a cover, in which some lentils were boiling.

When all was ready Miss Barley surveyed the scene with evident satisfaction, then she washed her hands in the tin basin by her bedside, said a lengthy grace, and taking a slice of dry bread and half the ha'p'orth of cheese she had purchased two days back, drew her chair up to the fire and began to munch with the zest which only hunger can give.

She was halfway through her meal when there came a knock at her door, and before she had swallowed her mouthful of bread so as to say "Come in" articulately, there bounced into the room a young woman of five or six and twenty, with a coarse handsome face and dark untidy hair.

Miss Barley rose up to greet her, setting the plate on the table.

"Why, Lydia" she said.

"Yes, it's me," said the visitor, regardless of grammar. "I was tired of being alone, so I come up here."

"Sit down, my dear," said Miss Barley.

The woman called Lydia took the chair by the fire which Miss Barley had occupied. Her large eyes wandered to the table.

"Expecting visitors?" she asked.

"No," said Miss Barley rather feebly.

"Well, that looks like a spread," remarked Lydia.

"Yes, I fancy it does," assented Miss Barley as if the notion pleased her.

There was a momentary silence. Lydia was expecting to be offered some dinner, but Miss Barley, who was looking wistfully towards her bread and cheese, did not show any symptoms of proffering hospitality.

"Well," said Lydia presently.

"Well," repeated Miss Barley.

"P'r'aps I'm inconveniencing you," suggested Lydia.

"Not at all," said Miss Barley; "I told you I was always glad to see you when you liked to look in; p'r'aps you won't mind me just finishing up this snack."

"Oh do, by all means," said Lydia. "In fact, I—I shouldn't mind a bit myself."

Miss Barley, who had eagerly recommenced her meal, blushed a dull red. For a minute or two she ate silently and the bread tasted bitter to her palate. Then she said: "I'm sorry to say, Lydia Gates, there—there ain't no more in the house."

"Oh," said Lydia. "I'm sorry I asked. But—you see"—and she glanced at the table.

Miss Barley had a little struggle with herself. Mrs. Gates was the wife of a railway man, and lived downstairs. On one occasion she had shown Miss Barley some hospitality and was always friendly towards her. The two women were widely different, but the guard's wife was sociable and—Miss Barley amused her. The latter wanted to explain to Lydia the contradiction between appearances and reality; she could not bear to be thought mean, seeing that she somewhat prided herself on her generosity, and yet, when she glanced at the face of the young woman opposite to her, a certain delicacy forbade her justifying herself. She felt that Lydia would not understand.

There was an awkward silence of a few

minutes. Then Mrs. Gates said: "Well, I must be off. I only just dropped in on you. I must run round to the eating-house and get a sausage."

Miss Barley felt quite miserable when Mrs. Gates departed. She was afraid she had hurt and offended her visitor. She was a sensitive old woman, and she knew that Lydia had a temper which she characterised as touchy. She was convinced that Mrs. Gates had not believed there was no dinner in the house. And here she was right. The latter had gone away sure that Miss Barley was expecting some one, and wanted to get rid of her. She registered a vow that it would be long before she called on Miss Barley again.

That afternoon it happened that the district visitor went her rounds, and she paid a visit to Mrs. Gates. The visitor, an elderly spinster, well-intentioned in heart but feeble in mind, and who had an air of apologising for her own existence, was a little afraid of some of the women to whom she distributed soup tickets and advice, but she was more afraid of those who needed and took neither. A series of disappointments in other quarters had made her grateful for any affection, and the poor soul may be pardoned if in her desire to stand well with her district people, she pandered to their weaknesses and occasionally exhibited a want of judgment.

This afternoon, possibly owing to the fact that the sausage and mashed potatoes proved difficult of digestion, Mrs. Gates was in a bad humour, and Miss Peasey felt some inward trepidation as she sat down opposite to her in the tawdry parlour. There were no children to inquire after, and Mr. Gates enjoyed perennial health, so it was always difficult to find subjects of conversation; but sometimes Mrs. Gates regaled Miss Peasey with stories of the neighbours, to which the latter listened with a deprecatory manner, and felt too guilty afterwards to even make much use of the information she had gained.

"I have a little work to give out," said Miss Peasey presently. "Perhaps you would be glad to do some, Mrs. Gates."

"Why, I don't mind if I do," said Mrs. Gates who was fairly well-off, and did not need it particularly. "Time hangs heavy sometimes."

"Yes. Well, and do you think the old woman up at the top would like some? She can't have much, and I expect she's glad to earn anything."

Miss Peasey was not fond of going up all the flights of stairs to Miss Barley's abode; she sometimes availed herself of the services of Mrs. Gates when she had to leave anything for her.

Mrs. Gates elevated still further a nose which had already an upward tendency.

"I don't believe she is so poor," said she. "It's my conviction she has more than she pretends."

"I've heard she manages to be charitable," said Miss Peasey.

"Humph, I don't hold with people doing the things that show, and refusing common politeness to their friends! I know it'll be a good while before I show my nose in her room again, that's all!"

Mrs. Gates had not selected the feature which a lover of the beautiful would have desired to behold. At that moment it was of a lively red, and did not enhance the charm of her countenance.

"Have you quarrelled?" inquired Miss Peasey, prepared to act as peacemaker, should occasion require.

"I don't know that we've quarrelled exactly," replied Mrs. Gates; "I wouldn't bemean myself so far. But I may say I've reason to be offended. Many's the turn I done her, and yet she makes me feel regularly small by asking for a bite of dinner and being refused. Not that I need her dinners. And there she had the table laid out and all."

"Oh!" said Miss Peasey, who lacked imagination to give vent to a more brilliant utterance.

"So don't ask me to give her the work," said Mrs. Gates.

"Very well," said Miss Peasey meekly, toying with the flannel garments which she had herself cut out at the vicarage working party.

She might very well have taken up the petticoats herself; but she was already tired, so she replaced them in the bundle, and thought she would leave them next door. After all, she concluded, it was just as much charity to give them to one as to the other.

"Miss Barley is quite well, I suppose."

"Oh, well enough!" said Mrs. Gates.

"Then I think I won't venture up to-day. If you see her you might just say I inquired after her."

Miss Peasey went away somewhat relieved. She was not deeply attached to Miss Barley, whom she considered slightly touched, and who was rather prone to patronise herself.

Miss Barley would have been glad of the bit of needlework. She seldom earned anything



SOUP TICKETS.

now. She had been a caretaker until she grew too old even for that. "Not," she would maintain, "that I couldn't manage it; but when I say my age, they think I'm past working." She had a few savings laid by, but they were almost exhausted, and she did not receive much help from the parish. People were a little shy of offering her charity, and, indeed, a notion soon prevailed that she had money. Mrs. Gates, without meaning to do harm, had given this impression to the district visitor. She had spoken out in her anger, and this speaking out and the recountal of the insult to her husband cleared the air. The next day, when she happened to meet Miss Barley at the street door, and the latter said "Good-morning" to her somewhat pathetically, she returned her greeting, and Miss Barley was so evidently relieved to find she was not offended that Mrs. Gates was quite gratified. She was not a woman to bear malice, although she was always strong in declaring she would never forgive her adversaries.

But spoken words as well as written ones remain and bear their fruit. At the next district visitor's meeting the vicar mentioned that a lady of his acquaintance had given him a certain sum of money to distribute among a few selected old women in the parish. "We must choose the poorest," said he.

The visitors all knew certain old women to whom the money would be a boon. Miss Peasey, being shy, did not venture to suggest anyone in her district. Presently, however, the vicar turned to her.

"What about Miss Barley?" he said. "She is one of our oldest friends, and I don't think she is overmuch blessed with this world's goods."

Miss Peasey hesitated. Mrs. Maunders had whispered to her a minute ago that she hoped they wouldn't subdivide the money too much, because then it did no one any good. Mrs. Maunders always had a great deal to say; but she seldom gave Miss Peasey, whom she despised, the benefit of her opinions concerning persons or things, so that the latter was quite edified at being the recipient of the said opinions even on such a small matter as the present. She had not the courage therefore to immediately bring forward another candidate for help, and so go against the sharp-tongued visitor on her right.

"Oh," she stammered, remembering what Mrs. Gates had said, "I believe she is not so poor as we think! She has a good meal every day, at any rate."

"Ah!" said the vicar. "Well, suppose we don't include Miss Barley this time."

Meanwhile the poor old woman in her garret was waging a fight with poverty. It was near Christmas-time, and the weather was cold. Any help would have been acceptable to her. But unconscious that the powers were against her she kept up a brave heart. It would soon be Christmas, she said, and then she would receive a sack of coals and two-and-sixpence and a garment of some sort, and she had wonderful faith in Providence.

She did receive these, and she gave away sixpence out of her half-crown to some little children who were poorer than herself. But no one knew of this, and somehow the notion spread that Miss Barley was really not poor but quite a well-off old woman, and so far from being generous only gave away from her superfluity. On such very slight foundations do men build a fabric of lies; and Miss Barley, going serenely if painfully on her way doing her own work carrying up the heavy pails of water, attending to her solitary chamber with its queer old-fashioned adornments, and walking to and from church in her grey mackintosh, little thought that in her narrow world she no longer occupied a position of favour, but had gradually lost the good opinion of those who knew her. Not of course that it was a sin to be well-to-do, but being so, it was wrong to pose as the reverse. She had never been popular with her neighbours, now she was becoming an object of something like contempt.

Once another old woman met her with a tale of distress. Miss Barley lent her a penny to get soup from the soup-kitchen, doing the action with the grand-lady air which sat so queerly upon her.

"Ah, said the recipient of her bounty bitterly (in accordance with the theory that human nature entitles our benefactors to our dislike), "it's well to be you, Miss Barley. You can do without help. Everyone knows you never want."

"The Lord provides," said Miss Barley.

"He's provided for you, at any rate. They say you've saved quite a lot."

"Who says that?" asked Miss Barley, quickly.

"Why, everyone," replied her amiable friend. Even some goes so far as to call you a miser."

"Then they lie," said Miss Barley, with much vigour. And she turned on her heel.

It was the first intimation she had had of

such an idea being held concerning her. Our reputation, like the flowers, grows quietly. It is often a careless hand which sows, neither does the sower when he sees the full flower recognise any likeness to the little seed.

"So they call me a miser," said poor Miss Barley. She sat in her creaky chair, and her little body rocked to and fro. "A miser! And I thought all the while I had a good character among 'em. But I've been too proud, that's what it is, and p'r'aps I'd oughter be punished."

She tried to make herself believe she did not care, but she did care very much. Like many another who thinks himself indifferent to public opinion she had one vulnerable point, and through that point could be intensely pained. Her very exclusiveness, which had entailed a certain unpopularity, arose in a measure from the fact that she desired to be thought well of and looked up to accordingly. It was her tribute to her own dignity, and in her cramped and joyless life she had found a distinct pleasure in the thought that she had not fallen into such poverty that her dignity had suffered. She was always able to give, and found this truly more blessed than receiving.

And yet she had gained for herself the name of miser.

But why? Searching in her mind she could think of no solitary occasion when she had been asked to help and withheld her aid, when she had not been willing rather to give beyond her means than to say no. Indeed, frequently her gifts had been purely voluntary, and so she alone knew with what self-sacrifice they were accompanied. It was only natural, therefore, that a wave of bitterness passed over the lonely soul. She might have been accused of many other vices and borne the unmerited blame serenely. But to be branded as a miser—that was to be misunderstood indeed! It seemed to her that she had not energy to live it down, that she had not power to justify herself. "And after all," she said with a somewhat dreary attempt at comfort, "it mayn't be a fact. Why should they say such things of me, who've been known and respected this long time? It may be just one of Eliza Pegg's notions."

But she felt nevertheless that there had been conviction in the tone in which Mrs. Pegg had said, "Some go so far as to call you a miser."

In spite of herself the word rankled. Had Miss Barley possessed Mrs. Gates's flow of words, or a husband, she would have probably got the poison out of the wound; but she had no vent for her emotions. She was very lonely, and in spite of a hard exterior very sensitive. She brooded on the accusation until it assumed quite absurd dimensions, and depressed her spirits proportionately. When she went to the mothers' meeting the next day she wondered how many of the members had this opinion of her. She was never particularly sociable, so that the other women seldom took notice of her. Hitherto she had flattered herself that it was because they recognised her social superiority, to-day she was worried by it. She thought to herself that perhaps it was because they were looking down upon her, and she longed for an opportunity of vindicating her generosity. It came, and she was not slow to avail herself of it.

The lady who took the meeting encouraged the members to feel something more than curiosity in each other's concerns; she tried to cultivate in them a feeling of true fellowship. It happened that one of the women had been ill for some time, and was in great distress; her husband was dead and she had three young children dependent on her. The lady told the others all about the condition in which their friend was, and asked them if they would each spare one penny towards a subscription she was raising. "Mrs. White will be so glad to hear you all helped her," she concluded.

The women instantly proved the truth of the saying, that the poor are always ready to help the poor. Shabby purses were produced, and soon a pile of coppers lay on the table, while those who had no money with them, gave promises of help. Then little Miss Barley rose up; her cheeks were flushed a dull red, her lips were quivering. She had been fumbling with a knotted handkerchief. Now she had extracted what it contained, and she flung down a florin saying defiantly, "there's my mite."

Like the widow in the Bible she had cast her all into the treasury.

"Oh, Miss Barley," the lady said, "haven't you made a mistake? This is a two-shilling piece."

"I know," replied Miss Barley, "I know quite well what it is. It's all"—"all I have," she might truly have said. She concluded however, "all I can spare."

That was true likewise. She had been meaning to buy oatmeal and turnips after the meeting. She was now without the wherewithal to buy food for some days.

Yet as she tramped home and up to her dark room and bare cupboard, she felt no regret for what she had done. If she had not been somewhat blinded by the excess of her feeling in one direction, she might have seen that her motive for helping her neighbour had not been as disinterested as it appeared, and that she had for once not merited praise for her charitable action. Also she might have reflected that in paying for the luxury of gratifying her pride, she was giving her companions reason to believe there was some foundation for the theory that she had saved money. But this aspect never struck her.

During the days that followed, Miss Barley was half starved. She grew perceptibly more meagre, and her eyes sank farther back in her head. She found it almost impossible to carry up the pail of water every day; doing so taxed her feeble powers severely. But she required the water, for she lived almost entirely on tea.

Yet always in the middle of the day she laid the table with the same elaborate care as on the occasion when Mrs. Gates had surprised her.

On the Sunday she went to church. She felt very weak and her legs trembled as she walked. It seemed to her that the pavement swayed up and down, and that black things were dancing before her eyes. But she managed to sit through the service, until it came to the Litany. The kneeling congregation suddenly became aware that something had happened, and then little Miss Barley was carried out of church by the verger. Her eyes were closed, the face that peeped out beneath the black bonnet was quite colourless, and the grey waterproof hung limp on her motionless figure. She had fainted.

She was seventy-four years old and she had never fainted before. She thought, when the dread sensation came over her, that she was dying. But she returned to consciousness in the vestry.

The verger had assisted ladies out of church before, but he felt it somewhat inconsistent with his dignity to conduct Miss Barley out of the free seats in his arms. People in the free seats ought not to indulge in the aristocratic weakness of fainting. He dashed cold water into her face somewhat unceremoniously, and rubbed the withered and knotted hands. He was relieved when the little woman came to.

"What have I done?" asked Miss Barley, as she made an effort to sit up.

"Swooned," said the verger laconically.

"I—I'd like to go home," said the poor creature, trying to rise.

"Here, drink this. How d'you feel?"

Miss Barley nodded her head to imply that she was somewhat restored. She wanted to cry, and so she did not trust herself to speak at once.

"I'd like to go home," she said presently.

"You can't go alone; p'r'aps you'd be took bad in the street. Shall I ask someone to conduck you? There's Mrs. Gates; I see her come in. I noticed partikler, because she don't favour church as a rule, but she had a new bonnet." The verger smiled. He flattered himself he knew human nature, and feminine nature in particular. "P'r'aps she'd go. I'll wait till she come out."

But at that very moment the door of the vestry opened and Mrs. Gates came in. At the conclusion of the Litany she had rustled down the aisle, glad to escape the impending sermon and to display her new costume, while exhibiting a disinterested kindness of spirit. "Dear, dear, Miss Barley!" she said; "what made you do sich a thing?"

Miss Barley smiled feebly. She had a dim satisfaction in having distinguished herself, though conscious that she would enjoy the *prestige* more thoroughly by-and-by.

"You come along home," said Mrs. Gates. "Take my arm; I'll support you."

"Thank you, Lydia," said Miss Barley.

They went very slowly, but the house where they lived was not far off. Mrs. Gates, whose heart was expanded by a consciousness of her own magnificence, took her neighbour into her own parlour and gave her some brandy, which Miss Barley only drank after explaining she took it as a medicine, then she accompanied her upstairs. Though friendly relations had been almost immediately resumed between the two women, Mrs. Gates had never called on Miss Barley at any meal-time since the little misunderstanding they had had on the subject of dinner. It was natural, therefore, that Mrs. Gates should get rather red when on entering the room the first object her eyes encountered was the dinner-table spread out as if for an inviting feast.

"You'd best have your dinner at once," she said; "that'll put some strength into you."

It was now Miss Barley's turn to get red. She had laid the table before going to church, but there was neither fire in the grate nor food in the cupboard. She was fortified by the brandy she had had, and there was still a little resistance in her; so she just said, "I'll wait a bit, I think, my dear."

"As you like," said Mrs. Gates. "I'd offer to see to your fire if I hadn't this dress on. But p'r'aps you've something cold?"

"Yes," said Miss Barley feebly. There was a dry crust in the soup-tureen.

"Why don't you come and have a bit with us?" said Mrs. Gates. "We've roast beef, and cabbage and potatoes."

Miss Barley's eyes sparkled; then she suddenly burst into tears. She was overcome by Mrs. Gates's kindness.

"What is it?" inquired the latter.

"Nothing—nothing!" said the little woman.

"Look here," said Lydia. "You ain't well. Just you get to bed, and I'll send you up a bit of dinner, see. Bob's brother's coming, and you ain't fit for company."

Miss Barley clutched the other woman's hand. "See here!" she said. "You're very good to me, and I can't help remembering you thought not so long back as I grudged you what I had. That ain't so. It was true that I hadn't but bread and cheese then, and to-day I ain't even got the cheese. But it's a fad o' mine to have the table always laid, d'you see?" She blushed. "You needn't ask me why. Only I—I wanted you to know I'm just as poor as possible. Folks have been calling me miserly, so I've been told. You can just say that ain't so. I've tried to keep

up appearances. You may think I'm mistaken, but you see I've known better days. And if you want to know why I fainted, p'r'aps it may be because I'm starving. There!"

Mrs. Gates was shocked. She had not thought Miss Barley very prosperous, but she was ignorant that she stood in need of the common necessaries of life. She carried up Miss Barley's dinner herself. She knew the little lady would not eat meat, but she thought she would enjoy the vegetables; yet somehow Miss Barley scarcely touched the food. A few mouthfuls sufficed her, then she put down the plate. "Put it on one side," she said; "p'r'aps by-and-by I'll fancy it."

"I believe that old woman is very ill," said Mrs. Gates to her husband when she returned. "I shouldn't be surprised if this is the end of her."

"Well," said Mr. Gates, "I don't suppose she has such a rare time of it that she'll mind a change."

The next morning Mrs. Gates saw the vicar coming up the steps; she went to open the door for him.

"Ah, Mrs. Gates," said he, "I've come to inquire after Miss Barley."

"So I presumed, sir," Mrs. Gates replied. "Well, I fancy she's going. She's old, you see, and can't stand against things. And she's been starvin' herself."

"Been starving herself," said the vicar, "why, Miss Peasey told me she had all she needed."

"I don't know who so informed Miss Peasey," said Mrs. Gates, and yet as she spoke she felt an inward twinge. She had a suspicion that she was not altogether guiltless.

The vicar found Miss Barley in her bed. The room wore the same aspect as on the previous day. On the table were the soup-tureen and the vegetable dishes and the plates and spoons. By the bedside was a chair with a half-empty cup of tea.

"I fancy I'm dying," said Miss Barley to the vicar. "I'm glad to see you, sir."

"I had believed you were quite well, Miss Barley," said the vicar.

"I've failed sudden."

"Is it true—what I have heard—that you have not been properly looked after?" the vicar asked, averting his eyes from Miss Barley's face.

"Who told you? Mrs. Gates?"

"Yes."

"Well, p'r'aps you'd better tell her not to spread that. And don't you tell neither. It might do harm. It won't matter your knowing. But I was thinking after I'd told her it might be best not to let anyone hear of it."

"Why, Miss Barley?"

The thin old hands fumbled with the counterpane. Then the cracked voice said hesitatingly. "For the Lord's sake."

The vicar thought she was wandering, but in a minute she turned to him and explained further:—

"It's this way," she said, "everyone knows as I do what I can. And I wouldn't have 'em think He ain't done His part. I wouldn't have anyone's faith shaken because of me. Of course," she added, gathering courage as she proceeded with her confession, "it don't matter you knowing because you're a clergyman, but unbelievers might think He had forfotten me if they'd seen me wanting, so just that there shan't be any cause of stumbling through me, I've always laid out grandest when there was least to eat."

The vicar was silent. He could not blame the mistaken loyalty whose root was love.

"P'r'aps," went on the little old woman, "you think it's foolish of me. It may be. P'r'aps His having lived for me and died for me and saving me wouldn't ha' had that hold on my heart but for me being lonesome. You see, I ain't ever had anyone special to love me, and so I've sort o' turned more and more to the Lord; I ain't always got on well with folks, and then I've liked to think He was carin' for me, and I've cared back. I've had a hardish life, and that's been about my chief pleasure, doin' things, little as they were, for Him, and holdin' up His honour. And so it came about I couldn't bear the notion that anyone should doubt His goodness. I don't, you know."

And she turned her withered face on the pillow with a smile that beautified it.

"And so," she concluded, "if it still goes spreadin' that I ain't poor, after all—why, let it. It'll only make folks say the Lord purvides for them that love Him."

IDA LEMON.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING AT PICTURES.

"A quiet and weary woman,
With all her illusions flown."
A. A. Proctor.



ABOUT this time, when there was nothing to do but to stand and wait, Elsie occupied herself chiefly with books.

One little bit of literary work (which will live, I suppose, as long as literature endures) particularly engaged her attention in these days. It was "Dream-children," in the *Essays of Elia*.

She had so accustomed herself to the imaginary companionship of Jamie that she found it almost impossible to live without him. At nights she had fallen into a habit of glancing towards that corner of her large bedroom in which his little bed was to stand. There was the golden head burying its fluffy curls in the pillow; there was the dimpled hand lying outside the quilt.

And now the dream was fast fading away into a still fainter dream. Jamie had vanished; it was most likely, she thought, that he was dead; anyhow, it was only a miracle which could ever restore him to those who mourned for him. He had joined that troup of phantom children who come to us in our lonely hours, saying, "We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name."

Meanwhile she lived very much as other people live; and grew prettier every day, gaining beauty in the sad and dreamy peace of her daily life. Calm will work wonders for a woman who has been fretted and worried for years, and this is the reason why some are far more beautiful in their autumn than in their summer or their spring.

The shade of melancholy, which always hung over Elsie now, added a new charm to her face. In her girlhood she had been too eager, too vivid; she had lacked the subtle sweetness of repose. People who met her nowadays invariably noticed her tranquillity: some envied, and all admired it.

She made acquaintances, and went out sometimes, and wherever she went she left an impression. If she was a trifle too indifferent to please everybody she seldom made an enemy. Women instinctively understood that she did not want to be their rival. Men felt that the gentle unconsciousness, which nullified their pretty speeches, was really the result of preoccupation. She was always gracious, always kind; but no one could ever get very near to her heart.

She went often to sit with Mrs. Beaton in the little parlour behind the shop. Here there was real work to be done—the quiet work of cheering an old woman who had never known a daughter's love. Sometimes the blessing withheld in youth is granted in old age. Mrs. Beaton had received much from Meta, but Meta had been worn with the warfare of a hard life. Elsie had more leisure to give her a daughter's tenderness.

Andrew Beaton had strained every nerve, but had found no trace of the missing boy. He had been to Lee, and had seen Dennett, the greengrocer and his wife, and had satisfied himself that they were seldom sober enough to attend to anything. Poor Mrs. Penn's habit of intemperance had been strengthened by her connection with these people. Andrew gave up the Dennetts and Mrs. Penn as a hopeless set.

Spring days grew warmer and brighter; shop-windows were gay with all the colours of the rainbow; women moved about in pretty delicate dresses, looking like animated flowers.

Miss Saxon reminded Elsie that young women ought not to go out habited in black gowns when the white and purple clover blossoms stood thick in the meadows, and the hawthorn shook its fragrant snows over the hedges. So Elsie

dressed herself in violet and lilac, and Miss Saxon secretly exulted in seeing the admiring glances which were cast upon her when she went out into the sunshine.

One day Miss Kilner went to the Royal Academy Exhibition with a very old friend.

This old friend was Mr. Lennard, rector of the Sussex village where she was born. He was seventy years of age—hale, rosy, and strong; a suitable escort for the beautiful young woman who wore a bonnet made of heliotrope, and had dark-brown eyes that shone like stars.

She enjoyed the pictures with all her heart, especially those views of cornfields steeped in yellow sunlight, and glimpses of shady woodland which reminded her of her early home. Mr. Lennard, too, enjoyed the pictures, but they did not absorb his whole attention. Now and then he caught sight of familiar faces in the crowd, and then there were hearty greetings and rapid questions and answers.

Sometimes it was the face of an old college friend which caught his eye, and he would almost shout for joy to see it smiling and alive, when he had thought it hidden under the daisies. Sometimes it was a stately matron whom he had last seen as a bashful bride. And these meetings were so frequent that Elsie had got quite used to his starts and exclamations before they had gone half through the rooms.

When he said, "Bless me, it's—no, it isn't—yes it is—of course it is!" she was gazing intently at one of those pictures which will always have an attraction for women of her temperament. Long afterwards she could have described the painting accurately, and would never forget it as long as she lived.

Two nuns, one old and the other young, were waiting for admittance outside the door of a convent. They had been out into the world to nurse the sick, and had returned (each laden with her basket) in the glory of a summer morning. The elder woman, weary with her labours, waited with half-closed eyes for the door to open. The younger, pale, but full of irrepressible vitality, stood looking at the rich, warm human life which she had renounced for ever. A young wife, with an infant on her arm, had brought her husband his midday meal, and he had flung down his scythe to kiss her under the trees. Those two faces, browned with the sun, flushed with the bloom of the flower, seemed the natural product of the beautiful earth. You could almost hear the myriad sounds of summer; of waters trickling through the moss and roots of the wood, the hum of bees, the birds' joyous songs. The very sunlight seemed to dance for gladness among the leaf-shadows as it played over the grey garb of the Sisters. But you knew that in another moment the door would open and close again, shutting out all these common human joys—kisses and smiles and signs of that everyday bliss which makes a paradise of simple lives.

Now Elsie, in her loneliness, had had her dreams of the convent. But a picture of this kind was a better warning than any sermon would be likely to be. There are natures which can put forth blossoms anywhere, and there are others which can flower only in the atmosphere of the world.

Elsie had a rich heart, but its outpourings seemed to be thrown back upon herself, and she had sometimes longed to hide her disappointment in seclusion. But the picture spoke to her, as pictures can do. True art can often succeed where divinity fails, the painter preaches more effectually than the parson.

She gazed at the nuns, quite unconscious that she, herself, made a picture, and that some one was gazing intently at her. Then, slowly realising that Mr. Lennard had found another acquaintance, she turned, and met the earnest look of a pair of deep-blue eyes.

They were uncommon eyes, singularly blue, singularly true. Their owner was a tall man, much bronzed, and not regularly handsome, but he had that knightliness of look and bearing which always wins notice and attracts liking. Although he wore the prosaic garb of the period, there was something about him that suggested Camelot, and Arthur's court; something that recalled Lancelot, and Galahad, and Percivale; something, in short, which appealed to the romantic side of Elsie's nature. So these two young persons looked at each other, but it did not occur to Mr. Lennard that they might possibly like to get acquainted.

Moreover it was near the luncheon hour, and the rector had promised to take Elsie to a house in Park Lane. He shook hands heartily with the knightly stranger, reminded Elsie of their engagement, and began to make his way through the crowd to the door.

In the whirl and roar of Piccadilly he tried to say something about that unexpected meeting; but part of his sentence was lost.

"——since he was a lad. Even now I can scarcely recall his name. My memory begins to play strange tricks; Donald—no—Ronald. Ronald—what? I can't get farther than Ronald; my head is a trifle confused to-day. Coming up from the country, you know. That's our 'bus, isn't it? All right."

They went to Park Lane, but not another word was said about Ronald, and on the following day Mr. Lennard returned to Sussex.

The summer advanced; Elsie accepted invitations now and then; but it soon became evident to Miss Saxon that she did not care very much for society,

She took a deep interest in all that concerned the welfare of children. She went to public meetings and heard grand things spoken on their behalf; she learnt what true, large-hearted men, with power, and education, and opportunity, were doing for little ones in the world, and all the while the thought of Jamie lay deep down in her heart. He was never forgotten.

Nor did the Beatons forget him, but every effort to trace him had failed.

They often talked of him with Elsie as they sat, all three, in the little room behind the shop. Some subtle influence always seemed to draw Miss Kilner's steps to Wardour Street, and her presence was welcome there.

(*To be continued.*)

TABLES TURNED.

By ALFRED H. MILES.

I.—Addition.

One and one are two,
Two and two are four,
  But when we add
  The good or bad
We cannot keep the score.

Add a gentle word
  To a loving thought
(One and one are two, you say,
  And think that I am caught);—
Eternity alone can pay
  The total that is wrought!

Add a wicked tongue
  To an evil heart;
(One and one are two, you say,
  And think to make me start;)
Yet you may cipher night and day
  And only add a part.

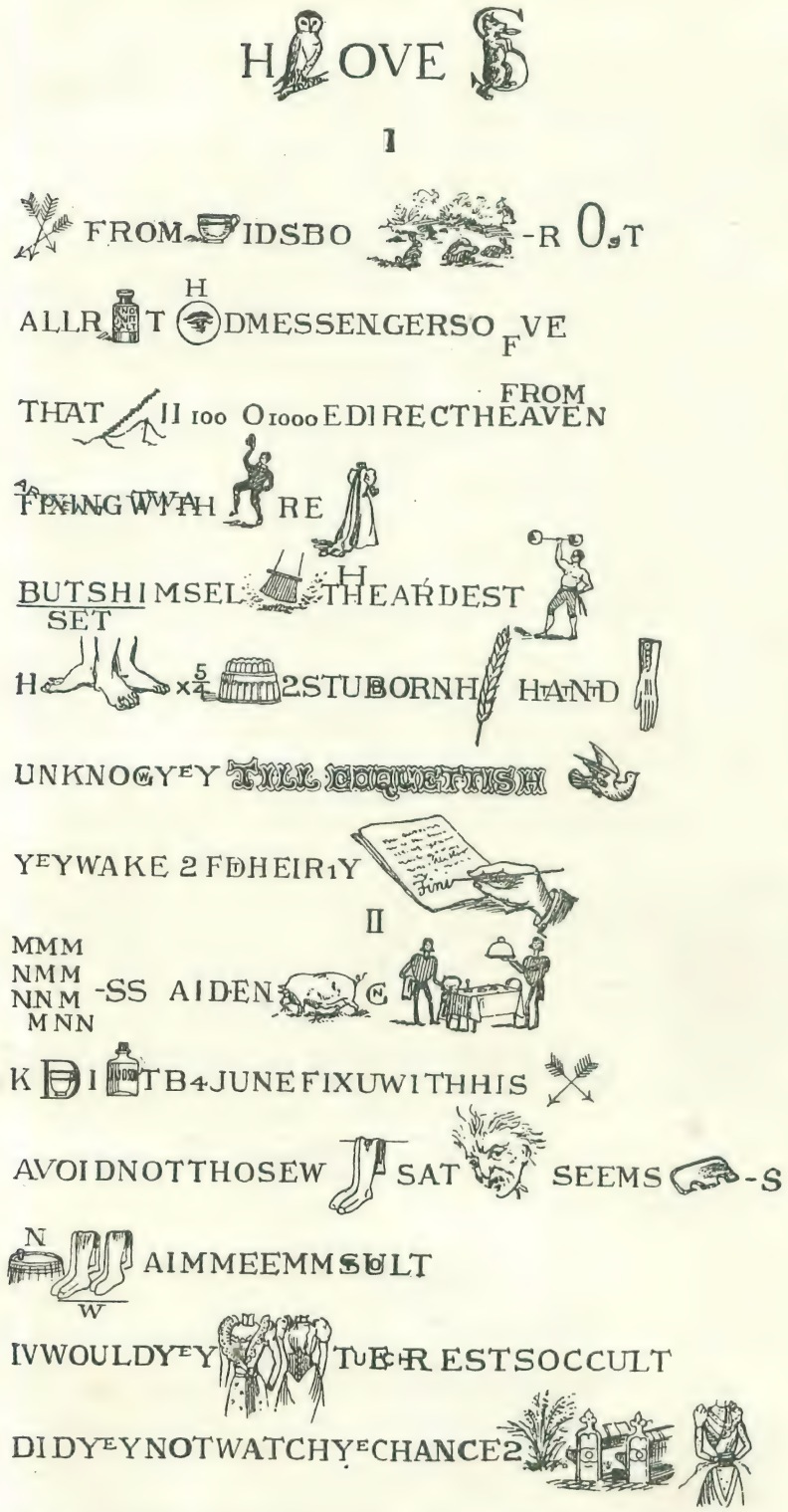
Add a pleasant smile
  To loving thought and word;
(Two and one are three, you say,
  And think that I have erred;)
You cannot reckon anyway
  The total still deferred.

Add a crafty hand
  To cunning heart and lip;
(Two and one are three, you say,
  And tell me that I trip;)
Go, seek the total as you may,
  It still eludes your grip.

Add a noble deed
  To thought and word and smile;
(Three and one are four, you say—
  "However you beguile;")
And yet the sum goes running on,
  Increasing all the while.

One and one are two,
Two and two are four,
  But when we add
  The good or bad,
We cannot keep the score.

PUZZLE POEM.



*** Five Prizes of One Guinea each will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be January 6th, 1894; from abroad, February 6th, 1894.
6. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

Being a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

Rules.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the book for the present month being the Book of Genesis.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printer's) *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the Revised Version of the Bible.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the highest number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to those who have successfully answered the questions. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea.

Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.*, from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member signed by the Editor.

Questions.

11. What references to the Fall of Man does the New Testament contain, and what light do these references throw on *(a)* the personality of the Tempter, *(b)* the nature of the Temptation, *(c)* the consequences of the Sin.

12. What was the difference between the offerings of Cain and Abel? Give the references in the New Testament to both, and state the character of Abel's faith.

13. Give the New Testament reference to Enoch. Whose son was he? and who besides him was "taken" and did not die?

14. Quote the call of God to Abraham, and the two promises of the Messiah made to him.

15. Discuss the reasons of the great value attached to the birthright by the Israelites.

16. What are the reasons given for believing in the great antiquity of the Book of Job? What was the religion of Job? What form of idolatry is mentioned, and of what science is an intimate knowledge shown? Give references to Job from the Old and New Testament. What is meant by "the end of the Lord?"

17. State the connection of the mountain where Isaac was offered with what was afterwards known as Jerusalem.

18. Give a short summary of the life of Moses. What evidence does the New Testament afford with regard to his life and work?

19. State the virtues with which the names of Biblical characters are intimately connected—for instance, the meekness of Moses. How shown in each instance was this quality?

20. Give a striking instance of the faith of Joseph in God's promise that his brethren and his sons should inherit the Promised Land.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

SNOWDROP had better take the violin to a musical instrument maker. We are at a loss to understand what she means.

A. C. VENERIS had better get an instrument maker to fit the violin with more suitable pegs, if chalk does not answer.

MADGE.—Miss L. Feary has given her address (Cranbrooke House, Earith, near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire) as conducting a correspondence class for the study of harmony. A stamped envelope should be sent for particulars as to terms. We give this address, but leave it to our readers to judge for themselves on receipt of the reply whether this class is carried on upon the same free terms as the girls' clubs named in the dictionary (published by Griffith & Farran). Those we name for the benefit of our girls make scarcely more than nominal charges, merely to cover the cost of postage, stationery, printing, and the prizes awarded, no private advantage accruing to the promoters and Secretaries.

NO NAME.—The violins, as we have before told you in long replies, that are the oldest are those by Stradivarius, and the fortunate possessors of some of his violins we have in this country.

A WOULD-BE MUSICIAN.—The banjo would be the easiest of the two instruments to acquire, although the Irish harp would not prove a difficult one to a person who had real musical taste and a fair knowledge of the theory of music.

S. WILLIAMS.—We are always happy to answer questions from "our girls'" brothers; but, in your case, we scarcely know what to recommend. The subject of chronically damp hands is frequently brought before us, and in playing the violin the trouble is serious. We advise you to refer to any article by "Medicus" in one of our early vols. on the care of the hands and feet. If that be insufficient, your own family doctor might prescribe something, as it is a constitutional ailment, for which the general health should be under treatment.

GEORGIE.—1. You cannot say, "May I ask you to kindly do" so and so, for the preposition "to" must not be separated from the verb, and there is no verb "to kindly." "To" is the sign of the infinitive mood. Say, "I must ask you kindly to do" so and so. You may place the adverb before the preposition "to," not after it.—2. The zither is by no means easy of acquirement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILLIAN.—The "Spectacle Mission" has for its object the providing of spectacles for poor women in the neighbourhood in which it was founded. Dr. Waring was the originator about six years or so ago. Details are given on application to the Secretary, Miss Waring, 197, Sutherland Avenue, London, W.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—1. Sunderland is one of the names derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Sundrian*, "to separate," meaning land separated from other land. This name describes the position of the town proper of Sunderland, which occupies a peninsula between the expansion of the River Wear and the sea.—2. The only means is to avoid the pressure which caused the bunion. They are sometimes painted with iodine to reduce the swelling.

MADDY.—The woman should not write first. In all approximation between the sexes, the man should take the initiative, and in your case he should not write at all, unless to make a proposal of marriage, having first obtained permission from the parents.

ONE DESPAIRING.—Good breeding does not depend on such little matters as the manner of eating apples or grapes. Probably you are, with your foreign habits, as well-bred as those who criticise and laugh at you; and probably more so. Cut and peel an apple, and use a fork in eating it; and remove the grape skins and stones from your mouth by partially closing your left hand, placing it close against your lips, and conveying them to your plate with as little display as possible.

MISS T. FITZ-SIMON.—Write to our publisher for copies of this magazine or any book of ours. The editor has nothing to do with that department.

MISS R. BLAKE.—We give one or two addresses of "Early Rising Societies," but cannot guarantee their being still in existence. Miss Hacking, Secretary, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; Miss Clift, Secretary, Fernbank, Cheltenham; and Miss C. M. Kempe, Bicton Rectory, Budleigh-Salterton, South Devon. Probably one of them will be found satisfactory. Send a stamped envelope for an answer.

F. R. FISHER.—There is no such hymn. Your memory is at fault. "Rock of Ages cleft for me" is to be found in most hymnals; but not with the doggerel line which you have placed after it.

B. REES.—March 24th, 1867, was a Sunday.

M. H.—The phrase, or rather assertion, that "oil smoothes troubled waters," is not in the Bible. It is the simple statement of a real fact which is used as a proverb. July 12th, 1878, was a Friday.

PANSY.—We think you have more need of a doctor than of us; this is all we can gather from so incoherent a letter. We are at a loss to understand what you mean. You had better get medical advice. If you have left off prayer, no wonder you are miserable, and the sooner you begin again the better and happier for you.

CHERRY TREE.—1 At fifteen a girl may put up her hair, even as a matter of cleanliness.—2. We do not give the prices of articles of commerce. Enquire at an artist's colourman's or of a photographer.

LILY H.—1. The Holy Scriptures are translated from other languages with different modes of expression to our own, and words are often required to make up the sense intended to be understood if not expressed. Try to translate French or German into English, or the reverse, and you will understand the necessity of putting in words to give the true meaning of the writer. These words are put in italics to distinguish them from more literal translations.—2. May 25th, 1873, was a Sunday.

SAPHRA and CLAN CAMERON.—We cannot give opinions of hair washes. It would be simply advertisements given gratis. Read the articles by "Medicus" on "The Care of the Hair."

SUNBEAM.—Poems may be sent on the chance of insertion, when we give a space for amateur productions. But this is only of rare occurrence.

BIRDIE.—You should have nothing more to do with the man; but should tell all to your mother.

F. B.—1. We have given answers about freckles (not "frickles") many times. They may be constitutional, and nothing will serve to remove them. You had better wear a thick gauze veil.—2. You cannot have "looked down the correspondents," as they do not appear in a magazine; you mean the answers we give them. You should have used the word "correspondence." Many of our readers make this mistake, and you should not spell "does" "dose."

R. M. FOSTER.—The smell of a mackintosh becomes less when much in the open air.

THOUGHTFUL ONE should attend the classes held by the clergyman of the church she is connected with, and a course of study will be appointed on which she will be examined.

TWENTY-ONE.—If your doctor be such an expensive one, why do you not go to a dispensary or hospital for an opinion, or early in the morning to some good medical man, who gives advice free at that time? If suffering from a weak heart, and consequently from an irregular and bad circulation, you know all we can tell you, and we could not, as strangers, and knowing nothing of your circumstances and employments, venture to give you further counsel.

A. W. E.—We cannot tell you the origin of the horse-shoe superstition; but it seems to date back a good way. At one time, according to Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, most of our London west-end houses had one nailed over the threshold. Sir Henry Ellis in 1813 counted seventeen of them in Monmouth Street; but those that dropped off do not appear to have been renewed, for only about half a dozen remained some say in 1855, and others in 1841. Lord Nelson nailed one on the mast of the *Victory*. Perhaps the origin we seek may be traced to the popular idea, in the olden times, that horses were a protection from witches.

WYNIFRED.—A "posy ring" is one bearing a motto—either an expression of love or friendship, or some devout sentiment or prayer. An allusion to such rings is found in *The Merchant of Venice*. The mottoes were very pretty and poetical.

MRS. L. S. WRENSTED.—We have pleasure in introducing your benevolent work to the readers of this paper, and invite them to support the Capstan Society in aid of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. There are three classes of members, *i.e.*, (1) those who engage to make one useful article in a year; (2) those who collect by means of a "capstan box" placed on the table whenever fish is eaten; (3) those who contribute literature, new or old. Entrance fee, 3d., and yearly subscription of 6d. Our readers should address the Secretary at 41, Bayston Road, Stoke Newington, N.

A CURIOUS ONE.—The famous nursery story of *Blue Beard* has a French origin. The wife-killer is believed to represent Giles de Laval, Lord of Raiz, Marshal of France, A.D. 1429. He was a brave opponent of the English in defence of his country, but was of infamous character, and chiefly celebrated for his crimes and cruelties.

NOW READY.

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR:

BEING THE EXTRA

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece: SOUVENIR DU PREMIER EMPIRE.
From the Painting by A. H. BRAMTOT, *in the Salon, Paris.*

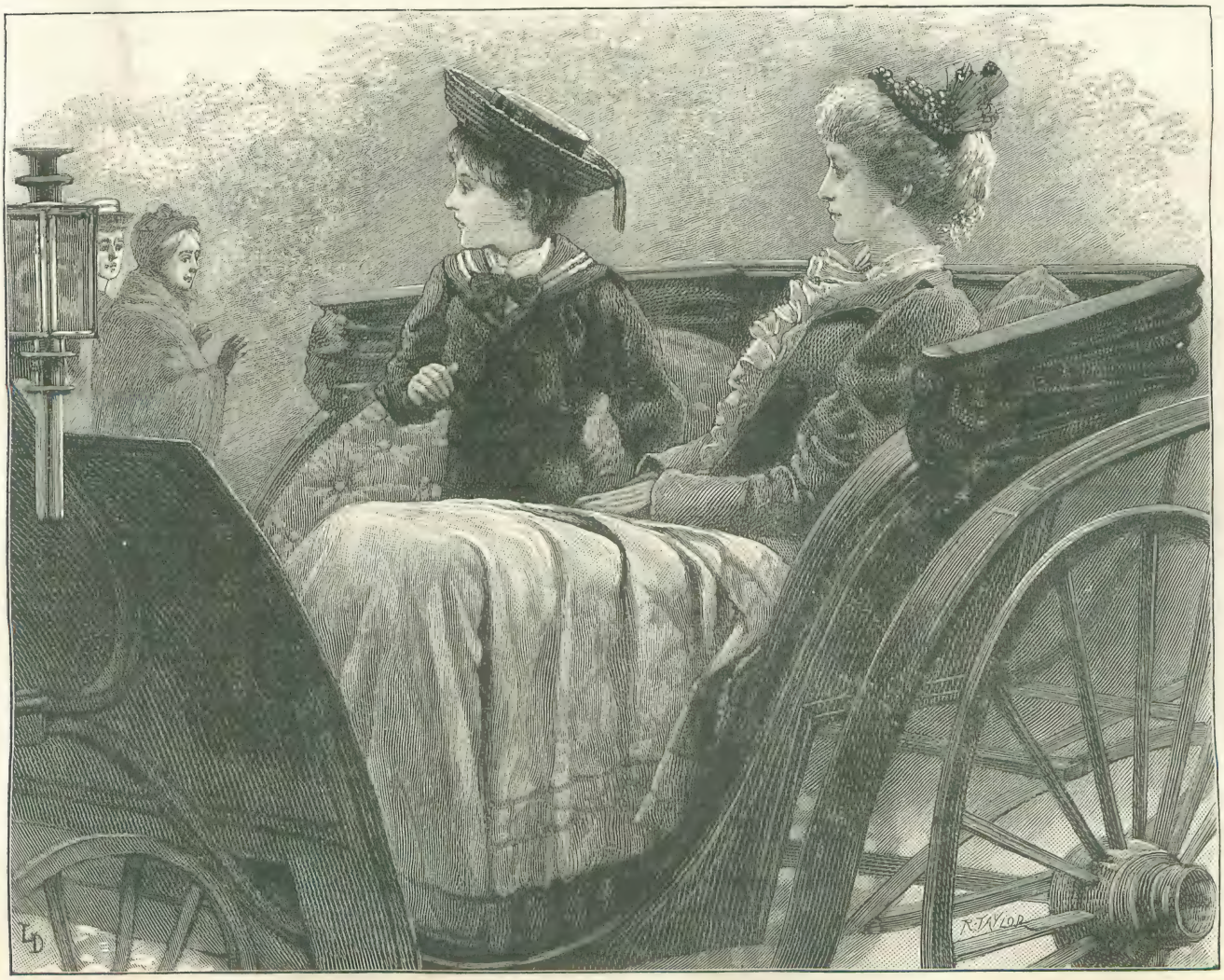
Christmas Morning. Sonnet. By the EDITOR.
The Black Tarn. By the Lady MARGARET MAJENDIE. Illustrated.
Pretty Dishes Made of Dried Fruits.
Old Haidenbach's New Pupil. By LA PETITE.
Accomplished Girls. By G. HOLDEN PIKE.
The Faithful Sentinel. From the Painting by WERESCHARGIN.
Where the Baboushka Dwells. A Christmas Legend.
Concerning Muffs.
The Love Between Mother and Daughter. A Short Story.
Victoria and Alberta. A Short Story.
A Model Christmas Dinner. With Recipes.
Fairy Kind-Heart. A Musical Story. Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN, Author of "The Pedlar," etc.
Jul-tide in Sweden.
A Song of Christmastide. By HARR ET KENDALL.
On the Ice. A Sketch for Girls. By "A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN."
Refining Fires. By the Author of "Life in a Breton Castle," etc.
The Bride. A Poem. By CLARA THWAITES.
Cakes for Christmas.
Our Puzzle Poem.
Varieties.



VOL. XV.—NO. 727.] DECEMBER 2, 1893. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.



"THE BOY KNEW HER VOICE."

All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER IX.

MEETINGS.

"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it."—*A Winter's Tale.*

POOR Mrs. Penn had a conscience. It had been lulled to sleep while she lived an unwholesome life with Maria and her husband and allowed herself to be dominated by them. But the loss of Jamie and the visit to Wardour Street had awakened her better nature and the feelings of a happier time. She recalled Harold Waring's faithful words and Meta Neale's gentle counsels, and remembered all the comfort and help which she had found in Mrs. Beaton's friendship.

So powerfully did good emotions work within her that she suddenly resolved to fly from Maria's companionship. The Dennetts were mortally offended, but what did that matter? She wanted to go back to her old haunts and be helped by the presence of those who could lift her out of miry ways; and Mrs. Beaton and her son took compassion upon the repentant woman and let her come to live with them. Sometimes they made little excursions into the suburbs, which did them all good. Mrs. Penn became a really useful member of the household, and waited on Mrs. Beaton with careful attention. Andrew, who had been troubled about his mother's increasing feebleness, was no longer afraid to see her go out of doors. Mrs. Penn was by her side, a trustworthy companion nowadays, with a stout arm which could be safely leant upon.

July was gloriously bright, and one day the two women—Mrs. Beaton and Mrs. Penn—had prepared themselves for a trip to Richmond, when Miss Kilner suddenly presented herself.

"One longs to escape from London to-day," she said. "So you are going to Richmond? I have a school-friend who lives down by the river, and I told Miss Saxon that I should go to see her."

"Will you come with us?" Mrs. Beaton asked, brightening.

"Yes," Elsie answered; and the three went off together.

Down by the river there are old houses set deep in leafy gardens; creepers hang drowsily in the delicious air, long aisles open vistas over terraces bright with flowers. It was in an earthly paradise of this kind that Elsie loitered away a golden afternoon, and then, when the clocks were striking six, she went off to rejoin her companions.

She found them at the appointed meeting-place, and they all walked up from the river-side through a lane opening into the highway of the town. Mrs. Beaton, a little weary, moved slowly, leaning on Mrs. Penn. Elsie, a few steps in the rear, gave herself up to one of those reveries which so often come to us at the close of a summer day. The lights were golden on the river. Some people were singing in a boat, and the voices floated sweetly over the water; it was pleasant melody, but there was a faint tone of sadness in the strain.

An open carriage and pair waited under the overhanging trees in the lane. Leaning back lazily on the cushions was a lady, fair and still young, with a beautiful boy by her side. The child was in high spirits; his laugh rang out clear and fresh as Elsie drew near. He stood up in the carriage in his pretty sailor's suit, and the low sunlight shone into his blooming face and blue eyes. At the sight of him Mrs. Penn stopped short and uttered a little cry.

"It's Jamie!" she exclaimed. "It's really Jamie!"

The boy knew her voice; the laugh died out on his lips in an instant; he looked at her with a gaze half-frightened, half-defiant, and drew closer to the lady's side.

"What is the matter, dear?" they heard her ask.

Before he could reply, before anyone could speak again, a terrible thing happened. The horses began to plunge violently, and then, as the drowsy coachman woke with a start, they set off at a mad pace in spite of all his efforts to control them. Down the lane they went at a wild gallop, their thundering hoofs raising a cloud of dust, and the three horror-stricken women caught a swift glimpse of the lady and the child clinging to each other in a despairing embrace.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Elsie began to run after the flying carriage at the top of her speed; Mrs. Penn followed her at a slower pace, and poor Mrs. Beaton came panting behind.

Miss Kilner was slight of figure and light of foot, and eagerness seemed to lend her wings. She was still getting over the ground at a rapid rate when she saw the dust-cloud vanish and perceived that the carriage had come to a standstill. Was the danger, then, over? Her heart gave a throb of passionate thankfulness as she pressed on, longing to assure herself that Jamie was safe, and to hold him, for one brief moment even, in her arms.

One or two watermen had come up and gathered round the panting horses. The coachman, white and shaky, was talking and gesticulating; his mistress, looking very fair in her faintness, had been helped out of the carriage by a tall man with a brown face.

Elsie, as she came up breathless to this group, took in two facts at once. Jamie was safe and unhurt, and the brown-faced man was Mr. Lennard's friend Ronald. He looked every inch a knight, as he stood there in his suit of fresh, white flannels, his bronzed face with a summer glow in it, and the dark hair cropped close to his head. The lady, in a silvery voice that faltered once or twice, was pouring out her thanks. Elsie comprehended it all in a moment; it was Ronald who had stopped the horses and saved, perhaps, two lives.

"I cannot trust them again," the lady said, glancing at the handsome chestnuts with a shudder. "We had better go home in the train."

The boy was holding her hand, and pressing close to the folds of her dainty gown. Elsie came up to them, very pale, with a light in her eyes. Her glance rested on the little lad, and she stretched out her hand to him with an impulsive gesture. "Oh," she said, "it is Jamie Waring, and I have been trying to find him for weeks and weeks! I have no right to claim him, I know; but I have wanted him for such a long, long time. To see him safe and well, after such a weary search——"

She broke off abruptly. The brown man was standing in front of her with his eyes fixed on her face; he was gazing at her so earnestly, sincerely, and wistfully that for an instant she almost lost herself. Jamie's gaze was less sympathetic; he looked puzzled and kept very close to his protectress.

"I found Jamie with some organ-grinders," said the lady, recovering her composure and speaking in rather a cold voice. "The organ-woman was beating him, and I stopped my carriage to interfere. They were in a quiet road near Lee, and of course there was no policeman to be seen. I asked the child if he belonged to these people, and he cried 'No, no!' and clung to me. I saw that he was not dirty and neglected; his clothes were rather poor, but there was nothing of the tramp about him. To make a long story short, I fell in love with you—didn't I, Jamie?—and so I took you home with me and waited for you to be claimed, but no one ever claimed you."

Her fair face softened as she looked down at the child, and her voice grew tender when she spoke to him. He still stood clasping her hand and resting his head against her dress.

"He has no relations," Elsie said. "No one has any right to take him from you."

Mrs. Penn, flushed and half-sobbing, came up at this moment, and she, too, extended her arms to the boy. But at the sight of her he drew himself up to his full height and waved his hand with the majesty of a little king. "Go away!" he said. "Go away home!"

"Oh, Jamie!" she cried. "Aren't you glad to see me again?"

"No!" he answered, with another wave of the dimpled hand. "I don't love you a bit! You let Maria beat me. I hate Maria. I won't come with you!"

For a moment no one spoke. The brown man was evidently much amused by the little scene, and looked at the boy with undisguised approval.

"Was this child left in your charge?" the lady asked, addressing Mrs. Penn with cold severity.

"There was no one to take him, madam," the crestfallen woman replied. "He was living with Miss Neale, who was a lodger of mine, and she died, quite suddenly, in my house. His father——"

"His father had deserted him." It was Mrs. Beaton who spoke. She had reached the little group, and, having but a poor opinion of her friend's eloquence, she took up the tale herself. "But Jamie Waring is well-connected, madam; his uncle was our clergyman, the Reverend Harold Waring, curate of St. Lucy's, in Berwick Street, and——"

"Harold Waring! Why, he was a dear old friend of mine!" Mrs. Beaton was interrupted in her turn, and it was the man in flannels who cut her story short. "If I had only known that Waring had left a nephew alone in the world, I should have claimed him," he went on, with a ring of determination in his voice. "My name is Wayne—Arnold Wayne—you may have heard Mr. Waring speak of me?"

"Yes, sir, we have," Mrs. Beaton replied. "Here is Miss Kilner, who found your name in poor Miss Neale's manuscript. Miss Neale, sir, was engaged to be married to Mr. Waring."

"He wrote to tell me of his engagement," said Arnold Wayne, looking at Elsie. "What a complicated business this is! It seems that we each have an interest in this young gentleman," he added, with a smile at the fair lady.

"Mr. Wayne!" exclaimed Jamie's protectress, in her silvery voice. "We were to have met at Rushbrook last October, and you didn't come. I was staying with your cousins the Danforths. I am Mrs. Verdon."

"I'm delighted to meet you at last," he said cordially. "Mary and Lily were always talking about you. Isn't all this extraordinary? There never was anything like it in a three-volume novel!"

Then they both laughed with a comfortable air of old acquaintanceship, and Elsie suddenly had a sense of being left out in the cold.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

THE houseplace, or kitchen, is, or should be, the very brightest, cheeriest part of the house. Is it not, indeed, the "heart of the house?" Certainly, it has more influence on the minds, tempers, and well-being of every member of the household than is exercised by any of the more dignified apartments, however faultless their arrangements may be.

Here it is that the true woman—especially if she be worthy of the old Saxon name of "lady" or "loaf-giver"—feels herself queen by every womanly instinct within her; and according to the amount of skill which she displays here will be the measure of her beneficence to all who come within her care.

How many of the troubles of the present day—matrimonial differences, troubles with servants, outbreaks and rebellions among working-people—have arisen since it came to be thought derogatory to the mistress of a house to follow the example of the wise women of olden days, who "sat among their maids to spin," who with their own hands fashioned the garments for their household, or concocted the wonderful dainties in cakes or cordials for their own tables, the broths and homely physic for their sick neighbours, made their own golden butter, tended their own gardens, fed their own poultry, and, while cultivating their sweet herbs and making their perfumes, cultivated in themselves and in those about them the sweet graces of womanly character. Little wonder that when the mistress thought it beneath her to put her delicate hand to the homely task the maid also should despise the same!

We learn wisdom slowly. After long endurance of domestic tyranny, during which we have suffered in mind, body, and estate, as individuals and as a nation, from inflictions and persecutions which peculiarly pertain to the unskilled and untutored class who have held undisputed sway over us, we are gradually becoming aware of a dawning of better things. From every quarter we hear whisperings: our women—those who are worthy of the name—are confronting a problem and solving it!

As "sisters of help" they are descending to our kitchens and basements, and in their quiet might are revolutionising or quelling rebellion, while gradually, almost insensibly, we are being drawn back to the good old ways of our grandmothers' days, when the queen bee was the most industrious of the hive, and the teacher lived with those she taught.

In the meantime we have lost the secret of many of the delightful conserves which used to adorn the shelves of the store or still-room. We have been content to leave the manufacture of our best things to be done on the wholesale system of the public factory, and have calmly swallowed the adulterations imposed upon us, troubling but little about them, except they became more glaring than usual.

How rarely do we now meet with the home-made tea-cake, crisp and fresh from the oven, the maker's very own recipe? or the shortcake, filled with luscious fruit and smothered in cream, the fruit cheeses rich and firm? to say nothing of quince and grape jellies, fruit cordials, and the delicious home-made wines!

But a truce to reflections! We will amend our ways. Henceforward the baker round the corner will know us no more; we will make our own bread and improve the shape of our arms at the same time. We will be beholden to none for our cakes, our creams, or our jellies, and we will bring our mathematics into use while we calculate to a nicety the proportions which Bridget has been used to "guessing at;" and natural science aids us when we come to study temperatures, or the reason why we form a coating of the albumen near the surface when boiling meat or vegetables.

Brains and cultivation tell everywhere. Why should they be accounted as less needful in the houseplace?"

To be able to solve a problem in Euclid does not unfit one for squaring domestic accounts, nor does the quickened artistic faculty suffer by being employed in embellishing gastronomic confections, homely upholstery, or the still more homely stocking-darning.

Ben Jonson's ideal woman is a noble one; after mentioning the "softed virtues" which he wished for her, he says—

"And yet, a learned and a manly soul, I purposed her,
That should with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

Are we enlarging the subject too much, do you say? Not at all. We can think and talk while our hands are busy.

How the sunshine lights up our shining pans, making them like silver!

Yes, in a kitchen where ladies work everything must be of the brightest and in most spotless order. The nice sense which brought such harmony of colouring into the drawing-room above, could not endure dirt or dulness here.

Modern inventions have brought out so many contrivances to lighten labour. If we are wise we shall avail ourselves of them, and so in some respects obtain an advantage over our grandmothers. Why spend time and patience unnecessarily when there are machines for stoning raisins, plums, and cherries, for slicing and shaping fruits and vegetables with a quickness and precision we can never attain by the hand?

Although the machine has yet to be invented that shall take in our soiled plates at one end, and turn them out clean at the other, there are many helps to lighten even this part of our labour. Hands need not necessarily be coarsened and roughened, nor need the process be the bugbear it so frequently is.

A few drops of ammonia or chloride of lime in stained vessels will be equal to the help of the cleverest kitchenmaid. The same will help to whiten tables and dressers, and make all wooden utensils sweet and wholesome.

Coarse sand and a piece of flannel will act quite as effectively as a scrubbing-brush, with half the labour.

What is it that makes our varnished paint and woodwork, walls and windows shine so brilliantly? Paraffin! The best paraffin essence mixed in tepid water; the surface is first washed with this, then rubbed with a soft cloth. It is a "magic cleanser" worth having. For old mahogany furniture, enamelled stoves, and mirrors too it is invaluable.

Each article has its own place in cupboard, closet or on wall, to which it returns as soon as done with, for we study method here, and economy of time as well as of pocket.

Comfortable chairs in which to sit? Why not? There are many things which can be done while sitting down, just as well as by standing, and it is our duty to consider our own physical health as well as that of others.

We have taken up housekeeping as a profession, you see, and the houseplace is our studio. We shall bring to bear in it the same faculties and reasonings that we should deem necessary for success in any other profession. If we do not regain the standard of excellence which our grandmothers attained to, it will not be for want of trying. "Women of faculty" they were, so will we be. Women of resource too, of influence in the outer circles of life no less than ever we were; sound in health, proud at heart, because the mainsprings are in thorough order, and we have no need to fear the most searching inspection.

Who will follow our example?

LUCY HELEN YATES.

RAG-DOLL-MAKING.



FIG. 1.

SINCE the introduction into England of the French mechanical doll, the art of doll-making has greatly developed, and the present wax-headed and correctly-limbed article has become an artistic object.

How recently this transformation has been brought about was forcibly shown to us in the interesting account published last year of the Queen's favourite dolls, which have been preserved at Windsor, and are now kindly lent by her Majesty for charitable purposes. These dolls, dressed entirely by her Majesty, are all of the wooden Dutch doll make. They are small in size, have painted faces, with but little attempt at a nose and no expression to speak of; yet these were the cherished and loved possessions of the little girl whose destiny was even then foreshadowed. They were clothed in the richest of materials procurable; they represented many well-known historical characters; and it is presumable that if a doll of a better make could have been procurable it would have found a place among the collection. In 1845, if we may credit Charles Dickens's account of such matters in his *Cricket on the Hearth*, dolls were no longer all of one kind. Caleb Plummer, doll-maker, far improved upon Nature, and superadded striking personal differences that marked the place in society the doll was destined for. Thus, "the lady of distinction had wax limbs of perfect symmetry, while the next in grade were made of leather, the next of coarse linen stuff, and as to the common people they had matches out of the tinder-box for arms and legs, and thus were established in their position without any chance of improving it." These match-made dolls are no longer to be met with, and it is evident that doll manufactures have moved with the times, and have assigned to the working doll and the housemaid and footman of society a more important physique.

The little ladies and gentlemen that now figure in our shop-windows as heroes and heroines of romance, that give balls, that appear in Court costume, in fishing, riding, and highland costumes, that are wedded or christened with all due solemnity, are beyond the scope of this article, and indeed are beyond the needs of real doll-life—they are too fine for us. They need to live on rose-leaves, and to be served by footmen, and to live in perpetual glass-cases; and their destiny is generally to be much admired and coveted when first possessed, to be taken out with the best frock for the drive in the park, or for display to other little girls, and then to be neglected and despised.

It is the work-a-day doll we want! The Cinderella, whose dear, smutty face conveys no reproach to our own, whose clothes are not too good for the nursery wash, and whose limbs do not dislocate or their face break when, in the ardour of affection, we smother them in bed, or in the paroxysm of rage send them flying into a corner of the room. It is the dear old rag-doll of everyday need that is really the doll we love, and not the painted and perfumed beauty.

The true rag-doll is rarely sold now. There is a doll that can be bought which is made of rags, but it has a hard face and an attempt at a nose, and the old rag-doll had no such blot on her escutcheon; her head was, we will not say soft, but shapely, and had nothing solid or spoilable about it.

In the illustration, Fig. 1, we give a real rag-doll made by a lady, and one that any of our readers can easily copy. The body of this doll is made of pink sateen; the length of the doll is fifteen inches, divided into three for the head, six for the body, and six for the legs. Length of arm four and a half inches, two and a half in circumference. Waist measure is six inches, neck three inches, breadth at shoulders three inches, but round the shoulders six inches. The face is two inches in length, with an inch beyond for hair; it is two inches broad where shown, but is five inches in circumference. The head is the most difficult part of the doll to make. It is first formed of a piece of linen stuffed with good cotton wool, and made in the shape of an egg. The stuffing of the shaped piece of linen must be firm and full without being hard. Then a piece of flesh-coloured *suéde* leather is required (this can always be taken from the clean part of a *gaut de suéde* glove), and this is fitted to the head, and hair and features traced out upon it. The nose is made slightly prominent by the leather being pinched together at that place so as to shape it, and these pinches are secured with a few stitches at the nostrils and where the nose and eyes are on a line together. To paint the face, use water-colours mixed with aquarella medium. Make the hair of burnt sienna and vandyke brown, and mark the eyebrows out with vandyke brown. Use cobalt and black for the eyes, with a little ultramarine blue. The cheeks are made bright with a touch of vermilion, but previously to that the face is washed over several times with a wash made of Chinese white and crimson lake. The lips are touched in with crimson lake. A good deal of careful stitching is required to fit the glove leather to the doll's head; but as the doll's cap conceals all of this, it is better to shape the head by so doing correctly, than to leave it to chance. Some people sew a little real hair on to dollie's forehead instead of painting it in. This hair can be bought as a doll's fringe at any dollmakers.

The baby's dress consists of one long under-garment, a baby's robe and cap. These are all made of fine Indian muslin, and take off and on. The under-garment has a plain body drawn in at the neck and three inches long, the skirt to it is twelve inches long and sixteen inches wide, the baby's robe is seventeen inches long and thirty-six wide, the body being full and gathered in at the neck, the sleeves plain and trimmed with lace. The cap is shaped like an ordinary baby's cap. It fits the head with a round back piece, half an inch in width, from which a full cap comes that is two inches in length, and is gathered up at the edge with a draw-string, and trimmed with a frill and rows of fine lace. A little white satin baby-ribbon is made up into bows and strings as an additional adornment. Should any of our readers find it difficult to



FIG. 2.

make this doll, a lady who works for charitable purposes will furnish designs or make up the doll.

We have now to mention a very different kind of rag-doll, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of our American cousins. This is a doll whose shape is printed upon a sheet of calico, and that requires sewing together and stuffing. We give an example of this doll in Fig. 2. The back and the front of the doll are provided, and a line is traced round the outer edges of the printed creature to indicate the exact parts that are to be cut out, and where they join when sewn together. The face of the doll, its hands, feet, boots and under-garments are all indicated and printed in colours, and the worker has nothing to do but cut out the two pieces that make up the doll, face them so that the right side of the colouring is inside, and sew the two together leaving an opening at the waist. The linen shape is then turned so that its right side is outwards, and the stuffing commenced. The head is the first part stuffed, either with cotton wool or with finely-shredded crewel and Berlin wools, in fact with anything that is at hand and that is soft and pliable. When stuffing the head some regard to the shape of a head is necessary, as also are a few stitches through the head to keep the nose, eyes, and mouth together and shapable. The junction of neck and head is a little wide in the printed design, and cannot be altered, as the head is stuffed through it; it therefore requires to be slightly drawn together with a thread; this thread narrows the neck and gives support to the head.

Having stuffed the neck and head, fill the arms and legs with wadding and keep them as little cumbersome as possible, and yet stuff them full, as unless well-stuffed they become limp and out of shape. When the body is well filled up and no wrinkles are visible at the joins of any of the limbs, the space through which the stuffing is introduced is sewn up, and the doll is ready for dressing.

The under-garments, boots, and stockings being already indicated on the printed linen, a dress is all that is necessary, and a pretty pink or blue silk frock trimmed with white lace makes a good garment to complete one of the cheapest rag-dolls in existence, as the sheet of coloured linen that forms the foundation is sold for sixpence.

This rag-doll is only taken as an illustration of the numerous coloured sheets of linen procurable that make up into various shapes; one very good sheet represents a black baby. This baby is made of three pieces, the front of the child, the back, and an oval-shaped piece, sewn in after the stuffing is finished, and forming a stand which makes the baby seem standing on its feet. The black doll is dressed in a long pink garment, and holds a blue hat in one black hand. The queer one with its white eyeballs showing out of the dusky face, its solemn look and the novelty of the article renders this black baby highly appreciated by the youngsters. Being already clothed, it needs no more trouble expended on it than being cut out and sewn together, well-stuffed, and the third piece lined with cardboard and sewn round the bottom of the skirt to form a stand.

Animals are not forgotten, sheets of coloured linen being procurable that represent elephants, lions, retriever and spaniel dogs, severe-looking seated cats, frisky kittens, etc. These animals are not standing on their four legs (with the exception of the elephant), and they are mostly intended to serve two purposes, *i.e.*, that of a plaything for baby, and for gigantic pincushions. This is managed by dividing their printed parts into three pieces, one for back of animal, a second for the front, and a third, as in the black baby, as a base. These parts are sewn together as described in the black baby, and allow of the animal supporting itself in an upright position.

Another printed sheet is one of the terrestrial globe, coloured, and showing the chief continents, seas, and towns of the world. This sheet is divided into eight parts, and requires careful cutting, sewing together and stuffing. It makes a very good ball, beside providing instruction for the young.

BLANCHE C. SAWARD.

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

INTRODUCTION.

I HOPE to write a series of pleasantly interesting papers on some famous women artists of every age and country, not with the ambitious aim of studying the fine arts in connection with the fair sex, but with the simpler and more sympathetic purpose of revealing my chosen heroines as they lived and laboured amongst the contemporaries who largely influenced both their lives and works, and of showing the sources of their inspiration, the special hindrances which retarded them in their careers, the patron friends they had, and the effects produced on their art, as on their characters, by certain manners and customs peculiar to their lands or to their localities.

But even this fairly modest scheme of work presents many difficulties to be overcome, and a few snares to be avoided. And the manner in which I purpose to carry it out needs certainly a little explanation. So, for brevity's sake, and for the sake of clearness, I will write down my intentions in separate brief paragraphs.

1. In all essays on artistic things it is considered absolutely necessary to supply a dogmatic criticism of art, partly to influence the public mind, but mainly, one believes, to create among the simple minded, a profound impression of extensive reading, and uncommon natural cleverness. Now there can be no doubt that written criticisms of art, however excellent of their kind, are treacherous guides to the young, and to all in fact who have but little technical acquaintance with painting and with sculpture; for they babble pretty constantly of such showy-green theories as are eminently fitted to mislead the unwary; they distress the untrained mind by exacting far too much from it; and they excite the imagination to no purpose with their swift-coming passages of clever word-painting. The truth of it is, that any really good dissertation on art appeals necessarily to the well-educated in art, being an outcome, a result, compressed into little space, of years and years of careful reading, varied experience and brooding thought. Nor is it less certain that even the best word-painting fails utterly in its intended mission, for it brings before the mind's eye nothing more than a bewildering jumble of beautiful parts, such as no imagination can unite into an image harmonious and satisfying. Upon this fact, as perhaps you are aware, Gotthold Lessing dwells at length in his *Laocoon* (which you ought to read), and you may all prove that it really is a fact, by merely studying a few musical descriptions in poetry and in poetic prose. Homer, describing Helen, whose loveliness is the basis of his whole poem, only tells us that she had a godlike beauty. But is not that enough? Does it not rouse our imaginations to create Helens of their own? And should we not reverence the divine poet for respecting the limits of his most wondrous art? why, a more modern poet would have made merit of defying the impossible in fifty lines at least! But I am forgetting that word-painting is not the only enemy to be met with in written criticisms of art. Of the mischief-making of the others I will speak to you out of my own personal experiences. Sixteen years ago, when first I began to study painting, a friend of whom I thought very highly, advised me to read everything I could about the noblest pictures, the most famous gems in marble; and even now I have abundant cause to regret that I followed his advice. As for the effect of my reading at the time, it was mischievous beyond conception. Enslaving me to my memory, it prevented me, in fact, from appreciating great works of art in my own modest manner. No sooner had I stationed myself before a masterpiece whereof I had been reading, than a small library of dogmatic treatises on art would seem to interpose itself between the picture and myself, and such arid pleasure as I did experience was entirely borrowed, and entirely self-conscious. Yes, my thoughts and my feelings were harmful plagiarisms, and I soon began to wonder why the damaging charge of literary theft had never been brought against such stolen harms! In these little essays, therefore, you must not expect to come upon serious criticisms, and if it is your wish to extend your knowledge of the pleasing technicalities of art, with the just conviction that only those can judge rightly who know the "tricks" of a craft or a trade, then I am quite sure that you cannot listen often enough to the *inimitable* studio talks of good painters and good sculptors. In such delightful gossips on art the power of thought displayed is not intense, but discursive; is not fatiguing, but stimulating to the mind; and for this reason you would receive benefit from every scrappy new addition to slowly increasing store of useful information.

2. As the notable women artists of whom history speaks in detail may be reckoned up by hundreds, it would be impossible, in a series of short papers, to speak worthily even of ten in every fifty. So I shall select only those who were most famous in their age and generation, bearing always in mind the fact that those whose lives were chequered will supply me with the best copy.

3. I hesitated at first how to handle my subject, but after reflection it seems to me best to say a few words in the first essay about the fair painters of classical antiquity; then to introduce you to all my chosen Italian heroines, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present day; afterwards to treat of the Flemish ones, beginning with Marguerite van Eyck, and ending with Madame Ronner; to come next to those of Luther's country, then to those of Washington's, and to conclude with our own fair disciples of the pencil, the brush, and the chisel. Thus we shall avoid the irritating mental exercise of passing rapidly and constantly from land to land, and you really need not think that I shall be so stupidly unpatriotic as to give undue prominence to foreign talent and foreign genius. No! The Union Jack shall fly in these pages every whit as long as any other parti-coloured standard!

4. Some critics are of opinion that "a certain natural incapacity" will always prevent your sex from rivalling mine in the gracious arts. Well, one dissents altogether from that opinion, not only because it is both rude and crude, but also because one knows that such futile comparisons between men and women have already been productive of widespread ill-feeling. But let me give you an illustration of my meaning. When many German critics were fiercely quarrelling over Goethe and Schiller, just in order to decide, for ever and a day, which of the noble two was the nobler poet, Goethe himself remarked one evening to Eckermann, his Boswell, with useful humour: "Surely we ought to be glad that there are two fellows about whom such persons can dispute!" This apt remark, cannot we apply it to those fiery lady writers who declaim to us so naggingly about "woman's superiority!" and also to those wee men who scoff at genuinely gifted women, and thereby belittle themselves unnecessarily? Ought we not in fact to rejoice and even be devoutly thankful, that each sex has been invested, no less nobly than becomingly, with such attributes of heart and mind as are peculiar to it alone? And, consequently, should we not avoid all wrangling on the fancied "superiority" of man or of woman? For the both sexes are divine masterpieces, and each loses its distinctive charm by aping the other, and those who wrangle merely prove, one thinks, that their Prince Prigio intelligence is little likely to render them illustrious in themselves and helpful to others.

5. Of art-study, its pleasures, its advantages, and its dangers, little can be said here. That it is intellectually more useful than a course, let us say, of fancy needlework, few thoughtful persons will venture to deny. And I myself hold that it teaches children to appreciate the beauty of nature, increasing their pleasures while purifying their feelings and ennobling their thoughts. Then again, the artist's accurate observation, and his habits of comparison, cannot but be valuable to us in daily life. Yes, I know it is a fashion of the day to regard art very differently—even to limit it in paintings to mere accuracy of form and colour, and to advocate its practice, among girls, as a mere idle, pretty kind of entertainment. There are girls who tell music-masters that "they don't want to learn music, but merely to play or sing a few simple taking things," presumably to endow their friends with the patience of Job, while others say, "We don't want to understand anatomy, perspective, and composition, but merely how to paint pretty pictures." Paint pretty flower-pots and drain-pipes! You see I am not one of those who assure you that reading and writing come wholly by nature, or that artists should paint only what they see, never what they merely remember. It is to a belief in earnest study, and in constant practice, that I would wish you gladly to give yourselves up, for I am convinced that insincerity in any occupation soever augurs insincerity of character. "All that a man does is physiognomical of him," says Carlyle, the greatest English poet this century has produced. "You may see how a man would fight by the way in which he sings, his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is one, and preaches the same self abroad in all these ways." And the essential truth of this is applicable to girls as well as to men. So remember what I said about insincerity in work being a sign whereby we know the workers' characters. In short, never cease mistrusting those who show themselves frivolous minded, that is to say, wanting in a sense of the dignity and sacredness of serious things.

But the study of art, let me tell you, must be conducted wisely, or it is apt to shatter the nerves like drunkenness. The artistic sense, it is true, is an inestimable gift to man, but let it be over-cultivated, and it becomes a perpetual misery to its possessors, and a danger to the state. Of the art-students known to me, I could mention dozens who would jump with the jerky nimbleness of grasshoppers, if near to them a coster happened to let fall a few disregarded "h's." And by men and women so actively sensitive, how in the world can a widespread empire like ours be held together?

In brief, like all good things, art-study must not be abused.

A last word. I hope sincerely that nothing which I may say during the course of these papers will encourage any of my poor readers to enlist in the debt-ridden rank and file of our vast painting army. A studio indeed is a source of such endless expense, and the small purchasing public, for pictures, is now so intolerant of all but the best work, that only those lucky young folk who have private means, and those whose parents could start them in life with an income of at least £200, should ever be encouraged, by any self-respecting person, to paint professionally. "God and Mammon are not the only two masters who cannot be served together."

The Women Artists of Antiquity.

It is about two thousand five hundred years ago since an extremely notable artist-potter, Butades by name, dwelt and worked in the venerable town of Sicyon, that lusty, militant, and art-loving capital of rich and populous Sicyonia, a kingdom celebrated in classic history as being not only the most ancient, but also the most eminent of Grecian monarchies. And this man Butades was likewise notable throughout Peloponnesus, that is to say, the mulberry-bearing Morea of to-day, on account of a treasure which, to him, was even more precious than his admirable genius, to whose liberal magic he owed his home, his lasting honour among men, and I know not how many rapid days of cheerful toil. That this treasure was a daughter, beautiful and good, youthful and loving; her name was Cora, and by us I think she may be regarded as an only daughter just because no one makes mention of another.

Now, the great deep love Butades cherished for her in his heart of hearts was not due entirely to her native unconscious grace and beauty, her goodness and dear daughterly affection. For his genius had been inherited by her, and day after day that good and faithful magician used to bring them both at once into such rapt sympathy with nature's silencing wonders, that each heightened by sharing the other's mute, exquisite happiness, and was indeed to the other a perpetual source of the sweetest solace and delight.

Yes, I think you may honestly believe what I say, for is not Horatio right when he remarks that all human pleasures and convictions gain infinitely the moment another soul will share them believingly? You, for instance, do you not love those most dearly that love what you love? Does not their happiness encourage you to give yourself up more trustingly to your own? The truth of it is, their happiness is a playmate happiness, and there is no truth, alas! more disregarded nowadays than this, namely, that thoughts without playmates are like lonely little children, insomuch as they are apt to grow old-fashioned, and weakly, and "stuck-up!"

Well, as there is nothing to warrant one supposing that Cora and Butades yearned upon such believing playmate sympathy less ardently than we do, I think we may venture to consider them as having been altogether supremely happy in each other. Their old biographers, it is true, do not say so in plain words. But then, recollect it is only study, only that most fascinating and healthful art of reading much in very little, that can make the dim past really healthful and amusing to us, all full of varied life and entertaining lessons. Even in a pet name, or (as more frequently) in a nickname, one comes at times upon the genesis of a little pleasing character-sketch, not by any means to be accounted as wholly untrustworthy, and it is surprising how much one may read in a few happily chosen adjectives.

This means that I myself have been trying in a humble stumbling fashion to make Cora and Butades something more to you than mere pleasant-sounding names, partly by seizing upon every suggestive word in Pliny and in Athenagoras, and partly by making use of what I know and feel of human nature, which has ever been essentially the same the wide world over. Were I, you know, to write pretty perfunctory articles, lacking even in earnest effort, I should certainly outrage your intelligence and give my own away unheard. So I propose to continue my course fearlessly, yet discreetly, and write down my thoughts as they were developed in me.

Casual observers, as no doubt you have noticed, are very apt to hunt inquisitively for faults of character. It seems to me indeed, that a dachshund searching for truffles is scarcely less naturally industrious. That the casual observers of ancient Greece were painstakingly inquisitive in their scrutiny of maiden conduct, is a fact generally known and admitted. It seems to me, therefore, that Cora's pet name, "The Virgin of Corinth," may be to us as a little history that commemorates her guilelessness, her innocence, her lowliness, her humility. Even the most sceptical will admit, one fancies, if pressed closely, that Cora, to the people of Peloponnesus, was very different from all other excellent fair maids. And this once admitted by the sceptical, the true believing need not hesitate to give their fancies charitable fairplay.

And in yet another thing I plainly discern no little evidence of the popular love awakened by, and bestowed upon, my heroine. In a word, what she did for art had so strong a grasp on the sympathies of the Peloponnesians, that it seems to have become a favourite household story. In any case it was passed down the centuries, from generation to generation, and in a great measure by word of mouth, till at last the scientific Pliny, who was stifled by the sulphurous vapours of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, wrote it down once more, but so unsympathetically, and so incompletely, that Athenagoras inherited from him a legacy of joyous copy. Now to me, in this long treasuring of a single story of art and love, there is something moving, gladdening, instructive and very great. I read in it, as in a book written lovingly, the character of a people as childlike as they were wise; whose round-eyed reverence for everything that appealed to their fiery hearts, to their earnest simple faiths, to their ever-busy imaginations, did again and again for real genius what the printing-press has often failed to do, namely, it kept fresh and lasting in the public mind, during many hundreds of years, a devout admiration for simple, moving stories—stories brimming with artless sincerity and with genuine passion, and with unsummoned poetic feeling. So let us all give ourselves up freely, even reverently, to our impressions! And earnestly from our hearts let us only give expression to what we feel most keenly and believe most firmly. These, I take it, are the greatest lessons taught us by those grand old Pagan Greeks.

But what about the story? Well, "it is silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age." And such (to me) is its airy delicacy that I fear narrating it lest my clumsy words, my heavy hand, should be as fatal to it—well, as fatal as a friendly mastiff

might be to a spiteful kitten. But this fear must be mastered, and that promptly, or you might accuse me justly of niggardliness in what I like best. So let me ask you to lend me the assistance of your busy fancies, and permit me also to seek further help from Mrs. E. F. Ellet, a lady who published thirty years ago a really interesting though very ill-arranged little volume on women artists, and who tells Cora's love-story in a manner quite sedative in its effects.

"As she (Cora) went draped in her veil to the market-place, she often met a youth, who afterwards became an assistant to her father in his work. He was skilled in much learning unknown to the secluded girl, and in playing on the reed; and the daily life of father, daughter and lover presented an illustration of Grecian life and beauty. The youth was constrained at length to depart, but before he went the vows of betrothal were exchanged between him and Cora."

There! Haven't we made a calm and good beginning? And yet I cannot help confessing that I am saddened rather by the youth's leaving at length as a body is borne to the grave. Had he been described as going "at long last," and even then very reluctantly, my pleasure would be greater far. For, indeed, the poor fellow felt his departure so becomingly, with such melancholy yearning of heart, that, during the very elastic evening of farewell, he sank all at once into a sighing half-sleep of misery, and Cora, happening by accident to look from his dear face—perhaps a tickling fly, or else a savage mosquito, caused that momentary fickleness of her eyes—from his dear face to the white wall, noticed his handsome profile faithfully drawn in shadow, a blue-grey shadow cast by a steady-burning torch of pine-wood. Instantly she sprang to her feet, and quickly she ran to the hearth, where burned a brazier full of crackling, fiery, serpent-like small boughs; here she selected (need I say how carefully?) a piece of cold charcoal, needle-fine and strong, then she sped back, very quickly and without noise, to the magnetic shadow, and with infinite tenderness drew a fine firm outline round it. And now let him depart, let him go *en voyage*, that lucky young lover, and let him go proudly and happily withal, since Cora's good genius would not suffer him to leave—whole!

Butades, upon seeing that simple outline which indicated a form, which represented a man's profile, whistled (probably) with delight. He at all events was greatly struck. And was it not a happy idea of his carefully to fill in the outline with moist clay, and then to submit the medallion he had formed to the baking, perpetuating influence of fire? And the fire did its work exceedingly well, for this the first portrait in bas-relief was piously preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth, until this city of pleasure and of elegant refinement —this dainty boudoir in the history of Greece —was not only stormed successfully by Mummius, the Roman consul, but also robbed sacrilegiously of all its inestimable art treasures. It was thus, at one stroke, and by a miracle of love, that two noble arts were discovered, *i.e.* the art of drawing portraits, and the art of making portraits in bas-relief. But the inventive old Egyptians would make us believe that they were skilled draughtsmen hundreds and hundreds of years before Butades' birth, and that they taught the Greeks how to draw. A critic, however, wisely reminds us that, in the rudest periods of existence, "the love of imitation seems to have been inherent in the nature of man," as it is to-day in the nature of savages; "and the variety of colours and of forms appears to have been amongst the primitive sources of his enjoyments. This desire of imitating naturally led him to trace coarsely the objects which most interested his observation. Hence, instead of attempting to attribute the origin of design to any particular nation, it may be more reasonably presumed to have been indigenous in every country, where human reason has in any degree developed itself, and may be said to have been coeval with our existence."

However, the story I have told you seems to some modern critical speculators a mere play of a poetic mind, with no foundation in truth. But this incredulity need not trouble us in the least, because the gracious little story is in flagrant contradiction to the knightly spirit of the Grecian imagination. What the old Greeks reverenced and adored most in woman was not cleverness, but purely physical loveliness. Beauty, indeed, formed a part of their ceremonious worship. Mothers, for example, in their prayers to Zeus, asked that their children might always be beautiful. "And the state itself," says Lessing, "did not deem it beneath its dignity to confine the artist within his proper sphere by an exercise of its power. The law of the Thebans recommending him to use imitation as a means of arriving at ideal beauty, and prohibiting, on pain of punishment, its use for the attainment of ideal ugliness, is well known." But in the meantime, whilst the beauty of women was being worshipped, and whilst the presiding deities of the gentle-arts were being "represented to the popular apprehension in female form," how fared it with the girls of Greece? Well, they were hidden away from the joyous world and the visiting fruitful sun, and with a jealous carefulness only noticed nowadays in the treasuring of the rarest precious stones. Their nearest kinsfolk alone could visit them; their dim knowledge of the outside world was gained entirely at religious ceremonies, at which, on certain days determined by law, they danced and sang demurely, and from early childhood, in the silence of the gynæceum, they were taught to believe in the singular wisdom of seeing little, and hearing little, and talking little, and also to regard their beauty as a gift divine, always to be cherished with infinite reverence and art. A sad life this seems to us, but yet we must not forget that what is customary is rarely unbearable, and that those Grecian maidens found a soothing and healthful recreation in spinning and in weaving, as well as in working exquisitely ornamental hangings for their noiseless retreats. Probably, too, the gallant reverence paid to their unsunned loveliness by the artist and the poet reached their inquisitive ears, and pleased them as men are pleased nowadays by flattering criticisms in the daily papers.

And now let us examine Cora's love story, with the facts just set forth in some measure before us. As Grecian girls were secluded from all but their nearest kinsfolk, how came it that Cora was so free, could even say good-bye to her lover without regard to time? This question would baffle one completely, were it not that all the women painters of antiquity were the children of artists. Even then, as you see, the artistic nature ran counter to social conventions. Remark now that Cora throughout the little story is the moving spirit, and that the youth falls half asleep, overcome by his day's work and his sorrow. All this, to be sure, seems delightfully natural to me, almost modernly so. But it is not by any means in accord with the chivalrous spirit of Grecian poetry. A poet of the time of Butades, had he invented so pleasing a story, would have made the man gallantly watchful, the girl sorrowfully quiescent. Her shadow, I feel quite sure, would have been seen on the wall, and her portrait would have been the first medallion in bas-relief.

But it is time to tell you that the youth returned and married Cora, and became famous by modelling whole figures in Corinth. As for Butades, he is credited with inventing the method of colouring plastic compositions by adding red sand to the material, or else modelling them in red chalk, and Pliny alludes to him as the first to make masks on the outer edges of gutter-tiles upon the roofs of buildings, so that you may say to yourself when next you see a grotesque gargoyle, "Butades, indirectly, had a hand in the chiselling of that ugly pleasing thing."

As I have said, my other pagan artist heroines were the daughters of artists. Helena, for instance, who painted the battle of Issus about the time of its occurrence (B.C. 333), was the daughter of Timon of Egypt. In the reign of Vespasian that battle-piece was placed in the Temple of Peace at Rome, and some critics of antiquity think that a well-known mosaic found at Pompeii is a copy of it. No doubt the mosaic represents one of the three famous victories obtained over Darius by Alexander the Great, but it really does seem brave to say positively which.

Of Timarata, the pupil and daughter of that Myron whom Pliny distinguishes from the more celebrated painter of the same name by the epithet Younger, I can tell you little. She painted a panel picture of Diana, treasured in Pliny's time at Ephesus, and it was reckoned "one of the oldest panel paintings extant." She lived about four hundred years before Christ, and was not related to that young Myron of Athens whom Ceres changed into a poppy. Come we now to Cirene Cratinus, daughter of a pupil of an Athenian painter noted for the works he did for the Pompeion, the hall containing all things used in processions. Cirene painted a figure of a girl, long the pride of Eleusis town, also a Calypso, an aged man, and two very celebrated portraits, one of a juggler named Theodorus, the other of Alcisthenes the dancer. As for Aristarcte Nearchus, who studied under her father, she was the well-known author of a picture of Æsculapius, and Nealces's daughter, Anaxandra, is also mentioned flatteringly though casually.

Of the women artists of ancient Rome little need be said. In point of fact history speaks only of two, and they were of Greek descent and education. Among the Romans, with just a few exceptions, the arts were cultivated by slaves and by people of the lowest rank, and the few patricians who did use the brush with skill, such as Fabius Pictor, Cornelius Pinus, Amulius, and the left-handed painter Turpilius, set no vogue. The truth of it is that the Romans, who were inclined to consider peace as a public calamity, preferred slaughter and the amassing of spoils to the cultivation of art. Yet they purchased thousands of exquisite paintings and sculptures from Grecian artists, and really appreciated their beauty and their usefulness.

One of the Greek girl painters who became celebrated in the militant and luxurious society of Rome was contemporary with Cæsar, and her name was Sala; she was celebrated for the excellence of her busts in ivory, and the Romans created a statue in her honour.

The other one, Saga of Cyzicus, worked about a hundred years before Christ, both with the brush and with the stylus upon ivory, her subjects being female portraits mostly. At Naples in the time of Pliny, there was a large picture by her, the portrait of an old woman, also a portrait of herself taken by the aid of a mirror. No painter excelled Saga in swiftness of execution, and at the same time her artistic skill was such that her works sold at much higher prices than those of the most famous portraitists of her day, such as Sopolis and Dionysius, with whose pictures the galleries of Rome were filled. Saga, wedded to her kindly work, elected "to live and die in single blessedness," with which piece of wisdom I shall close this paper.

W. SHAW-SPARROW.

COME, LET ME SING, SWEET MUSE SUBLIME.

COME, let me sing, sweet muse sublime;
I long to chant, I long to rhyme,
  I long to thoughts true words to bring—
    Come, let me sing!

The little skylark all the day
Can chirp at work, can trill at play,
  To all his moods can testify,
    Then why not I?

And artists on their canvas spread
Idēals rare by genius bred—
  O would I had the power to tell
    What I know well!

I'd place it on a page of gold
That all to come might there behold;
  I'd chant and sing the live-long day,
    And singing, pray

That angels in my ear would pour
Some songs of theirs, that evermore
  From holier hearts than mine upspring
    To hymn the King.

Then I would soothe the troubled heart,
And draw men's minds from earth apart,
  And would sweet purity instil
    In lives lived ill.

So in my muse could none condemn
A tarnishing of silver hem,
  Nor surplices of earthly quire
    Dragged through the mire!

Ah, no! I'd show how all below
Could happier live, and heavenward grow;
  So, muse, brush o'er my brow thy wing,
    And I shall sing! C. P.



A CLEAR CASE OF PROOF.

By K. E. V., Author of "Winnie's Waiting," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"FATHER does spoil Lottie," said Ellen Vane to herself as she stood at the kitchen window wiping some glasses.

It was a summer Sunday afternoon; the little garden was bright with flowers, but his Lottie was the best flower of all, thought Robert Vane, fondly, as he looked at the girl who hung on his arm.

"Lottie, Lottie," called out Ellen, "I shan't be in time for school if you don't help me!"

"Run and help your sister, my girl," said Mr. Vane, and he took his pipe and book and went into the summer-house.

"Oh, Ellen, I didn't mean to stay," said Lottie, "I was talking to father and forgot!"

Ellen was a good girl, so she suppressed the sharp retort that rose to her lips, and answered her sister pleasantly.

A little later the two were on their way to Sunday school, where Ellen taught and Lottie was in a class of elder girls.

"Father has been saying he thinks he knows of a place for me," said Lottie.

"Yes, he said something to me about it," Ellen answered, "but I doubt whether you be strong enough, Lottie."

"The lady does a deal herself, father says," said Lottie, "and all the washing is put out, and a woman comes in to do the heaviest work. I should think I could manage the rest."

"You can try at any rate," said Ellen a little doubtfully as she looked at her sister. Lottie was not tall for her fourteen years, and though she had a fresh colour she did not look very strong.

Ellen was twenty-six, and looked and felt older, for since her mother's death when Lottie was two years old, she had taken charge of the house. She had done it very well too, but it had put an old head on her young shoulders, and she seemed to herself never to have had any girlhood. Her brother, who was six years younger, and Lottie went to her naturally for advice and help as they would have gone to their mother. Robert Vane was an industrious God-fearing man, by trade a carpenter. People said he was unsociable, and they did not take to him readily, and his children stood a good deal in awe of him. Perhaps he leant rather too much to the side of sternness; but he had seen much of the evil consequences of giving way to, and over-indulging children, and did not mean that his own should suffer in the same way. But to Lottie all his latent tenderness went out, and the little one never feared him, but brought him dolls and toys to mend in full confidence, and she alone ventured to joke with and tease him in little ways.

It was a little hard on Ellen who loved and appreciated her father fully; she enjoyed her talks with him, but how she longed sometimes for some of the tender caressing words that fell to her sister. She too would have liked to fondle her father's hand and lean on his shoulder, but he never suspected how hungry and unsatisfying was part of her life. Lottie showered kisses on her brother and sister, love and sunshine were necessary to her existence, and it speaks well for Ellen's goodness that she always sternly repressed any little rising feelings of jealousy or bitterness.

Lottie was to go to service; she was not needed at home, and her father, whose fondness did not cloud his good sense, would not hear of her going to and fro to some daily work. He had heard that Mrs. Sandford wanted a little maid, and had spoken to her about his Lottie.

"Do you think she will look after her well, father?" asked Ellen that night, after Will and Lottie had gone to bed.

"She seems a bit strict in her notions," said Mr. Vane, slowly, "and says herself she's very particular; but Lottie will have some trials wherever she goes, and here she won't be far from us, though I don't hold with girls running home every time they are a bit put out."

"And Lottie is very clean and tidy in her ways. I don't think Mrs. Sandford will have much to find fault with."

"Thanks to you, my girl," and the word of praise sent Ellen to bed very happy.

It was settled for Lottie to go to Mrs. Sandford, and for the next fortnight the sisters were very busy preparing. Lottie's underclothes had always been kept neat and whole; but there were little additions to be made to them, and other things to get, print frocks for mornings, a black one for afternoons, and plenty of aprons and caps. When all was ready, Lottie dressed herself as she would do for afternoons, and ran in to show her father and brother.

"Well, she do make a tidy little maid, don't she?" said Mr. Vane when she had gone again.

"I didn't know our Lottie was so pretty," said Will slowly.

Mr. Vane took Lottie to her place himself. She was shy, and in spite of the feeling of newness and importance, rather sorrowful at leaving home.

"I haven't said much to you, Lottie," said Mr. Vane, as they were on their way, "but you know how to do your duty; if you will always do it as in God's sight I shan't fear for you. I don't say anything about honesty in little things. To take what wasn't their own has never been a temptation of the Vanes; I'm thankful to say that no one has a word to say



"COME, LET ME SING, SWEET MUSE SUBLIME."

against them on that score. Don't forget to say your prayers, and don't talk about your mistress's affairs, and God bless you, my girl."

They were at the door, and Robert Vane put down the box he had carried, and before ringing the bell stooped to give his daughter a hearty kiss.

It was all very strange and new to Lottie. Mrs. Sandford did not expend words of encouragement on her little maid. It was a quiet household, and if Lottie had not had plenty to do she would have found it dull. Mr. Sandford was sometimes away for weeks together, and there were few visitors. Lottie enjoyed seeing things bright and clean, and did not need to be told to dust and polish. Mrs. Sandford looked on thinking they were the efforts of a new broom and would soon slacken; she was of a suspicious nature, and would not give her little maid credit for working from conscientious motives.

"Mr. Lionel will be home to-night, we must get him a nice supper," said Mrs. Sandford one morning after Lottie had been with her a fortnight.

"Will he sleep here, ma'am?" asked Lottie, not having any idea who Mr. Lionel was, but thinking of preparations.

"Sleep here! Sleep in his own home!" cried Mrs. Sandford.

"I didn't know it was his home," faltered Lottie.

"There, I've no patience with such ways! Of course you knew well enough—there's the butcher, ask him if he has any sweetbreads!"

As a matter of fact, yet strangely enough, Lottie had not heard that Mrs. Sandford had this one son who was as the apple of her eye. It was almost unaccountable, yet sometimes we take for granted that others must know what they have had no opportunity of learning. Mrs. Sandford felt certain Lottie knew and acted ignorance, and she was accordingly more suspicious than ever.

Lionel Sandford brought a good deal of sunshine into the house that evening. He was a good-looking, good-natured lad of fifteen, greatly indulged by his parents, yet not entirely spoiled. He attended a good school a few miles away, where he was a weekly boarder; but he was a general favourite, and often spent his Saturdays and Sundays with one or other of his schoolfellows.

"You've got a jolly little maid, mother," he said, when Lottie had brought in the supper.

"Charlotte"—Mrs. Sandford would not dream of using the more familiar Lottie—"is very well at present, but it's too early to judge."

Lottie enjoyed having Lionel at home; it added to her work, but she did not mind that in the least. He would bounce into the kitchen with some joke or ridiculous story, and then be gone again leaving the little maid much brightened.

Mrs. Sandford did not object to Lionel's visits to the kitchen, she seldom disapproved of anything which pleased him. If seeing Charlotte amused him he might as well see her, and it was fortunate that Lionel was far too really nice-minded to say anything to Lottie that he would have been ashamed to say before her father.

Lottie generally went home to tea on Sundays, and her father saw her back after church. She greatly enjoyed those times, it was nice to feel thoroughly trusted and loved. With Mrs. Sandford there was an uncomfortable, undefined feeling of always being suspected.

"You are happy, Lottie?" questioned her father one Sunday. He had thought her looking a little pale, and he was never quite certain that she had not inherited her mother's consumption, so was apt to be rather over-anxious about her.

"Oh, yes, father, I like work, and of course I can't expect it to be like home. Sometimes I wish Mrs. Sandford——"

"There, my lass, you mustn't talk about your mistress," said Robert Vane quickly. Even to his petted Lottie he would not relax his strict ideas of what was right. Perhaps it would have spared some of the after troubles if he had let her speak more freely to him.

"There was a penny under the mat this morning," said Lottie to her mistress one Monday, putting the coin on the table.

Mrs. Sandford gave an ungracious "Thank you," and put it in her pocket. Afterwards Lottie often found coppers or threepenny pieces lying about, now and then a sixpence. It never occurred to her that they were traps placed about to test her honesty; she only thought her mistress very careless, and took to placing the coins on the mantel-piece without remark.

One day there was a good deal of excitement in the Sandford household. Mr. Sandford's brother who lived in France was coming to pay them a visit, and Mr. Sandford himself would be at home most of the time. A great scrubbing and cleaning went on in the always tidy household. Lottie worked so well and brightly that she even won a word of praise from her mistress.

"Don't I wish Uncle George would take it into his head to invite me over there," said Lionel one evening as he sat on the dresser watching Lottie clean the covers. Mrs. Sandford was out.

"Should you like to go so far away?" asked Lottie in surprise.

"Rather! but there's no such luck. That's mother's knock, I'll let her in."

Next day the two Mr. Sandfords arrived, and afterwards there was quite a whirl of excitement. The charwoman who could usually be depended on had fallen ill, and as Mrs. Sandford greatly disliked having strangers about, Lottie cheerfully undertook to do her best without outside help. Lottie's master was a small quiet man who took little notice of the new maid, though he never failed to thank her for any little thing she did for him; but Mr. George took quite a fancy to the little maid, to whom he presented a small silver brooch of French make, much to his sister-in-law's disapproval.

Lottie had to keep later hours while the gentlemen were there. Mrs. Sandford would often put away the supper herself; but there were many little things to keep Lottie up, and being tired and excited her prayers got rather neglected, while too often her Bible-reading was quite omitted. In spite of the extra work she enjoyed the time, but it was not so really good for her as the more quiet life.

"Charlotte," said Mrs. Sandford one evening, "you need not wait to put supper away, for we shall want breakfast quite by half-past seven to-morrow, we are all going out for the day."

Next morning was very bright, and much merry talk went on round the breakfast-table which Lottie had managed to spread in good time. She felt a little dreary as they all started off so happily and she was left alone, but a look at the disordered room made her set to work in good earnest to put it to rights. It would be the better for a good sweeping, she thought, as she carried out the breakfast things, and accordingly she got out her brooms and a plentiful supply of tea-leaves.

However, she did not set to work directly. Lionel had left a comic illustrated paper in his chair, and she became absorbed in it, sitting on the floor amid her implements of work. A sound in the kitchen disturbed her; the kettle had boiled over, and there was a mess to clear up, and she was surprised to find how much time had gone. She opened the windows and rolled up the hearthrug; as she did so she heard a tiny click as though something had fallen, but could not find anything. She swept away vigorously, singing the while in a loud voice, though she did not feel particularly cheerful.

"Oh," said the little maid to herself, rather discontentedly, "it's all very fine for them to be out enjoying themselves; they don't think how dull it is for me!" She was carrying out the dustpan as she spoke half aloud, and shook the unoffending domestic utensil viciously; something among the dust glittered as it fell, and, peering into the dust-hole, Lottie discovered a threepenny-piece.

Always hitherto, when she had found money about, she had placed it where her mistress would find it, and had thought little more about it. This morning Lottie was altogether off her guard, and she eyed the coin longingly. Her wages were small as yet, and her father took charge of the greater part of them, so that she had really very little money to spend. In that pause the voice of the tempter made itself heard. Perhaps the little coin had been lying there a long time; at any rate there would be no harm in keeping it in her pocket, and giving it up if she should be asked about it. So, yielding to temptation, though without any deliberate intention of taking what was not her own, Lottie pocketed the threepenny-piece.

It was almost dark when the others returned. Lionel was in immensely high spirits, and took an opportunity of running into the kitchen to tell Lottie the cause of his excitement. He seized her by the shoulders and whirled her round, knocking off her cap as he did so. "Oh, Mr. Lionel," she remonstrated laughingly, "whatever will mistress say?"

"She's fit to cry; but it's so jolly, and she won't mind after a bit!"

"Yes; but what is it, Mr. Lionel?"

"Uncle's a brick! He's going to take me back to France with him, and we are going the day after to-morrow."

It was indeed a sudden arrangement; but Mr. George Sandford was wanted at home, and, seeing how much his nephew wanted to go, had managed it. Mrs. Sandford was grieved to part from her son, but felt it would be for his real good, and Mr. Sandford was ready to agree with what the rest wished.

There was so little time for preparation, and so much to do! Lottie was kept at work or running errands, and Lionel was constantly in the kitchen telling her his plans, and, strange as it may seem, she forgot the threepenny piece, which remained in her pocket.

At last they were gone; Mr. Sandford went part of the way with them and then was going north, and would not be back again for a month. Mrs. Sandford retired to her room for a good cry, and Lottie went about with red eyes. It would all be so dull now; life alone with her mistress was not particularly cheerful.

(To be continued.)



THE GIRLS' OWN ART OF THINKING;

OR,

HOW EVERY GIRL SHOULD MANAGE HER MIND.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

PART I.

Women are, without doubt, more influenced by the heart than the head, just as men are ruled more by intellect than affection. This is one of the conditions of their existence. It is their glory, too, and goes a long way towards making them lovable and attractive.

But though this be the case, and though the work of training and purifying the affections is a girl's most important business, she ought not to neglect the management of her mind. Her reasoning powers should be improved, and the inner world of thought, whether it be a widespread domain or not, should be cultivated to the highest possible perfection.

It is worth noticing, also, that if the head be not well-trained the heart can never be quite right; our desires will then run riot, and passion and inclination rule us instead of correct and sober principles.

Some girls may say they are always thinking, and that if there is any art about it they must have acquired it without knowing. They would not be so self-satisfied, perhaps, if they observed their mental nature carefully and summed up what all their thoughts are worth.

A whole week of thinking in many instances would be only a record of frivolous reflections, unconnected ideas, idle dreams, foolish notions, and maybe wicked notions as well. Of anything worthy to be called by the name of thought there would be no trace whatever.

The importance of cultivating our mental powers is easily seen when we consider that it is through them that we take our place in the world as responsible beings. Those who cannot reason cannot be held responsible for anything, and are no more accountable for their actions than the west wind.

Herein lies the great difference between us and the lower animals. Without thought we would be pretty much on the level of mice, blackbeetles, and spiders. In some things, indeed, these creatures would have an advantage over us, and be able to congratulate themselves that they did not stand in our shoes.

"Man," says Pascal, and he meant woman as well, "is evidently made for thinking; this is the only excellence that he can boast. To think aright is the sum of human duty." And another distinguished writer, Coleridge, has pointed out that there is one art of which every one should be master—the art of reflection. "If you are not a thinking being," he adds, "to what purpose are you in the world at all?"

We reap many advantages if we take pains to improve our understanding. If reduced to the test of "will it pay," nothing is found to pay better, and a keen eye after the main chance, let alone higher considerations, might well induce us to exert ourselves.

The art of thinking leads us to form a habit which we can make use of on every occasion. A trained mind is a universal tool, handy for all circumstances, and available every moment; of service not only in discussing lofty themes but in cooking the dinner, sweeping the floor, and assisting in the shop.

It enables us to do everything well, that is to say intelligently, and not as a matter of mechanism and rule of thumb. The wise girl knows the why and the wherefore of everything, or if she does not know she tries to find out.

A student once asked Opie, the famous artist, "Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?"

The painter gave a gruff answer and said, "With brains, sir!"

This is the right recipe for doing all sorts of work, from painting to rocking the cradle. If a girl's brains are as they should be she need never fear failure in anything she undertakes.

Thinking, too, makes existence full of interest. The more thought the more interest.

"Oh, reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
Oh, gentle reader, you would find
A tale in everything!"

Life then would be an inexhaustible subject, for the well of thought has no bottom, and our solitary and idle moments would all be filled up with what would prove to our lasting profit and pleasure.

Then the cultivation of the intellectual powers makes us better company. The girl's own art of thinking is a necessary preliminary to the girl's own art of speaking. It takes away the reproach that though girls have plenty to say if you only manage them rightly, it is seldom worth listening to.

True enough, the need of thought to make girls attractive is not so apparent early in life. At first their freshness, vivacity, good-humour and good looks make them to be run after. But when years—and it does not take many of them—have sobered the youthful spirit and subtracted something from both grace and beauty, the need is felt of more lasting qualities.

The frivolous pretty girl sees her popularity decline, and has at last to take a back seat and submit to being looked upon as an empty-headed and uninteresting woman. As a rule it is then too late to turn over a new leaf. The mind has settled down into a groove out of which it can hardly be drawn. It is a sad truth, girls, that if the intellect is not brightened up early in life, every day, except in very exceptional instances, will be found to cover it with the deeper rust.

We spoke just now about good looks. There is all the difference in the world between animal and intellectual beauty, and it may safely be said that no girls have such winning faces as those who cultivate the art of thinking.

And their good looks last and go on improving every day, which is more than can be said of those of girls who think they are attractive enough if only they have bright eyes and the right sort of nose. Their beauty withers away, till at last you see nothing in their faces but the stupidity of their minds shining through.

It has often been spoken about as a puzzle, how there are so many pretty girls, and so few handsome grown-up women. But what we have said gives a clue to the mystery; it is not all the explanation, but it is a good part of it.

Another advantage of thinking is that it assists us to find out our own weak points, and so keeps us from growing conceited, and over-confident in our judgments. The true thinker is humble as can be. She sees how liable we all, herself included, are to mistakes, and how prone to error even with the best intentions; and this makes her not only assert her own views with becoming modesty, but be very attentive to, and very tolerant of, the views of others in every conflict of opinion. The more we think, the more the fact is brought home to us that "here we see through a glass darkly."

We have given a good list of advantages, and it might be greatly extended. No wonder Solomon in his Proverbs lays such emphasis on wisdom, and with pleading earnestness says, "Get wisdom, get understanding, forget it not . . . . Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her and she shall keep thee."

"Wisdom," he goes on, "is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

When the same inspired writer falls to describing the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, he enumerates as one of her perfections that, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom." To which he adds, "In her tongue is the law of kindness." The heart and the head are both to be excellent, but he puts wisdom first, as much as to say that a tender heart is not safe unless it is accompanied by a wise head.

There is a pleasure in activity of any kind, and the best of all returns in pleasure is certainly to be obtained from activity of the mind. The greatest thinkers as a general rule have been happy people; they had something to be joyful about. Exceptional cases where melancholy marks the man or woman of thought, should be treated by our friend "Medicus," who will very likely point out that the fault does not lie in thinking, but in insanitary habits, the stomach deranged, and the liver out of order.

When the worries, disappointments, and ups-and-downs of life trouble us, it is often just because we do not bring thought to bear upon them. If we only stop and think before giving way to despondency, all our troubles will be found to disappear like churchyard ghosts before the morning sun. It takes a great deal to upset the cheerfulness of a wise woman.

But even if it were not a pleasure, it would be a duty to improve our minds. We are bound to try in every way to perfect our being, and to make the best use of the self-forming power that resides in us all.

We must not however begin with the idea that it is to be an easy task. "To think," says one writer, "is the hardest thing in the world," and the younger we are the harder it is. But a great deal of our work must always be drudgery if it is to come to anything. We must stick at it till what was difficult becomes easy, and what was a toil becomes by practice quite a pleasure. Many of us would like to learn everything and would certainly do so if it could be done in six lessons of half an hour each, but though some of you girls, we know, are clever, none of you are quite clever enough for that.

The aversion to intellectual labour must be conquered, and the difficulty of managing the restless mind must by plodding industry be overcome. No girl knows the force of her mind till she has tried, and there is many a surprise in store for her who resolutely sets herself to cultivate her mental nature. Every day she will witness an advance until her brain becomes at last a reliable instrument, as accurate in dealing with the materials of thought as the skilled eye and hands of the artist in placing his colours upon canvas.

One must make a beginning some time, and the best moment for starting this work is now. We cannot all at once complete a mental revolution, but we may, without delay, take the first step in that direction.

The right spirit in which to begin is the spirit of humility. In entering the realms of thought, just as in entering the Kingdom of Heaven, we must become as little children. Pride is one of the worst of all vices and is fatal to success in everything, and girls will never make progress in thinking who are conceited about their having a sound judgment already, think themselves cleverer than their neighbours, and proclaim themselves geniuses by the way they wear their hair. To be humble removes the great obstacle in the way of our taking a right view of things. The personal element is thus obliterated which discolours, and twists, and spoils.

And no study can be successful unless we look for the Divine aid and blessing. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and to make progress we must go on in the spirit of prayer.

Amongst the rules for mental improvement given by the famous Doctor Watts, he puts the following one last, not as the least important, but as the most important, as the one without following which all our labours might be thrown away.

"Offer up your daily requests to the Father of Light that He would bless all your attempts and labours in reading, study and conversation. Think with yourself how easily and how insensibly, by one turn of thought, He can lead you into a large scene of useful ideas; He can teach you to lay hold on a clue which may guide your thoughts with safety and ease through all the difficulties of an intricate subject. Think how easily the Author of your being can direct your notions by His providence, so that the glance of an eye, or a word striking the ear, or a sudden turn of the fancy, shall conduct you to a train of happy sentiments."

We must not be downhearted if our efforts do not appear at first to produce much result, and we must go on putting forth all our efforts, even though we find ourselves making many mistakes and being led astray by many plausible errors.

We are not either to be in too great haste, or to try to do too much.

"I apply myself with diligence," said the son of Confucius to the great Chinese philosopher, "and neglect nothing that can render me clever and ingenious, but still I do not advance."

"Omit some of your pursuits," replied Confucius, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot, have you ever observed any who run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within reach of your arm, for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day, do nothing to the end of their lives; while others, who adhere to one purpose, find they get on."

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

HYACINTHE BEAUFOI was not with us, however, on one great occasion, when we were charged to come without friend or follower. We had not even Tom or Perry with us. They had taken a trip to Tunbridge Wells, to visit a married sister of Perry's, when we—father, Aunt Maria, Sally, Jane, and I—were imperatively summoned to repair, without delay, at a day's notice, to a merchant's house in the neighbourhood of Cheapside. We girls were perplexed and even nettled by what struck us as arrogant and overbearing in the style of the invitation, and we wondered, with some youthful heat, why father and Aunt Maria consented to go on such terms, just to a merchant's house, to meet people they had never seen before and were never likely to see again. But the heads of the house, instead of showing signs of displeasure, and of an inclination to decline with dignity the authoritative invitation, were in a flutter of excitement over it. Father was actually in a state of perturbation lest we should fail to comply with becoming alacrity. Aunt Maria dressed herself, with unusual pains, in her best seeded silk, Indian Cashmere shawl, and chip bonnet, and told us to put on our new nankin pelisses and new hats, for it was a morning visit we were to pay,

At last, when our coach had passed through Cheap, and we were so near the house to which we were going that we had stopped, and father had alighted to pay the driver and to hand us out, Aunt Maria thought it right to tell us, in an awed whisper, "Girls, you had better know that their Majesties the King and Queen have been so gracious as to wish to know us, and to desire to give us a private audience, since it might be inconvenient for us to be presented at a drawing-room, though the Admiral has, of course, attended a *levée*. I trust you will be on your best behaviour, mind your curtseys, and say 'Sir' and 'Ma'am' if the King and Queen are so good as to address you."

What a tremour of mingled pride, fear, and gladness we were in! How thankful we were that we were simply in the train of father and Aunt Maria, and could put them before us, shelter ourselves behind them, and copy what they did and said. I believe that even Sally, who was so satisfied that she was grown up and equal to whatever was required of her, shrank into her shoes, like Jane and me, at the alarming yet entrancing prospect.

While Sally was shaking out her ribbons and pulling up her long gloves, and Jane, wise though she was, found leisure, as she told me afterwards, to regret the absence of a certain little gold chain which, she was persuaded, would have put a finishing touch to her dress, I recovered breath to cry out, "Oh, what a pity it is that Tom and Perry happen to be away, and that Hyacinthe is not with us!"

"Hyacinthe is out of the question," said Aunt Maria with decision. "As for your brother and cousin, I don't know," she added doubtfully. "Boys will be boys, and the slightest lapse in propriety, the least little bit of nonsense, would be too dreadful."

Sally looked up rebelliously. It was not for Tom that she was indignant—it was for Perry; and, indeed, Perry was sensible beyond his years, while he and Sally had made up, for the present, their mysterious quarrel, which was all on Sally's side, and were as fast friends as before.

Aunt Maria atoned for her sweeping censure by going on to remark, as we ascended the fine wide staircase of the city merchant's mansion—

"The boys will have other opportunities, I hope, when they grow older and earn their promotion, of paying their homage to their sovereigns. Tom and Perry will be called upon to show themselves at *levées* when their time comes; but we are not much in the way of drawing-rooms."

We were ushered into a great drawing-room which might have been baronial by reason of its ample space and the excellent moulding of its cornice and carving of its chimney-piece. There we found our host and hostess with their family, all of whom were strangers to us. They were very worthy mercantile people, rather gorgeous in their attire, but too nervous on their own account to be of much use in steadying our spirits.

In the reign of George III. such informal visits to the city, with such free use made of the principal merchants' houses, as a royal rendezvous for persons not in the court circle, whom their majesties wished to meet, were by no means uncommon. Our hostess owned in confidence to Aunt Maria that, though such receptions were a great honour, they were also sources of trouble and expense to the entertainers, which they could willingly have dispensed with.

At last, by the stir and noise outside, we were aware that the royal coaches with their outriders had drawn up at the door. Our host and hostess hurried out to the landing, while the rest of us stood up in a circle and instinctively backed as far as the four walls, while we listened with beating hearts to the clatter of feet and tongues on the stairs. Then the folding-doors were flung wide, and a stout comely gentleman in a brown coat and kerseymere trousers, with a blue riband across his breast, looking as if it had been put on over his ordinary dress in order to lend distinction to his appearance, bustled into the room. He was accompanied by a little lady, rather lean and scraggy, with a prominent mouth and keen eyes. I remember—for I have very often described it—that she wore a puce satin gown with lace flounces, and a lace pelerine, and she had a Leghorn hat, tied down under her chin. There were two of the Princesses with the King and Queen. One of them was very handsome and aristocratic-looking, and the other was very pretty and pleasing. They wore white frocks, with Leghorn

hats, like the Queen's, shading their blooming faces. I heard afterwards that the elder was Princess Elizabeth, and the younger Princess Mary. The elder lived to be the wife of the Landgrave of the small principality of Hesse-Homburg, and grew to be so enormously stout that, it was said, if her whole Court circle had joined hands they could not have encompassed her.* The younger had a pathetic love-story. She had to wait twenty years before State necessities would permit her to marry her cousin—the sweetheart of her youth—William Duke of Gloucester. He was not a man of great parts, and the wits of the clubs were wont to call him "Silly Billy;" but he kept his faith to his Princess like a perfect gentleman and true lover.

When their Majesties entered, we could not back any farther, but we made our best curtseys. The King said, "Eh, what! my good Admiral Masham?"—as if his Majesty had not expected to see father—"Come with your two hands full, as usual! Not of French ships this time, but of the ladies of your family. Glad to present them myself to the Queen. Mrs. Masham and the Misses Masham, your Majesty. And you, my good friend Morehead"—addressing the master of the house—"and your wife and children. Glad to come and see you all, and to hear how my good city of London is flourishing."

As the King ran on in his loud, rapid way, nobody dared to interrupt him, or to correct his error in bestowing, without warrant, the brevet rank of father's wife and of the mother of his children on our maiden aunt Maria. We could only curtsey (afraid to look at Aunt Maria) to her Majesty, who bent her head with great dignity, just softened by a dash of affability, to us in return.

The introduction was not sufficiently formal for us to kiss hands; however, the Queen condescended to engage Aunt Maria in conversation for a few minutes, and Aunt Maria told us afterwards that the Queen's remarks were exceedingly sensible and to the point, if a trifle dogmatic. Princess Elizabeth said a few words to Sally, and Princess Mary spoke in quite a sweet, friendly way to Jane and me. She asked if we were never sea-sick on board ship, and inquired if we had brothers sailors, mentioning that her favourite brother Prince William was a sailor.

* Princess Elizabeth was clever and painted well. She, and the distinguished artist Mary Moser, painted, on panels, an entire room at Frogmore, with their own hands.



"AUNT MARIA DRESSED HERSELF WITH UNUSUAL PAINS."

When the King was asking father questions which his Majesty answered himself, so that father could hardly find an opportunity to open his mouth, King George turned to us girls again and said, in his *brusque*, good-natured manner, "So I hear my gallant Admiral has provided himself with a family party of mermaidens, to bear him company in his cruises. Well, I can have no objection—none in the world—if they always bring us such good luck! 'Pon my soul, Masham, I believe it is to your mermaidens here that we owe your double success," he finished with a chuckle.

It was to this conversation that we were indebted for the term "mermaidens," which we first applied to ourselves in appreciation of a royal joke. Then our friends and neighbours picked up the word and attached it to us.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

AN INTERESTING SOCIETY.

Her father (*interestedly*): "And you really enjoy your society for the higher culture of women?"

Minnie (*enthusiastically*): "Indeed, I do, immensely."

Her father: "What was the subject yesterday?"

Minnie (*reflectively*): "Oh, yesterday? Let me see. I think the question for debate was about some subject that some professor had been lecturing about somewhere, but up in a corner we talked about those new hats with the funny crowns."

RED IN CHINA.—A mystical meaning is attached by the Chinese to the colour red. No present is ever bestowed, even upon a white barbarian, which is not carefully wrapped up in red paper. The very name for present is *ang pao*—red parcel. Red is the colour of "longevity candles" and "birthday eggs." No Chinese gentleman would ever think of inflicting upon friend or acquaintance such an omen of death as a white visiting-card: it is always red. Red, in fact, is used generally on every joyful occasion, as at marriage, or at the birth of a male child, and is carefully avoided in cases of decease or mourning.

INCLINED TO QUARREL.—Should anyone wish to quarrel with you, remind her that it requires two to make a quarrel, and that you are not in it.

SEEKING FOR REST.

Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best:
In your own home the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.

BAD MANNERS.—The manners of the ill-mannered are never so obvious, unbearable, and exasperating as they are to their own nearest kindred; but this ought not to be. If we can be pleasant and courteous and well-mannered anywhere, surely it should be in our own homes, where the comfort of so many is dependent on us.

REPENTANCE AS IT SHOULD BE.—True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.

DEATH A NECESSITY.—"I look upon death," says Dr. Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

A TEST OF CHARACTER.—A woman's character should be measured, not by her occasional exertions, but by the doings of her ordinary life.

RED-LETTER DAY.—In the olden time saints' days were regarded as lucky days, and were marked on the calendar with red ink. From this sprang the term "red-letter day."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Pray, how comes Love?"
"It comes unsought, unsent."
"Pray, how goes Love?"
"It was not Love that went."

AN ALPHABETICAL CURIOSITY.—The following sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet, and only five duplicates:—"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." It will be noticed that not a single consonant is repeated in this sentence, the duplicated letters being all vowels.

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIRL.—A young man runs no hazardous chances in marrying a girl who is good, thoughtful, kind, and loyal to her mother.

MODESTY AND PRIDE.—True modesty and true pride are much the same thing. Both consist in setting a just value on ourselves—neither more nor less.

SIMPLE AND GREAT.—All simple people are not great, but all great people are simple.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC I. (p. 71).

1. L e o l F
2. O mphal E
3. V ic tori A
4. E d g a R

Love. Fear.

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

THE rich diamond district of Bahia, which was the old capital of Brazil, was discovered in a very strange manner. At the time of the discovery it was a densely populated and fruitful province, and its agriculture proved its blessing and health. A slave from Minas Geräes, keeping his master's flocks in Bahia, thought he observed a similarity of soil to that of his native place. He sought therefore in the sand, and in a short time found seven hundred carats of diamonds. With these he fled and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave raised suspicion and he was arrested, but would not betray the secret of how they had come into his possession. At length he was given over to his master, who also failed in obtaining the confidence of the man, and therefore resorted to cunning; he restored the slave to his former occupation in Bahia, without penalty or punishment, and had him strictly watched, and readily found the solution.

As soon as the secret became known, numbers of people came flocking in from Minas Geräes and other parts of Brazil, so that the following year as many as 25,000 people were occupied there in searching for diamonds.

In 1846 and 1847 Brazil was obliged to pay her debt in diamonds, which caused a depreciation of this precious stone, reducing it from £10 to £4 or £5 a carat. The rich field of Bahia diamonds was about eighty miles long and forty miles broad. Efforts were made to ensure honesty among the slave-miners by rewards for it. If a slave found a diamond of 18 carats, he was crowned with flowers and led in a triumphal procession amid the rejoicings of his friends to the manager, from whom he received his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work for wages; but, notwithstanding, one-third of the produce is supposed to be secretly disposed of by the workers. In the very presence of the overseers they manage to conceal them in their hair, their mouths, their ears, and between their fingers. One of the celebrated diamonds of the world, the "Star of the South," was found by a negress engaged in the works at Minas Geräes in 1853; it weighed before it was cut 254 carats. She received her freedom and a pension for life in recognition of her exceptional find. The owner sold it for £3,000, so little did he know of its real value. Its fame reached the remotest corners of the globe. It was forwarded to India, and a bid made first of £110,000. This fell through, and eventually it was purchased in 1881 for £80,000, exclusive of the mountings, which were very costly, by the ex-Gaikwar of Baroda. "But," says Streeter, in his *Great Diamonds of the World*, "the ill-luck which seems to follow the possessors of great diamonds, overtook the new owner of the 'Star of the South.' He fell into trouble for the murderous practice of destroying his refractory subjects with diamond-dust, and, having tried the same to get rid of the British resident in Baroda, Colonel Phayre, whose presence acted as an inconvenient check, the Gaikwar was arraigned and found guilty, and deposed henceforth from the throne of his ancestors."

The discovery of the Brazil diamond-districts created, as we have seen, an excitement in the world; but the opening up of the diamond-fields in South Africa, considerably more than

a century later, created a panic and excitement no less striking.

The discovery of these vast riches was brought about in as simple and unpremeditated a manner as in the case of Golconda and Brazil.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago a child of Jacobs, a Dutch farmer, settled at the Cape, amused himself by collecting pebbles from the neighbourhood of the farm, which was near to Hope Town. One of the stones he picked up was sufficiently bright to attract his mother's notice, and she put it on one side; but in the midst of household cares it was forgotten, until a neighbouring farmer came to see them, who was curious in the matter of stones. He was puzzled with its appearance, and offered to buy it of Mrs. Jacobs; but she laughed at the idea of selling a common pebble, and willingly gave it to him. Subsequently it was submitted to Dr. Atherstone of Graham's Town, who was an excellent mineralogist; but even he had some difficulty in deciding what it could be. After careful examination, however, he pronounced it to be a genuine diamond. It was sent to the Paris Exhibition as the greatest novelty the Colony could exhibit. Here it remained during the whole of the summer, examined by learned men of all nations; and, at the close of the exhibition, Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor of the Colony, purchased it for £500, and it was sold by him to Garrards, who cut it as a brilliant. Its weight was $21\frac{3}{16}$ carats.

This is the simple history of the first Cape diamond.

In the autumn of 1868 news reached us from Cape Town that diamonds had been found in the gold districts on the Orange River, midway between the east and west coasts of South Africa, and if any doubts existed as to the truth of the statement, they were utterly put to flight by the discovery in the following spring of the African Koh-i-nor or Star of South Africa, valued at about £30,000. It was purchased by the late firm of Hunt and Roskell, by whom it was cut and sold to Lord Dudley. It is now known as the Dudley Diamond. It is of a light yellow colour beautifully crystallised, and in the rough the size of a small walnut. This stone was found by a poor herdsman who disposed of it for five hundred sheep, ten head of cattle and a horse, and was made very happy by the exchange. The origin of the Kimberley and Du Toits pans was, that a Dutch Boer named Van Wyk, who occupied a farm-house in this locality, was surprised to find diamonds actually embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighbouring pond. This led to an examination of the surrounding soil, and the diggings thus commenced formed the celebrated Du Toits pan. The habitat of the diamond is not the same in Africa as in other diamond localities. Instead of being in the rock itself, the home is beneath it in a soft soapy mineral soil known by the name of blue earth, which in some parts has a depth of 450 feet and is reached by shafts. While I write I have before me, by favour of Mr. Streeter, one of the very few African diamonds embedded in a rock, and beside it a ruby, the rock being about the size of half a walnut. I have also before me a diamond about the size of a large pea, which from continual washings of thousands of years, has become perfectly round; this is rare indeed.

By 1870 public attention had become thoroughly roused; every town of South Africa emptied itself of men for the diggings, and diamond hunters poured in from every quarter of the world.

The South African diamonds are found over many square miles of territory. The area reaches as far as Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, on the north, and south of the Orange River to the north-west of Hope Town.

Jagerfonstein and Mamusa are well-known localities for diamonds.

The diamonds are found also in the beds of rivers and what are called pans or dry diggings, such as Du Toits pan and Kimberley. A pan is a local depression in the flat basin-like hollows which extend often to a length of two or three miles. They receive the drainage of the surrounding districts, but having no outlet, the water, as it evaporates, acquires a brackish taste, and in dry seasons the pans exhibit a whitish saline incrustation

It is supposed that in 1871 the diamonds exported from the Cape were of the value of £1,500,000, and there have been more large diamonds found here in a short time than in centuries in other parts of the world. Up to the spring of this year, 1893, the three great diamonds of the Cape were the Dudley, the Stewart, and Du Toit I.; but in June last the largest ever known was found in the New Jagerfonstein Company's mine in the Orange Free State, and is known as the Excelsior. Its weight is 970 carats and its colour is blue-white and almost perfect. It has some black spots in it which it is said can be cut out; it is supposed by some to be worth half a million. It was found by a Kaffir working in the mine shortly after blasting, in company of a red diamond; he received for his find £150, a horse, saddle, and bridle. The extraordinary thing about it is that some gentlemen were under contract to buy all stones good, bad, and indifferent at so much a carat within a certain time from this mine. The contract terminated on June 30th, and the Excelsior was about the last stone found on that day. It is about 3 inches high and 2 wide, while the flat base measures nearly 2 inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$. It is now I believe in London.

Mr. Streeter, who has had great experience in the South African mines, tells us that "20 per cent. of the Cape diamonds are of the purest water; 15 per cent. of second quality, and 20 per cent. of third quality; the remainder, being too impure for cutting, is known as bort, which when crushed is used for grinding diamonds and engraving gems." Strange to say, that the black impure variety of the diamond known as carbonado, so common in Brazil, has not yet been discovered here.

I read in the *Times* on September 14th just passed, "Cape Town, September 13th."

"The De Beers Company have sold the whole of their remaining stock of diamonds for cash to Messrs. Barnato Brothers, who lately bought £1,000,000 worth of diamonds."

The De Beers Company represent the interests of the De Beers, the Kimberley, the Bultfontein, the Du Toits pan and other smaller mines which are close together and all discovered within a space of half a year, an amalgamation brought about by Messrs. Rothschild and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

It was formed in 1888. It has a capital of £8,000,000, and in two years gave out some 2,500,000 carats of diamonds, realising by sale more than £3,500,000 produced by washing some 2,000,700 loads of blue earth, each load representing three quarters of a ton.

In working the mines, 1300 Europeans and 5700 natives are employed.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who has lately been to the Cape, says that the De Beers and the Kimberley mines are probably the two biggest holes which greedy man has ever dug into the earth; the area of the former at the surface being thirteen acres with a depth of 450 feet, while the latter is larger and deeper, the daily produce of the consolidated mines being about 5500 carats. There is one thing about the Cape diamonds which would to my mind make them preferable to those of India, they are free of the terrible histories which cling to these last.

"Could the many jewels that have found their way to England since the Indian Mutiny bear witness to the circumstances under which they have passed from the possession of their Indian owners, we question," says one, "if the European fair one could dare to deck her brow with those dearly-bought gems."



DIAMOND-POLISHING.

The letter of the *Times* correspondent with the army at Lucknow had the following passage in it. "Ere this letter reaches England, many a diamond, emerald, and delicate pearl will have told its tale in quite a pleasant way of the storm and sack of the Kaiserbagh. It is just as well that the fair wearer—though jewelry after all has a deadening effect on the sensitiveness of the female conscience—saw not how the glittering bauble was worn or the scene in which the treasure was trove."

It seems as though the diamond needed even in history a background to show up its dazzling brightness.

Australian diamonds have not yet made any great excitement, for the reason that they are so difficult to cut; they hang on the wheel, and the lapidary who works by the carat prefers those which are most quickly manipulated. A great authority told me two days ago, that if the time should come when the lapidary can work them easily, they will make a great stir in the world, for there are plenty of them and of good quality.

(*To be continued.*)



MUSIC.

L. E.—Should you pass your examination successfully you would be fully qualified to teach children, provided your method of conveying instruction were both agreeable and suitable for their easy comprehension. You will need patience. The science of harmony can be learnt without a master by some up to a certain length; counterpoint should follow afterwards.

GERTRUDE DEAR.—Go to a music-publishers, and ask the favour of trying a few pieces suitable for the American organ, and select those within your own musical powers to play. They will show you both instruments and the differences between them. Why does anyone—besides "Medicus"—prefer to use a *nom-de-plume* rather than their own names?

ENQUIRING MIND.—Like your music-master, we have never heard the term before, and believe, therefore, that its use is quite non-essential.

M. M.—A book of instructions suitable for beginners in learning to play the piano can be procured at any good music-shop. We cannot name any special book, as we have often told our correspondents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NUT-BROWN.—1. We cannot give you a prescription for making you fair.—2. Wearing gloves may improve the appearance of your hands.

DORIS.—Do your duty to your grandmother, who now supports you, and pray to God to take you into His care, and direct you should you survive her.

MIGNONETTE.—1. "It takes two to make a quarrel," so if you do not choose to be one contending party, there can be no quarrel. Again, remember the words of Holy Scripture, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and if you must give an answer, do so in the spirit of this admonition, refraining your anger for Christ's sake.—2. Should your deafness proceed from a cold, a doctor might prescribe a tonic for it. Perhaps there is a hard accumulation of wax which he might remove by syringing.

JOAN.—One of the best and most easily procured insecticides is the water in which potatoes have been boiled, especially if the potatoes have been cut open. Wash your little fancy terrier with it. We believe it will destroy the parasites in which mange originates, owing, it is said, to the solanine, which is one of the constituent parts of that vegetable. It might also destroy the vermin which infest the leaves of plants.

NEWSPAPER.—You ask us to give you a remedy for a complaint for which no properly diplomaed doctor has yet discovered any panacea. Some sufferers from neuralgia find relief from one course of treatment, some from another. Much has to do with the locality in which the sufferer lives, the nature of the diet, the amount of mental and physical labour, the rest they can enjoy, the hereditary characteristics of the general constitution. As you are personally unknown to us, we could not prescribe for you, even were we medical practitioners; but we agree with you that whiskey and brandy are not desirable as palliatives. Good food, rest, change of air, and a residence on a gravel or sandy soil may do much for you.

NICHE.—October 5th, 1860, was a Friday.

MARY K.—The measurements you send are very large; but the largest cut stones in the world are said to be those in the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, some of which are 60 feet long, 20 feet wide, and their depth cannot be ascertained.

MANCHESTER.—According to scientists, thunder has nothing to do with making milk sour. The atmospheric conditions which prevail during and just after thunderstorms, are only concerned so far as they furnish a favourable time for the fungus to develop rapidly. This fungus-growth is what really does sour the milk, and it is peculiarly fatal to young children who are at the nursing age.

CLARA.—1. We thank you for so kindly expressing your approbation of our paper, and especially our dress articles and their illustrations.—2. Your handwriting would be good if you shortened the tops and tails.

LOTTIE and E. W. F.—We cannot advertise shops. You must show specimens of what you can do where such things are sold, and obtain trade orders.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—You may bow slightly in passing to men with whom you have played at lawn tennis.

SORROWFUL.—In these days the period of mourning for a widow is two years. Crape is worn for one year and nine months, after which black only is used. The dress for the first year is fully covered with crape, and for nine months of the second year the dress is trimmed with crape. But some widows wear black only after the first year. The lawn collar and cuffs are usually worn only with crape; the veil and cap are worn for a year. The cap for the house is optional. The ornaments should be of jet with crape. A widow, however, in the present day, is really "a law unto herself." It depends on her own feeling. Many widows never leave off mourning, and use the bonnet and cap always with black.

"THE EARLY BIRD."—A new "Early Rising Club" has been started by Miss Emily Hartland, the Secretary of a popular "Practising Club." Address, Newent, Gloucester, and enclose a stamped and directed envelope for the rules.

"FIVE LITTLE SISTERS."—The quotation to which you refer is from a poem of the poet Gray—

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

See "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," stanza 1.

HARDY PLANT.—We are surprised that, as a professedly Christian girl, you have no shame in making such a statement, and asking such a question! Were you a Jewess we could understand your seeing no obstacle in the relationship; but as a Christian, you should need no one to tell you that you are, in heart, guilty of breaking the ninth commandment, and yet you have the shameless impudence to inquire "whether there be any harm in it?" From henceforth keep carefully out of his way, and should there be any difficulty in so doing, make a confidant of your mother, and ask her to aid you in so doing. Also humble yourself before God, and pray for both help and pardon.

HOPING FOR BETTER TIMES.—We never recommend Mr. Anybody's cure for either stoutness or thinness. We are not quacks, nor should we, as editors, be expected to be medical practitioners. Leave the little extra layer of fat alone, for, if well, any change will be to make you ill.

A. B. and F. R.—St. Elizabeth was the daughter of the King of Hungary. She was born in 1207 A.D., and betrothed in early childhood to the son of the Landgrave of Thuringia. She was devoted to works of charity, was under the severe rule of a priest, and cruelly treated by her mother-in-law and the family of her husband, who was himself much attached to her, but too feeble in character to protect her. One day she was asked by him to show what she had in her mantle, which happened to be supplies for the poor of Eisenach, and on insisting to see, the legend says the food was changed into white and red roses. To her bitter grief her husband joined the crusade in 1226, and died on his way at Otranto of fever. His brother then seized his possessions, and turned the widow out of the castle in the midst of winter. She kept herself from starvation by spinning till the knights returned, who dethroned the cruel usurper, made her son, Herman, landgrave in his father's place, and bestowed the city of Marbourg on Elizabeth, who lived there with her daughters. We have not space to tell you more than that she died early of severe austerities insisted upon by her priest, and deeply regretted.

AMY.—Yes; there are red or pink sapphires. One from the mines of Ceylon was sent over here, weighing 241 carats, of a pink colour. It is not the hue, but the composition of the gem that determines its character. Of all the fine red sapphires that have been known, and proved as being such, but few have weighed more than five carats. The largest known—for they are usually small and defective likewise—is to be seen in the Toison d'or of the French regalia. There are also yellow sapphires.

MARIE.—To cleanse the rose-tree from the green-fly blight, wash well with strong potato-water or tobacco juice.

HEART-BROKEN ONE.—If your "intended" have expressed a desire to be free on leaving England, let him have his liberty, and do not imagine that the breaking-off of the engagement is only for your sake, and a purely unselfish sacrifice of his own wishes.

HELEN.—The French phrase, *Telle est la vie* means, "Such is life." There is no "d" in the word "oblige," nor an "e" in "truly." We draw attention to these mistakes, because they are so frequently made by our correspondents.

NONESUCH inquires, "Is it possible for a young man to love you thoroughly" (we correct both spelling and grammar) "who lives in the same house of business?" We are at a loss to comprehend what "living in the same house has to do with 'love?'" If any influence be the result of propinquity, it would be that more intimate acquaintance and opportunities for observing the habits and character of another, it would be to warm a friendship into a lover's attachment.—2. We have no recipe such as you require.

A. T. HALL.—We can only give you the often-repeated answer: apply at the various offices of the Mail Steamships Companies.

DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.—1. It is better to be satisfied with one cup of tea at a friend's house in the afternoon, for if everyone asked for two, it would necessitate the making of fresh tea.—2. The eating of sweetmeats tends to create acidity in the system, which produces cramp, rheumatism, gout, and many other complaints, and injures the teeth. Once in a way two or three would do no harm.

OYSTERS.—The lines—

> "Call us not weeds—
> We are flowers of the sea."

are to be found in the poems of Eliza Cook.

CARRIE JOHNSTONE.—See "G. O. P.," volume xiii., pages 20, 229, 332, 362.

MEELYAH.—Read St. John, xxi. 21. We only know what is commanded, and therefore what is our own unquestionable duty. "He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me." Certainly, as a believer, and one who desires to serve her divine Lord and Master, you should be forthwith baptised. But whether after the rites of the Church of England, or of any dissenting community, we can only leave to your own decision after much careful thought and prayer.

LONELY LASSIE.—We feel for your most trying position; but you are in the path of duty in remaining with your mother. Endeavour to draw the nearer, in your isolation from those you love, to "Him that sticketh closer than a brother."

S. S. M.—We can only advise you to write direct to the Matron or Lady Superintendent of the institution at Zeals, near Bath, and send a stamped and directed envelope for the prospectus and any written information they might be so good as to send you. It is best to obtain it first-hand, and a list of vacancies, if any.

A MOTHER.—We strongly recommend the "Ministering Children's League" to the attention of all who have young people under their charge and training. It was founded by the Countess of Meath in 1885. There are 220 or more branches now, spread from our own land over the colonies, the West Indies, and the United States, 18,000 and upwards of children being united together under the rule of the League—to "try to do at least one kind deed every day." At Ottawa, under their local president, Lady Lansdowne, they have instituted a convalescent home, and have made quilts, pillows, and other necessaries for the cots, and the little West Indian boys have turned neglected and disused graveyards into gardens. Great results have followed the efforts and practical work of infant hands, and those who are conversant with that universal characteristic of children—the love of doing something not within the limits of mere play, and their zeal in all they undertake (lessons generally excepted), will recognise the expediency of turning their thoughts and directing their efforts into so good a path. The Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, Lancaster Gate, W., started the first branch of the League in his parish.

INVALID.—Write to Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow, for the address of the "Shut in Society."

IVY.—We sympathise with you in your loss of a friend. But you should learn the rules of metrical composition before you attempt to write verses. Even the rhymes are not correct—"love" and "good" do not rhyme; and the grammar and spelling need correction.



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MARGARET—A PEARL.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

ON gay parade, in crowded hall,
Where fickle fashion flirts and flaunts,
Among the worldlings at the ball—
'Mid scenes the *blasé* trifler haunts,
You ne'er will meet
My love, my sweet!

But in the dwellings of the poor,
'Mid scenes of suffering and grief,
Where there are mourners' tears to dry,
And pity needed, and relief,
You're sure to find
My lady kind.

You'll know her by her patient smile,
And by her grey eyes, calm and sweet,
And by her white hands' soothing touch,
And by the soft fall of her feet,
What time you meet
My love, my sweet!

And oh! you'll understand why I
Have sworn to be her faithful knight,
The while you marvel how she stooped
To raise me to her own white height,
When you have met
My Margaret.



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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



CHAPTER X.

A STORM AND A WRECK.

THE years passed. We were all grown up, and all of us girls sailed as of old with father in our beloved *Sea Serpent*. Of course, I don't mean that we had never been out of her, that she had not been laid up in dock several times, with her officers paid-off and appointed to other ships. Father himself had sailed in the interval in the *Invulnerable* and the *Etoile*. The last was a French prize which was not re-christened by a translation of her name, so that the sailors universally called her the *Tile*. We had been with father in these vessels; but, though the *Invulnerable* was larger, and the *Etoile* was better fitted up, we did not take to them so kindly as to the floating home of our childhood and youth. Father, too, had a strong preference for the *Sea Serpent*, and when she was not otherwise engaged, and he could make the selection, chose her again for his flag-ship. We had a fondness for every deck, mast, and plank of her, which were like the familiar features of a dear friend, and the fondness entertained by us girls was shared by Tom and Perry Hood. They had seen service together and apart, under other commanding officers, in other ships, in different quarters of the globe as father considered desirable; but, naturally, he was pleased to have his son and nephew with him, and when they had been properly disciplined under strangers he made the application in succession to have the two young men on his list of officers. You cannot think what the family satisfaction was when Perry and Tom were appointed in turn first and second lieutenants to the *Sea Serpent*. For them, it was like leave of absence, home, and active service all rolled into one; for us, it was the constant companionship of our boys, who were growing bearded as well as bronzed by this time.

Tom warned us, in nautical phrase, to "sheer off" and "lie on our oars," and let our consorts a-be, because of the pining jealousy of the other officers, who were comparatively out in the cold where the Admiral's family were concerned. I say "comparatively," because I need not say we knew our duty, as the Admiral's daughters, too well not to be courteous to all father's officers and the best of friends with his sailors, some of whom were old acquaintances. These were ready to pet us and treat us as if we were little less than King George and Queen Charlotte's princesses.

When I mentioned that we were all again in the *Sea Serpent*, I forgot to except our faithful guardian and second mother Aunt Maria. She was still alive, we were thankful to think, and able "to take up her pen," as she always expressed herself when she began her letters, to write to us all manner of good advice and kind sympathy; but she had grown too stiff and rheumatic to venture on board ship again after the last voyage she had taken, before we sailed once more to scour the seas and maintain the honour of the English flag in the *Sea Serpent*.

Aunt Maria was the more reconciled to retire from active service that Sally was quite a grown woman, able to take the head of father's table with proper dignity. Her engagement to our cousin Perry Hood was also publicly announced, so that she was the next thing to a married woman, which she would be "*de facto*," as Jane said, "in legal phrase," when we returned from the station for which we were bound, off the Cape of Good Hope. Sally was, in truth, so much older in mind and manners as to leave far behind Jane and me, though we were now "big girls" (metaphorically, in poor, dear Jane's case, since she was not an inch taller or a pound heavier—I did all the growing for the two), with long frocks and hair turned up, with high tortoise-shell combs in our turn. Sally had all the sedateness, the solidity, of character of an engaged young woman, whose lot in life is settled, who is only a step removed from a matron. She no longer belonged entirely to herself and her family. She owed something—a great deal—to the man to whom she was promised, who was promised to her by a solemn obligation. An engaged girl, if she had the smallest particle of respect either for herself or for her future husband, would hold herself aloof from all foolish flirtations—not to say noisy rompings—nay, even from such a modest flutter of innocent gadding and gaiety as might be permissible in a younger girl or in a girl who is not engaged.

This was the light in which Sally regarded her engagement; in which, for that matter, engagements were generally viewed by well-principled, well-disposed young English men and women when I was young myself. I have heard that in later years the tie has been looked upon in a different light by English men and women; that they will play fast and loose with it, with far fewer scruples of honour and delicate feeling than their predecessors would have entertained, the offenders arguing all the while that it is the higher morality they are practising, in not linking themselves with mates whom the pledged partners find they cannot love with the highest form of love, or for whom their feelings have undergone a change. I am told it is no longer easy in England to recognise an engaged girl or an engaged young man, still more by their bearing to the rest of the world than by their bearing to each other. I suppose the reason why engagements in marriage were so much more serious and binding long ago was that long engagements were then the rule rather than the exception, when naval and military men were detained indefinitely, often for ten or fifteen years, on foreign service, and had to wait for promotion and prize-money in order to secure a competence on which to start housekeeping; when to go out to India or Australia was to depart into forlorn exile for half a lifetime. Well, it was a great trial to constancy, no doubt—a trial which made the heart sink and the head grow grey before their time; but it was not without its compensations in dignified and pathetic patience to those whose loyalty came triumphantly through the test.

Yet, strange to say, Sally, in her early maturity, not only dwelt in a serener atmosphere; she was, by a paradox, in certain lights younger and lighter-hearted than she had been seven years before. She had ceased to think anything of being a grown-up young lady. Her sixteen-years-old airs and graces had fallen from her, without there being any necessity for her younger sisters taking them up, because we were not eldest daughters, with the eldest's responsibility. Sally had grown quite companionable again, as she had been when she wore short frocks and frilled trousers, and wished to climb a mast along with Tom and Perry. She gave us her confidence, and told us—what we knew very well already—how clever and steady Perry was, what a genius he had for navigation, how he had all the battles which had ever been fought at his fingers' ends. She complained of his foolish fondness for her, so that it was her duty to convince him that she was no paragon, only an ordinary flesh-and-blood girl, who lacked some of the accomplishments of a land-bred young lady because of the seafaring life she had led. For instance, she was not successful in making bread-seals and sealing-wax baskets, and her collection of "elegant extracts" was very poor, decidedly inferior to Aunt Maria's.

Jane was an untiringly interested and eager recipient of these confidences. Experiences foreign to her, which were never likely to be hers, had a great fascination for her, while they failed to excite in her a particle of either envy or repining, which leads me to the conviction that Jane's was a great nature dwelling in a frail tabernacle. As for me, I sometimes wearied of the oft-told tale, and wished Sally would let us find out for ourselves those excellences of Perry's of which we had long heard and felt no inclination to doubt. Instead, she would, in the face of the evidence of our eyes and the knowledge of our whole lives, make him out an inch taller than he really was. She would indignantly deny that there had ever been any necessity for padding the left sleeve of his coat, just under his epaulette, to hide a slight inequality in the height of his

shoulders; and when she was convicted of being in the wrong by proof positive that I was in the right, she would make use of her own height to draw herself up till she appeared to tower above me, though in reality, when we were last measured—head to head and heel to heel—there was not above a straw's breadth of advantage on her side, and flounce away. As she flounced she would say disdainfully that I must know very little if I had never heard that the great Admiral Blake and Lord Viscount Nelson were both little men; and that Nelson, whom we had been brought up to adore—in common with the entire Navy — because he had the stoutest heart, the clearest head, and the quickest hand in the service, in place of merely having a hair's-breadth of difference between the height of his shoulders (caused doubtless by over-diligent application to his studies and duties) had an empty coat-sleeve fastened across his breast, and was blind of an eye to boot. By the time I came to be reminded of these trifling flaws, I was always heartily ashamed of myself for having been singularly ungracious in insisting with needless precision on small details. I admired our Sally for her staunchness to her colours. I felt how sensible, wise, and truly womanly she was not to dwell on externals, but to pin her faith to more sterling qualities, which would never fail her or perish, as all mere physical gifts perish, in the using.

I am now about to enter on a crisis in our family history, during which it is impossible for me always to write at first hand. I must write a good deal from hearsay; and even if I could, after a long interval of time, recall all the nautical terms proper for such vicissitudes, and accompany them with the explanations which skilled seamen might furnish, the terms themselves would still be more or less incomprehensible to my readers. In the year to which I refer, when Jane and I were nineteen and eighteen years old, and when Sally was in her twenty-fifth year, when we were as usual at war with the French—which we had been, off and on, all through my youth—the *Sea Serpent* had separated herself from the main body of the Red Squadron, and had gone, with two sloops-of-war, in the direction of the Mauritius. I believe the object was to intercept and outwit any French ships bearing down with evil intent on the islands.

Not only were we engaged on this separate expedition, we had parted company with our small escort on a sudden alarm. Several small sail had been seen on the horizon, and they were conjectured to be the enemy for whom we were lying in wait. Accordingly, the *Hercules* and the *Oberon*, in our train, were signalled to give chase, while we awaited the result, prepared to follow if necessary.

The weather was bad; so bad with shifting squalls, a heavy sea, and sheets of blinding rain, that we, who were seasoned sailors, had seldom known it worse. Sally, Jane, and I had, of course, to keep under shelter, and not venture on the quarter-deck, where there was already enough for men to do. Our detention below was a grievance to Sally and me, who were glad, in the monotony (on our side) of life on board ship, to watch the war of winds and waves and have all the dust blown away from us, as we declared. Even Jane would have her deck-chair fixed in a sheltered corner, and so lashed to a stay that it could not slip or topple over, and would take her observations of sea and sky and stormy petrel—which were entirely distinct from those of the man at the wheel—all to be carefully set down in a beautifully small and legible hand in what she called her log-book.

We submitted with a reasonably good grace, however, because we knew father was anxious and worried. He kept consulting the chart, and sounding continually. There was the threatening of no ordinary storm. We were out of our course and were in the vicinity of coral reefs and islands, while he did not feel at liberty to work the ship with the risk of leaving the *Hercules* and the *Oberon* behind us, possibly, if they had sustained a brush with the enemy, in a worse plight than we were.

We, in our cabin, felt nothing which could be called apprehension, though we were in a state of considerable excitement. We had known tolerably severe storms, while we had always come out of them more or less scatheless. It is burnt children who dread the fire. We had not been burnt yet. We had been remarkably fortunate and favoured, we gratefully admitted; for in all our sailing with father we had not suffered shipwreck. Once, in his youth, father himself had narrowly escaped from a ship which had foundered. He had been tossed about for days on a raft, with a scanty supply of provisions for himself and his companions. Tom had been in the *Gadfly*, which was burnt to the water's edge. He and the officers and crew had not quitted the vessel ten minutes when the powder-magazine blew up. Tom's hands still bore the scars of the burns which they had incurred by grasping at the red-hot stern-chains in letting himself down into his boat. But none of us girls had been in such deadly peril; we only knew enough of danger to be inured to it.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TWO SISTERS LIVE IN THE COUNTRY ON A POUND A WEEK.

By BARBARA MARSH.

CHAPTER V.



In support of my theory that the choice of a life in London or in any large town for a poor gentlewoman is a mistaken one, I will instance a case that has lately come under my notice, because I think it proves clearly how much larger, in many unlooked-for ways, the expenditure necessarily is; there are so many channels through which the contents of a slender purse may dribble away, not to speak of temptations to spend money on things which cannot well be afforded and could be done without, which frequently offer themselves to the eyes of the dweller among all that is rich and beautiful in the great mart of fashion and art.

Some are so constituted that residence in a secluded rural district would be a moral impossibility; some again may be so circumstanced that it would be an inconvenience. But exceptions aside, and speaking from the point of view of one who loves the country, who has made the experiment of living in the country and found it succeed, I raise my voice in its favour, and recommend the plan to all who have a certain fixed income, independent of the necessity of earning it, and who are at liberty to choose the spot wherein they will eke out their narrow means. The case I allude to was that of a poor lady who was not, as Loïs and I, "passing rich on £52 a year," but poor on an annuity of £60.

She would not have been happy in the quiet retirement we have chosen, for all her interests and affections were centred in the great city, but she would undoubtedly have been better off.

As a matter of course, she could only afford to rent two rooms, and these were in the airless street of an obscure suburb. I am not quite sure what she paid for these apartments, but think it was something like £26 a year.

She had sufficient furniture to make these rooms comfortable, and she was a woman of so much ingenuity and taste that they never failed to look bright and pretty.

Fortunately, she had no necessity to spend much on dress, for she had kind friends who supplied many of her wants in this respect, and she always contrived to present as fashionable an appearance to the world as industry and clever management could accomplish.

The housekeeping for herself alone, however, was of a meagre description, subject also to the discomfort of having no kitchen accommodation and no attendance. That she could not afford it was partly due to three causes.

She loved to entertain her friends, of whom she had many; for living a lonely life in a home that was but a London lodging, she indulged her hospitable feelings as often as she could, and in order to do so pinched herself in private.

Then, she could never make up her restless mind to spend two or three consecutive days at home, unless compelled by illness or stress of weather. She loved to trot about London town; long distances on her own feet,

however, were beyond her powers, not being strong, so railway fares, omnibus and tram-car fares ran away with many a shilling, and her diet suffered in consequence.

Again, her health, as I have intimated, was bad. Frequently she had doctors' bills to pay; she was growing old, and was beset with a morbid fear that haunted her, poor thing, unknown to those who loved her, that she might be permanently laid up and have insufficient means to meet her expenses.

So, quarter by quarter, and year by year, as her annuity became due, she laid by something, stinting herself daily that she might be able to do so, and injuring the health, the loss of which she feared would be the cause of her impoverishment. At her death, her relatives accidentally found hidden away in an old box a savings-bank book which contained payments amounting to over one hundred pounds.

How sad to think that she actually half-starved herself to save for the needs of impending old age and illness, instead of enjoying the comforts God meant her to have, and which assuredly under different conditions might have been hers.

"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

"Ah, poor dear," we said, on hearing the story, "if she could have been transplanted here we could have made room for her in our Honeysuckle Cottage; she need not then have lived and died almost alone, and her small income would have seemed comparative riches."

This suggests another idea, namely, that if some good agency were set to work to bring together poor gentlewomen similarly situated, but left alone in the world, how much easier and happier their circumstances might become. It would be a "mutual aid in country life society."

Since discovering and taking possession of our present home, we have, in our various rambles, come upon more than one little cottage in which ladies need not disdain to take up their abode, and on enquiry have found them all to be lower rented than ours is, and all have gardens.

Rents of course greatly depend on the neighbourhood, the distance from stations and populous centres, also upon the proprietor. It is true these cottages are all inhabited by labourers or cottage-farmers, and doubtless many of them have great inconveniences, but speaking from my own experience these are not insurmountable or unbearable, and, given the chance of lighting upon such an opportunity as one of these rustic homes would afford, there would be no doubt in my own mind as to the folly of letting it slip.

"If I were a wealthy landed proprietor," said my sister Loïs one day, when we had been discussing the subject much after the above fashion, "I would erect ever so many old-fashioned cottages after the pattern of some of those we have seen nestling in sweet out-of-the-way nooks, for the express purpose of sheltering poor gentlewomen. I would make them as convenient and comfortable as possible, and then I would make it known to all whom it might concern that they were to be had at such and such rents. I would not be greedy after any large percentage either, or consider that I was laying my tenants under any serious obligation."

The postman did occasionally visit Honeysuckle Cottage, for we had friends, though they did not often find their way down to our part of the country. One morning, not long after Camilla's visit, he brought a letter addressed to Loïs in a handwriting we had not seen for more than two years.

That she recognised it at once was evident by the startled look on her face and the quick change of colour from red to white and white to red again. I knew who the letter was from, and a pang shot through my heart like a knife when I realised what it might mean. I got up and went into the garden to pick fruit and get in vegetables for dinner, determined not to intrude, but let Loïs confide in me when she thought fit. My thoughts grew busier than my fingers; it seemed a long while that I was alone out there, but when at length my sister came walking slowly towards me, letter in hand, I had very little fruit in my basket. There were traces of tears on her face, but she was quite calm.

"Well," said I, trying to smile cheerfully as she approached.

Her answer was to place the letter in my hand and walk away down the garden.

I hardly liked looking at the contents, it seemed to me so like prying into what was sacred to another, but she wished it. I dare-say it was the easiest method of making known to me what there was to be said.

The letter contained, as I anticipated, a renewal of the offer of marriage which Loïs had received before the break up of our former home. When our reverses and great trouble fell upon us, she had written to set her lover free, but there had come no reply from him, and I, indignant, had declared him utterly unworthy of further thought. That Loïs had fretted in secret I knew, but when we disappeared from our former circle in London life and began the kind of existence which we have led ever since, she roused herself, and had by this time, I flattered myself, quite overcome the trouble.

This letter now explained his strange and as I thought, heartless behaviour. Her offer to free him from any tie had never been in his hands till a week ago; for in his temporary absence from home it had been mislaid by some member of the family locking it up with other papers by mistake. Business had called him away from England immediately after, and though he had written repeatedly, receiving no reply to any of his letters, he had at last, angry and disappointed, desisted. The news of our losses had never reached him, for his own family were not favourable to the match, and there had been no communications on either side. Our present home being known only to our immediate friends, his letters to Loïs had been returned to him through the Dead Letter Office. Camilla and her family, who alone could have enlightened him, were abroad.

Finding his hopes shattered, said he in this letter now before me, he had accepted the offer of manager to a branch office of the business in which he and his father were engaged, a post which took him to the other side of the world, where he had remained till now. On his return, he had been brought in contact with Camilla once more, and she had enlightened his mind. Loïs' letter had been found quite accidentally a few days before, and this had put him in possession of the true facts and enabled him to exonerate himself in her eyes.

Was it now too late? Might he not seek her again and offer the home he had always been longing to share with her as the wife of his choice.

The letter dropped on the ground from my trembling fingers. Would she leave me? Would she say yes, for I know she loved him once.

"Is it too late, Loïs?" I asked, huskily.

She threw her arms round me saying, "Yes, Bab, it is too late. He need not seek me here. I could not leave you if I wished. We have been so happy here together, we will remain so, if God pleases, till the end."

BEETHOVEN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

PART II.

THE Fifth Symphony is the next one of note. This great work is the starting-point of Liszt's musical forms, its peculiarity consisting in only one leading subject being used as the material for treatment instead of two or more. Many are the fanciful explanations which have been offered of the objects and aims of Beethoven's symphonies by those anxious to expound them poetically. Critics allude to flowing rivers, to beautiful landscapes, to woodland scenery, to mountain scenes, to storms, to calms, to gales, to nightfall, to May, and to the hundred other objects of familiar nature which can by the touch of genius be idealised and raised into beautiful prominence and wrapped in the charms of music. Contrary to these multitudinous explanations which have thus freely been offered, Beethoven himself has only vouchsafed one explanation of any of his symphonies. It is the fifth symphony which he has explained. The leading subject in the piece we mention consists of a short phrase of four notes, which is repeated in measureless force and fury all up and down the orchestra, with such titanic intensity at last that the listener's imagination reels under the fearful ideas which this phrase conjures up. Beethoven has explained the symphony by saying that this phrase is intended to depict "Fate knocking at the door." The impressive phrase is the terrible knocking, and certainly not even Gluck's representation of Cerberus barking in the lower regions is more terrible and realistic.

The next symphony in order, the Sixth, is the most tuneful, and, perhaps, the most generally popular of them all. In this symphony the composer essays to describe the impressions made upon his musical mind by a sojourn in the country. He depicts in the first movement his arrival among the realms of Nature; and then embodies in a wonderful way, in his music, the freshness of the feelings which such a visit induces. We wander through the country under Beethoven's experienced guidance, and ere long are arrested by the babbling and gurgling of a brook, which strikes upon the ear with such realistic effect as if a veritable sheet of rippling water were playing through the orchestra. First one instrument in the band takes up the purling and prattling of the water, and then another renders it with equally life-like effect; the brook—like Tennyson's, purling prettily along—is heard quite distinctly amid the mass of sound that environs it, and, like the stream of the English bard, might "go on for ever," so far as the delight and appreciation of the hearer is concerned. We are never weary of its gurgle, we are never fatigued by its pretty and harmonious rippling. If painting can render the effect of a landscape with close resemblance and fidelity, music can reproduce, as no other art can, the effect of running water. Flutes with their trills, violins with their shakes, violoncellos for the deeper tones, clarionets for the higher and purer airs—by these instruments, and their cunning power of portraiture, the running of water can be

admirably depicted. Beethoven, we may be sure, employs every device of art which is at the disposal of a musician, and a masterly imitation is the result.

In the third movement of the symphony we pass from the pure realms of Nature to the haunts of man. The peasants, the denizens of the country, now come on for musical treatment, and a very pretty contrast they make. We are present at a little rustic *fête*, where all sorts of quaint instrumental effects are humorously introduced, to mimic the quaint and often uncouth revelry of country bumpkins. That most naïve of orchestral instruments, the hautboy, is very neatly handled at striking and significant moments, while among other peculiar musical effects an imitation of the Tyrolese bagpipe is employed.

The fourth movement is a grand and sublime one. It is intended to portray a storm. Storms are features of country life which may be felt in all their grandeur and fury in rural districts, consequently Beethoven judged it well to introduce one in his Pastoral Symphony. It is a terrible storm which the master of the symphony conjures up---such a storm as has never been heard again in the arena of the orchestra. So typical and prominent is this storm that the symphony has received the name of the Storm Symphony, and was freely spoken of at the early part of this century as Beethoven's Storm. Lightning and thunder play through the orchestra; the rain descends, the wind howls. Good-bye to the poor, little rustic *fête* and the preparations for pleasure which the peasants had so carefully made! Nature is thrown into an uproar which heeds not merrymakings or rural delights, and the elements hold riot in the orchestra at the bidding of Beethoven.

At last the final movement of the symphony comes. The clouds leave the sky and the storm passes away, and we hear, with a feeling of relief, the song of thanksgiving uttered by the shepherds, who once more drive their flocks to the sunny pastures and forebode good weather for some time to come. So charming an ending delights all listeners, and there are few who, after hearing a performance of this great work, do not go away deeply and sincerely impressed with the completeness of Beethoven's musical skill.

The composer has been taxed by some with demeaning the art of music in this symphony by introducing an imitation of the voices of birds. At one portion of the piece, we may mention, the music sinks to a *pianissimo*, and suddenly chirping out high above the softened orchestra one hears the notes of the quail, the nightingale, the cuckoo, and other birds. Haydn had imitated the notes of these birds in a humorous little piece of his called the "Toy Symphony," and had directed that for the due performance of that work instruments should be employed such as those with which children mimic the voices of those birds. The effect is charming, but also childish. Beethoven had the difficulty before him that he was not composing a piece for children, but for grown-up people. Accordingly, instead of importing the children's instruments into the orchestra, he assigned the voices of the birds to instruments of the band. The flute takes up the cry of the nightingale, the clarionet that of the cuckoo, while the hautboy, with its singular and quaint tone, reproduces the notes of the quail.

The Seventh Symphony was first performed along with that martial piece from the composer's pen entitled "The Battle of Vittoria," shortly after the Battle of Waterloo. On that celebrated occasion Beethoven himself conducted, Spohr led the first violins, while Hummel and Sivori occupied subordinate places in the orchestra, in order to do honour to the great work of the mighty master. In this symphony we see the composer for the first time deliberately breaking free from the traditions of former symphony writers, and striking out a new path for himself. Various have been the explanations of the music offered by those who would reduce everything in the art of sound to intelligible shapes of imagination. Some say "Moorish chivalry" is the subject of the symphony; others, a masquerade; while others again will have it that a "wedding feast" is the topic on which the composer dilates throughout his mighty work. Some hold yet another theory, *viz.*, that Beethoven's own life and circumstances, considered in relation to the stirring events which at that day were passing in the world at large, were the real theme of imagination from which the great writer drew the beautiful music of the symphony. Whichever way we take it, there is no doubt of one great fact—that the character of the symphony is a grand and majestic one. Its very introduction is pompous and stately, and the free use of the *crescendo* throughout the work contributes to sustain the loftiness of tone with which the symphony opens.

The Ninth Symphony is a type of Beethoven's latest style, and is often not understood or appreciated by hearers, because in it the composer has neglected the principles of beauty in his zeal to express the emotion, the melancholy, the passion, and other feelings which fill him. The Ninth Symphony is not the most beautiful of Beethoven's symphonies, and in order to understand and admire it the listener must have familiarised himself or herself with all the later writings of the great musician.

Turn we now from the musician to the man, and we shall be aware of as great a contrast as could possibly be imagined. The lofty dreams, the lovely and ear-thrilling romances, the exquisite beauty of conception, all would point to a life lovely to dwell on, to an enviable and delightful existence, which few men but one so richly endowed could ever indulge any hope of attaining. How different was the reality of Beethoven, the unhappy denizen of lodging-house after lodging-house in Vienna! for ever uncomfortable, and for ever changing his residence, unsettled, irritable, and often very miserable; contradicting by the fact of his existence the supreme tranquillity and repose which are present in his art. The landladies of Vienna knew him well, and were none of them very anxious to have him as a lodger, he was so eccentric in his habits, and would often leave at a moment's notice, always scrupulously paying the necessary rent, but giving untold trouble and anxiety by his erratic propensities in the matter.

He was never very careful of his landlady's furniture, as may be judged when we mention that his favourite habit, after having heated his hands with playing the pianoforte, was to seize a jug of water and pour it over his fingers until the basin beneath it was full to overflowing. Entirely oblivious of the fact, however, he would go on pouring more and more water, until the carpet was saturated, until the inundation spread from the carpet to the furniture, which it would sop in terrible style; from thence it would make its way down through the roof of the chamber underneath, which it would completely deluge. Beethoven never thought of these contingencies when he rose from a long spell of pianoforte-playing! He was so entirely abstracted from all sublunary things that the fate of a carpet or the comfort of his neighbours scarcely entered his thoughts.

He lived by himself, a confirmed bachelor. It is not probable that he was ever seriously in love in his life. Such an assertion may sound strange about the composer of "Adelaïda" and the author of "Fidelio;" yet the statement is probably true to the letter. Two ladies are mentioned in his correspondence and in that of his friends, whom he is supposed to have been in love with. One of these was the Countess Guiccardi, to whom he dedicated the sublime "Moonlight Sonata." This work breathes out such tenderness of passion that people may be excused if they find in the dedication something deeper than the mere inscription of a piece, and view it as an offer of voluntary homage. Yet careful scrutiny of the evidence of the love of Beethoven for Giuliette Guiccardi reveals nothing which a biographer might take hold of to build up a pretty tale of romance thereon. It is true that Beethoven, when he heard that the young countess was married to somebody else, made very kind inquiries about her, and was always glad to know how she prospered and how she enjoyed her wedded existence; and a German biographer, commenting on this fact, adduces it as an evidence that Beethoven was deeply in love with the young lady. But surely we ought to infer the very opposite.

Another lady with whom the composer's name is connected is Bettina von Arnim, a lady of a very literary turn, who doubtless appreciated his high mental gifts, but does not seem to have had her heart touched with that genuine sympathy which leads to love. The letters which exist between the pair are of a very high-flown and poetical character, but they breathe no genuine fervour of emotion; rather, we should be apt to style the manner in which they were written affectation; it approaches nearer to that than it does to any deep or heartfelt passion.

Beethoven, left utterly to himself as he was in the heart of Vienna, and with his solitude rendered all the more intense and complete by the fact of his deafness, led a secluded and solitary life, uncheered by any other beam of comfort than what his music afforded him; but this gave him a whole sun of radiance, which filled his dreary lodging with endless and inexhaustible delight, and was dearer to him than any society, any domestic bliss, or any human friendship which could have been his.

His days may be said to have been passed in the exclusive cultivation of music. Nothing else ever entered his thoughts. He awoke to compose. He lay down at night to dream of future compositions.

He was an early riser, and the first thing he laid his hand upon when he had got up in the morning was the pen with which he had been filling his music-score the night before. Seizing this he generally found immediate use for it, since many thoughts conceived in the night-time would have to be set down, and other thoughts which had assailed him in multitudes as he was dressing would require to be jotted down for future reference.

We have said that he would snatch up his pen very readily. But we would not have it necessarily understood that he would sit down to write the actual score. The jotting down of these thoughts would probably take place in a little note-book, of which he possessed a large number, always carrying one of them about in his pocket for use if required. These little note-books were, so to speak, the mines from which he dug the materials of his symphonies and sonatas. They were little books of blank paper, without any lines, and just large enough to go into his pocket. The musical notes were written down by him according to a system of his own. He used no stave, but arranged them loosely according to their relative height by guess-work. He made no mark to show where one idea ended and another began. It was all a veritable chaos. He wrote them moreover in pencil, as a consequence of which they very soon got rubbed out, at least many of them did, and although he himself could decipher them when in the last stage of illegibility, no one else could.

When he wanted to compose in earnest, he was accustomed to range these little books

before him and pick out the air which seemed to please him most, from which he would work up the piece.

Behold him then with his array of little note-books before him, prepared for the delightful task of a morning's composition. He peers into this, pries into that, rummages in this heap, ransacks that, and finally brings his labours in research to a premature close for awhile, by upsetting one stack of note-books altogether and bringing them in a shower to the ground. These have to be picked up again and rearranged, and at length by dint of great pains and industry he finds the particular little book he is in search of. He carefully compares it with others which he has open before him, and appears well-pleased with his "find." He rubs his hands and cracks his fingers with delight. The whole contour of a marvellous air replete with sublime beauty lies before him, and he has nothing more to do than to transfer it from the chaos of his note-books to the score before him, which he accordingly proceeds to do with many inarticulate chuckles of delight. When at last there, the lovely melody seems to inspire him to the most intense industry. He writes with rapid pen its development as the theme of the piece wherein he has placed it. The sheets of music are rapidly penned for about half an hour or so, when suddenly he comes to another pause. Another delay, another search among his multifarious note-books; but this time a wild-goose chase. He cannot find the melody he is in search of. He rummages the books he has before him; turns from them at last in despair, and proceeding to a large box lying near, brings out two or three armfuls of new airs. He sets to work on these, turns them over and over, inside out, backwards and forwards in vain. He cannot meet with the missing tune. He upsets piles of books in his eagerness, throws down rolls of music-paper, scatters letters about. The whole floor is a mass of unshapely manuscript. At this inopportune and unexpected moment a rap comes to the door, and the servant enters with his dinner.

Beethoven gazes at the maid with stupefaction, and seems half inclined to turn her out, but finally decides on letting her lay the cloth. The preparations for his dinner are going on satisfactorily enough, till suddenly he hears her heel crush and tear a sheet of paper on the floor, and flying to the precious MS. manages to rescue it from imminent ill-usage just in time. Full of terror for the safety of his beloved manuscripts which he seems to think she has entered the room for the express purpose of destroying, he orders her out in the midst of her operations, and although she at first demurs, she is compelled at length reluctantly to go. The cloth half-laid, the vegetables and the soup are the only viands that have made their appearance; but with them the irate composer determines to be content rather than risk a repetition of the Hebe's visit, whose heavy boots threaten perdition to his beloved manuscripts.

How he makes his dinner of this scanty fare we need not describe, for such a burlesque of dinner was no uncommon thing with him. Sometimes through quarrelling with his landlady, at other times through a "tiff" with the servant, and finally, at times, owing to a want of ready money, he had nothing for dinner but a piece of bread and a glass of beer. He described such dinners in his diary, which for awhile he scrupulously kept, as his "beer days." He had a good many of them at times, when publishers were slow of paying, or when his caprices and humours were frequent in asserting themselves. But the discomfort of a dinner was very soon forgotten in the enthusiasm of composition which occupied his thoughts for the rest of the day, and within half an hour after sitting down to one of those scanty repasts the composer was often unable to tell whether he had dined or not.

His usual way of spending the afternoon was in extemporising on the piano. He never employed the piano during the morning hours, when his composition was chiefly done, but in the afternoon after the sterner labours of the day were over, he was accustomed to relax his mind by abandoning himself to a bout of extemporising, at which he would spend sometimes three or four hours. On the top of the piano he always kept a viola, which was a very favourite instrument with him, and which he was accustomed to play when he came home from his walks. Occasionally he performed on it in the afternoons, but as a rule the piano was the instrument he played then.

His fame in Vienna, even at the age of thirty, was considerable, and the older he grew the more his reputation increased. The Viennese got to know his eccentric habits, his peculiar ways of life, his fancies, his caprices, and finally his favourite hour for extemporisation, and while they laughed at or excused the former, they always took advantage of the latter for their own enjoyment. To hear Beethoven play!—let us think of it ourselves, and imagine what the treat would be—to hear the marvellous composer of the sonatas and the immortal symphonies unbending his soul in sweet sound, as he extemporised of an afternoon on the piano, was a musical treat far greater than any which a concert could afford. Music lovers in Vienna were not slow to take advantage of it. Knowing well that between the hours of one and four in summer and twelve and three in winter the immortal composer sat down at his piano, they were accustomed to congregate in the hall of the house and furtively to gain access to the neighbourhood of his apartment. While he sat playing on, imagining that he was enjoying the full benefit of solitude and retirement, in the very next room there might be half a dozen eavesdroppers eagerly bending forward to catch every note that passed from his inspired fingers; there might be three or four people listening at the keyhole, and as many more in the hall drinking in at a greater distance the torrent of beautiful sound which sprang like a fountain within.

One precaution was however necessary to be observed by these eavesdroppers and enchanted listeners. If the piano ever stopped within the sacred chamber, it was their policy to beat a retreat as fast as their legs could carry them so as to escape the notice of the irate composer, who might at any moment emerge from his sanctum. If by chance he had discovered anybody in the act of listening to what was going on inside, his rage would have been beyond bounds, and not only would he have vented his feelings in the most boisterous possible manner, but would certainly have left the lodgings at once and never set foot in them again. The listeners, well aware of the fact, were always careful so to arrange their hiding-places that they could at any moment dart from them and leave the house without being seen.

The composer's skill as an extemporiser was supreme. He threw into his playing all the untold wealth of his fancy, and the most charming airs, the noblest and sublimest passages of music, passed from his fingers and his mind as he sat in rapt inspiration before his instrument.

His life, which was spent for many years in this eccentric and solitary fashion—a manner of living which would not suit most men, but was eminently adapted for Beethoven, who held that music was the only subject worth living for—received a considerable transformation and a change, let us add, for the worse, when his nephew, Carl Beethoven, came under his care as ward, and almost, we may say, as son. Beethoven, whose sentiments and emotions had hitherto been riveted on music, and had found no human object to which they might direct themselves, suddenly conceived a great affection for his young nephew, and endeavoured to make that affection stand in the place of that higher and purer feeling which he might have shown, had he wished it, to one of the opposite sex. If, instead of being a misogynist, he had married a good woman, most of the misery of his life might have been spared, and his days, instead of being passed in unsettled wretchedness, would have rolled along in that calm tranquillity and happiness which was the characteristic of the life of Schumann and other men among the great composers who were blessed with good wives.

In the room of a loving woman, Beethoven had no one to put but his nephew Carl, for whom his affection was great in the extreme. But young Carl very soon showed himself utterly unworthy of his uncle's regard. He mixed with the most dissipated society, became a constant haunter of taverns and gaming saloons, got expelled from the university, whither his uncle, at great expense, had sent him, and ultimately, at the close of his career, attempted his own life in a fit of drunkenness. He almost broke his uncle's heart. Beethoven had no one else in the world but this misguided and ill-dispositioned youth. The great composer endeavoured to make him stand for wife, child, and whatever else an ordinary man holds dear. Alas, that he should have interested himself in one so utterly unable to appreciate and reciprocate his feelings!

The young man, the constant torment of his uncle, and the cause to him of intense mental agony, which interfered greatly with his sublime compositions, proved, in an indirect manner, the cause of his death. After Carl had attempted his own life, and thus put the finishing touch to his numerous escapades, it was decided finally by Beethoven that the best thing for the young man was to procure him a commission in the army, and let him at least earn an honourable death in battle. This accordingly was done, but the ill-starred composer seemed destined to fall a victim to his fondness for this youth. In order that the young man might be properly introduced and placed in his regiment, his uncle accompanied him, and for this purpose performed a long journey in mid-winter in an open vehicle with the good-for-nothing young cadet. This exposure brought on a chill, and from the chill Beethoven fell into a dropsy, which brought his death. Thus we may attribute nearly all Beethoven's evils, culminating with his premature decease, to the sinister influence of young Carl, a worthless and dissipated scapegrace, who did not deserve that a love-sick girl should waste a sigh over him, much less than that one of the divinest masters of song should rend his heart to shreds and be brought to an untimely end because of him.

After his death the Viennese began to appreciate Beethoven's greatness at its true worth. During his lifetime, owing to his eccentric and peculiar habits, and the frequent poverty in which he was plunged, his contemporaries failed to rank him as high as they ought to have done. Future generations have, however, exalted him to the pinnacle he deserved to stand on.

It is strange to reflect that one of the greatest masters of the art of sound who ever lived was stone-deaf. His deafness came upon him comparatively early in life. By the time he wrote his most celebrated compositions he was so deaf that had he sat in the middle of an orchestra playing *fortissimo* he would not have heard a note of the music that was roaring around him.

MEDICINE AMONG THE ARABS.

By E. A. FINN.



THERE had been no hospital in Jerusalem, or even in Palestine, till one was built, by the benevolence of English Christians, for relief of the distressing amount of disease which was wasting the Jewish population in the Holy City. The managers of the institution very wisely decided, however, that it would be both Christian and wise to allow the other inhabitants of the city and surrounding villages to share, in some degree, in the blessings of medical aid. Therefore, on one day in the week, people of all classes were admitted as out-patients to receive advice and medicine according to their need. Strange were the scenes which might then be witnessed in the court-yard and in the waiting-rooms. Stately effendis, or Mohammedan grandees, followed by their pipe-bearers, came ceremoniously to consult the English "hakeem." Arab peasants waited around the door for their turn; pilgrims, in divers Oriental costumes, gave variety to the scene; and peasant-women, with children slung at their backs in a hammock or riding astride their shoulders, would wait patiently until the lords of creation had been first attended to.

As various as the applicants was the nature of their ailments. Indigestion, arising from a feast after the Ramadan fast, want of appetite from too constant smoking or coffee-drinking, were petty ills. But there were ague patients in abundance; cases of rheumatism from the practice among the peasantry of going bare-legged in all weathers; ophthalmia among the infants, because their mothers deemed it unlucky to wash their faces; also among grown-up people, either from contagion, or because they had slept under the dew at night without covering their heads, or because they had slept under a fig-tree, or eaten figs and touched their eyes with unwashed fingers, thus causing inflammation from the acrid milk that exudes from every part of the fig-tree. There were some who had only eaten about a bushel of green chick-peas at a time, and therefore had a pain at the "head of their heart" (an Arab always calls his stomach "his heart"); others had brought on ague by drinking water after eating grapes. Here was a poor, stupid-looking creature, who had almost stifled himself the night before by going to sleep with a pan of charcoal-fire at his head. There was a mother holding up a sickly infant, pale and wan, but eating, as well as it could with its first tooth or two, a green cucumber, which it grasped with both hands.

"Why do you not wash your child? It cannot be healthy thus."

"I am afraid; washing it would weaken its sight."

To one wealthy patient, no less a personage than the governor's wife (who, however, was visited in her own seraglio), the doctor recommended a warm bath for her sick infant, but was told, "Oh, no! I washed it once, some months ago; but it made it so ill that I will never wash it again."

Another mother will ask for a charm to cure her child, because an envious neighbour had looked at it and smitten it with her evil eye—having no child of her own—and had thereby caused it to be ill all night. Here comes a man, a sturdy Arab peasant, looking woe-begone, however, and uncomfortable.

"What is the matter, Ibrahim?"

"My lord, I am ill; my heart pains me."

"How so? Hast thou taken the pills which I gave thee?"

"Verily, thy servant has swallowed them all."

"All! it was but this morning that I gave them to thee, saying, two were to be taken every morning."

"Truth, my lord; but I thought, if the pills were good, they would cure me faster if I took them all at once!"

Here comes another. "Well, Ahmed, is thy ague better?"

"Better, may God reward thee! I took the paper which my lord gave me" (the prescription to be made up at the dispensary), "and have worn it in my turban ever since, and here it is still" (taking his turban off, and extracting carefully the little slip of paper from its folds), "and it makes me quite well."

"Hast thou drunk no medicine, then?"

"Why should I, my lord? Thy paper is better than medicine, and more powerful than the charms of the Morocco sheikhs. I am quite well, now, thank God!"

Another had not, indeed, worn the paper in his turban, but he had taken the prescription and carefully washed the ink off it with water, and this water he had drunk, but his ague was not yet gone! In thus treating the prescription, he had but done with it as the Mohammedan sheikhs direct their patients to do with the charms they write for that purpose to remove disease. Another brought his son to be cured, alleging that the doctor had as yet done him no good, although he had most carefully taken the prescription, and, rolling it up, had set fire to it, and smoked the child's nostrils, and eyes, and ears with it seven times!

"And thou, O Ali (a grey-bearded old peasant), what desirest thou?"

"Nothing, O my lord! I have received the pills from thy deputy, but will my lord tell me whether I ought to put the pills into my girdle or wear them in my shoes?"

"Wear them in thy shoes! No; thou must swallow them—eat them; but not all at once, two every morning at sunrise before thy first pipe."

"Upon my head be it."

Another would come to have his hand cured. Fearing to be taken for military service he had chopped off the thumb of his left hand, and then cauterized the wound which had now become inflamed.

It may easily be imagined, that if the medicine and advice given to these Arab patients were so little understood or misapplied their own customs were curious enough. I have seen a servant stop when attending his master in the street to adjust a bandage which had slipped off a vein in his arm, opened an hour before, because it was his day for being bled—once a month as usual. I have known an infant, less than a year old, the only and dearly-loved child of most respectable parents, educated people, die from repeated bleedings in the foot intended to cure it of ague. Branding with a hot iron at the back of the neck or behind the ears is a favourite remedy for headache, and an Arab mother will have her infant branded on the stomach to cure it of stomach-ache. For sprains, a remedy is provided by getting a bit of the clothes of all the people who caused the injury by casting an evil eye on the sufferer. These are burnt with magical incantations. A servant of my own once recommended me two cures for ague. One was cautery on the inner muscle of the little finger, as applied by a woman to a friend of his. The other was the top of the ear of a dead dog. An Arab remedy for a broken leg is to take a dog's head, split it in two and bind the halves splint-fashion round the leg till it is cured.

Let me close with two incidents from country practice. A peasant woman came to a European doctor suffering from pain in her heart. "Oh, my lord, I ate some water-melons the other night, and lay down by the threshing-floor, and a serpent came while I was asleep and jumped into my mouth, and now I hear her rumbling and tumbling in my stomach. Pray give me something to drive her out."

The doctor gave her a few drops of peppermint, and being a wag added the following advice—"Go home, lie down to sleep, but before doing so put a large piece of water-melon between your teeth in front of your mouth. Keep it open all night to entice the serpent forth and you will hear no more of her."

Another day a man came to say that his little boy of ten years old had been asleep near the spring and a crab had walked into his ear and was now growing bigger and bigger inside of his head.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, my lord, there was once a boy and he went to be apprenticed to a very clever doctor. A man was brought who had a crab in his head, and the doctor cut all round his forehead and turned back his skull and laid bare the brain, and behold there was a large crab. The doctor loosened one claw, but before he could free the other the crab would lay hold again with the first. The little apprentice was peeping through the key-hole of the door, and seeing the difficulty cried out, 'Oh, my master, when thou loosenest the claw, break it off before letting it go.' So the doctor did—he was a very clever doctor—and he cured the man. Let my lord do so for my boy—for the sake of thy beard."

"What! cut his head open?"

"Surely, if it will cure him."

"Let thy son sit down here."

The boy placed himself in a chair. The doctor applied cupping glasses to his shaven head. As the skin rose under the glasses the father declared that here were the crabs coming out of his son's head. The boy got quite well, and the father spread far and wide the fame of the doctor, saying, "I beheld him without so much as cutting the skin draw out the crabs—great big fellows out of my son's head."

A favourite remedy for gunshot wounds is to rub gunpowder well into the wound, and a cure for sword cuts is to dip the part afflicted into boiling oil. There are many other remedies in constant use among the Arabs, most of them of as much value as those described; but some really have the merit of being well adapted to ailments which they do relieve and even thoroughly cure.

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART II.

"LOTS of soda, *ma'am!* That's the only way with this water. It's as 'ard as flint."

Mrs. Brown looked scornfully at her little employer as she spoke. What could ladies know about washing?

"Oh, well, it can't be helped, I suppose!"

Mrs. Bowen sighed meekly as she remembered the analyst's opinion of their village well.

"Only it seems a pity our black stockings should become green so long before their right time. Also I wanted to ask you to wash the suds out of our flannels, please. It leaves them so hard, and baby's skin is delicate."

"Dearie me, ma'am! Soap softens flannel—makes it like chammy, it do. Too much water just spoils them, it do."

As the mistress—after paying a week's bill—turned to ascend the stairs, Mrs. Brown sniffed audibly.

"*Ladies as is ladies,*" she said, *sotto vôcé* to the cook, "don't bother about such things! No soda, indeed! As if I didn't know how to wash!"

Mrs. Bowen was so little sure of this that, when next Miss Bond came for a chat, she took out her work-basket, and showed her a number of rusty-looking black stockings.

"Soda," was her friend's one remark, as she took up a needle and began to help the busy little mother with that day's mending.

"So I said to Mrs. Brown this morning." Mrs. Bowen waxed quite valiant when out of sight of that sturdy female who ruled her with a rod of iron. "She said our hard water really needed soda."

"Rubbish!"

Miss Bond's words were few and not elegant to-day, but her needle flew over and under the ladder in Bobbie's little calf as she spoke.

"Do you know about stockings as well as Jaegars?" queried Mrs. Bowen.

"Lukewarm water," recited Miss Bond like a schoolgirl, "melted soap, vinegar and salt—no soda."

Mrs. Bowen laughed.

"Will you give me another lesson, Annette?"

"To be sure I will. Next Monday keep back the black stockings and any white flannels you may have from that harpy—poor Mrs. Brown!—and we'll kill two birds with one stone."

Harriet was quite smiling when the two ladies, armed with a basket of soiled things, invaded her kitchen the next Monday morning. She began to believe in Miss Bond's "notions."

"Lukewarm water and boiled soap! Oh, thank you, cook; you have them ready, I see! Now, please, some salt and vinegar."

"Quare cookery," said Harriet pleasantly, as she handed the salt-barrel and brought out the keg of vinegar; "must it be white, miss?"

"No—brown will do as well. A handful of salt and a tablespoonful of this to every two gallons of water. Are you watching, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes," replied that lady, who had been thinking how unpleasantly her stockings would smell. Vinegar always reminded her of brown paper and headaches.

"It won't leave an odour," continued Miss Bond, divining her friend's thought. "Rub the sole on both sides of the foot. But, oh, we forgot to shake well before wetting them! Never mind—do the rest! It gets rid of dust and all white particles. Now, fold by the seam carefully, to keep the shape. Wring—elbows to waist—as before, Mrs. Bowen." The mistress blushed! she had been caught wringing in a most feeble, unprofessional manner. "Now, rinse, in lukewarm water, keeping seam right way. Wring, and dry. When the stockings are quite dry, press with a cool iron."

The white flannels were next taken in hand. Miss Bond got her washing and rinsing tubs ready before she began.

"The great secret in washing white flannels is speed," she took care to explain. A tablespoonful of ammonia was added to both waters, and into the first she put the petticoat, bodice, baby's binder, and head-flannel, one at a time. "Knead and squeeze only. On no account rub," she said, giving a practical illustration as she spoke. "Rinse out quickly, pass through the mangle, and shake thoroughly."

Mrs. Bowen began to think her friend's arms would fall out of their sockets before her new petticoat was declared done; but she found Miss Bond took quite as much trouble with the other things.

"It is a wet day, continued the friendly teacher; "so rub down the maiden, Harriet, and we will hang these before the fire."

"W-h-a-t's th-a-t?" drawled cook, putting on her most imbecile expression.

"Oh, the clothes-horse, to be sure!" Miss Bond was impatient. Every moment was precious while her flannel lay in a damp heap. "Now, no steaming, please, and when quite dry iron on the wrong side with a cool iron."

As the twain went upstairs Miss Bond caught sight of a rather Isabella-coloured-looking white shawl on the balustrades.

"Do that crotchet affair. It's Shetland wool, isn't it, like the Jaegars? Steep in ammonia-water for an hour, and dry, pinned carefully out to shape, on a sheet."

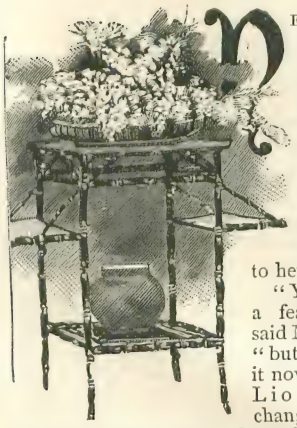
Mrs. Bowen smiled. "That was just off to the cleaner's, Annette. It was too cobwebby for Mrs. Brown's tender mercies, but I will do it at home now."

The baby thought she had a new binder that week; that is, she might have done so, if she had been capable of taking intelligent notice. Grandmamma was delighted to see her delicate, lacelike shawl come out fluffy and transparent as ever. Mrs. Bowen compared her washed petticoat with its new twin, and could see no difference; while the bodice—aforetime rather yellowed and thickened by Mrs. Brown's one application of soda and soap—was restored to almost its pristine comeliness. Harriet summed up the general satisfaction in a few words, "It does one's eyes good to see 'em. So it does!"

A CLEAR CASE OF PROOF.

By K. E. V., Author of "Winnie's Waiting," etc.

CHAPTER II.



NEXT morning, as Lottie was cleaning the front steps, a hawker came up with some brushes, and knowing her mistress wanted something of the sort she went to her.

"Yes, I did want a feather-brush," said Mrs. Sandford; "but I can't have it now. I gave Mr. Lionel all my change, and have only got a few coppers. Stay, though! Charlotte, do you happen to have any small money?"

Lottie thrust her hand into her pocket and brought out a collection of articles, among which was the forgotten threepenny piece. A rush of colour came to her face, but the coin had been seen, and she held it out without a word.

"Thank you," her mistress said. "I'll go to the man, and you had better go and peel the potatoes."

Lottie did not feel so very uncomfortable about the money; it would be gone, but she determined never again to appropriate any she might find lying about.

Mrs. Sandford scarcely spoke to her little maid again that day, and she went out for a little while in the afternoon. In the evening it rained, and Lottie in the kitchen looking out at the sodden garden, felt dull and discontented. This was Thursday, and there would be two whole days before she could go home. It would have been pleasanter, she thought, had she gone to a place where there were other servants to make things brighter.

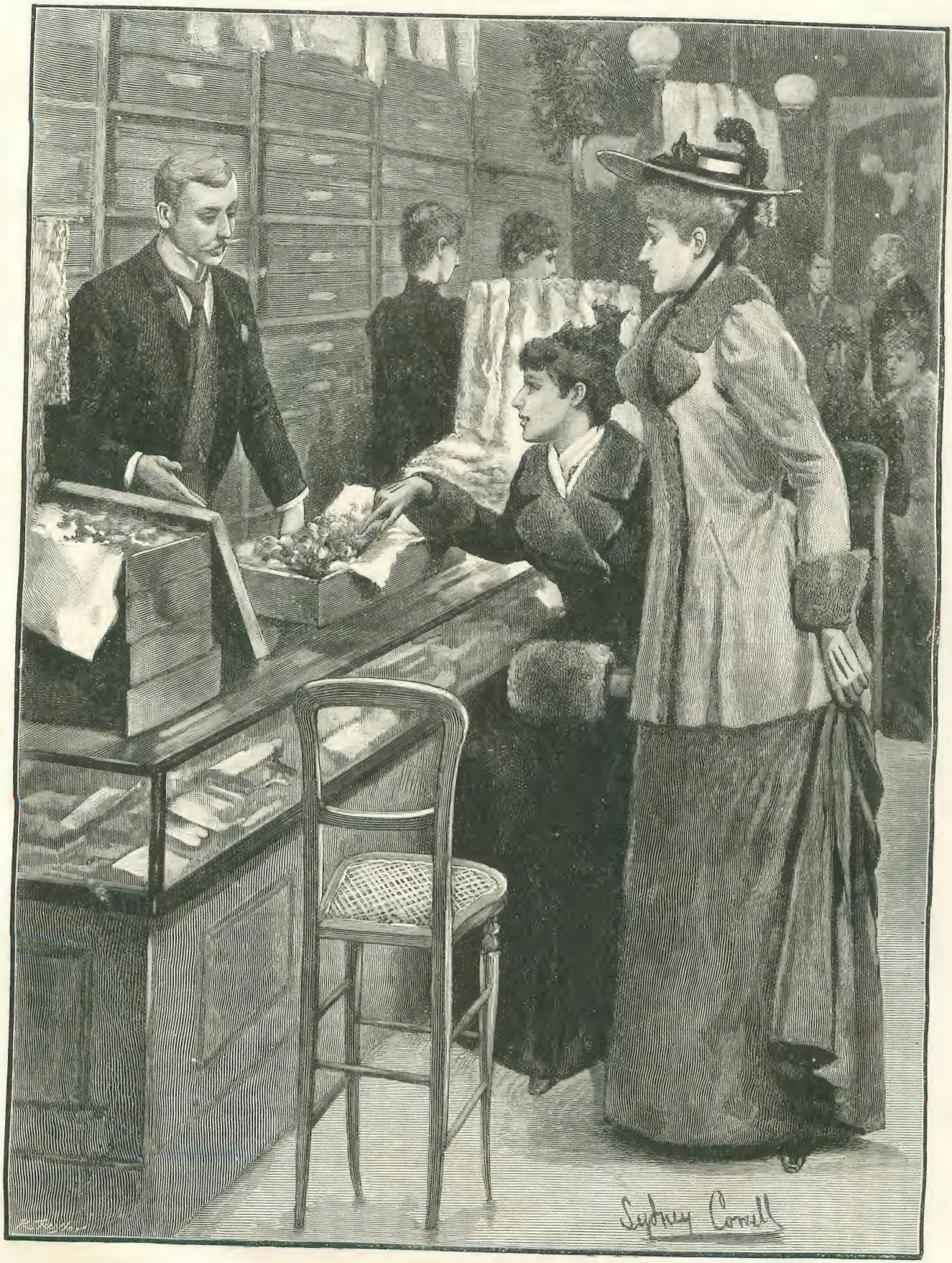
A ring at the side-door cut short her reflections, and she hurried to answer it, but gave a little cry of astonishment as she saw her father. "Oh, father, is anything the matter at home?" she cried.

"No, my lass. I was——"

"Is that your father, Charlotte?" called Mrs. Sandford from the dining-room door. "Ask him to come to me at once."

So evidently Mrs. Sandford expected him; it was very strange. Lottie was puzzled and curious till she remembered that not long since her mistress had asked whether she thought her father could make some corner-brackets for her; most likely she was seeing him about them. Perhaps her father might come and sit with her a little while before he went home. The directions were taking a long time, Lottie thought impatiently. Once she thought she heard her father's voice raised as though in indignant protest, then soon after her mistress rang for her. Mrs. Sandford was sitting by the table, and Mr. Vane was standing near. He looked distressed and doubtful, and the look he gave his daughter was one of sad appeal. On the table lay a threepenny-piece.

"Charlotte," said Mrs. Sandford coldly, "where did you get that?"



A CAREFUL INVESTMENT.

Lottie turned first red, then white.

"Speak up, my girl; don't be afraid," said her father in anxious encouragement.

"Excuse me, Mr. Vane! Now, Charlotte, you found that money in the dining-room on Monday?"

"I don't know——"

"You don't know! Didn't you find it by the hearth-rug after we had gone?"

"I—I think so," faltered Lottie desperately.

"There!" said Mrs. Sandford, and she could not keep an accent of triumph out of her voice. "I knew I could not be mistaken in the mark I made on it." There was a long pause. Lottie had hidden her face in her hands and was sobbing; she dared not look at her father, whose silence was awful to her. "I had suspected it for a long time, but was not positive. Deceitful girl, pretending to do her work so well, and all the time a thief and deceiver!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Lottie. "Father, won't you tell her I did try to do the work properly?"

But her father took no notice, except to draw away from the hand held out to him. "May she put her things together, and come home with me, ma'am?"

"You know I might prosecute; but, considering all things, I am willing to say nothing about it. Charlotte, you may be thankful you are not going away in charge of a policeman. Go upstairs, and get ready as quickly as you can."

Lottie had given a little cry of dismay at mention of a policeman, and she stumbled upstairs helpless and bewildered, too dazed at first to feel the full extent of her misery.

"And now, ma'am," said Mr. Vane, when she had gone, "tell me how much you think she has taken. I am afraid it will be no use to ask her."

"Well, it is not less than ten shillings altogether, I am sure. She has not taken all I put about; she was too artful for that, and I am very glad I thought to test her by placing the money about."

"I should not have sent her here if I thought she would not have been trusted. Oh, ma'am, she was always trustworthy at home! She would have had temptations enough in an ordinary way."

"I think I know my business, Mr. Vane," said Mrs. Sandford stiffly; and then Lottie came creeping down.

"Good-bye, Charlotte; I hope you will repent," was Mrs. Sandford's farewell.

"I will send the money to-morrow," said Mr. Vane, as he shouldered the box.

Once or twice Lottie glanced at her father, but did not venture to speak. She dreaded to get home, yet the journey seemed long. Ellen was looking out, and opened the door for them in much surprise.

"Go to bed at once," said Mr. Vane; and Lottie went upstairs, glad to be alone.

"Oh, father, what is it?" cried Ellen.

"She has disgraced us all, and turned out a thief!"

"Are you sure, father?"

"Aye, sure enough! You may be sure I was in no hurry to believe it, but I can't shut my eyes to proof; and, besides, she couldn't deny it."

There were tears in Ellen's eyes as she looked at her father, who already seemed old and broken-hearted. She knew he had always been so proud of their untarnished name, and now it was stained and by his favourite child. Soon Will came in, and had to be told; he had few words at the best of times, but it was easy to see he too felt it keenly.

"Don't let me see her before I go to work," said Mr. Vane as he went upstairs; "keep her in your room till I ask for her."

Ellen did not say much to Lottie, who had to remain a prisoner all day; Mr. Vane came home from work, and he and Will had tea, and afterwards he told Ellen to call "her" down.

"Shall I send her into the parlour?" asked Ellen.

"No, she has disgraced us all, and I'll speak before all."

Lottie came creeping down at the summons, a very miserable frightened little figure, but Ellen thinking of her father could not feel much compassion for her.

"Charlotte," said Mr. Vane, "have you anything to say?"

"Oh, father," cried Lottie, stretching out her hands imploringly, "indeed, indeed I didn't mean to steal; I thought I could easily put it back, and I wasn't sure it was hers. Oh, father——"

"If that's the way you're going to justify yourself, you had better say no more; now listen to me. All day I've been wondering what to do with you, and have had serious thoughts as to whether, big girl as you are, I had best give you a good strapping, but I don't like laying my hands on a girl. You'll keep to the bedroom till Monday, and after that your sister is to keep you hard at work for her. Stay at home you'll have to for the present, since I can't send you out to disgrace us again, but you are not to forget you are in disgrace, and there you'll stay till you can show yourself fit to be trusted. You know, too, that it's not only us that you've sinned against; I hope you think of that. Now go."

Lottie gave one glance round, but her father turned away, Ellen's face was set and hard, Will had his hand before his eyes, and with a great sob she turned away from them.

The Vane household became a very different place from what it had been; Lottie went about doing the tasks Ellen set her, but never singing about her work, or running with light steps to meet her father. Mr. Vane was stern, but he was not unjust, and truly loved his children. He waited anxiously for any penitent approaches from Lottie, but as they did not come he took no notice of her. She, poor child, was bewildered at being treated as such a criminal, and the feeling that her offence had been so severely visited did something to harden her. She sometimes rebelled at her altered life; there was no pleasure in doing little things for her father, who either did not notice them or treated her to a cold "thank you," which hurt more. The feeling of being unjustly dealt with hindered the growth of repentance in her heart.

Autumn had deepened, and it would not be so very long before Christmas came, but this year Lottie only looked forward to it with dread. She was growing thin and white and coughed a good deal, while she had scarcely any appetite, but no one seemed to notice it; her father, who had always been uneasy when she flagged at all, now simply passed her by. Ellen was not unkind, but treated her with indifference; besides, just now Ellen had a good deal to occupy her thoughts; a young man in the neighbourhood was paying her attention, and with her father's knowledge she often went for a walk with Edgar Sherrif, after his day's work was done.

One evening soon after tea Lottie went off to bed; Mr. Vane would be kept late, and Ellen with her hat on was waiting for Edgar.

"Ellen," said Will, "don't you think Lottie looks very ill?"

Ellen turned.

"I haven't noticed; she coughs rather, but we couldn't expect her to look well and happy."

"Well," said Will, "I think it's time we treated her as usual. I'm sure she's sorry enough, and I don't like to see her look so wretched."

Just then Edgar came to the door, and Ellen went out with him; but Will's words made her rather uncomfortable, and she did not enjoy her walk so much as usual.

Will sitting by the fire reading was roused by the sound of suppressed sobs from Lottie. He waited a little while, then as they did not cease went upstairs.

There was no light in the room, but as the moon was almost full he could see Lottie crouched in bed, shaking with her sobs.

"Why, Lottie, old girl," he said.

She turned.

"Will," she faltered out, doubtfully.

"Yes, poor old girl, don't cry so."

He went near and pulled the bedclothes over her shoulders, but she caught his hand and cried so he was almost frightened; he did what he could to soothe her, and presently sat down on the bed, holding her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Will, Will, I'm so miserable," she sobbed out; "don't you hate me, all of you."

He held her more closely.

"There, don't cry any more, I know you're sorry, and I'm not going to throw it up against you again."

She clung to him, crying more quietly, and after a little while he rose.

"Must you go? Oh, Will, it is so nice for you to be kind to me."

"I'm coming back, I shan't be long."

In a little while he came back carrying a tray on which was a candle, and by its light she could see a cup of tea and thin slice of bread and butter.

"There, you've got to take this," he said cheerfully; "sit up, old lady," and he wrapped a shawl round her.

As he tucked it under her chin she kissed the hand so near her lips, and he turned away feeling rather choky. He made her take all he had brought, and still sat beside her holding her hand till she fell asleep.

Mr. Vane coming in a little later found his son looking very thoughtful. "Ellen won't be home to-night," he said as he put down his bag of tools. "I've been round to the Sherrifs. Mrs. Sherrif has had another attack, so Ellen will stay with her to-night."

Will spread the supper: he was a little nervous over what he felt he must say to his father; and when the meal was over he said, rather awkwardly, "I wish you'd come upstairs with me, father."

Vane looked at his son, then followed him without a word.

Will had put a lamp which he had shaded on the mantelpiece, and Lottie was asleep. Her father went near and looked at her. Her face was turned to the light and was very thin; there were hollows in the cheeks and dark rings under the eyes; she coughed once as he stood there, and moved restlessly; now and then she sobbed. She muttered a little, but nothing coherent, till she said: "Doesn't love me now—my fault—Will so kind."

Will looked at his father, and then turned away downstairs. It was a few minutes before Vane followed him, then he did not speak at once.

"My little Lottie," he said presently. "Will, she looks as if she is going after your mother."

"I know," Will said, shortly. "Father, have you ever thought perhaps she was not as bad as she seemed at Mrs. Sandford's?"

Mr. Vane started. "What do you mean? It was clearly proved, and she owned to it."

"Yes, I know," Will answered; "but maybe she was thinking of one thing, and you of another."

"I wish it might be so; but I don't see how," said Vane, with a great sigh.

In the night Lottie woke in a great fright; there was no Ellen near her, and it was strange to have the light. Will had left his door ajar, and went to her at once; Mr. Vane

heard, but thought, perhaps, Will would do better without him.

"It's all right, Lottie," said Will, as he went in; "Mrs. Sherrif is ill, and Ellen is staying with her."

Lottie was trembling so much that Will sat down by her again, and put his arm round her.

"Will, don't stay," she said, "you will get so cold."

"Here's Ellen's ulster; I'll put that on, and sit by you a bit."

She nestled against him gratefully. "It's so nice to have you, Will."

"Poor old girl," he said—he had not many words in which to express his sympathy—"it will come all right some day."

"Do you think so?" she said, rather hopelessly; "I know it was very wicked, and I try to be sorry, but no one seems to believe it."

"What do you mean was wicked?" Will asked.

She was too weary to be surprised at the question.

"Taking the threepenny-piece; indeed, Will, I tried to believe it had not been in the dining-room, but I felt sure it had, and at any rate it wasn't mine. Will, do you think God will forgive me? I often wake in the night, and think He won't." She shuddered a little.

"I'm sure He will; He forgives everybody when they are sorry, and mean not to do it again."

"Father doesn't forgive."

"Father will, you see; and then, Lot, God knows it all—He knows how you were tempted, and how sorry you are."

Lottie gave a little sigh of relief; she was getting drowsy again when Will's voice roused her. "It was only the threepenny-bit?"

"Yes, and there was so often money lying about; I wished mistress had been more careful with it."

Will told his father in the morning, and Vane was a good deal puzzled, and said he would go and see Mrs. Sandford that night, though he did not suppose she could clear up matters. He went in to see Lottie, and bade her rest in bed for a time; Ellen would be back early, and Will could stay till she came.

Ellen had thought a good deal of her brother's words; they had opened her eyes to see how really ill Lottie had looked for some time, and she thought with much compunction how little care the child had received from her. She determined to look after her better; her unhappy face haunted Ellen all night; her new happiness in Edgar's love was making her more tender to her erring sister.

So when she went home and found Lottie in bed and Will anxious, Ellen cared for her sister lovingly, speaking so kindly that Lottie quite revived, and proposed to get up. But she still looked ill, and said she was "so tired," that Ellen thought she had better stay where she was, and she lighted a fire, and made the room very cosy.

Mr. Vane left his work as early as he could, and went straight to Mrs. Sandford's; he thought very likely she would not see him, but after sending in his name, he was asked to go into the dining-room.

Mrs. Sandford came to him almost directly; her manner struck him at once—it was less haughty, and she seemed rather agitated. "How is Charlotte?" she surprised him by asking.

"Very sadly, ma'am; it was on her account I wished to see you. I doubt whether we haven't been making some terrible mistake."

"Maybe we have, Mr. Vane; if you had not called to-day, I should have asked you to come here to-morrow. I have had a letter which has upset me very much."

Mr. Vane waited wondering; Mrs. Sandford pressed her hands together, and then passed her handkerchief over her face. The task before her was particularly hard to such a nature, yet she was right-minded enough to do it at whatever cost.

She cleared her throat once or twice before she seemed able to speak. "The letter was from my son," she said, at last, "and I can't understand it, though it is due to you and Charlotte to let you know what he says—'I am very sorry Lottie has left, she was such a jolly little girl; and, oh, mother, I have just remembered something that I hope has not got her into trouble. You didn't know that I often saw you laying traps for her, but I did, and I took the money up, thinking it was too bad of you, and put it all in the drawer beside your looking-glass. I know you don't often use it, and I meant to have given the money to you all at once, but the thought of going with uncle drove everything else out of my head. I hope it has not done Lottie any harm; I wish I had thought of it before.'"

Mrs. Sandford stopped, and again there was a pause; as Mr. Vane did not speak, she said, "It was very thoughtless of my son, but, you see, he meant no harm."

"And perhaps my Lottie is dying through the trouble of it all," said Vane, strangling a sob in his throat.

"Oh, not so bad as that, I hope," cried Mrs. Sandford, startled, "and then, you see, she was to blame; she owned to taking the threepenny-piece."

Vane rose. "Aye, ma'am; and may God forgive you for doing the devil's work, and putting temptation in her way," he said, bitterly.

Mrs. Sandford drew herself together; she was a good deal shaken by what she had heard. "I think it my duty to try my servants, whether they are trustworthy or not."

"But don't you think they'll have enough to try and tempt them in life without giving them extra? Our Master in heaven is a deal more merciful. Well, I'll go, ma'am; I'd best not say any more."

"You can tell Charlotte from me that I am very sorry for the mistake, but it would not have occurred if she had not been to blame."

"I'd rather not take any message," said Vane, shortly, as he went out.

He hardly knew what he should say to Lottie. Certainly she had been to blame, but he felt she had been punished far too severely, and that the one who had persistently placed temptation in her way was far more to blame. His indignation was hot against Mrs. Sandford, who had caused all this trouble, and he thought of the many little servant-girls who might be exposed to such temptation, and his eyes filled with tears as he longed to aid them. There was his tender little Lottie crushed perhaps never to revive again, when under a kind, judicious mistress she might have been well and happy.

Ellen came downstairs when she heard him come in. Lottie had just gone to sleep, she told him; she was certainly very poorly.

"Well, father?" questioned Will.

Then Robert Vane told them what he had just heard, and their indignation was very great. "She did her best to make our Lottie a thief," said Will, hotly.

"She didn't mean that; but I'm finding it very hard to forgive her," said Vane unsteadily.

"She must have thought us so fearfully hard," said Ellen; "one can well see how she did it without really meaning to."

"All the same, we must not tell her that she did not do wrong," said Vane; "only we have made such a sad mistake, no wonder she was crushed by it. Ellen, I'll just have a cup of tea, and go and sit with her till she wakes."

Ellen did not go near them, though she soon heard that Lottie was awake; she knew well that what they had to say to each other would be best said with no one else by. She was beginning to feel that Lottie ought to have something, when at last her father came out, and Ellen at once poured out the gravy she was keeping hot, and took it in.

Lottie's eyes were bright, and her hands very hot. "Oh, Ellen," she said, as her sister kissed her without a word, "you are all so kind to me."

"Make haste and get well then," said Ellen, playfully.

But Lottie did not make any progress that day; in fact next day when she went downstairs she managed to take cold somehow, and her cough grew very bad. Mr. Vane called in the doctor with a hopeless sort of feeling that it was no good, and she would go after her mother.

However, things were by no means so serious. Lottie's lungs were certainly delicate, the doctor said, and the trouble and anxiety she had suffered lately would make her susceptible to a low condition of body, and thus develop the germs of consumption; but now that she was happy, there was no reason that she should not live many years, provided she had every care. If she could have been taken to a warmer climate it would have been better, but he supposed that was out of the question.

Was it out of the question? Robert Vane asked himself; he was not so sure—he would do anything to get his Lottie strong and well again.

Christmas was close at hand, and Lionel Sandford came home to spend it with his parents. He had been a good deal shocked at the consequences of his thoughtlessness, and was much more so when he called to see Lottie, and saw how ill she was looking. His sorrow did not stop at words, for when Mr. Vane, touched by his contrition, told him what the doctor said, he went home, and wrote at once to his uncle.

"Mr. Vane," Lionel said, a few days later, "how would you like to go to Australia?"

"I'd like it well enough, sir," Vane said, despondently, "but there don't seem no chance; Lottie droops till, in spite of what the doctor says, I am afraid she'll fade away before my eyes; I'd throw up everything and take her if I thought there was any hope of getting work at once."

"Then here's the chance for you; read this letter from my uncle."

Lionel had heard his uncle say that he had been asked to send a carpenter out to Adelaide, and had written to ask particulars. Mr. George Sandford had replied by offering Vane the post should he bring satisfactory testimonials. The regular pay was good, but there was a chance of making more; a house was offered, and if he could bring a son who would help him it would be all the better.

It was the very thing Vane had longed for; there could be no doubt of his acceptance. Ellen only caused him to hesitate, for he knew Will would be glad to go, but Edgar Sherrif was anxious to be married as soon as possible, and with Ellen settled in her new home her father need not fear.

One day in February Lionel Sandford stood on board a steamer bidding good-bye to the Vanes; Ellen and Edgar had turned away crying, but he lingered. "Good-bye," he said again, taking Lottie's hand; "mind you get strong and well, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, yes, sir," Lottie answered; "thank you for all you have done!"

"Much cause she has to thank me," Lionel uttered to himself as he took his seat in the boat. Looking back, he saw Lottie waving her handkerchief; her father's arm was round her, and Will close at her side. The sun, which had tried to shine all the morning, at last burst through the winter mists, and shone down on her with a benediction as she sailed away from Old England.

SOUPS FOR TWO.



NDER the heading of "Portions" we called attention a short time back to the very frequent case where housekeeping is limited to an establishment consisting of three persons, *viz.*, the husband and wife and one servant. Again similar households exist where two ladies, sisters for instance, or two bachelors, join in having a quiet home, in which they may continue to live in the same style to which they were accustomed in earlier life, when their father and mother seemed to manage so easily, and yet so comfortably, the never-to-be-forgotten old house at home. Changes, however, have come. The inevitable break-up of the old home has taken place, and it will often be found that the inmates, so to speak, start a fresh life in couples, and it is curious to note how these couples vary in their mode of living. Some keep up the traditions of the past; some from pure idleness, and want of energy, seem to sink into a different mode of life altogether. As a rule it will be found that the crucial test-point is the late dinner. Is this distinctive feature of the old life retained as it ought to be, or is it abandoned? Unfortunately sometimes it will be found that many from a variety of motives, but generally from a mistaken sense of "consideration for servants," allow this meal either to lapse altogether, or to degenerate into one that is utterly unworthy of the name. The result is, gradually the old home life with its well-ordered and strictly economical comfort is lost sight of. The one domestic, whose weekly labour is hardly equal to the one day's work of an hotel servant, seems to take less and less interest in her duties, and the well-meant kindness of the mistress or master results in her being unable ever again to obtain a situation in a properly ordered gentleman's house.

We will however suppose that in our household of three the late dinner each day commences with soup. We will also suppose that all the bones, either cooked or raw, are never thrown away or given to the dog, but are carefully preserved and used in order to avoid the necessity of buying meat specially for the purpose of soup-making. We must also bear in mind that we are adapting ourselves to circumstances. We are making soup in very small quantities, and endeavouring to have a constant change; but before entering into details of manufacture it may be well to have a few words on the subject of soups in general contrasted from an English, and we must add the more economical French, point of view. By a vast number of ordinary English housekeepers soup is regarded, first, as essentially a winter dish. How often do we hear the remark, "Oh, it is no use having soup made in summer, it won't keep." Again, we sometimes hear the remark, "Oh, but we cannot afford to have soup every day." Perhaps the chief objection to having soup every day in this country is summed up in the expression, "Oh, but think of the trouble; or we could not afford to waste the time." The French housekeeper's view is, "We cannot afford to waste the material." An Englishman says he cannot afford to have soup every day. A Frenchman finds by experience that he cannot afford to dine every day without soup.

In our previous article on "Portions" we recommended boning both a large fowl and a loin of mutton before cooking. We would ask any unprejudiced person to look at the remains on the plates of the following dinner after an ordinary party: Roast loin of mutton, boiled fowls, peas and potatoes. Think of what is left on the plates, and remember that a good cook would out of these bones, had they been raw, and the shells of the peas which we presume have been thrown away, have made sufficient green pea-soup for a large party, and yet these same people who throw away the bones and shells would regard green pea-soup as an expensive luxury that they cannot afford.

In hot weather there are few things with which we can commence our dinner more grateful than a ladleful of some nice-flavoured soup, clear and white, such as spring soup, green pea-soup, tomato soup or vegetable marrow soup, cauliflower soup, etc.; yet many English housekeepers confine their soup to one kind only served in winter, generally consisting of a thick gravy soup, too often over-flavoured with mushroom ketchup.

We must however commence the practical part of our subject, and that is, how to make soup in sufficient quantity for two persons each day out of the materials we have in hand, without buying meat specially for the purpose. Our motto is, Little and good. Remember one ladleful of soup is generally considered sufficient for each person on most occasions. We do not want to dine off soup like aldermen at a city dinner, where two basins of clear turtle and one of thick is considered a fair allowance. We would recommend the following experiment. Take a quart jug and an ordinary silver soup ladle. Fill the jug with the ladle, and count how many ladlefuls it takes to fill it. It is only by some practical test like this that we can grasp the idea, how very small a quantity of soup is absolutely requisite for two persons.

We will divide our soups into three classes —thick, white, and clear; but as in each case the basis is the same, we will commence by describing how to make stock in a small quantity.

First we will suppose that we have cut up a good-sized fowl into joints as we described a short time back. The fowl is cut up raw, the carcase boiled for about an hour, and the meat scraped from the bones, in order to make a dish of curry. The joints—*viz.*, the two wings, the two legs, the breast and the merry-thought—have been parboiled in the stock and allowed to get cold in it. The stock is then placed in a stewpan or saucepan with all the bare bones and allowed to boil. To this little stock-pot must be added anything we may have by us in the shape of remains of gravy, bones, trimmings of meat, etc. We must also add the outside part of a head of celery, a couple of onions, and a slice or two of carrot. We can add a little turnip, but sparingly. We can also add parsley and a teaspoonful of mixed savoury herbs. We must add plenty of water at starting, so that the bones and vegetables are well covered. The saucepan or stewpan can be skimmed occasionally, and care should be taken to remove all scum which rises early, soon after the bones and vegetables are first put on.

The longer these bones, etc., remain boiling the better. If put on the first thing after breakfast, they should be allowed to boil gently the whole day, and should not be strained off till the last thing at night, when the quantity of liquid should have boiled away till rather less than a quart is left. It is best to strain it off when nearly boiling, as then the fat and grease are more likely to come to the surface, when they can be removed in the morning.

This stock, when cold, ought, as a rule, to be a firm jelly; but fowl-bones differ, and some contain less gelatine and more fat. In this case, it is best to boil it away till it is still further reduced in quantity. After a second boiling, when allowed to get cold, it will be found that it throws up a lot more fat that was held in solution, so to speak, in the stock before.

This quart of stock is now the basis of nearly every soup we may want, and we will give a few instances of the way in which it may be used. We must, however, remember that it is not bright.

Gravy Soup.—Take, say, a pint of the stock. Make it hot in a small saucepan, and add two good-sized teaspoonfuls of extract of meat, a little salt and white pepper, and sufficient brown *roux* to make the soup, not thick, but to take away its semi-transparent appearance. In fact, a good-sized teaspoonful of brown *roux* would be sufficient for the purpose. Of brown and white *roux* and how to make them, we shall have more to say by-and-by; but, without a supply always on hand, the best cooks are helpless and good thick soup and gravy impossible.

Ox-Tail Soup (Imitation).—If we wish, under the circumstances, to have real ox-tail soup, we can have half the ox-tail stewed one day, and the remainder left for making soup, in which case, of course, the ox-tail is stewed in the stock. Again, we can have an excellent imitation by buying a calf's tail. This must be cut up into small pieces, stewed in the stock till tender, and the pieces put by and added to the soup.

The soup itself must be prepared as follows:—Take a pint of the stock, and throw in while boiling the outside red part of two good-sized carrots cut up into small dice not larger than the breadth of the little finger-nail; a small quantity of dice cut from a turnip can also be added. Let these boil till quite tender, then add two good-sized teaspoonfuls of extract of meat, and sufficient brown *roux* to make the soup thick—say, about as thick as ordinary cream; then add a tablespoonful of sherry just before sending the soup to table. Of course, if you have any meat in the shape of ox-tail or calf's tail, these must be added to the soup and made quite hot through before serving.

It will also be found a great improvement in the flavour of this soup, as well as calf's head soup, if we add a little more of the flavour of the savoury herbs. A thick soup will bear a great deal more of this flavour than a thin or clear one. The safest plan of adding these herbs is as follows:—Take a tablespoonful, or even more, of the herbs —and in the case of ox-tail soup add a teaspoonful of thyme—and tie them up in a piece of muslin and tie a piece of string to it. When the soup is boiling, put this in and let it remain in a little while; press the piece of muslin against the side of the saucepan with a spoon, and stir the soup and taste it. As soon as you can clearly detect the flavour of the herbs you can take the piece of muslin out. We must avoid having too predominant a flavour, and at the same time we must avoid having all our soups alike. This is best done, when we are making soup in small quantities, after the *roux* has been added and the soup thickened, but before the sherry is added.

The fact is, if we put in the herbs before the *roux*, we should probably taste the herbs too strongly, but after the *roux* was added we should not taste the herbs at all.

Mock Turtle Soup.—In order to have proper mock turtle soup, we shall of course want some calf's head. A half calf's head can be parboiled, and the best part, including the ear, reserved for that very popular dish known as *tête de veau en tortue*. Mock turtle soup can also be made much more cheaply from pig's head, and when great pains is taken to allow the soup to simmer and throw up its fat very few persons can tell the difference between this soup and genuine mock turtle. Another very good imitation is made by stewing down one or two calf's feet till the meat on them becomes quite soft and tender and drops from the bones.

Of course in each case the meat is boiled in the stock, and if more water has to be added at starting the stock must be reduced by boiling. In any case it should be a firm jelly when cold. Mock turtle soup requires more savoury herbs than ox-tail soup, and mixed savoury herbs are sufficient without the addition of any thyme. Extract of meat must be added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to each half-pint of soup. The soup must be thickened with brown *roux*, and you must allow the soup after it has been thickened to simmer gently in order that you may skim off any grease that may rise, as well as the butter in the *roux*. Add about a tablespoonful of sherry to the soup just before sending it to table. In fact the sherry is often best added after the soup has been poured into the tureen.

There are many other thick soups that can be made in small quantities by utilising the remains of other dishes. For instance, we can make giblet soup by using the giblets of a goose, a duck, or even an ordinary fowl. We can make game soup from the carcase of a grouse or a couple of partridges or a pheasant. In making any kind of game soup, we shall require to have in the house a small bottle of herbaceous mixture. This is very different from mixed savoury herbs. It is a brown powder, composed of various mixed herbs and spices. It is known to French men cooks as aromatic herbs. A bottle will last a year, and is essential for making game pies, *salmi* of game, game soup, etc.

We can also make mulligatawny soup from the carcase of a fowl instead of a dish of curry, as we suggested in our previous article on "Portions."

We next come to a much-neglected variety of soup in this country, *viz.*, vegetable white soup. So cheap, so nice, so nourishing, so easily made, and yet if we look around us among our friends how rarely do we meet with a nice white soup to commence dinner with in summer. Why is this the case? We fear our women cooks are like barrel organs, they can play a certain number of tunes and then they are done. An English woman cook in this country too often owes her knowledge not to any definite study, but she has picked up a certain amount of knowledge of cookery from her mother or from looking on at some other cook, and she risks taking a place as a general servant where, comparatively speaking, there is little cooking to do, and where her master and mistress would not know if the result of her cooking is the correct thing or not. She settles down into a narrow groove of dishes, fancies herself a female Francatelli, till her career is suddenly cut short by her marrying the baker's man. When the honeymoon is over she for the first time finds out what real work means.

White soups require white *roux;* and as we have already called attention to the use of brown *roux* in making thick soups, we will have a few words to say first on the subject of brown and white *roux*. We consider a knowledge of making and using *roux* for soups and gravies a test point in cookery. Suppose we were engaging a woman who would be required to do the cooking in a small establishment where a certain fairly high standard of excellence was requisite. Were we to ask the question, how do you thicken your soups and gravies, and found that she thoroughly understood how to make *roux*, we think we should feel inclined to accept her without further inquiry. One word of warning, however, before we proceed to describe how to make this indispensable accessory to a good kitchen. It is quite possible a good woman cook might know how to make *roux*, and yet not know what the word *roux* meant. French cooks call it *roux* just as they call burnt sugar for colouring purposes *caramel*. Consequently a little inquiry would be necessary to find out whether she used what she might call brown thickening, or, in other words, flour fried brown in butter.

Brown and white *roux*, it must be remembered, should be made in sufficient quantity to last for say at least a month. It is here that the saving both of time and labour comes in.

In order to make *roux* we require equal quantities of flour and butter; and as it is important that the flour be perfectly dry, it is a good plan to weigh out half a pound over night and leave it in the oven in a pie-dish all night. You must take care at starting that the oven is not too hot to brown the flour.

Next take the half-pound of butter and oil it in a saucepan, *i.e.* dissolve it. You will find a certain amount of scum floats to the top; this must be skimmed off. Then pour the oiled butter into a frying-pan or stewpan, avoiding the dregs which, like milk, have settled at the bottom. Now mix in the flour, and stir the whole over the fire, scraping the bottom of the frying-pan or stewpan with a spoon to prevent the mixture sticking and burning. Directly you see the butter and flour commence turning colour remove the frying-pan or stewpan from the fire and keep stirring for another minute, as were you to leave off scraping the bottom, owing to the heat, which is far above that of boiling water, the mixture would burn even after it had been removed from the fire. Now take out half of this half-fried flour and put it in a basin for use. This is white *roux*, and is as different for the purpose of thickening white soups from ordinary butter and flour, as cooked pie-crust is from that which has never been in the oven at all.

The remainder of the mixture left in the frying-pan must now be made into brown *roux* by replacing it on the fire and stirring it, scraping the bottom of the vessel all the while to prevent it burning. As soon as it turns a light chocolate colour it is done, only we must not forget to keep on scraping after we take it off the fire, for the reasons mentioned before. It will also be found that the brown *roux* will turn darker even after it has been removed from the fire. This *roux*, both white and brown, will keep good for months, and it is a great saving of both time and trouble to make a point of always having some ready made. The cook can always choose a day when she is not busy, perhaps when her master and mistress have gone out to dinner, to make enough to last some time, and her experience will tell her to make more or less brown *roux* according as she finds if more or less is usually required. The soul of good cookery is foresight.

All white soups are made on the same general principle. We require a small quantity of very good stock reduced almost to what French cooks call a glaze. We must have some milk boiled separately with one bay leaf. We must have in the case of vegetable soups some vegetable in sufficient quantity to make the soup when rubbed through a wire sieve as thick as a *purée*. A little cream is a great improvement, but it is not absolutely essential.

Palestine Soup is made by adding a sufficient quantity of boiled Jerusalem artichokes to make the soup thick. Take, say, a pint of milk and boil it; then add to it a pint of stock that has been boiled away till it is less in quantity than a teacupful. Add the boiled artichokes to this, and then rub the whole through a wire sieve. Thicken the soup with a little white *roux*, which will give it an additional flavour; but remember that in making all white soups from vegetables we must depend upon the vegetable itself for the consistency of the soup rather than on the *roux*.

White Soup.—Plain white soup is made by simply thickening the boiled milk and reduced stock with white *roux*. A still better white soup can be obtained by using less milk and adding a little cream.

Cauliflower Soup can be made from the remains of cauliflower that has been served the day before. Reserve a few little sprigs, that resemble bouquets, of the white part of the cauliflower to throw into the soup the last moment. Add all the white part of the cauliflower to the milk and stock that has been slightly thickened with white *roux*, then rub the whole through a wire sieve, and throw in the little bouquets a few minutes before sending the soup to table. If the soup is not sufficiently thick after using up all the white part of the cauliflower, you must add a little more white *roux*.

Vegetable Marrow Soup is made in exactly a similar manner to Palestine soup, the only difference being the substitution of the marrow for the artichokes. As vegetable marrow contains a very large quantity of water, you will have to reduce the soup, after adding the marrow, by boiling in order to get it to a proper consistency.

Potato Soup can be made from the remains of potatoes left. When new potatoes are in season, a few of the very small ones like marbles can be reserved and served while in the soup. The remains of the cold potatoes are added to the boiled milk and reduced stock, and the whole rubbed through a wire sieve. A small pinch of thyme is an improvement.

Celery Soup is in the opinion of many persons one of the best soups ever sent to table. Cut up the white part only of a large head of celery, and boil it till it is quite tender in the milk and reduced stock. Then rub it through a wire sieve, and if the soup is not sufficiently thick add a little more white *roux*.

Green Pea Soup can be made by shelling some young peas, reserving, say, half to be thrown into the soup about twenty minutes before it is served up. The remainder of the peas and the shells must be boiled in the stock, and then all, or as much as possible, rubbed through a wire sieve. The soup must be thickened with a little white *roux* and coloured green with a little spinach juice, or, better still, some green vegetable colouring sold in bottles by all grocers. The rest of the shelled peas should be thrown into the soup while boiling, and the soup sent to table as soon as they are tender.

Tomato Soup is made by adding some tomato pulp in bottle to some stock; a little extract of meat may be added. The pulp itself will be sufficient to give the soup its proper consistency. Fresh whole tomatoes can be used instead of the tomato pulp. In this case bake the tomatoes in the oven and rub them when tender through a hair sieve. There should be no pips in the soup.

All white soups should have fried bread served with them.

With regard to clear soup we think it may be laid down as a fact that bright clear soup cannot be made from bones. When clear soup is required in some quantity, we can get in some shin of beef and knuckle of veal, and make it in the ordinary way, clearing it with white of eggs.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER X.

LONELINESS.

"While I! I sat alone and watched;
My lot in life, to live alone.
In mine own world of interests,
Much felt, but little shown."
Christina Rossetti.

YES; Elsie felt as if she were left out in the cold, and she looked as if she felt it.

There are women to whom nature has granted the gift of silent emotion. They have mobile faces, changeful eyes, soft lips, which express joy or desolation naturally, and with the charm of perfect simplicity and truth. These women keep their youth a long time; every experience of life comes to them with the freshness of a first feeling; they retain the capacity to rejoice and suffer to the very end of their days. Men like them, because they find them real, and because these impressionable characters have the attraction of varying often. Anything is more tolerable than monotony.

Arnold Wayne looked from Mrs. Verdon to Elsie, and read a pathetic story in her brown eyes.

"May I introduce myself, Miss Kilner?" he said. "I have heard of you so often from Mr. Lennard."

This was a fib. For years he had not seen or heard anything of the rector; but it was a fib which slipped from him unawares. He had wished for an introduction to Elsie when he had seen her at the picture gallery with the old clergyman, and he had secretly anathematised Mr. Lennard's obtuseness. He was not going to lose a second chance, he said to himself.

"I have known the Lennards all my life," Elsie answered. "They belong to my old home. It is a great pleasure to see the rector when he comes to town."

Mrs. Verdon regarded the speaker quietly, with the practised glance of a woman of the world. And she listened to the refined voice and accent with critical ears. It would be safe, she decided, to notice this stranger.

"Will you come and see Jamie some day?" she said, addressing Elsie in her silvery voice, which could be very sweet when she wished to please. "I want to know how you came to take such an interest in him. Go and kiss that lady, Jamie; you must learn to know her quite well."

The boy obeyed without reluctance. He had listened attentively to all that had been said, and, being an intelligent child, had come to the conclusion that no one wanted to take him away from Mrs. Verdon.

Elsie kissed the blooming face uplifted to hers, and pressed him in her arms for a moment. He was the child of her dreams, presented to her now in substantial form; but he was not meant for her. She could never have him for her own.

But it was the little lad's good, and not her own pleasure which she had been seeking. Meta's prayers were answered; somebody was kind to Jamie.

Only why had the vanished hand pointed out the path which she must follow? Why was she sent to search for a child who was sheltered and safe?

There seemed to be a sort of mockery in this phantom guidance. She had been led to the very place where Jamie was to be found, only to be shown that he had no need of her at all. Every want of his was abundantly supplied; the fair lady had won his little heart, and the kiss which he vouchsafed to Elsie was merely bestowed at Mrs. Verdon's request. When Elsie released him he returned with alacrity to his adopted mother's side, and slid his hand into hers again.

Yet she had found him, and all suspense and anxiety were at an end. She thanked Mrs. Verdon for her courtesy; learnt that Jamie's home was in Portman Square; and then gave her own address in return, and went quietly away with her two companions.

Arnold Wayne was left with Mrs. Verdon, who had recovered her courage and was easily persuaded to re-enter her carriage. The horses had never bolted before; the coachman was not likely to fail in vigilance again; there was really no danger in taking the homeward drive. But she was a little nervous still, and it would be so very kind if Mr. Wayne would accompany her.

He was quite willing to accompany her.

It was a perfect summer evening, balmy and still; the air was full of delicate, dewy perfumes; a rich, rose-colour burned in the west, and touched the silver gleam of the river with the last glow of the day. The carriage rolled easily along; Jamie, with sleepy blue eyes, half-open, enjoyed the motion in silent content. Mrs. Verdon, with gentle animation, talked to Mr. Wayne.

Elsie, walking slowly down the hill, caught a glimpse of the carriage and its occupants, and noted the dainty bonnet bending towards the dark head. A sense of loneliness, of aloofness, seemed to possess her that evening. The scent of flowers had something sad in its sweetness (as flower-scents often have); the sunset light suggested solemn thoughts. Mrs. Beaton remarked that she looked languid and pale.

"All this excitement has been too much for you, Miss Kilner," she said. "What a day we have had! How little we realised what was in store for us when we started this morning! But I shall sleep soundly to-night, knowing that Jamie is safe."

"It is a splendid thing for the boy," Elsie remarked. "What a beautiful child he is!"

"Yes; his beauty attracted Mrs. Verdon at first; but I think she loves him for his own sake. She is a charming lady, Miss Kilner."

"Very charming," Elsie admitted at once.

"And you'll go to see her, and tell us how Jamie goes on," Mrs. Beaton continued. "Mr. Wayne, too, will look after him; he won't lack friends."

"Supposing that Mrs. Verdon should marry again, what would she do with Jamie?" asked Mrs. Penn in a dismal voice. "Mr. Wayne seemed very attentive to her, I thought."

"It would be a very good thing for Jamie if she married Mr. Wayne, his uncle's old friend," Mrs. Beaton replied. "But I daresay she has a score of lovers. However, you may be sure that she will never neglect the boy."

"He's as haughty as a young lord," said Mrs. Penn. "Did you see how he tossed his head at me, and waved his hand to send me away?"

"Well, Mrs. Penn, he is a sensible child, and he remembers the treatment at Lee," answered Mrs. Beaton, candidly. "We will let bygones be bygones; but a child's memory keeps things shut up in it like a book. Andrew often astonished me when he was Jamie's age. He never would forget anything, especially if you wanted anything to be forgotten."

As the train sped homeward, Elsie looked from the window upon the shifting landscape, but observed nothing. All seemed a blank.

Her mind, so long intent on one object, was now deprived of its centre of thought. She recurred again and again to the old theme, only to say to herself a hundred times, "Jamie is safe." Had she lived so much upon this child that the secret of her interest had been self-forgetfulness? Her search was ended, and she was left alone—quite alone with herself.

She reached All Saints Street between eight and nine o'clock. It was a clear night; the streets were full of carriages and people, and the lights of the lamps and shops had never been brighter. But an aspect of unreality pervaded everything, and she seemed to move through all these lights and sounds as if she were in a city of dreams.

When she had answered Miss Saxon's questions, and told her all that happened in as few words as possible, she went upstairs to her sitting-room, and then she sank into a chair, leaning her head upon its back, and looking up at the stars above the roofs.

Why was it that she was so melancholy to-night? She could have found it in her heart to have envied that fair woman who had gone away with the beautiful child by her side. Was Mrs. Verdon to have everything — wealth, position, Jamie's love, and——

She sprang up suddenly from her chair in an agony of self-contempt and self-reproach. It is always a hard thing for a proud woman to learn the lesson of human weakness. Never before had Elsie suspected herself of anything so mean as jealousy. "Oh, Meta," she said, half-aloud, "your hand has pointed to a hard, lonely road, stretching out before me like a desert! Show me the rest—the home—that lies beyond the waste! It seems to-night as if, on earth or in heaven, there would never more be any home for me."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEENIE.—We sympathise with you, being victimised by mosquitoes ourselves wherever one is to be found. Many are the prescriptions given both by way of prevention of attacks from these little vampires, or cure of the poison they inject. Washing with the strongest carbolic soap is said to keep them at a distance, and, if stung, to apply ammonia or sal volatile. Other people bathe all parts exposed to their attacks with vinegar and water. There are pastiles to be had, the smoke from which asphyxiates or kills them, and a room full of them is cleared in a few minutes. When you have nothing to employ for your deliverance from them, leave your bedroom door open when undressing, and put your candle outside in the passage. Most of them will be attracted by the light, and, when ready to get into bed, bring in or extinguish the light, and shut the door immediately.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—There are nine books mentioned in the Bible which have been lost: those of *Jasher* (Joshua x. 13, II. Samuel i. 18), of *Iddo*, "the seer" (II. Chron. ix. 29, and xii. 15), *Ahijah* (II. Chron. ix. 29), *Nathan* (II. Chron. ix. 29), *Shemaiah* (II. Chron. xii. 15), *Jehu* (II. Chron. xx. 34), *Solomon's Five Boooks on Natural History* (II. Kings iv. 31, 35), *Enoch* (Jude 14), *The Book of the Wars of God* (Numbers xxi. 14), and a psalm, the 151st.

J. F. M.—1. Some legendary story is connected with most of the flowers. The pansy is a name taken from the French *pensées* or "thoughts." So Ophelia (in *Hamlet*) says—

"Pansies—that's for thoughts."

At the present time the white heather is amongst the most fashionable of flowers employed at weddings, and has been difficult to obtain.—2. Why do you inquire how you are to improve your handwriting? How is all art and all sorts and kinds of learning and practical efficiency attained? Is it not by means of careful study and persevering practice? The art of writing is no exception to this rule. Go on writing copies till you have succeeded, and study that of spelling correctly at the same time.

TOURIST.—The lakes of Northern Italy are amongst the deepest known in the world. Lake Maggiore is said to be 3000 feet deep, Lake Como 2000, and the Lago di Garda little short of that depth, being computed at 1900 feet. But there are deeper lakes than these elsewhere. Lake Superior, for instance, has its surface 1300 feet above the sea-level, and the bottom sinks to nearly 3000 feet below it. The deepest lake, however, in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, having a depth of between 4000 to 4500 feet.

STAMP COLLECTOR.—The Austrian kreuzer is the hundredth part of a florin; the German pfennig is the tenth part of a penny, and the hundredth part of a reich's mark; the Belgian and French centime is the hundredth part of a franc; the Hamburg ore is the hundredth part of a crown, Danish money; the Italian centesimi is the hundredth part of a lira; of Brazil and Portugal the reis is the hundredth part of the teston; the Spanish centimo centavo is the hundredth part of a peseta; the Turkish piastre is the hundredth part of a livre, the para is the fortieth part of the piastre; the Indian anna is the sixteenth part of a rupee. We cannot give any more space to these various currencies.

INFELICE.—You write a capital clerk's hand. You should not secretly correspond with any man to whom you are not engaged.

A MEMBER OF THE Y. W. C. has only to apply to the Secretary of her own society to obtain all information necessary as to emigration, expenses, necessaries to be taken, ships suggested, and homes at the end of the voyage, where young servants can be received for a short time after arrival. They will also tell you where you may find work, for there is none in some of the colonies for domestic servants. Emigration is at best a great risk to run.

MADGE.—Yes, there is a verse in the Bible that has all the letters of the alphabet in it. See Ezra vii. 21; and there are two chapters much alike, II. Kings xix. and Isaiah xxxvii. Psalm cxvii. is the middle and shortest chapter in the Bible.

POLLY.—1. When the ends of the hair are split, it is advisable to have the points singed by a skilful hairdresser.—2. Your handwriting will be suitable for the business of a clerk.

PAULINE.—It is very natural to inquire why our ninth month should be called September. But we have taken the old Roman names, and as the year then began in March the ninth month of our year was their seventh, and October, November, and December followed in natural sequence as the eighth, ninth, and tenth. *Septem* is the Latin for seven, *octo* for eight, *novem* nine, and *decem* ten.

IRIS.—We have just published a series of articles on hobbies. We recommend you to take a suggestion from amongst the many which the writer has named. The things which are generally supplied in the course of walks in the country are flowers, ferns, stones, fossils, butterflies, and such-like creatures of the insect tribes. Of all these collections can be made. But if the hobby must consist of only such things as an ordinary walk may offer, we cannot help you to any considerable variety. Get our *Home Naturalist*.

SUNBEAM.—People do not shake hands with men unless they be mutually well acquainted, and then, as the woman has the prerogative of recognising a man or not as she may please (for her own protection), so she may offer her hand, and he should not present his unless she permit him by her own action. In such formal and trifling acts a woman takes the initiative; but when a question of a closer intimacy arises and preludes to an ultimate engagement, it is his place to make every advance, not hers, for he must seek and win her regard, and she must wait to be sought, or if she do not contemplate accepting him, she should draw off at once, and not subject him to the pain and humiliation of a refusal. To encourage a man's attentions merely as an amusement is a shameful act, and reveals a despicable character.

DISAPPOINTED.—The loss of your canary's voice may only be temporary. Sometimes it occurs after moulting, at others it is the result of a cold—a common case with ourselves. In either of these cases the voice will probably return. You may have left it in a draught. But if the bird be an old one, or afflicted with the asthma, we cannot promise you much chance of his singing again. Perhaps he is otherwise ailing in consequence of the gas employed in the room where he is placed. Make a paste of bread and rape-seed, mixed with the yolk of an egg, and water. Pound and blend the ingredients well, and his feeding on this may further a return of his vocal powers.

CHALSTANGUA GIRLS.—When authors write under a *nom de plume*, we do not betray their *incognito*.

WELL-WISHER.—You are a stranger to "Medicus," and he cannot know your individual constitution, complications of any kind to be treated, nor your circumstances and surroundings. Go to a doctor who can see you and judge of your condition far better for himself than you can describe it. Patients often omit to name facts through ignorance of their importance, and no doctor could treat them properly in that case.

MOLLY BAUNE.—The origin of the phrase, "seeing the lions," or "showing the lions" of any new place, is to be traced to the fact that at one time, when there were no travelling menageries, nor Zoological Gardens, a collection of lions formed one of the sights in the Tower of London, and country folks used always to pay a visit to this very rare exhibition.

ADA DOWNING.—Show the MS. to a publisher. We do not know the dimensions of the book nor the character of the contents and style, and could not judge of its possible success or failure.

A WELL-WISHER OF THE "G. O. P."—The only plan to improve in spelling is to have a dictionary by you when writing, and look out every doubtful word. Also make a list of all words ending in "ible" and "able," "ment," and those with double or single letters; write them in the correct way, and then learn them by heart. Some words ending with "ment" retain the preceding "e," and others do not.

S.—Your quotations are from some obscure writer.

MILDRED MILNE.—The game of Badminton, which is played with a battledore and shuttlecock, has its rules; but for playing in an ordinary way with these appliances the only end and aim of one player is to keep the shuttlecock up longer than the other. We thank you for your kind letter.

GLADYS.—Look into the shop windows, especially where stationery is sold, and you will easily find a place where postage stamps of all nations, new and already used, may be had. *The word* "where" is spelt with an "h," as you had better observe.

KENILWORTH.—We never tell characters by handwriting. We have told our readers this already more than once. Reverse your thick and thin strokes, making the downward strokes comparatively heavy, and the upward fine.

"THE REFINED THREE" (so self-reputed!)—When all three walking together, they may allow their friend the postman to accompany them to their place of business. But they should on no account accept an invitation from him for any excursion without the free consent of their parents. If one of you have been going out with a young man for about a year, you have no business to talk and flirt with other young men. We hope this intimacy with the walking companion is sanctioned by your mother. If he do not propose shortly, she should put a stop to the walking or know the reason why not on your behalf, and for your respectability sake.

M. S.—In saying "such a one" you should not pronounce the last word as if written "won" (which would be to imitate an Irish brogue), but as "wun." You should not look for correct spelling in second or third-class confectioners' shops. "Cocoanut" is the correct word, not "cokernut," which is exceedingly vulgar. Persons ill-educated, and unaccustomed to hear correct English spoken, are as apt to add the ugly sound "err" *to words where it does* not belong as to add an aspirated "h" on their own individual responsibility.

PUELLA.—No blessing could possibly rest on a course of life and an occupation absolutely disapproved of by either of your parents. It is sad that by your persistent idleness and throwing away of the advantages afforded you at their cost, you should disappoint and even anger your mother. How grievous an example to your sisters! If the relative you name were to further your wishes to take up a profession so full of danger and temptation to evil—knowing that your so doing was diametrically against your mother's will—she is no desirable companion nor guide for you.

"WORRIED" (but not) "TO DEATH."—We know nothing of the method advertised. We can only advise you not to try it without the opinion of your own family doctor.

LÉONIE WILMAR.—We have had a series of articles on the art of riding: see Vol. III., pp. 3 and 131. "Combination garments" may be worn under the riding trousers, but nothing that can make rucks and wrinkles. Corsets, if very short ones, can be worn, but there are special stays made for riding, which are little more than wide belts. We cannot recommend books, but should our articles be insufficient for you, and you prefer a manual in separate form, any librarian would procure one for you on commission.

BIRDIE—1. Of wedding anniversaries which are celebrated by special names, and made the occasion for giving tokens of friendship and congratulation, no less than twelve have been enumerated by an American writer, but they are so very rarely observed that it is only necessary to enumerate the twenty-fifth, which is "silver," the fiftieth, "golden," and the seventy-fifth, "diamond."—2. The largest oil-painting in the world is one by Tintoretto, entitled "Paradise." It is 33½ feet in height and 84 feet in width, and may now be seen in the Doge's Palace, Venice.

STUDENT OF NATURAL SCIENCE.—Mary Somerville attained the good age of ninety-two, having retained all her splendid faculties, and Caroline Herschell that of ninety-eight. equally retaining faculties as superb.

JOSEPHINE.—The credit due for the greatest healthfulness is a moot point between England and Sweden. The average duration of life is, we believe, greater in the last-named country; but in the work entitled *The Health of Nations*, Mr. Edward Chadwick says that "with continued attention to sanitary science England might be made as healthy as Sweden." According to statistics, England seems to promise to be before long the bearer of the palm. It is certain that the percentage of sick persons in these two kingdoms is lower than that in any other in Europe. Of large cities in the whole world Quebec is credited with being the healthiest.

A. B. C.—We cannot tell you whether the size has ever been surpassed amongst the nuggets discovered since the large piece of gold found in 1872. The weight of this amounted to 640 lbs. It was 4 feet 9 inches long and 3 feet 2 inches wide, and the average thickness 4 inches. It was found in Byer and Haltmann's claim at Hill End, New South Wales.

DEWDROP.—You could not do better than use powdered camphorated chalk in the morning and carbolic tooth-soap at night. Plait the hair and loop the ends up with ribbon at the back, which will keep the bodice of your frock clean, so much soiled by the long hair falling over it. We make no charge whatever for answering questions.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

TRUST in the Lord, let no future affright thee,
Thine is the present to deal with to-day;
The lamp of God's love is uplifted to light thee,
And step after step 'twill illumine the way.

Leave thou the past in the Angel's safe keeping,
And gratefully take the New Year that He gives;
Sow broadcast good seed for some future's glad reaping,
And work thou His will in the present that lives.

One day thou shalt know what thy Lord is preparing
For all who have lived for, and trusted in Him;
One day thou shalt know, when His joy thou art sharing,
The Light that led on, when Earth's sunshine grew dim.

Far in the East see the grey dawn is breaking;
Trust in the Lord, let thine heart hold no fear!
The bitter and sweet He will mingle for making,
What He deems in wisdom, "A Happy New Year."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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AUSTRIAN EMBROIDERY.



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FIG. 3.

THE DUCHESSES OF YORK.

THE dukedom of York has always been a royal title. It has been conferred eight several times before its revival in the person of Prince George of Wales, but only once has it passed from father to son and onward in a line of hereditary succession. This is because the bearer of the title has always stood so near the throne that it has sooner or later become merged in a higher dignity. It is partly from this cause that, although the present Duke of York is the twelfth who has borne the title, there have been only eight actual Duchesses of York. For although both Henry VIII. and Charles I. bore the title for a time, the former had become Prince of Wales before he married Katherine of Arragon, while Charles was King of England when he married Henrietta Maria. Edward IV., too, who was Duke of York for two or three months between his father's death and his assumption of the crown, did not marry Elizabeth Woodville until he had been some years king. And when we strike out of our list also two Dukes of York who never married we find our subject reduced to a comparatively small compass.

It is the great house of York, the solitary instance of hereditary succession mentioned above, which supplies most of the subjects of our sketch. Its founder was Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., known in earlier life as Earl of Cambridge, but created Duke of York by his uncle Richard II., in 1385. The first Duchess of York is an interesting character. She was a princess in her own right, and her earlier history forms the subject of one of Froissart's romantic pages. Pedro, the Cruel, King of Castille, by his marriage with Maria Padilla had three daughters, Beatrice, Constance, and Isabel, who on the murder of their father at Montiel were taken for safety to Bayonne. Beatrice became a nun, but her younger sisters remained "dysconsolate and in great trouble, that it was great pite."

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was at this time keeping court at Bordeaux, and it was represented to him that as he was a widower, and these disconsolate damsels were heiresses to the Spanish crown, he could not do better than marry one of them. Nothing loth, the duke despatched four knights to bring the princesses to Bordeaux. The knights sped so well that the princesses consented to accompany them, and when he heard of their coming the duke, with his brother Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, rode out to meet them. They met at Rochefort, and there and then the duke married Constance, the elder princess. Great feasting and rejoicing marked the ceremony and the return of the duke and his bride to Bordeaux. In the autumn of 1371 the duke, with his wife and her sister and a great train, came over to England. Sixty ships conveyed them to Southampton, whence they rode to Windsor. In the early spring of 1372 Edmund of Langley married the younger sister Isabel.

The Duke of Lancaster's marriage was avowedly a political one, for he laid claim to the crown of Castille in right of his wife,* and prepared to justify his claim by arms. That of Edmund and Isabel may have had less of a political character. They had three children, Edward, Richard, born at Conisborough about 1376, and one daughter Constance, who was married at a very tender age to Thomas Le Despencer, and had a stormy and troubled life before her. In 1381 the Earl went to Portugal to assist the King of Portugal against the King of Castille, and Isabel and her eldest son accompanied him, leaving the younger children in England. They reached Lisbon with a train of noblemen, men-at-arms, and archers, and a marriage was shortly agreed upon between the earl's son and the king's daughter Beatrice. The expedition, however, proved a failure. John of Gaunt, owing to troubles at home, was unable to bring over the further help that had been promised. The King of Portugal, throwing the blame on him, made peace with Castille, and Edmund and Isabel came home in 1382, bringing their boy with them. Isabel made her will in December of the same year by authority and special licence of her husband. From its terms and from other slight indications it has been thought with some probability that she had become a convert to Lollardism. John of Gaunt, her brother-in-law, was the political upholder of Wycliffe. The king's mother, Joan, Princess of Wales, and his queen, Anne of Bohemia, with both of whom Isabel was on intimate terms, were devoted Wycliffites, and she appointed as her executors Sir Lewis Clifford and Sir Richard Sturry, two of the most prominent Lollards of the time. She desired that her body might be buried wheresoever her husband and the king might appoint. A hundred trentals and a hundred sauters were to be said for her soul on the day of her death, and four priests, or at least one, were to sing for her by the space of four years. She gave several specific legacies: to the king her heart of pearls, to the Duke of Lancaster a tablet of jasper which "the King of Armonie" gave her, to her daughter a fret of pearls. She gave her crown to her eldest son, to remain to his heirs, and the rest of her goods she bequeathed to the king on trust that he should allow her younger son Richard, who was his godson, five hundred marks a year during his life. Isabel became Duchess of York in 1385. Several pardons granted at her request tend to show a gracious disposition. She died, a comparatively young woman, in the spring of 1393, "very penitent," according to the monkish chronicles, and was buried in the Priory church of King's Langley, where it is probable that her husband himself raised during the later years of his life the stately tomb, which is still to be seen, shorn of much of its ancient beauty, in Langley parish church. By his will made seven years after Isabel's death he desired that his body should be buried at Langley, "pres de ma tresame Isabele, jadys ma compaigne qe Dieux assoille."

Isabel's jewels sold for £666 13s. 4d., but the king paid the annuity to her son Richard up to the end of his reign, out of the great respect he bore to her.

The Duke of York did not long remain a widower. In the autumn of the year in which Isabel died he married his second wife, Joan of Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and granddaughter, by her first marriage, of Joan, Princess of Wales. Not much is known of the second Duchess of York personally; but the impression left by what little we can glean is of a less amiable character than her predecessor. Left a young widow without children in 1402, she soon married William, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. On his death she took for her third husband Henry, Lord Scrope of Upsal, who perished with her stepson, Richard of Conisborough, in 1415 for complicity in the Southampton plot. Next year we find her married a fourth time to Henry de Vescy, Lord Bromflete, who survived her. She died in 1434, leaving no children by any of her marriages.

It will be seen that Shakespeare's Duchess of York in *King Richard II.* is an unhistorical figure. As mother of Aumerle,* she should be Isabel of Castille; but Isabel had died before the tragedy of Richard's reign was consummated. Joan of Holland, when she married York, seems to have been a mere child.

Edward of Rutland succeeded to his father's title as second Duke of York, and his wife is therefore the third duchess. She was Philippa de Mohun, second daughter and co-heir of John, Lord Mohun of Dunster, the owner of great estates in Somerset, Devon, and Dorset. Her mother was Joan, daughter of Bartholomew de Burghersh, a noted Lollard. Her sisters were respectively Countess of Salisbury, and Lady Strange of Knocking. Philippa, like the second duchess, was a much-married lady. The dates are perplexing, but it would seem she had been married twice before her marriage to the Duke of York: first to Walter, Lord Fitzwalter, secondly to Sir John Golofré, Ambassador to France. The duke and duchess had no children. The duke, a weak, unreliable man, but not devoid of personal bravery, was killed at Agincourt. He had spent much money in founding a great college at Fotheringay, planned originally by his father, on whom and the Duchess Isabel the castle and manor had been settled (51 Edward III.), and his body was brought over from France and buried in the choir of the church. By his will made a few months before, he bequeathed certain beds with their furniture, and certain silver pots and basins to "ma tresamee compaignee Philippe," and he directed that in all masses and prayers to be made for him mention should be of King Richard II., King Henry IV., Edmund Duke of York his father, the Lady Isabel his mother, and all other persons departed this life, for whom he was in conscience obliged to pray, that God would have mercy on them.

Duchess Philippa, left with a great dowry issuing out of estates in Northamptonshire, Yorkshire, Wiltshire, Essex, and the Isle of Wight in right of her third marriage, besides manors and estates in Somerset, Devon, and Norfolk, is said to have married John Vescy as her fourth husband. She made her will at Carisbrook Castle, St. Gregory's Day, 1430, describing herself as "Phelip Duchesse de York et Dame de l'ysle de wyght," and dying in 1431 was buried in accordance with her express desire in "the conventual church of Westminster," in the chapel of St. Nicholas, to the altar of which she left a chalice of silver and a vestment. Her monument, with its full-length effigy in long robe, wimple and veil, considerably defaced, may still be seen there, bearing on the lower part of it the arms of Fitzwalter, Mohun, York, and Burghersh.†

The second Duke of York died without

* The Duke and Duchess of Lancaster assumed the style of King and Queen of Castille and Leon at Hertford, March 1st, 1372, which was probably about the date of the marriage of Edmund and Isabel.

* Edward Earl of Rutland, the eldest son of Edmund and Isabel, was created Duke of Albemarle (Aumale or Aumerle) in 1397, and deprived of that title in 1399.

† Philippa's will contains a number of minute directions as to the conveyance of her body to Westminster, the Requiem masses to be said on the way and at its reception, when twenty-four poor men clothed in short gowns with hoods of black were each to bear a torch and receive 20d. in money. Her servants were to be provided with mourning. She leaves numerous small sums to religious houses, her husband's college of Fotheringay amongst them, *pur prier pur ma alme*. To "mon filtz Wauter, Seigneur Fitz Waulter" (apparently her grandson) she gives, amongst other things, a chased gold cup of curious workmanship. Other small bequests, apparently to members of her household, fill the remainder of her will; and she leaves the residue of her estate to be distributed by her executors in four parts and applied at their discretion for the saying of masses, the relief of prisoners, the sustenance of the poor, and the amendment of evil lives.

issue; but his brother, Richard of Conisborough, by his marriage with Anne Mortimer, daughter of the Earl of March, had left a son, Richard of Cambridge, who at three years old succeeded to his uncle's title. The young duke was the ward of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland and his countess, and he married Cicely Neville, his guardian's youngest daughter. Of the Duchess Cicely materials exist for a portrait at fuller length than is the case with her predecessors. She is a typical great lady of mediæval times, and her life extends over nearly the whole of the fifteenth century. Her mother, Joan Beaufort, was a daughter of John of Gaunt, and by descent and by her brothers and sisters, twenty in number, she was allied to all the greatest families in the kingdom. It was the Neville alliance that gave her husband the strength and support which enabled him to put forward his claim to the crown. She was with her husband in France during his appointment as Lieutenant-General, and three of her children were born at Rouen. Later she accompanied him to Ireland. A famous beauty, popularly known in the north as the "Rose of Raby," her beauty was only exceeded by her pride. At Baynard's castle, bestowed on York by Henry VI. after the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and still more at the duke's own ancestral castle of Fotheringay, where she had her throne-room, she maintained all the state of a queen. Had her husband survived the battle of Wakefield, she would in all probability have been queen of England. But that fatal field deprived her not only of her husband, but also of her young son, the Earl of Rutland, and her brother, the Earl of Salisbury. Though she had lost a crown for herself, the next year saw her the mother of a king. Edward IV. treated her with unvarying respect; but his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was a grievous blow to her ambition. She overcame her hostility, however, so far as to stand godmother to his eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, the other godmother being the queen's mother, the Duchess of Bedford. The rising of Warwick her nephew, the murder of her son Clarence, the fate of her grandchildren the sons of Edward IV., the crimes which marked the short reign of her son Richard, terminating in the tragedy of Bosworth Field, make up a category of ills exceeding in number and magnitude the ordinary share of trouble falling to mortal lot. But she outlived her losses as she had outlived the calumnies which, like most great ladies of her time, she had not escaped in earlier life, and her later days, spent in retirement at her castle of Berkhampstead, present a stately and dignified picture, not unworthy of a great though stormy career. As early as 1480 she and her sister, the Duchess of Buckingham, had together professed themselves religious. Henry VII. did not interfere with the duchess's estates, and his marriage with her granddaughter, the Princess Elizabeth of York, gave her the prospect of seeing her direct line perpetuated on the throne.

It is worth while considering for a moment the record which has been preserved of her life at Berkhampstead.* She rose at seven, and after hearing matins and low mass in her chamber and taking "something to recreate nature," she went to service in her chapel. Dinner was served between eleven and twelve, during which she heard "a lecture of holy matter." After dinner she gave audience for an hour, slept a quarter of an hour, and then continued in prayer "unto the first peale of evensonge: then she drinketh wyne or ale at her pleasure. Forthwith her chapleyne is ready to saye with her both evensonges: and after the last peale she goeth to the chappell and heareth evensonge by note." Supper was served at five, during which those in her presence had the pleasure of hearing her "recyte the lecture that was had at dinner."

"After supper she disposeth herself to be famyliare with her gentlewomen to the secac'on of honest myrthe: and one houre before her goeinge to bed she taketh a cupp of wyne, and after that goeth to her pryvie closette and taketh her leave of God for all night, makinge ende of her prayers for that daye, and by eighte of the clocke is in bedde."

All her household had their set portions, and those who were sick or infirm had stated allowances. Roast and boiled meats were served on most days, but on fast-days salt and fresh fish, and on Saturdays "at dynner salt fyshe, one fresh fishe and butter: at supper salt fishe and egges."

Payment for provisions was made weekly and monthly. The wages of the household were paid half-yearly, and four times a year proclamation was made "about Berkhamsted in market townes to understand whether the purveyors, cators and other make true paymente of my ladyes money or not: and also to understande by the same whether my ladyes servants make true payment for theyre owne debts or not: and if any defaulte be founde a remedy to be had forthwith for a recompense."

Cicely made her will 1st of April 1495. She directed her body to be buried beside that of her "most entirely best beloved lord and husband" in his tomb at Fotheringay, whither his remains had been removed by Edward IV. with great ceremony six years after the battle of Wakefield. Her bequests have a touch of the stateliness which characterises her throughout. To the college of Fotheringay she gave "a square canopie of crymeson clothe of gold" with various vestments and books doubtless from her private chapel: to her eldest daughter her largest bed of baudekyn with a counterpoint of the same: to her daughter of Suffolk her chair with the covering, all her cushions, horses, and harnesses for the same, with all her palfreys: to her son-in-law the Duke of Suffolk a cloth of estate.

She died the same year. When her remains were reinterred by order of Queen Elizabeth many years after in the chancel of the present church of Fotheringay she "had about her neck hanging in a silken riband a pardon from Rome which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as fair and fresh to be read as if it had been written but yesterday."

From the Duchess Cicely we turn to the pathetic figure of a child bride. Richard the second son of Edward IV. was created Duke of York 28th May, 1474. Three years later on the 1st January, 1477, when only five years old, he was married to Anne Mowbray, a child younger than himself, the sole heiress of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. An account of the stately ceremony of the wedding affords us our only glimpse of the fifth Duchess of York. The bride was led into St. Stephen's chapel by the Earl of Lincoln and Earl Rivers, attended by many ladies and gentlewomen. There the king and queen, the prince, the Duchess Cicely, and the princesses awaited her coming. After the Pope's dispensation had been read, the king gave away the bride, the Duke of Gloucester casting gold and silver amongst the common people, and after spices and wine "as appertaineth to matrimonial feasts" the Duke of Gloucester (ill-omened choice) and the Duke of Buckingham conducted the bride from the chapel. The marriage feast was prepared in St. Edward's chamber, where, judged by the light of later years, a strange company of guests assembled. For not only was Gloucester there with the Woodvilles and the young princes his destined victims, but Henry of Richmond, his successor, and the princess Elizabeth, who as Richmond's wife was to unite the red and white roses.

The marriage which secured the great Norfolk inheritance completed, the young Duchess doubtless returned to the care of her mother. Six years later the gates of the Tower closed for ever on the boy bridegroom. Anne also died young and rests in a nameless grave in the chapel of St. Erasmus in Westminster Abbey.

From Anne Mowbray we pass to comparatively modern history, for the next Duchess of York was Anne Hyde, the daughter of Clarendon and the mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne. Privately married in the year of the restoration to the king's second brother James, whom she had met four years before in Paris when maid of honour to his sister the Princess of Orange, her marriage was made public very shortly afterwards, and she kept her court as Duchess of York (a circle said to be more select than that of the queen) for eleven years. We need not dwell on her history. She lives in the pages of Pepys and his contemporaries, and on the canvas of Lely, a woman of natural ability and tact, but haughty and unpopular. Received into the Romish church in August 1670, she died in March of the following year, and is the third Duchess of York buried in Westminster Abbey. The history of Mary Beatrice of Modena the second wife of James belongs to that of the Queens of England. Married in her fifteenth year to a bridegroom of forty, she landed in England two and a half years after Anne Hyde's death, being met by the Duke at Dover. As Duchess of York she accompanied her husband to Holland, and twice to Scotland, where she kept court all one winter in Holyrood. She became Queen of England at twenty-seven, and her subsequent history and misfortunes are outside the scope of our subject.

The last Duchess of York, like the first, was a princess in her own right. She was Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, Princess-Royal of Prussia, eldest daughter of Frederick William II. Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, second son of George III., had met her during his visits to Berlin, and fallen in love with her. The marriage was celebrated at Berlin, 29th September, 1791, with all the pomp which attends such ceremonies at the Prussian court, the traditional torch-dance as usual concluding the festivities of the day. The duke was twenty-eight, his bride four years younger. "I believe and hope," wrote Lord Malmesbury, "she will make him happy and please in England. She is far from handsome, but lively, sensible, and very tractable; and if one-tenth part of the attachment they now show for each other remains, it will be very sufficient to make an excellent menage."

On the 21st November following the duke and duchess landed at Dover. They arrived the following day in London, and on Sunday the 23rd at nine in the evening they were remarried by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the great saloon of Buckingham Palace in presence of the king and queen and all the royal family. The Prince of Wales in a chocolate-coloured dress suit gave away the bride, who was dressed in white satin with tassels and fringes of gold and a number of diamonds. She wore feathers in her head-dress with three brilliant pins, presented to her by the king. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence went home with the duke and duchess afterwards to "an elegant supper" at York House. Next day there was a great drawing-room at which the duchess was presented. The duke and duchess drove from York House in their coach, and the duchess was received by Lady Sydney, Lady Mary Howe and Lady Caroline Waldegrave, who "led her into the drawing-room, and presented her to their majesties and

* "A compendous recytacion compiled of the order, rules, and constructione of the house of the Right Excellent Princesse Cecile, late mother unto the Right Noble Prince King Edward the Fourth."—*Ordinances of the Royal Household*, published by the Society of Antiquaries.

the princesses. The ceremony over, the nobility paid their respects to the illustrious stranger." Lord Malmesbury's hopes were not fulfilled, and six years later the duchess retired to Oatlands Park, Weybridge, where she spent the rest of her life in seclusion, devoting herself to works of charity and to the care of numerous pets, for whom she developed a very strong affection. She died in 1820 in her fifty-fourth year, after a long and painful illness, and was buried at Weybridge. The duke and the other princes attended the funeral with all due ceremony, after which, we are informed by the *Annual Register*, "the duke returned immediately to town to dinner."

In taking leave of our subject we may perhaps be allowed to express a hope that the ninth duchess of York, the lineal descendant, like her bridegroom, of Cicely Neville and Isabel of Castille, not less richly endowed by nature than any of her predecessors, and beginning her new life under such fair auspices, may have a fairer and happier future before her than any of theirs. R. W. R.

AUSTRIAN EMBROIDERY.

It is not often that it is possible from a very small outlay to evolve a really artistic drawing-room ornament; but when this is the case we are glad to call our readers' attention to the fact and point out to them how the work can be accomplished.

For some years the Austrian squares shown in our illustrations have been sold on the Continent, and largely used there for decorative purposes; but until they found their way into London and provincial shops they were useless to describe as work within the reach of English ladies, but as at the present time they are frequently to be met with, the difficulty of procuring them is over. These squares must not be confounded with the coarse Brittany handkerchiefs that have been used for many years as a foundation for imitation Indian embroidery. The latter, though forming admirable Oriental designs, are so glaring as to colour, and so coarse as to texture, that it is necessary to entirely conceal the material with close satin stitch embroidery. This embroidery is certainly very handsome, but takes so long a time to execute that not many of us in the present whirl of existence have the leisure to spend so much on fancy work.

The Austrian squares are made of a thin fine linen, and are in size from thirty to thirty-two inches. Their designs are printed upon them, and either have a pure white background surrounded with a deep border of crimson, blue, or yellow, or the design is laid upon black, scarlet, or citron yellow foundations.

The designs are of every colour and in great variety, and they are so beautifully executed and coloured, and shaded with such justness and appreciation of nature that they resemble painting more than printing, and do not require to be concealed. What they do require is a certain amount of handwork expended on them to bring them into greater relief and to take from them the appearance of flatness.

The designs include very many different kinds of flowers arranged as wreaths, birds of all kinds of plumage, butterflies, single feathers thrown carelessly over the background, and various figure subjects. Of these we have selected three for illustration and embroidery, merely remarking that very little idea of the delicacy of their colouring can be learnt from an engraving. Fig. 1 is a design of a wreath of flowers including pink roses with buds and sprays, yellow roses and their leaves, one spray of pale lavender-tinted lilac, a bunch of softly-tinted chrysanthemums, and a goldfinch with nest. The background colours for this pattern are either citron yellow or black, the former being the most artistic, the latter lasting clean the longest. To embroider this design, it is necessary to work the brown wings and tail of the bird to match the painted copy with shades of brown silk. All the body of the bird should be left untouched, with the exception of a few prominent yellow markings or feathers; these should be followed out with yellow silk, the bird's eye touched in with black silk, its beak outlined, and a few dark markings covered where shown near the beak. The feet and claws require outlining with fine black silk, but not filling in. All the correct colours are given in the painting, and really very little embroidery is required, so much of the design being left uncovered. For the nest, work the branch of the lilac it rests upon as a solid mass, outline the shape of the eggs, fill in the dark piece inside the nest and give a few prominent grass sprays an outline, but leave most of them untouched. Work in the veins of all prominent and large leaves of the lilac, rose, and chrysanthemums, and work in solid, matching the pattern as to colour, the larger stems of roses and lilacs. For the bunch of lilac, work in solid with white silk the few flowers that are painted white on the design, leaving untouched all the lilac-coloured flowers, and outlining here and there some of the background sprays. To embroider the roses, mark out their centres with crimson silk, and loosely satin-stitch over here and there one of the most prominent of their leaves, and outline the dark parts of a turned back leaf, the under sides of any rose turned away, and the most prominent leaves of the buds and half-opened roses. Repeat the same description of marking out prominent objects, *i.e.*, light and dark leaves when embroidering over the chrysanthemums. It is impossible to give quite accurate directions for working every flower, as so much must be left to individual taste; but a few leaves worked as directed will speedily show the embroiderer the best parts to leave untouched, and the parts that require being made prominent by being embroidered. This square is used for a table-cloth or cushion; when made up as a table-cloth it requires a frill of silk or lace matching its ground colour.



FIG. 1.

Fig. 2 is given as an illustration of the Austrian squares that are enriched with borders, and whose centre design is either that of detached feathers, butterflies of every colour and shape, or birds. The groundwork is white, the border of red or yellow two inches in width. The feathers are those of the peacock, the ostrich, the parrot, the humming-bird, and many other bright-plumaged tropical birds. The natural colours of these feathers are wonderfully depicted, with the exception of that of the ostrich, which is sometimes coloured blue, or red, or grey. To embroider this square, either crewel wools or coloured silks are used. If crewels are used and the colours pretty well covered, the cloth will wash. If silks are employed and much of the design left untouched, the square will bear cleaning but not washing. To colour the peacock feather shown in the illustration, leave the centre of the eye of the feather (which is a deep blue) untouched, but work in chestnut and citron yellow shades the feathers beyond it; leave the white outer rim untouched, but from it work all the filaments that surround this line and form the edges, those filaments that are at the top of the feather work with yellow green shades, those filaments at the base with shades of cinnamon reds. The feather next the peacocks with a blunt straight edge is shaded from the shaft to the straight edge white, pale yellow, a bright blue and black with white

finish. Work the shaft, the black and white edging and the short white feathers at the base, leaving the blue and the yellow parts untouched. The feather on the opposite side of the peacock feather work with purple blues, olive greens and pale yellow, and leave the bright crimson parts of it untouched. Pursue this description of colouring throughout, copying the colouring given as far as possible, and helping the embroidery by leaving parts of the design uncovered; but to any workers who do not mind a little trouble we should recommend the whole of the pattern being worked over, as it is so pretty and artistic that it will repay them for doing so.

The larger design shown in Fig. 3 is of a much more elaborate a description, and is intended for mounting as a fire-screen. It is a square of thirty inches, and is printed on a white ground and surrounded with a broad orange-coloured border. The centre subject is an Italian playing the zither, but the side subject is a kind of humorous carrying-out of the homily, that artists absorbed in their art may often neglect their surroundings. In the border we are shown children playing with and disturbing the painting materials of the zither player, who and the women listening to him are too absorbed in the music to heed what happens, or to notice the boys' hands daubed with paints, or the escape of the birds from their wooden cages. The colouring of this design is wonderfully minute; the women are dressed one with a red neckerchief, white chemisette, blue apron and cinnamon brown dress, the other with a yellow straw hat, yellow handkerchief, dull green-coloured body laced up the front, and purple blue skirt. The zither player wears a suit of brown clothes, a red waistcoat, white stockings and grey hat. The children are in white bodices, pink dresses and brown trousers. The tree is in full flower, and is a pink almond; the birds have bright plumage. The ribbon twined round the parchment scroll at the top of the square is of different shades of blue, the dog is brown, the paint-box grey, and the flowers in the foreground prettily and effectively coloured. It would be impossible to carry out the whole of these details in coloured embroidery without a vast amount of unnecessary labour, and the work that is therefore done upon this screen is simply that of outlining. This is shown in the illustration about the figure of the zither player. His jacket is outlined in crewel-stitch with crewel wool, in brown crewels, and the same colour outlines his trousers. The waistcoat and hat are outlined with green crewels, the zither with grey crewels, and the stockings and boots with crewel wools that match their darkest shade.



FIG. 2.

The colours of the dresses of the peasant-women are so good and natural that they need only to be followed out and outlined with the shade of wool that matches the darkest colour used about them. The children's dresses require a little more filling in; as they are more in the foreground than the larger figures their printed colouring needs only to be followed. The foreground flowers, the snail, the hat, etc., will require more embroidery than other parts, as they are the most prominent; they look best worked in satin-stitch. A few leaves on the tree and some of the almond blossoms are also filled in.

To make up this square into a fire-screen, line the material with the strong net that is sold for stiffening, and back this net with a coloured serge. Frame with black and gold picture-frame beading, or insert the square into one of the cane Japanese fire-screens that are fashionable. The cost of these squares unworked is a little over one shilling.

BLANCHE C. SAWARD.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid, etc."

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was no sleep for us that night, however, any more than for a single soul on board the *Sea Serpent*, for a hurricane had burst upon us far exceeding what we had known of hurricanes in our previous history. How the good ship rolled and pitched, three-decker though she was! How the wind roared and whistled in the rigging, for I need not say every sail was reefed! How the water hissed, as the great waves dashed on our timber sides and broke over the deck! Every port-hole was closed, but we knew what the hold held by the peculiarity in the motion of the *Sea Serpent*, which was now, as it were, grasped by an unseen hand under the water; now, as it were, lumbering and straining under an increasing load; now like a war-horse broken loose from all control and defying the weight in the saddle, driving madly and desperately with the gale!

Our maid was a young woman engaged and taken in at Cape Town, in the room of an older servant who had elected to return to England. Poor Susan had some acquaintance with the sea, else she would probably not have entered our service, but she had not bargained for a night like this. She roused us from the little rest we could get by her sobs of distress and cries of terror. It was all that Sally and I could do to quiet her by representing that we were in the same danger, and that she could see for herself that we did not make such an outcry. We trusted in Almighty God to take care of us, and then come what might it would be well. But it was Jane who was the least moved and the best comforter. "Why, Susie," she remonstrated, with quite a bright light shining on the face which was always so little and so white, "have you never heard that we are as near heaven on sea as on land? Think of the poor creatures on sick-beds and in hospitals, in dark city rooms, pining in long-drawn-out hopeless agonies, while we know we shall either be saved—which, no doubt, we shall be as soon as it is daylight—or we shall have a swift passage together to a better world. Lie down here, Susie, and I will hold your hand; why, you're shaking like a leaf! Try to say your prayers, and then we'll talk of the Bible verse about 'passing through the waters;' or perhaps you will remember a hymn about our Lord to repeat, till my sister Car has breath to sing one to you."

In all such storms there are ominous crashes and shocks to be heard and felt, which smite the ears of the listeners and cause their hearts to stand still for very ignorance of what may have happened out of their sight. There were awful crashes on board the *Sea Serpent* that night; one of them was so appalling that Susie fainted outright, and gave us something to do, for, though we were all to go to the bottom the next minute, we were bound to bring Susie to in the meantime, and not let her die in a neglected swoon.

Then we heard through the din a step hastily making its way to us. It was that of Perry Hood. He looked worn and haggard with work and watching, while he was intrepid and alert at every point. His spare body was full of exhaustless energy; his kingly spirit was that of a ruler born for times of danger. He had snatched a moment to reassure his Sally and the rest of us with the information that all we had lost was the main-topmast—well, and the mizen-mast; the fore-topmast had gone before (a good deal at a couple of blows). The men were clearing away the wreckage as fast as they could with hatchets, and we were about to try to get the vessel round with what

sail could be ventured on the bowsprit. When the gale subsided (aye, when the gale subsided! Would it subside in time? or rather would not time have ceased to be for us before that longed-for moment came?), we should try to rig up jury-masts and make a shift to hold on till the *Hercules* or the *Oberon* came to our assistance. Oh, yes; he was glad to say Tom and the Admiral were safe, though there had been some loss of life, he regretted to own, in the falling of the masts. We learnt afterwards that no fewer than thirteen of our poor sailors had been crushed or maimed, or washed overboard with no chance to save them in that seething, boiling flood.

Sally clasped Perry by the arm for a second and looked him in the face before she let him go. She did not cling to him or bid him stay, for she was a sailor's daughter and she knew where a sailor's duty lay. But in that clasp and look, which did not last above an instant, not only Jane—who was so full of comprehension and sympathy—but even I apprehended how much more poor Sally had at stake than we had; for not only had she father and Tom to pray for, she had the light of her life, without whom the whole world would be dark to her.

We could hardly call it daybreak when the light came, it was so murky, and every bit of glass was obscured, coated with the salt of the spray, with the flakes of half-dried foam, and with a thick powdering of the sand with which the waves, working like yeast, were charged.

We knew father would not have us on deck, where there was continual danger from falling ropes and spars, where so many of the men were hard at work in the different watches, doing what they could to repair the damage, while other men were told off to take their turn at the pumps. There was no immediate danger, we were assured, and the tempest had lulled a little, though the ground-swell was tremendous.

The day wore on, with snatches of meals, passing glimpses of father—whose place was on the "bridge"—Tom and Perry. They could not remain below more than a minute or two, but the mere sight of them strengthened us. There was no appearance of the *Hercules* or the *Oberon*. We could not tell how far they had weathered the storm, or been able to resist being taken out of their course; we could not bring ourselves to think they had been captured by the French.

It came to our knowledge, months afterwards, that the two sloops had been overtaken by the storm before they had come up with the enemy. The companion ships had been carried by the fury of the blast far out of our track, while they had looked to us as their hope and stay in the strait. The *Oberon* had been totally disabled and in imminent jeopardy. The *Hercules*, in place of making what, in all probability, would have been fruitless efforts to rejoin us, had been forced to stand by her companion, and, as soon as the weather would permit, to take her in tow and make for the nearest refuge, which chanced to be the Mauritius.

We were thankful to find that the wind did not again rise with the tide, so that the night was, by comparison, peaceful; while we gladly hailed the cheerful, reassuring sounds of the boatswain's whistle and of the striking of the hours, which warned us it was "six bells" or "eight bells"—familiar noises and reckonings which had been swallowed up in the turmoil of the previous night.

We were not prepared for the sober earnestness, or else the repressed excitement, which prevailed among the gentlemen, especially as the weather continued to improve. At last we were permitted to go on the quarter-deck for a breath of fresh air, and a scene of nothing short of desolation presented itself. We might have been in the thick of an engagement and boarded by the enemy with less devastation. Our colours, indeed, had not been pulled down in submission to a foe, but there had been an interval when unless we had trailed them from the stern, or slung them from the remnant of the bowsprit, we could not have displayed them to any advantage. We had, indeed, been in a battle—a battle fought against God's, not man's, artillery—and what wonder we should have come off with great loss?

We were not, to say, scudding along under bare poles: that would have been the merest trifle to our condition. We were labouring painfully in the trough of the waves, heavily waterlogged and all but unmanageable. For, instead of tall, stately masts, strong rigging, and available sails for every change of the wind, we saw only mutilated stumps of masts, the very deck riven by the crashing fall of one of the masts, torn and tattered cordage and canvas, in spite of the bold attempts which had been made at cutting adrift, and running up, and splicing, substituted under unheard-of difficulties; while as many men as could work in one shift were kept incessantly employed at the pumps. The men could not do more than keep the water from rising in the hold, where it had already reached a height which one could guess from the roll of the ship in the dark furrows between the foam-tipped waves, which advanced upon us in legions across the weltering waste of water.

Girls as we were, we could guess—without looking into father's set and drawn face, in which the last two nights had deepened every line and wrinkle, without cross-questioning Tom and cousin Perry, who looked years older than they had looked forty-eight hours before, and were inclined to evade our questions, even when Tom struggled to chaff us all round as usual—that we were in a grave strait. We were waterlogged, so that it was only by strenuous exertions we could hold at arm's length the risk of foundering. We were disabled to such an extent that our ship was practically our mistress. We were in the neighbourhood of dangerous shoals and rocky islands, with no power to keep off them. We had no certainty that the foul weather was gone, and that another storm might not burst upon us at any moment and send us to the bottom without fail. We had been out of sight and hearing of our companion vessels for a considerable number of hours; we had a formidable enemy hovering in the background somewhere near us, if indeed the sails we had sighted before the breaking out of the storm had not fared worse than we had and been disposed of more effectually, or, as we were sometimes tempted to question, if they had not been like "the Flying Dutchman," a delusion of Satan.

But when I felt the tears ready to course down my cheeks, and the strangled sobs to heave my breast, I can solemnly declare, at this distance of years, it was not panic or fear at the danger threatening me; it was not even so much a sick sense of the jeopardy of so many near and dear to me; it was the sight of our dear and beautiful *Sea Serpent*, the beloved home of our happy childhood and youth, a maimed and battered hulk, fit only for drift-wood.

(To be continued.)

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. VERDON.

MRS. VERDON held an untrammeled position in life. She was a rich young widow, uncontrolled, and without children. The death of her little boy had been a greater sorrow than the death of a husband who was much older than herself. Katherine Verdon had adored her child; it was Jamie's resemblance to her lost darling which had drawn her so strongly towards him. She had been a widow five years, and was in no haste to marry again. Like Queen Elizabeth, she coquetted with her suitors, but these coquetries were of a harmless kind, and never went far enough to set the world talking. She had a great deal of tact and cleverness, and managed all her affairs with graceful dexterity.

She was not really beautiful, but in a woman so fortunately situated a little beauty is made much of. Her figure, tall and slender, had the flexible grace

of ribbon-grass; her little head, regally poised, was almost over-weighted with thick braids of satiny hair of pale gold; small features, delicate, if irregular, a colourless, fair skin, and pale-blue eyes, completed this face which never had a warm tint. Her dress was costly, but always well chosen, and she had so carefully studied herself that she could not put on anything which did not become her.

On that summer evening at Richmond she was at her best. Deliverance from great peril had opened her heart to all good influences. The fear of losing Jamie was set at rest, and it was a fear which had increased as the child grew dearer. She was genial, responsive, full of gentle gaiety and genuine gratitude.

For a whole year Arnold Wayne had listened to the praises of Katherine Verdon, chanted by his cousins the Danforths. They had found fault with him, as all his relations did, for leading an unsettled life, and were always asking when he was going to marry? He had been travelling for three or four years, associating with all sorts and conditions of men and women, interesting himself in strange religions, penetrating into regions which few Englishmen had ever visited, and he had reached the mature age of thirty-three without having been very deeply and seriously in love. Of course he had had love affairs. There was an Italian who had held him in her enchantments for a whole winter, not to mention a *gitàna*, whose liquid eyes had kept him spell-bound under the walls of the Alhambra, and others, fair and dark, tall and little, who had been—

"The summer pilots of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing."

But, as he had owned to his innermost self a hundred times, the woman who was to reign over his life had not yet come. Would she ever come? He had asked himself this question on the day when he had seen Elsie with the rector. Certainly, there had been a strange attraction in her face. It was beautiful, but he had seen beauties by the score; beauties of all lands and of all grades, high and low. It was not Elsie's beauty which had so strongly moved him, although it was of a type which he especially admired. It was an expression—a something that was wistful and tender in the eyes—a look as of one who was waiting before the fast-shut door of paradise. In time the face might have passed out of his memory, but it flashed upon him again at Richmond, and he had a prophetic feeling that his fate had come to him at last.

The boy Jamie, as he saw at once, would be the connecting link between Elsie and himself. It would be perfectly right in him to call on one who had taken so warm an interest in the nephew of his intimate friend.

Then, too, there had been something said about Miss Neale's manuscript, in which his name was mentioned. He felt that he ought to examine the manuscript, and carry out, as far as he could, the wishes of the writer.

These were the thoughts which came crowding into his mind during the drive home from Richmond. Meanwhile Mrs. Verdon was talking to him in silvery tones, and asking, with pleasant friendliness, whether he had made any plans for the autumn? Jamie, rosy and sleepy, gave him an indolent smile now and then. It was a curious thing, he reflected, that the child should link him to Mrs. Verdon as well as to Miss Kilner. And then he smiled to himself, remembering all that the Danforths had said in this fair widow's praise. Her carriage set him down in a convenient spot, and he walked away to his chambers in Piccadilly, pondering over the strange adventures of the day.

Mrs. Verdon, although she loved liberty, was not unprotected, and her late husband's sister—a Mrs. Tell—had lived with her all through the years of her widowhood. Mrs. Tell, too, was a rich widow, tall, and of imposing aspect, but easy-tempered and rather lazy. She was past sixty, and looked a majestic matron, with her white hair and lace cap. Katherine's whims did not annoy her in the least, and she had taken quite kindly to Jamie. In her inmost heart she did not want her sister-in-law to marry again, and the boy, she thought, would fill up the void in her life and help to make her contented with her lot.

Mrs. Verdon had a good deal of pleasure in her large house. She found her pictures, chairs, tables, plaques and hangings quite absorbing sometimes. Many a morning was spent in arranging and re-arranging cabinets and mantels, and trying the effect of new draperies; and Mrs. Tell enjoyed anything that made the time pass tranquilly away.

The carriage stopped at the door in Portman Square. Sleepy Jamie went toiling up the wide staircase in the dusk, and Mrs. Verdon slowly followed. Everything looked rich and dim; the plants in the great Indian jars filled the hall with sweet scents. Flowers were blooming in every nook. Through a half-drawn *portière* there was a glimpse of Mrs. Tell reading in the shaded lamp-light.

A motherly woman met Jamie on the landing, and gave him a loving greeting. She had been nurse to Mrs. Verdon's own child.

"Ready for bed?" she said in her cheery voice. "What pretty dreams you'll have to-night!"

"Horses ran away," Jamie began, opening his blue eyes. "Went faster than my rocking-horse! Dreadful! Don't want to go out in the carriage any more."

"Never mind," said nurse, with a little hug, "we won't talk about runaway horses at bedtime. We'll just shut our eyes and think of a field of yellow corn, waving, waving, waving."

Elsie had often been troubled with sad visions of Jamie at night. She had pictured him sleeping in rags under an arch, or in some corner of a grimy garret. But fancy had never shown her anything like the dainty little white bed in this spacious room.

An hour or two later when Jamie, rosy and beautiful, was wrapped in the deep sweet sleep of childhood, Mrs. Verdon and her sister-in-law were sitting together after dinner.

"What an eventful day you have had!" said Mrs. Tell, looking up from her knitting in the softly-shaded light. "And what a romantic meeting with Mr. Wayne! Is he all that the Danforths described?"

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Vernon. "They described one of the impossible heroes of fiction. You know they have a talent for description."

"But isn't he nice?" Mrs. Tell asked.

"Yes, he is nice. There is something about him that is not common-place."

She leaned back in her chair with a half smile, absently toying with a sprig of lemon-plant. Her slender figure looked graceful in a gown of some soft kind of silk flowered with faint blue and pink.

Looking at her you somehow imbibed the notion that her hair, eyes, complexion and dress, corresponded with her character. She was faintly coloured. Nothing about her was intense.

A vague thought of this kind flitted through Mrs. Tell's brain at this moment. She was not a clever woman, but long intercourse with the world had quickened her faculty for observation, and she was much given to studying Katherine.

"Not common-place," she repeated; "then of course you found him very interesting?"

"There was not time to get interested in him," Mrs. Verdon answered. "Naturally if a man saves one's life one feels grateful. Perhaps my gratitude has invested him with a fictitious charm."

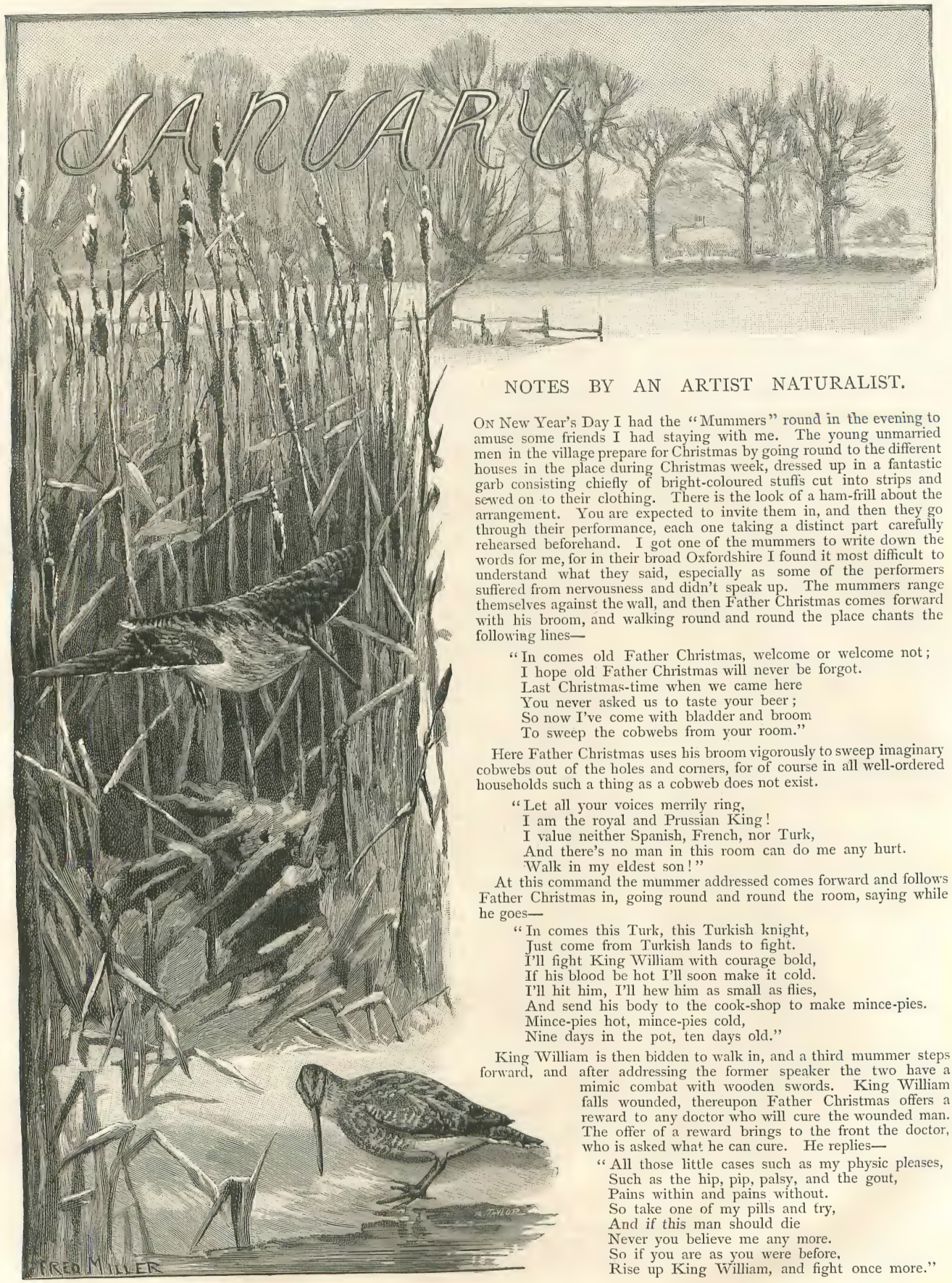
She spoke with a little mocking air, twisting the sprig of lemon-plant in her long white fingers, and looking down meditatively at the carpet.

"He will follow up his advantage," remarked Mrs. Tell, knitting steadily. "No man ever had a more favourable introduction. I wonder if he knew whose carriage it was when he stopped the horses? It was very well done. Of course a man who has travelled for years, and gone into all sorts of risky places is always ready for an emergency. He will call soon."

"He will call soon," echoed the younger widow, still with the little touch of mockery in her tone, "and I shall ask him to dinner. And then, Olivia, you will sit there in your pet chair and watch us both over your knitting-pins. When men come here, you always remind me of Madame Defarge and the dreadful knitting-women of the French Revolution. You have knitted all my admirers into that coverlet you are making. It's a sort of secret record, I do believe."

She rose with a slight laugh, suppressed a yawn in saying good-night, and went out of the room with a soft rustle of trailing draperies, leaving Mrs. Tell sitting in the "pet-chair."

(*To be continued.*)



NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

On New Year's Day I had the "Mummers" round in the evening to amuse some friends I had staying with me. The young unmarried men in the village prepare for Christmas by going round to the different houses in the place during Christmas week, dressed up in a fantastic garb consisting chiefly of bright-coloured stuffs cut into strips and sewed on to their clothing. There is the look of a ham-frill about the arrangement. You are expected to invite them in, and then they go through their performance, each one taking a distinct part carefully rehearsed beforehand. I got one of the mummers to write down the words for me, for in their broad Oxfordshire I found it most difficult to understand what they said, especially as some of the performers suffered from nervousness and didn't speak up. The mummers range themselves against the wall, and then Father Christmas comes forward with his broom, and walking round and round the place chants the following lines—

"In comes old Father Christmas, welcome or welcome not;
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.
Last Christmas-time when we came here
You never asked us to taste your beer;
So now I've come with bladder and broom
To sweep the cobwebs from your room."

Here Father Christmas uses his broom vigorously to sweep imaginary cobwebs out of the holes and corners, for of course in all well-ordered households such a thing as a cobweb does not exist.

"Let all your voices merrily ring,
I am the royal and Prussian King!
I value neither Spanish, French, nor Turk,
And there's no man in this room can do me any hurt.
Walk in my eldest son!"

At this command the mummer addressed comes forward and follows Father Christmas in, going round and round the room, saying while he goes—

"In comes this Turk, this Turkish knight,
Just come from Turkish lands to fight.
I'll fight King William with courage bold,
If his blood be hot I'll soon make it cold.
I'll hit him, I'll hew him as small as flies,
And send his body to the cook-shop to make mince-pies.
Mince-pies hot, mince-pies cold,
Nine days in the pot, ten days old."

King William is then bidden to walk in, and a third mummer steps forward, and after addressing the former speaker the two have a mimic combat with wooden swords. King William falls wounded, thereupon Father Christmas offers a reward to any doctor who will cure the wounded man. The offer of a reward brings to the front the doctor, who is asked what he can cure. He replies—

"All those little cases such as my physic pleases,
Such as the hip, pip, palsy, and the gout,
Pains within and pains without.
So take one of my pills and try,
And if this man should die
Never you believe me any more.
So if you are as you were before,
Rise up King William, and fight once more."

However this doctor's physic does not produce the desired effect, so Father Christmas says—

"Walk in, Jack Finney."

"My name is not Jack Finney, nor John Finney, but Mr. Finney, a man of great fame, who can do more than what thee canst or any man again."

"What canst thou do then, Jack?"

"Cure a magpie with the toothache,
Or a jackdaw with the headache."

"How canst thou do that, Jack?"

"Cut his head off and throw his body in the ditch."

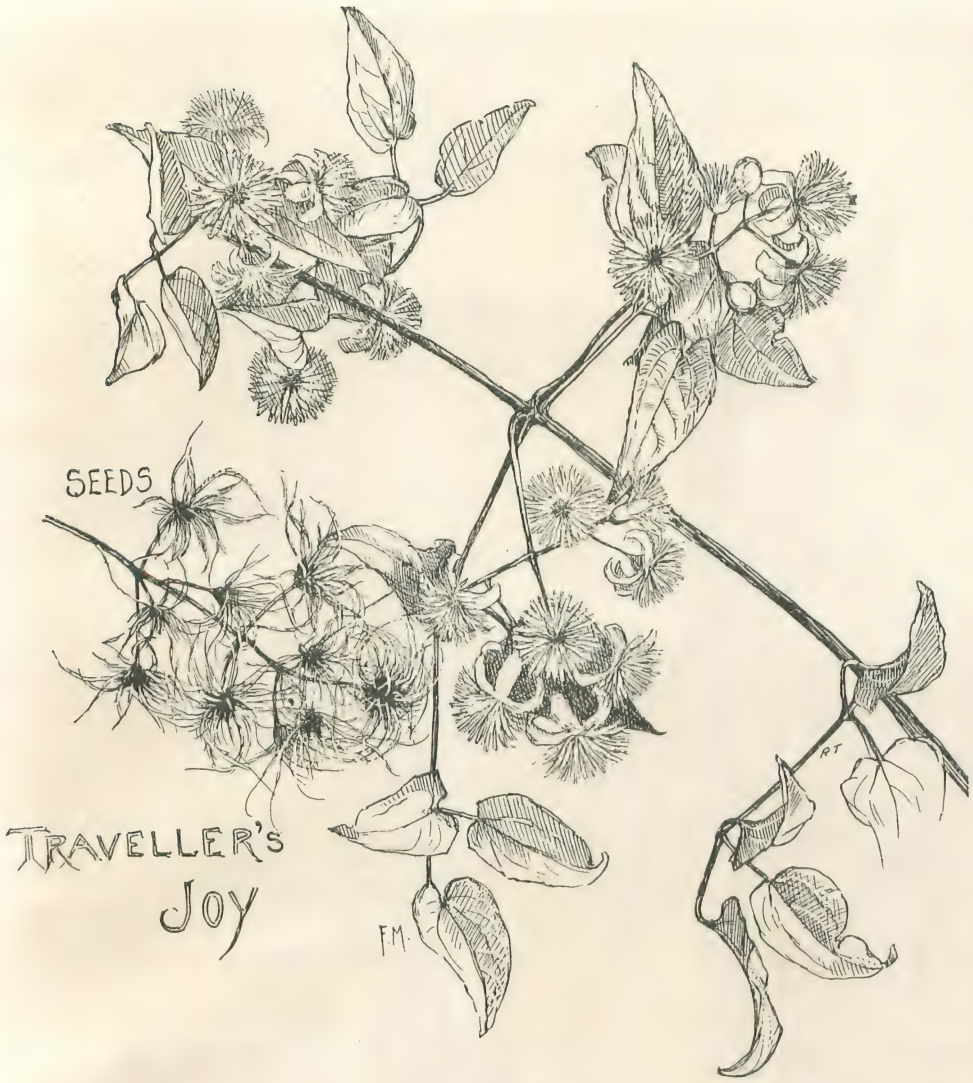
Father Christmas calls him Barabbas and rascal; but Jack Finney gives the wounded man, who has all this while been lying on the floor while the rest of the mummers marched round him, a pill which at once performs a cure. Father Hubbabub is asked to walk in, and he finishes the entertainment with these lines—

"In comes old Father Hubbabub,
On my shoulder I carry my club;
In my hand a dripping pan,
Don't you think I'm a gallant old man?
Green sleeves and yellow laces,
All pretty maidens take your places.
Make room for the fiddler this merry Christmas-time,
For Jack's gone to Ireland, and Sal's gone to France,
So we'll all rise up and have a merry dance."

So many of these old customs are yearly disappearing that one is glad to preserve what few still linger on. These mummers are evidently a survival of the ancient morris dancers, and in this village an old shepherd instructed the young fellows in the mystery of mumming, it having fallen into abeyance for some years. When the old generations are gathered to their fathers, traditions which have been preserved orally for centuries will be buried with them. The disposition abroad is to seek amusement far afield, and those



DEAD HEDGEROW HERBAGE.



literally as beautiful as anything I know, and from a painter's point of view more worth doing than the same scene in midsummer when everything is uniformly green. I was much struck by a mass of dead bulrushes while skating on a pond. These particular rushes are never cut, and the yellow-grey stems and purplish-brown flowers made a beautiful passage of colour in the landscape. My brother painted a small picture of this pond which is engraved in this number of the "G. O. P.," for it illustrates the material a painter has to his hand in January. The sunlight in the afternoon, falling on the pollarded willows with the elms beyond, making the willows quite warm by contrast, only wanted to be realised in paint to be a most beautiful passage in a picture. I suggested some lines from a poem by Myers as a title.

"She watched the glories fade in one,
The round moon rise while yet the sun
Was rosy on the snow."

Have you ever noticed how just a few days in every year stand out clearly against the background of the whole fifty-two weeks, and years after one can recall them. One such walk I took, when staying just after Christmas in the country, along by the Nene River some few miles from Peterborough. The day was sunny though cold, and in the shade the hoar-frost still silvered the leaves and herbage. The dead reeds were quite golden in colour in the sunlight, and in one hedgerow we came to the silvery silky seed vessels of the traveller's joy (Father Christmas' beard we might term it), "Parcel-bearded with the traveller's joy," in Tennyson's words, and the crimson four-sided seed vessels of the spindle

delights which amused our forefathers are voted slow by the restless spirits of to-day. The newer generations of farmers give little encouragement to their men to keep old country customs and festivities. There is only one farmer in my neighbourhood who still celebrates the harvest-home, and yet my mother tells me that in the village when she was a girl the taking home of the last load of corn was the occasion of much rejoicing. It was called in Cambridgeshire the orkey load, and was drawn through the village decorated with boughs and evergreens, and afterwards supper and merry-making finished the day, cakes and ale (ale was then always home-brewed) being an important item in the feast.

Plough Monday, the first Monday in January, is unknown in Oxfordshire, but was kept in the Eastern Counties, the plough-boys going through the village cracking their whips and getting *largesse* from the farmers. But years ago all farm hands were hired by the year at the neighbouring statute fair, and the plough-boys slept in the house and were fed by the farmers. A "mess of milk," as it was called, was given to each boy and man before going to plough.

The conditions of life change, we know, and this in itself should occasion no regret, but as time goes on we are losing more and more of the picturesque or decoration of life. The world is made beautiful, and not only supplies our wants, but gives us delight, *la joie de vivre* (the joy of life) as the French say. Surely man, taking nature as his guide, should do what he can to preserve those things which tend to prevent life becoming merely material and barrenly sordid.

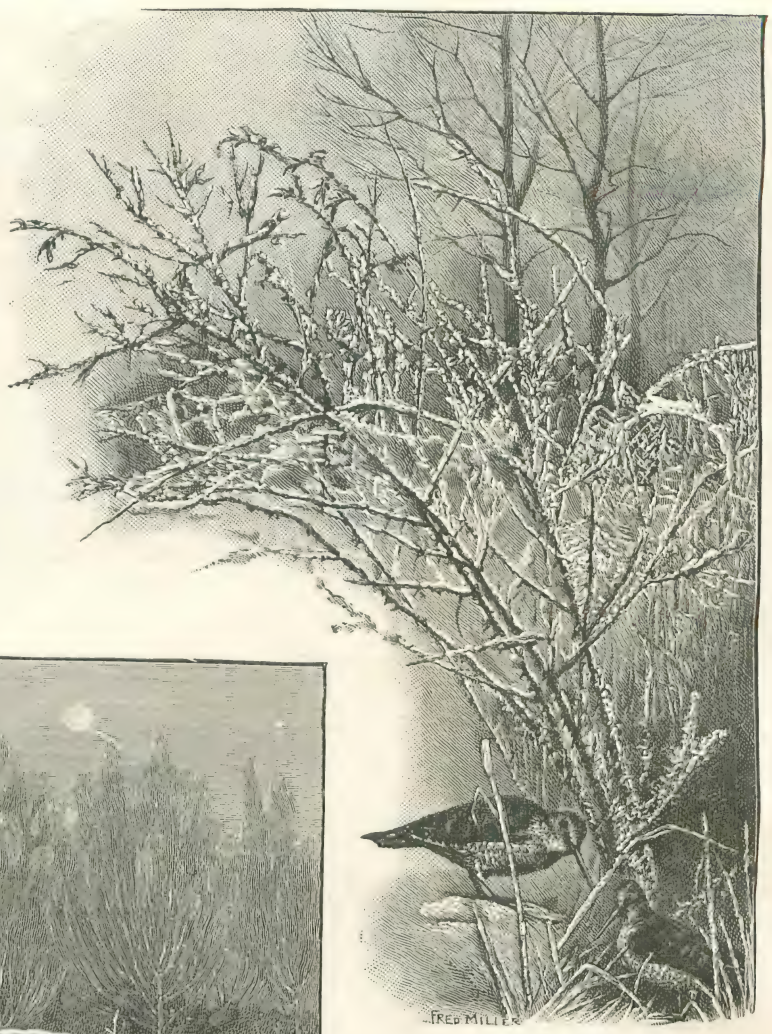
The dead reeds and herbage by the river are very beautiful either seen in the sunlight, which brings out their golden greys and russets, or when the rime frost has collected upon them for several hours and covered them with spinous icicles. There is much more colour in a landscape in January than many people imagine, and a sunny day now has for the artist more subtle beauties than one in midsummer. A bed of osiers or reeds, when the sunlight is on them, with the purplish greys of the distant elms as a background is



tree, which had split open and showed the bright orange seeds inside, were both striking and beautiful features in the landscape. These seeds of the spindle-tree being dry make most beautiful indoor decoration for winter, and we took advantage of the occasion to carry a quantity home to put in our empty vases.

I give a drawing of dead hedgerow herbage, which I used as the *motifs* in a screen I painted one year. The silvery greys of the dead thistles and the warm tones of the dock against a background of ploughed land made a capital harmony. The introduction of goldfinches and rabbits adds to the interest; and I commend this material to my decorative readers

In addition to our summer visitants, like the swallows, we have those birds which, coming from the north, stay only the winter with us. The fieldfares, buntings and brumblings are among the most noticeable of these winter visitors, and then we have among the smaller birds the siskin and redpole, birds which easily reconcile themselves to captivity, and live for years in cages, growing exceedingly tame, as so many stories about them attest. In the winter in the Thames Valley, gulls, terns, and some of the rarer ducks like the golden eye and red-headed pochard, are yearly



HOAR-FROST.



A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

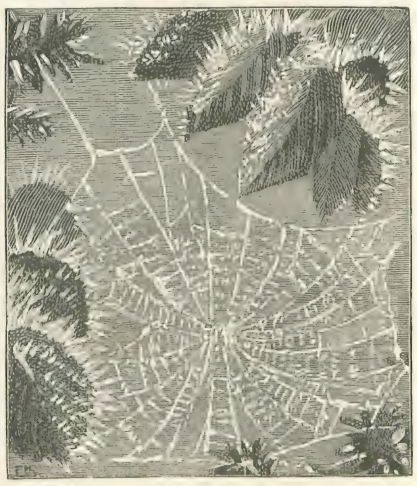
shot, while the common mallard and pintail in hard winters are comparatively common. Wild geese and an occasional swan also fall to keen sportsmen. One young farmer I know, out very early to have a chance shot at some wild ducks, stalked a pair very carefully for some time in the half-light, and finally got within range and secured both, only to find that he had shot a neighbour's tame Muscovy ducks. His bag that morning was an expensive one, as the birds he had secured were old and tough, and it cost him nearly a pound to buy another pair to replace those he had secured.

There is a strange feeling of loneliness about winter when one is out alone, walking over ice-bound fields or skating. The world puts on a disguise in winter, familiar landmarks are obliterated and changed beyond recognition, and there is little life stirring. Two painters I know spent the severe winter of 1891 in a house-boat on one of the Norfolk broads—ice-bound for six weeks. At night they could hear the pattering of rats over the ice as they came to steal any food they could find on board, and even an otter came and stole some fish they had caught and put aside for the next day's meal. Every little sound seemed magnified as it came over the ice. They told me that the feeling of loneliness was almost unbearable at times, as though they alone peopled the world. I can quite imagine it, as I have experienced the same thing when skating on the Thames alone in the gathering dark. The ice, as you skate over it, will give slightly and crack behind you as it splits

right across the river, and Tam O'Shanter could not have felt more scared than I have done once or twice when skating home on the river in the evening. The feeling is too awesome to be agreeable, and the sound is quite appalling and seems to run down the river for a long way.

Of flowers there are few so early in the year. In a garden near me some seedling anemones, with the rich ornate foliage, started flowering in November and kept in bloom till March. Christmas roses are the most beautiful, and if just protected by a handlight give much finer blooms. Iris reticulata, in a mild season, will be found in flower in the garden, and so will snowdrops and aconites. White, in his *Naturalist's Calendar*, gives as flowering in January, the polyanthus, double-daisy, daphne mezereum, red dead nettle, groundsel, hazel, hepatica, primrose, furze, wallflower, stock, white dead nettle, dandelion and crocus. Selborne being in the south, would be more forward than we are in the Thames Valley, which is notable for its extreme cold at times.

Birds are all getting active so soon as January is here, and the wren, robin and thrush make their voices heard in the gardens, while the beautiful coloured nut-hatch may be seen running up the trunks of the trees after insects. These are the first birds to "chirp full choir," and they are soon followed by the whistle



HOAR-FROST.

of the blackbird, the songs of the larks and chaffinches, while the rooks may be seen visiting the elms to see what remains of last year's nests, and to prepare themselves for building operations in the next month.

With the break up of the frost the earth seems to grow into distinctness after being blurred by snow and ice, very much as a dissolving view, and few things are more exhilarating than to see the first flowers like the aconites thrust through the soil and open to the sun of the new year. On a warm day I can see swarms of insects dancing in the sun against any yew-hedge. One hears from travellers how striking is the growth of herbage after rain in India, and English people are astonished at the rapidity with which nature puts on her mantle green in America after the disappearance of the frost. Spring comes with leaps and bounds to our American cousins, and one is told that there you go from winter into spring with no interval to bridge the two together; but with us the seasons are much more uncertain. I have known January quite a warm month—too hot for fires, but later on, when we are taught by the calendar to expect fair weather, we find that "lingering winter chills the lap of May."

THREE CHRISTMASTIDES.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By E. HARPER-ASHWIN, Author of "Agnes Chisholm," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was the week before Christmas, and Miss Ashford sat in her pleasant dining-room alone, save for the companionship of a small brown spaniel lying on the couch near her, ever and anon gazing into the face of his mistress with soft, wistful eyes, or thrusting his nose lovingly into her hand as if he guessed her thoughts and would sympathise in her loneliness. For Edith Ashford was indeed lonely. It was barely a year since she had followed to the grave her mother and an aunt (her father she scarcely remembered), both of whom she had loved and tended with unwearying care for many years—aye, till she herself had reached middle age. Her whole being had been bound up in them; their health, their needs, their happiness, had been her very world, and now it seemed as if no one wanted her.

But had she no other relations? Yes; one half-brother, a ne'er-do-weel, who had long ago emigrated to America, and had never since been heard of; so she was practically alone in the world, with a certain income, small, indeed, but sufficient for her modest requirements and those of the one maid who waited upon her. She looked round the room, on the heavy oak beams crossing the low ceiling, the large French window, making it light and cheerful, the old-fashioned, comfortable furniture on which a generous fire was casting its ruddy glow, and then on the empty chairs drawn up on either side of the hearth-rug, until the welling tears dimmed her eyes; and, hastily wiping them away, she picked up the work she had dropped and knitted fast, as if the movement of her fingers would banish thought. She was not destined, however, to remain long uninterrupted, for the servant entered, carrying her tea-tray with its solitary cup and saucer, and she roused herself to give some trifling order.

At that moment a knock came at the front-door, and into the room was ushered shortly a tall clergyman, who, though his hair was grey, yet retained the alert movement of a man still in his prime.

"Mr. Barker! I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Miss Ashford, with brightening face. "Mary, bring another cup, and—you will have an egg?" she continued, turning again to her guest.

"If you please," was the reply; "for I have walked from Eyreleigh and am rather tired. You have your usual fire, I see."

"Yes, our rooms are always warm," she answered. "But now tell me of Mrs. Barker and the children."

"My wife is very well and sends her love. Charlie and Beth will both be with us for Christmas, but Connie and her husband will postpone their visit for a time; they are afraid of the cold for the baby, and I really think we should enjoy their company more when there was less to do."

"Dear Connie! She appears very happy with her husband and child," remarked the lady.

"Yes, indeed; it was quite a love-match, notwithstanding Captain Lovell's money, and the boy is a real beauty."

"Of course, of course," agreed Miss Ashford smilingly; and the conversation flowed on with inquiries for, and tidings of, different friends, till the tea-things were removed, when the clergyman, taking one of the arm-chairs by the fire, and his hostess drawing her own low seat in front, there was a lull, broken at last by Mr. Barker.

"Effie and I have been thinking so much of you lately," he said, in sympathetic tones; "and we want you to spend Christmas Day with us. Will you come?"

"You are very kind," was the answer in a choked voice; "but I have invited my two lonely old people, John and Betsy, to dinner. I think they would like it. I can't get over my loss," she continued impetuously. "This time last year they were here, and now——" She stopped, totally unable to proceed, but the conclusion came from her visitor.

"Now they are in the Paradise of God you do not grudge them their rest?"

"No, not for them; but my life is very dreary."

"Yes, I know; but"—very gently—"is not your loneliness partly your own fault? Do you not think that, if you asked Him, Jesus Himself would walk with you along this solitary way, in as close and real a companionship as with the disciples going to Emmaus—aye, and sit with you, too, at your lonely table. He wanted to draw you closer to Himself, therefore he took your darlings; but, though His hand dealt the blow, His heart felt and still feels for the grief it caused. I do not think, however, that living alone is good for you. Have you no relation or friend?"

"None," was the reply; "my cousins are all married and far away, and my half-brother, as you know, went abroad years ago; we think he must be dead as no news ever comes."

"Can you then stay with us for a time; we should be delighted to have you."

"Thank you—if I may come in the spring. I have a little plan then," she continued. "Betsy's grandchild is my servant, you know, and Betsy herself is like me, lonely and very poor, so I have asked her to come and live here for nothing; she can do what work she likes, and keep house when I go out; but she cannot leave her cottage before March."

"Capital," rejoined the clergyman; "it is the very thing. But, as I said before, while you seek earthly companionship, do not trust too much to it; there is only one Friend who never changes and never dies. But now I must go; when shall we see you?"

"On Christmas Day, I hope, for one service at least. And," in a lower voice, "I will try to get rid of my loneliness, only pray for me still."

"We do always. Good-bye," was the sole response, as with a warm hand-clasp the

visitor turned away, and letting himself out, disappeared into the darkness of the winter night. Again Miss Ashford resumed her seat and gazed pensively into the glowing embers, while, in reality, she searched the depths of her heart, and saw that under the guise of patience and resignation, she had been filled with rebellion and self-will.

"If He had been nearer, I should have seen more clearly," she murmured at length in earnest soliloquy, "but I stood, like Peter, 'afar off,' and so in actions if not in words, denied Him. Saviour, oh Saviour, forgive and keep me henceforth within Thy sheltering arms."

Absorbed in these reflections the time passed unheeded, and she actually started when the entrance of the maid, with a bedroom candlestick, announced that it was prayer-time. She slept heavily that night and did not awake till late on the following morning, so that when she came down breakfast was already laid, and a pile of letters by her plate told that the postman had been. She turned over the envelopes carelessly, noting that they all came from casual acquaintances or tradespeople, till she came to a thin foreign one addressed in a curious sprawling hand to the mother whom she mourned.

"Who can it be from?" she said aloud, while, after a way most of us have, she turned the missive over and over as if the outer covering would give a clue to the writer. This superficial scrutiny however was but of short duration, and then she tore off the envelope and hastily turned to the signature, the glance, brief as it was, paling her cheek and sending the blood back to her heart.

"Your loving son, Ralph Lynton," were the only words that caught her eye, but those were enough to show that the brother whose name had ever been an accompaniment of sorrow was alive. And yet, deep down in the recesses of her nature lingered a tenderness for the tall lad, who, when most disobedient and head-strong, had always been willing to carry about and play with his baby sister. What could he have written about after all these years? She took up the letter again and read as follows:

"Minnesota, November 4.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I feel just now like the prodigal son of whom you used so often to tell me, and long to return as he did, but this is not to be, for the end has come, and before you read my letter I shall be dead. I have been a bold bad man, leading a wild wicked life, and, as it seems to me now, shrinking from no sin, not the least, that of dragging into my miserable career the veriest angel of a woman that ever trod the earth. Twelve years ago I married, and strange as it may appear, a young lady, left by some fearful accident orphaned and penniless in a strange land. I was able to be of some use and protection to her, and she repaid me with the love of her young innocent heart, me, who since I left home had scarcely spoken to a decent woman. Be it so, she loved me, and I —I worshipped her, and yet, so strong was the power of evil, that even with this motive, I could not detach myself from my wild ways. She, amid it all, never grew cross or angry, but always tried to win me by her gentleness and goodness. Seven children she bore, but all are dead except Lilian, ten, and Edith, three years old, the eldest the living image of her mother. Last spring she, my own Lily, faded and died, and I, in a cow-boy's hut, am fast (dare I hope it?) following her.

"The children, since their mother's death, have been kindly cared for by the wife of the owner of this ranche, and she and her husband have promised, when I am no more, to see that they are at once sent to England with the little money I have saved, about £500. Mother, will you have them and bring them up? My little sister will, I think, add her entreaties to mine (she always used to), and she will help with them.

"I am growing tired and must finish this another day. God bless you all and have mercy on your loving son,

"RALPH LYNTON."

"Poor boy! Dear old Ralph," murmured the sister; "I must write and tell him about the dear mother, and that he had better come home at once to be nursed, and bring the children!" As she spoke she turned the sheet of paper and then noticed, what she had before overlooked, a few words in a different hand—

"Mr. Lynton was found lying dead with this letter beside him. The children start next week, but may be detained in New York; they will be forwarded direct to you with money and particulars. E. NORTON."

"Found and lost in one five minutes! Oh, Ralph, my darling brother!" groaned Miss Ashford, realising now for the first time how strong was the hope she had indulged of meeting him again. A few moments were yielded to natural sorrow, and then the thought of her little nieces roused her.

"Why, they may be here any day," she exclaimed, glancing at the date of the letter; "I must get ready for them at once!"

So for the rest of the day she and her maid were busy with preparations for the expected travellers, Mary having been told so much of the news as to fill her heart with sympathy for her beloved mistress, and delight that some children were coming.

"They'll hearten the mistress up and do her no end of good," she decided.

The momentous letter had arrived on a Friday, and the next two days were spent by Miss Ashford in restless expectation. On Monday she rose with a feeling that the children must come that day, and was therefore half prepared when the maid entered excitedly with—

"Here's a boy come with this telegraph thing, ma'am! Shall I tell him to wait?"

"I will see," said her mistress, hastily opening the envelope which contained only the words—"Lily and Edith Lynton will reach you this evening." A close scrutiny of the railway guide induced the belief that the most likely train was one due about six o'clock, and half-an-hour later a fly drove up. It was a cold frosty day; but Miss Ashford forgot her shawl as she hurried down to the gate which the driver had just opened to admit two little girls, oddly dressed in clumsy black coats and hats, who were promptly folded in their aunt's eager embrace.

"Who came with you, my darlings?" she asked.

"Mrs. Norris brought us to Avonham and put us in the car; but she had to go to London to-night, and she said we shouldn't hurt," replied a demure little voice. "And please, may I take Edie in, she is so cold?"

"Why, certainly, dear! Take care," exclaimed Miss Ashford, as the elder child picked up her small sister. "Isn't she too heavy for you now?"

"Oh, no, I always take care of her," was the composed reply; and true enough she thought not of herself till the little one was warm and comfortable, tending her in a motherly, methodical way which was evidently the result of both love and custom.

Very grateful to both the little travellers was the nice tea their aunt had prepared, over which Edie lost her shyness and chattered merrily, while her sister learned that the granny they had expected to welcome them was no more. The little one fell asleep early, and was snugly covered up on the couch, Miss Ashford drawing her elder niece to her arms, and turning to her no longer lonely fire.

"Tell me about your father and mother, dear," she said after a silence, "and how and where you have lived."

"Oh, we have lived in so many places, 'Frisco, Mexico, and New York, besides the ranche in the Rockies," was the answer; and then the child gradually unfolded a strange sad tale, making the listener shudder to think that such a child should have been so tried. During the mother's lifetime there seemed to have been in the roughest places a firm resolve that the children should be guarded as far as possible from evil influence, though, in their wild wandering life it was almost impossible. A miner's cabin, a lumberer's camp, a city lodging-house, a cowboy's hut—with all these abodes were Mrs. Lynton and her children familiar, and she a tenderly-nurtured lady; but she clung to the husband, lawless and reckless as he was, who had won her heart at a time of terror and grief, when her father by an accident had been killed beside her and she left penniless among strangers. He, a handsome man still, though no longer young, had been her protector during the sad weeks that followed, all the chivalry of his nature drawn forth at the sight of her helplessness and beauty.

After little Edith's birth Mrs. Lynton's health rapidly failed until, on a ranche in British Columbia, named Minnesota after one of the states, she passed away. Her death was a terrible and awakening blow to her husband, who never after left the place, watching over his children with tender care and entire devotion, as was witnessed by the loving remembrance in which Lily held him.

"Till I was big enough, he used to dress baby," she explained, "and he never let us play with any children but Mrs. Norton's; she, you know, was Mr. Norton's wife."

"Yes," smiled Miss Ashford; "but who was Mr. Norton?"

"The owner of the ranche," answered the child.

"And who cooked and sewed and washed for you, dear?" was the next query.

"Daddy and I cooked, and I cleaned the hut and tended Edie; but he paid a woman to do the washing and mending, and when he died"—here the little voice broke into a sob—"Mrs. Norton fetched us up to the big house, and the governess made us these black things to come to England with. Shall we stay here?"

"Surely, my darling, as long as we both live," was the answer with a fond kiss.

"I'm so glad, I guess it will be nice!" said the child; and then she lay still contentedly, till Miss Ashford, feeling her clasp relax, looked down and saw that she too was asleep; so she rang the bell for the servant, and both children were carried upstairs and laid to rest, far too much worn out to be roused by the movement.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and Miss Ashford was early astir; but the little ones slept late, so there was ample time to unpack their luggage, which was found to contain a curious assortment of clothing, two tiny boxes with Lily and Edith carved on each lid, an old work-box, and a few books, among which was a well-worn bible, with "Lilian Drayston, from her father," written inside, and afterwards in feeble characters, "Mother's gift to her little Lily. Read and love it, darling, and teach Edie to do so too."

The aunt's eyes were moist as she gazed on what the dying hand had traced with a mother's love, and still more touched was she when she found, amid the sacred pages, two photographs, one which she instantly recognised as her own mother; the other, that of a lovely girl whom she rightly guessed to be her sister-in-law, even before she discovered at

the back the memorandum—"My darling wife, Lilian, left us on Christmas Day 188–. God help me to follow her.—R. L. St. Luke 15–18 19." "Poor Ralph, he is with both mother and wife now, and has received their welcome as well as the Lord's," murmured Miss Ashford, from her full heart. "What must the meeting have been?" Then, carefully replacing the photographs, she finished her work, finding nothing more of importance, till at the bottom of the box she came upon a large envelope addressed to Mrs. Ashford, containing vouchers for £500 invested in Ralph Lynton's name in American Railways, and another paper explaining that they might easily be claimed and transferred to England.

"I must put this in Mr. Frere's hands," she said to herself, as she locked up the documents in a drawer.

At this moment a sound from the bed attracted her attention, and looking in that direction she saw a pair of wondering blue eyes fixed upon her movements.

"Awake at last, Edie," she exclaimed, going towards her, her approach being however the signal for a giggle and dive under the bedclothes. This roused her sister, and the day for both began with a game at romps, shared by their aunt, the uproarious peals of laughter ringing through the house, even to the kitchen, where Mary smiled in sympathy with the sounds as she prepared breakfast for the little guests.

Fun must needs have an end, however, so after a few minutes Miss Ashford proceeded to wash and dress her little namesake, while Lily proved quite capable of doing all for herself. The toilet completed there was a pause, and then the elder child after a somewhat shy glance at her aunt, seated herself, and Edie at a sign stood before her with folded hands.

"Say your hymn, dear," said Lily, gravely.

"Dere is a green hill far away,
Wifout a city wall.
Where the dear Lord was c'ucified.
He died to save us all"

"Now say your prayers."

The darling at once knelt at her sister's knee, and shutting her eyes tightly, said with a little prompting: "Pray God, bless Lily and Edie, and make them good, and take them at last to Heaven to Jesus, and mother and daddy. For Christ's sake. Amen."

Then Lily too knelt and bowed her head for some minutes in silence, the little one keeping her place beside her, while from the watcher's heart ascended earnest prayer for both her nieces, that they might so travel through this world, that they might reach at last the life immortal.

"Who taught you to pray, dears?" she asked, as the children rose from their knees, for their manner had been so unaffected and reverent she could not bring herself to use the stereotyped expression, "saying prayers."

"Mother taught me, and I have tried to teach Edie," was Lily's simple reply, as she looked lovingly at the little sister, who now announced loudly that she was hungry.

"Of course you are, my pet," rejoined her aunt, leading the way downstairs where they were soon enjoying a hearty breakfast, their ceaseless chatter giving abundant proof that the last suspicion of shyness had vanished.

The following day was of course Christmas, a very different one from that which Miss Ashford had pictured to herself. The projected kitchen dinner-party indeed took place, as originally planned, but for herself, where were the lonely hours she had dreaded, when two young voices were making music in her ears, and her attention and interest were constantly claimed for some childish amusement?

The weather was cold and gloomy, but she managed to get to the morning service at church, devoting the rest of the day to her nieces, the elder of whom she was agreeably surprised to find, notwithstanding her recent rough and uncultivated surroundings, a thorough little lady, and better still, an earnest Christian child. Edith appeared to be a merry rollicking little piece of nonsense, giving evidence, however, of a strong will, which would need much prayerful training. Lily seemed at present the centre of her life, and it was delightful to watch the motherly care given her by the sister who had for so long supplied a mother's place.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

Peel Cake is very good indeed. For it, put into a warm basin one pound of fine granulated or castor sugar and a heavy three quarters of a pound of butter, and beat both to a light white cream with a wooden spoon; half an hour's beating should be about right. Have half a pound of orange peel, half a pound of lemon peel, and half a pound of citron peel, cut it into shreds; into one and a half pounds of flour sift two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a little of the peel and flour to the butter and sugar, beat, then break in two eggs and beat briskly, then add more flour and peel, mix and put in other two eggs, and so on till you have added twelve eggs and all the peel and flour. Beat all well for five minutes or so, then pour into a well-buttered and paper-lined tin and bake in a steady oven till done. About an hour should bake it, but by trying it with a skewer you can judge best. Be sure and put a paper on the top. I find in baking the larger cakes that require some time in the oven, it is always best to put a paper on the top at the first, and also that a stout piece of brown paper sprinkled with water keeps from burning much longer than any other kind.

Spice Cake.—This is a much nicer cake than the ordinary ginger-bread, and the only difficulty with it is that it requires careful baking to prevent it getting burnt. All things, cakes and biscuits with syrup or treacle burn much more readily, and it is wiser to put a double layer of paper in lining the tin, and the same on the top. For this cake you require three quarters of a pound of flour of rice, quarter of a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, nine eggs, one and a half pounds of golden syrup, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of ground cinnamon, and half or three quarters of a nutmeg, grated. Beat eggs and sugar till light, add butter beaten separately to a cream, add spices, ground rice and flour of rice by degrees, some of the syrup and the flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in, and the remainder of the flour and syrup. Mix all well together for at least a quarter of an hour, then pour into a square tin or into two smaller ones. This cake requires about an hour and a half to bake, and the oven good but not too hot.

Rice Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, whisk one dozen eggs to a cream with one pound of castor sugar, stir in a quarter of a pound of ground rice, three quarters of a pound of flour of rice and a good half pound of Austrian flour; next add the beaten butter, a little flavouring, and two and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat for half-an-hour and bake in moderated oven for an hour. This quantity makes a large cake.

The above cakes all depend for success on plenty of beating, it makes them so much lighter.

Almond Cakes.—Mix together a quarter of a pound of ground rice and half a pound of flour; rub in three ounces of butter, three ounces of castor sugar, one teacupful of ground sweet almonds, a little salt, a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix with two eggs beaten light, and bake as for the lemon-cakes.

Chocolate Cake.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted. Beat eggs and sugar till very light, add the butter, then sift in the flour and tartar and add the soda dissolved in a little milk. Bake in two layers. When baked put the following cream between the layers. A large cup of milk, put it in a pan, and when boiling stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teacupful of fine sugar, and six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; mix well together. Boil till stiff, and when cool add some vanilla essence, and spread the mixture between layers. On the top of the cake put icing made with well-beaten white of one egg, three-quarters of a cupful of icing sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate; spread smoothly with a knife dipped in hot water.

Lemon Teacakes.—Rub into three-quarters of a pound of flour three ounces each of lard and butter; add six ounces of moist sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, a little of the juice, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix into a moderately stiff paste, with two well-beaten eggs, divide into rocky cakes, place on a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes.

Sponge Fingers.—Half a pound of sifted sugar, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, quarter of a pound of flour, the juice of one lemon, and half the grated rind. Beat egg-yolks and sugar till light, add alternately whites stiffly beaten, and flour, and lastly the lemon-juice and rind. Rub out on buttered-paper in long, narrow "fingers" not too near each other. If they run, beat the sponge-mixture hard for a little longer. Bake in a quick oven to a pale-brown. These fingers are nice, for a change, put in pairs and dipped in chocolate-icing, or else plain icing, and then rolled in desiccated cocoanut.

Welsh Cheese Cakes.—Have ready some tartlet tins lined with pastry made with half a pound of flour rubbed with a quarter of a pound of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, and enough cold water to make a paste. Fill the cases with mixture made of the weight of one egg in butter, sugar, flour, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar together, add beaten egg, flour and powder. Into each lined tin put a very little jam of any kind, then a spoonful of the cake mixture, and bake in a pretty quick oven for half an hour. This quantity makes about eighteen cakes.

Keswick Cakes.—Mix together a cupful of flour, a small cupful of sugar, and a few chopped and blanched almonds. Stir in one egg beaten light, grease a flat tin, and drop the mixture in very small knobs upon it, not too close, and bake in a quick oven.

Christmas Cakes.—One and a quarter pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, three eggs, half a pint of cold water, three pounds of flour, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, four tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds sprinked into the flour. Chop up the butter in the flour, dissolve the sugar in the cold water; mix all well with the well-beaten eggs, cut with a round cutter into cakes, and bake quickly in a good oven.

Potato Buns.—One pound of flour, half a pound of boiled and mashed potatoes, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of butter, six ounces of currants, one ounce of dried yeast, a pinch of salt, and half a pint of milk. Rub the butter and flour together, make a hollow in the middle, into it put the sugar and currants, half the milk, made warm and and the yeast dissolved in it. Stir the other half of the milk into the potatoes, mix and add it to the other ingredients; beat up the egg, and put it in also with the salt; stir all together, and mix to a dough. Cover the basin with a cloth, and leave in a warm place for one hour to let the dough rise. Then make into round buns, place them on buttered tins, and leave till they swell double their size, then bake in a sharp oven, and just before taking them out glaze with egg.

Cocoanut Cakes.—Into half a pound of flour and four ounces of ground rice, rub three ounces each of lard and butter; add five ounces of fine sugar, one teacupful of desiccated cocoanut, and one small dessertspoonful of baking-powder. Whip the whites of two eggs stiff, mix into the other ingredients, and if not moist enough add a little milk. Bake the same as the two foregoing in a moderate oven. Sift castor sugar over them when done.

Plain Tea-cakes.—Take the weight of one egg in flour, cornflour, and butter; the weight of two in sifted sugar. Beat sugar and butter together, add eggs, also well beaten, sift in cornflour and flour, with half a teaspoonful of baking-powder mixed in. Bake in well-buttered patty-pans in a good oven.



MISCELLANEOUS.

M. E. H. and L. C. H.—The canary will not be injured by what is quite natural. You need not be uneasy about it. When she has no more eggs to lay, she will stop.

Lattramond.—We consider that fine rag curls the hair better than paper.

Hopeful had better employ benzine to renovate black dresses that have become shiny. Your hearty appreciation of our paper is very gratifying.

Laura and Tommy.—In such a case as yours—and that you have difficulty in avoiding the men whose names have been "coupled with yours" by others in consequence of their attentions to you and your sister—place the matter in the hands of your parents. They should act for you; for no man should cause you to be spoken of without offering marriage. These men appear to be trifling with you, and your parents should put a stop to it, and so bring matters to a crisis. Whatever they be "incapable of doing," they have behaved ill already.

Dimples.—When paying a visit, and giving your name to the servant, you should prefix it with "Miss" or "Mrs."

Young Oxford Maid.—You have a good deal of poetical feeling, but you have to study the rules of metrical composition.

Gerty.—1. In regard to the lines written by your friend, we can only say he needs to learn the rules of metrical composition.—2. It was a shameful outrage to destroy the dog without first representing to his owner the necessity for preventing his worrying the sheep. But the owner of the dog should have made it his business to protect his neighbour's property, and the first attempt to pursue them should have met with such a punishment as would have prevented its recurrence. We sympathise with him in his loss, but the farmer's bread depended on the preservation of his sheep, and no bread depended on that of the dog. The next step after chasing them is killing them, by no means an uncommon occurrence. The chasing of them alone is often a serious injury to them, not being made for furious running like a dog.

Hurry.—1. There are two "r's" in the word taken for your name, and six cases of bad spelling in your letter. Spell "especially" as now written, not "ecpecally."—2. You should have your ears syringed at a dispensary, as your deafness may be caused by a hard secretion of wax.

A New Reader.—We have no extra new recipes for making ginger-beer.

M. E. B.—If the scent of the roses be lost after a time we only know of one method of keeping the sweet odour of the rose for personal use, and that is to get a bottle of distilled rosewater, or if desired of a stronger kind, a bottle of Persian attar of roses, which is an oil, and a single drop, or even touch, of it is enough.

Excelsior.—We could not give any opinion on the nostrums advertised by quack doctors, nor upon (really good) hair and skin washes. We are not advertisers, nor could we recommend anything of which we do not know the component parts. Even if we did, we should not recommend them to everyone alike, having a regard to the old proverb "What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

Silvia and Poppie.—1. For riding in London, a tall silk hat looks best and most suitable, but a straw sailor's hat for the country. A man's cap is very unbecoming as well as mean-looking.—2. We are not acquainted with the book you name.

Madge.—The specimens you send are very pretty, and you had no reason to feel dissatisfied with your own. You should lay the spray in a plate of water, where it will spread out; take it out with a paper-knife, and lay it on a piece of clean blotting-paper; take a long pin and dispose the various little branches as they would spread themselves when growing. Then lay another piece of blotting-paper over it, and lay a weight on the top. When dry it will be ready for removal to the book where you preserve your specimens. We are glad you find so much pleasure and profit from reading our answers to others.

Mariana should afford herself a better pen, and this would improve a fairly good and legible hand. We are glad she appreciates our magazine.

Conscientious Housekeeper.—If the money were your own, in the first instance, of course you are free to use the balance left on the housekeeping expenses. If the money be merely entrusted to you for the purpose, you should either carry on the balance to the next account, and take the less allowance for it, and so give the owners the benefit of your economy. It must rest with them to make you a present in acknowledgment of your care and success in the employment of the money, if they please.

Lucinda.—1. If the members of a man's congregation like to fix their eyes on him during his sermon they are quite at liberty to do so without any lack of good breeding. It helps to fix the attention of the listener; it enables those hard of hearing to understand the better; and it also encourages the preacher to see that his audience are listening and endeavouring to take in all he is saying.—2. You need not leave a card for a person you have seen when paying a visit.

Barbara.—The well-known child's hymn, "Twinkle, twinkle little star," was composed by the late Miss Ann Taylor, whose great-niece, Miss Margaret Taylor, was one of the students of Girton College, Cambridge, who so greatly distinguished herself, holding the first scholarship for the year, and placed in the third division of the first class in the classical tripos.

Grace.—We do not give trade addresses. A village carpenter could make you a stand if you made him a sketch of what you want.

A. J. G.—You appear to have very strange ideas respecting Christianity. Your being a true believer and faithful servant of your Divine Lord and Master is in no respect dependent on whether your minister remain in the chapel where he has lately served, or gone to do duty in another. You were received into the blessed company of the Christian Church, and dedicated to Him in your baptism. Your becoming a member of the congregation of any special chapel does not make you a Christian, nor prevent your being one. "Christ could be in your life" were there no chapel at all. There could be no harm, however, in your writing to ask your late pastor to lend you his sermon to young people, if a written one, and to allow you to copy it.

Georgie.—No, English is not the language most spoken in the world; it is Chinese, for it is that of 400,000,000 of the human race. But we and the Hindoos rival each other the next highest, upwards of 100,000,000 persons speaking the same tongue in each case. Russia follows next in succession, then the German Empire, the magnificent language of Spain follows the German, and France only takes a place in the fifth rank, whose language was credited with being spoken everywhere. That our language should be of world-wide use is not surprising, when we remember the fact that our Empress-Queen reigns over a continent, 10,000 islands, and 100 peninsulas, and 30,000,000 of subjects. We speak under correction, but believe we are fairly correct, and not above the mark.

Nelly.—The abbreviations "to," "vo," and "mo," which you see on the title-pages of books, signify respectively "quarto," "octavo," and "duodecimo." To explain the use of these words, the sheet to be used in printing, if folded in four, makes the size of a "quarto" book-size; if folded into eight leaves, it makes an "octavo," and so forth. The terms employed are in Latin.

A. Righey.—There is a training home for young domestic servants at Zeals, near Bath, Somerset. Write to the matron or lady principal.

POLLY, DOLLY and DICKENS.—Our blessed Lord was "made sin for us" (or reputed to be a sinner) so as to bear the punishment of sin in our stead. The brazen serpent represented sin, and it was nailed (symbolically) to His cross. Those who looked towards the emblem of sin and its atonement, according to Divine command, acknowledged thereby their transgressions and the appointed ransom from its punishment, for "the wages of sin is death," and sin was both crucified and atoned for by the nailing of it to His cross, Who was in due time to be revealed. The Serpent was not a type of Christ, but of the "sin which He bore in His own Body on the tree," "Who knew no sin."

MOTHER OF FAMILY.—If there be no servant to attend to the hall-door, the master of the house should take the ladies down and into their carriages. Send your guests out before you to dinner, or supper—desiring a gentleman to take a special lady, as you may deem them well-matched.

ANXIOUS ONE.—1. The ages at which consumption is the most common are those between twenty-five and thirty years. It is rare in childhood, and even if hereditary, it is comparatively rare after the age of thirty. Good living and pure dry air are the best preservatives from an outbreak of the disease. In selecting a residence, a sandy, gravelly soil is very desirable.—2. The smallest book ever printed was to be seen in the Paris Exhibition of 1882, having five hundred pages, less than half an inch square. It was a copy of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The type was cast in 1834.

J. GREY.—Take your quilt to an embroidery and fancy-work shop, or else apply to one of the societies engaged in the disposal of poor ladies' work. To the latter (should you agree to their terms, and they consider your case eligible for such assistance) you will have to pay a percentage on the sale. Selling to the trade, all taken, is clear gain.

ROSANA.—"The seven wonders of the world" have long passed out of date, as restricted to that small number. In human inventions we may give a very long list, if the discoveries of electricians are alone considered; and in Nature our explorers have had much to relate, both in the old and new world. Perhaps one of the most wonderful in Nature is the subterranean "mammoth caves" of Kentucky, U.S., America; and of artificial ones, the wonderful and ancient underground town of Wieliczka, in Galizia, Austrian Poland. We refer to the great salt mine—the greatest in the world—discovered in the first instance by a shepherd, from whom it took its name, A.D. 1250. Some ten or more years ago a most interesting account appeared in one of our popular magazines, giving many particulars of this very beautiful and picturesque subterranean town, constructed of salt, with its grand Hall of Assembly, church squares, streets and bridges, and its lakes of never-rippling waters. Even the upper portion of this crystal town is attained by a descent of 470 steps below the upper town, which stands above it.

X. Y. Z.—Your very nice letter deserves our best thanks. We recommend you to get our book called *The Midnight Sky*. You may find the information you want in that. You ask too much to be explained in a brief answer.

DUCKIE.—A man should always "give the wall," or inside place, to a woman, for her better protection.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.—Your mother is right; submit to her better judgment and experience, and be guided and ruled by her wishes. We thank you for your recipes.

A SHOP-GIRL.—1. Twelve hours is much too long for a fair day's work for any one, young or old. We believe there is a law against compulsory work in shops such as you describe—from 8.30 A.M. to 11 and 12 P.M. on Saturdays.—2. A light-coloured cotton or alpaca would be more suitable than a navy-blue serge; but you should be guided by what your companions wear.—3. Your hand is not formed, and you employ a bad pen.

LANCA and FAY.—We never heard of such a use for walnut oil. You can purchase it in large bottles in Switzerland, to be used for salad. Perhaps a chemist might procure some, or may have a machine for expressing it.



DARLING DOLLY.—A little girl of fourteen should be in the schoolroom and occupied exclusively with her lessons, and learning to write, or she should be apprenticed to a trade. The idea of your contemplating such an indelicate and disgraceful act as to speak to a strange man shocks us exceedingly. Shall we ever succeed in making "our girls" understand that it must be the man that seeks the woman—never a woman the man. But you are only a child, and are early making a very bad beginning.

WHIM-WHAMS.—1. The phrase "to put your foot in it" is a proverb of the sixteenth century. Tyndale, the great divine, who translated the Bible, says, "If the porridge be burnt, or when a thing speedeth not well, we say, 'The bishop hath put his foot in it.'" Not very complimentary to the bishop!—2. The term "a grass widow" is derived, we imagine, from a line in an old English play, "The Way of the World" . . . "turn my wife to grass," as we do our horses that need a period of rest and refreshment.

NEARLY HEART-BROKEN.—The "Red Book" is for persons in society, not "nearly everybody in London." For those in business, trade, and public offices, the "London Directory" must be consulted, and this you could see at any large post-office. We could not tell whether anyone were in London, because people are continually moving, and the directory should be of the current year.

LILLIAN.—We have often recommended our girls who stammer to beat time with great regularity to every syllable. It would be well to take a few lessons from a professional teacher.

MUCH-ADO-ABOUT-SOMETHING.—You should introduce or present a man to a woman, naming him first. Your writing is good.

HEATHER.—Suicides are not all insane, although it is indeed an act of madness to rush unbidden into the presence of your offended Creator. But infidelity may often be charged with this terrible offence; utter disbelief in the "judgment to come." This, and a lack of moral courage and fortitude under the pressure of difficulties and trouble of all kinds, may be the cause rather than brain disease. Of course you should candidly inform the man who proposes to you of the terrible action taken by three members of your family, and leave the responsibility on his shoulders. Ten years older on the man's side is not a very serious disparity between you.

A NEW WRITER.—Ask your parents kindly to excuse your not doing the needlework on Sunday. But if they exact your obedience, you being a child, or at least a minor, you have no option left, and doing it from compulsion, and under your humble protest, the doing of it against your conscience will not, we feel sure, be laid to your charge, as you are not a free agent so long as you are under your parents' roof and their authority.

SWEETHEART should say, if asked her name by a servant or trades-person, "Miss So-and-So"; but if asked by a person of her own position in life, say, "My name is So-and-So."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

QUI M'AIME, AIME MON CHIEN!

BECAUSE he's big, and wild, and black,
And has undoubtedly a knack
Of looking quite demoniac—
My poodle dog,

Some friends of long acquaintance lack
Courageousness his points to track,
But from his innocent attack
(Sweet poodle dog)

Will fly like mad, and turn and tack,
Until I fear they'll ne'er come back,
And then I think his head to crack—
Poor poodle dog.

But rather than my dog to whack,
I'll let all cowards race and pack,
Deserting all—yea, each "man-jack"—
My poodle dog

And me; for e'en if pain did wrack,
Or he were tied up in a sack,
His master he'd scent out and track—
Good poodle dog!

So insincerity may quack
On each day of the almanack,
I shall not feel alone with Jack,
My poodle dog.

C. P.

CAVE CANEM!

WHO haunts your doorstep night and day,
And scares your faithful friends away,
In spite of all they do and say?
Your poodle dog.

Who drenches ladies' cheeks with tears,
And fills their gentle life with fears,
And hurries them to early biers?
Your poodle dog.

Who makes a man a horrid bear,
And when the parson tears his hair,
Puts out his tongue and doesn't care?
Your poodle dog.

Who strews the road with shoes and socks,
And fragments torn from women's frocks,
Then shows his teeth, and grins and mocks?
Your poodle dog.

Who spoils the fun at every feast,
And won't obey you in the least,
A bouncing, barking, blatant beast?
Your poodle dog.

Oh, when his place of rest is found,
I'll dance with glee upon the mound
That hides at last from sight and sound
Your poodle dog!

SARAH DOUDNEY.



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MERMAIDENS.

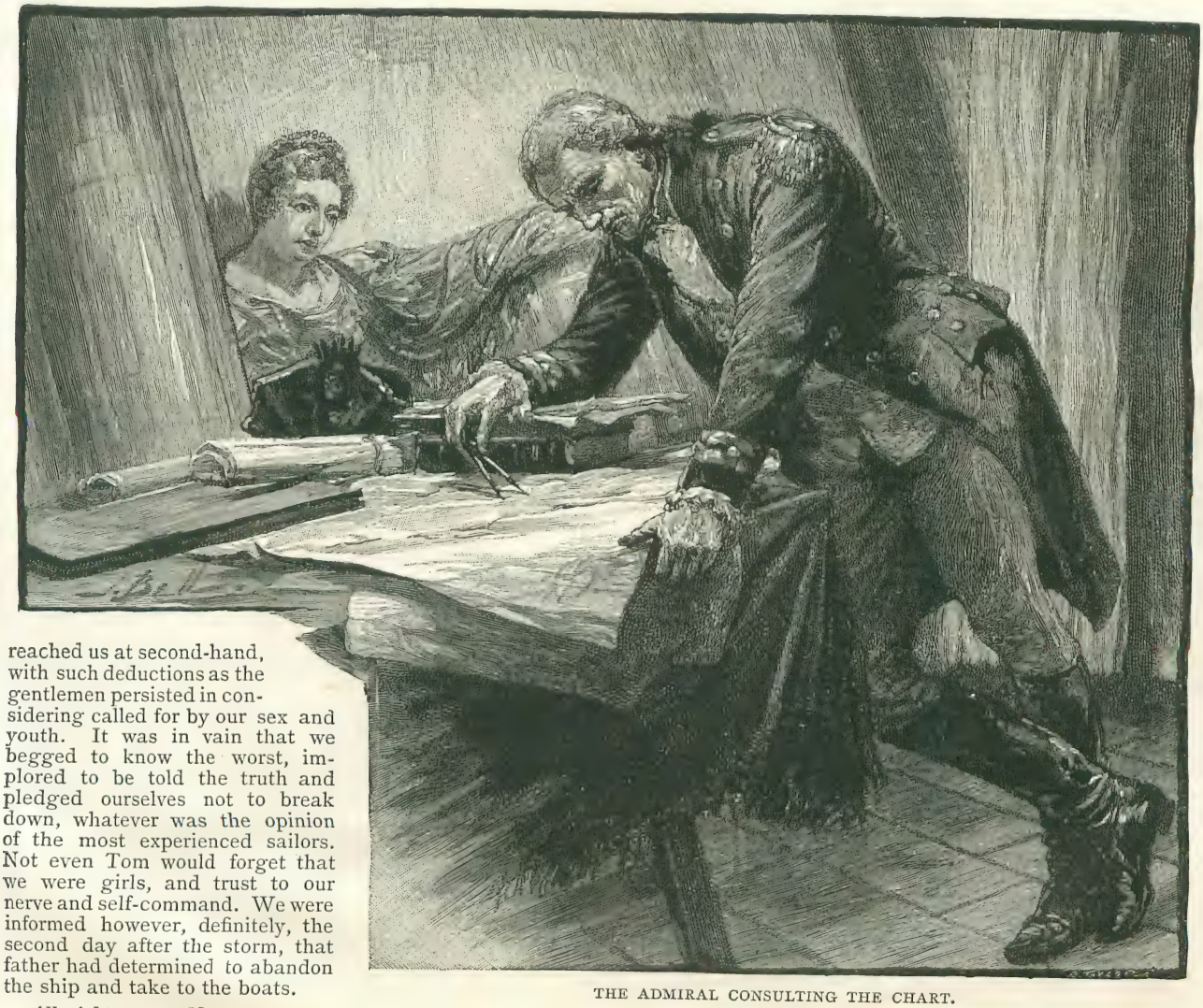
By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE GOOD SHIP THE "SEA-SERPENT."

FATHER held a council of his officers, the result of whose collective wisdom reached us at second-hand, with such deductions as the gentlemen persisted in considering called for by our sex and youth. It was in vain that we begged to know the worst, implored to be told the truth and pledged ourselves not to break down, whatever was the opinion of the most experienced sailors. Not even Tom would forget that we were girls, and trust to our nerve and self-command. We were informed however, definitely, the second day after the storm, that father had determined to abandon the ship and take to the boats.

The weather kept fluctuating, and the matter was decided by the probability of another storm before long, in which we should certainly either go down head foremost, or be driven among the shoals on the precipitous coast of a coral island, there to be lifted up and let fall, beaten and ground till the planks parted and we were cast out defenceless, and devoured by the hungry waves; we had still our



THE ADMIRAL CONSULTING THE CHART.

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boats in which we had so often been rowed on pleasant expeditions, father's boat, the long-boat and the jolly-boat. The dingy had been swept away, and when the jolly-boat was removed from its stays, it was discovered that one side had been stove in by the fall of the same mast which tore the ugly hole in the deck, and carried death and destruction as far as it could reach. But we had still the two large boats intact. Father did not anticipate any sudden change either in the weather or in our position. His plan was to launch the long-boat, which could live in a sea that had been subsiding for the last day and night, and send it to reconnoitre the nearest island and the safest point at which to land.

Through the admiral's glass, which was the best telescope on board, land could be sighted in one direction not far off. The objection to it was, that father feared from general conformation, it was one of those low barren reefs which were sometimes found forming a kind of outer guard to the fertile palm-growing islands of the tropics. If it bore a little moss and was provided with a spring or springs of fresh water, it was the utmost which could be looked for from it. It would furnish neither shelter nor sustenance for the smallest ship's crew, not to say for the crew of an admiral's flagship.

Father's idea was that the long-boat might go first and ascertain the possibilities of the nearest land, and if they were as small as he judged, the boat should then explore what other land was to be seen, before returning to the *Sea Serpent* with the report. How closely and with what interest we followed the course of the boat while our hearts were heavy; the reason why will be easily guessed by those who have had to lose cherished homes that have been the pride of their hearts. The dwellers in these homes have taken the greatest pains and delight in rendering them secure, in making them places of restfulness and gladsomeness, as a bird will, from its treasure-house, gather its tiny rafters and fix them one by one, spread out its moss and wool, and make the best of the pretty downy feathers plucked from its breast. Then when its labour of love is complete, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the poor little creature may see the nest torn from its supporting bough, with the contents scattered to the winds.

So we felt, and I think our hearts would have broken had we not realised that father's honour and dignity were in a measure in our keeping, and that as we had chosen to abide with sailors, so we must try to be brave like sailors, to show ourselves able to cope with disaster and to put a cheerful face on adversity. Another thing, we were all three young, and novelty, even when it was the novelty of a great misfortune, change, excitement, had an irresistible fascination for us. For Jane, in spite of her feeble body, not less but more than for the rest of us, for was she not endowed with the liveliest intelligence, the keenest sympathy, the most insatiable craving for knowledge of every description?

It was the merest chance, we said then, while we called it afterwards an interposition of Providence, that Tom was not in the long-boat. He was told off for it, but at the last moment it was found that Captain Watkins had better take the command of what we may grandiloquently call "the expedition." He was a fussy little man, apt to stand out on his rights, and both Perry and Tom were ready to give way to him, not only because he was their senior officer, but because they had a notion that their help might be wanted where we were concerned, and they were desirous, as far as their duty permitted, to stand by us in this crisis.

We steadied ourselves to resist that last strange, deep, dull rock and swing of the *Sea Serpent*, pulled our shawls and mantles round us, dragged forward our hood-like cottage bonnets (no hats would have remained on our heads two seconds) to shelter our faces and throats from the blast, and watched the boat as far as our naked eyes could follow it. Then we heard from the lookers through the telescopes that our spies and pioneers had just touched the nearest land, and then, drawing off, had borne away to the leeward and were soon even beyond the range of the glasses.

We concluded that it was exactly as father had foreboded, and that our friends were gone in search of more promising quarters for us, such as they might have descried afar off from their new point of vantage.

More promising quarters might well have presented themselves, but all that day and part of the next, with the intermission of the night—when, as there was no moon and the sky was cloudy, we were plunged in darkness, except for the red glimmer of the ship's lanterns—we looked out in vain; looked out and listened till our hearts grew sick with hope deferred. The long-boat had vanished as surely as the *Hercules*, and the *Oberon* had disappeared at an earlier date. We felt as if we were forsaken or bewitched. What extraordinary fate was this which was befalling us? What phantom of an Elysian island, like the mirage of the desert, was luring away our allies till they were lost to us?

In the meantime father had not been wasting the hours, or leaving what could be done undone. He had made such provision as he could for the unknown future. Small barrels of beef, biscuits, flour; a couple of casks of water, a case of brandy, and a box of port wine; sails and spars to erect a tent, mattresses and blankets had been put into the Admiral's gig. Still we waited, reluctant to start on what we feared, from the action of the long-boat, was a hopeless errand.

It was in this plight that I overheard an argument between Cousin Perry and Sally respecting their future domestic arrangements. The occasion may sound ill-timed, but the conversation was to the point under the circumstances, and Perry was no more to be moved from his resolution than if he had been one of the rugged rocks which, we suspected, would soon be our only refuge.

"No, Sally, never!" he asserted roundly. "I will not consent to it. No man should have the double burden on his shoulders which the Admiral has taken and borne all these years. He took it, under peculiar conditions, of his own free will, and he has stood it till he and you have got quite accustomed to it. But few men could undergo it, and do their duty unaffected by it."

"Why, Perry, what do you take him and us for?" cried Sally's indignant voice. "Do you not know us well enough to be convinced that father would do his duty to the utmost of his power, and to his last gasp, whoever was with him? And have you so poor an opinion of me, and of Jane, and Car, that you cannot see we should prefer to die a hundred times the hardest deaths, sooner than be a drag on father in the discharge of his duty and in the path of honour and glory?"

"I know, Sally, you and your sisters are the bravest and truest of women. I respect and love you for it from the bottom of my heart. But, I repeat, it would play the mischief with the nerves of most men. It would drive some of them half-mad to feel conscious that women—delicate, defenceless women—even if they were not the men's nearest and dearest, were exposed to like dangers with themselves, without being furnished with the bulldog hardihood and combativeness, the natural equipments of men for the ordeal. At the best of times, at sea, women have not all the comforts and indulgences to which they are entitled."

"Hold your tongue, Perry Hood!" Sally interrupted him with absolute fierceness. "If you talk any longer in such a strain we two shall have the worst quarrel we have had yet, and I should not like to enter upon it while we are so ignorant of what lies before us. But you speak as if women were dolls and babies. Do you think we cannot deny ourselves—yes, and take the greatest pleasure in the self-denial—for the sake of those we care for? Do you suppose we are not happier by their side at such a time as this, or on the eve of an engagement with the enemy, sharing their peril as far as we can, knowing what is happening to them, at hand to fly to their solace in suffering, to hear their last request, to receive their last sigh?" (Poor Sally's voice was faltering while she argued.) "Do you think we would rather be far away, in what you call comfort, eating our hearts out in the hunger for the news which does not come? Do you think we would not—those of us who are worth men's regard—sacrifice over and over again our personal ease and safety, just to be on the spot and within call when we are wanted?"

"I am sure of it—I never doubted it for a moment!" his moved voice vowed fervently. "But there is a higher courage, a higher faith; and you, and women like you, are capable of it, Sally, my dear love. You can send a man forth unhampered, unburdened; you can bid him give his whole mind and soul to the service of his king and country, while you are content to wait and pray

for what will best become him—for his return victorious, or defeated without dishonour, or for the tidings that he has been faithful to death, and has laid down his life ungrudgingly when God and his country required it of him, as a sailor should. I maintain, Sally, this custom of wives and daughters living for any length of time on board ship with the officers, their relatives, is an abuse of the rules of the service, however much a lucky dog like me may have profited by it. It is a practice which will speedily be abolished."

There was no appearance of the long-boat, and not a sign of the *Hercules* or the *Oberon* on the lowering horizon. With regard to the two ships, we could come to no other conclusion than that they had suffered shipwreck in the tempest, or fallen a prey to the enemy, or, as we found afterwards was the truth, been driven on a widely different track.

As to the boat, she was sufficiently well manned, while the sea had calmed down to such an extent, that it sounded as improbable as it would have been utterly dispiriting, that she could have been swamped. We were rather inclined to suppose that in its pursuit of less inhospitable shores than those of the first island, she had run into the jaws of one of the French ships in the neighbourhood. There was another danger lying in wait for us, but even if the worst came to the worst in this sense, captivity in France was better, and more capable of being remedied, than soulless bodies drifting on desert coasts, or bones left to bleach at the bottom of the sea.

We had no assurance of the continuance of even the moderately favourable weather; indeed, the aspect of the sky was changing for the worse. Banks of grey cloud, which had never been entirely absent, began again to accumulate, and came up hurrying and pressing together like so many giant armies on the march. Sometimes they presented a lurid, sometimes a livid side, as the light failed, or spears of sunlight shot across the sky for a moment. The swift variable puffs of wind from different points of the compass, which had been remarked before the recent hurricane, were noticed anew with well-founded concern.

Jane, who had managed to come on deck, and to support the sickening swaying rather than rolling of the ship, went up and spoke to father. None of the rest of us, not even Perry and Tom, who were his officers, had ventured to address him on the subject of abandoning his ship, or even to intrude on him as he stood, looking gaunt and grey, still raking sea and sky with his glass.

"Is it not time for us to go, father?" asked Jane quietly and calmly, as if she had been talking of a pleasure excursion. "Ought there to be more risk of human lives, which are so much more precious than all that is left of the ship, by tarrying till she either founder or break up?"

"Aye, aye, child," answered father mechanically, and gave the order for the launching of the boat.

Jane told me afterwards she had entertained a horrible dread that father's delay might be—whether he knew it or not—partly on her account, that he might shrink from exposing her to hardship and privation, under the belief that in her state of health she could not survive them.

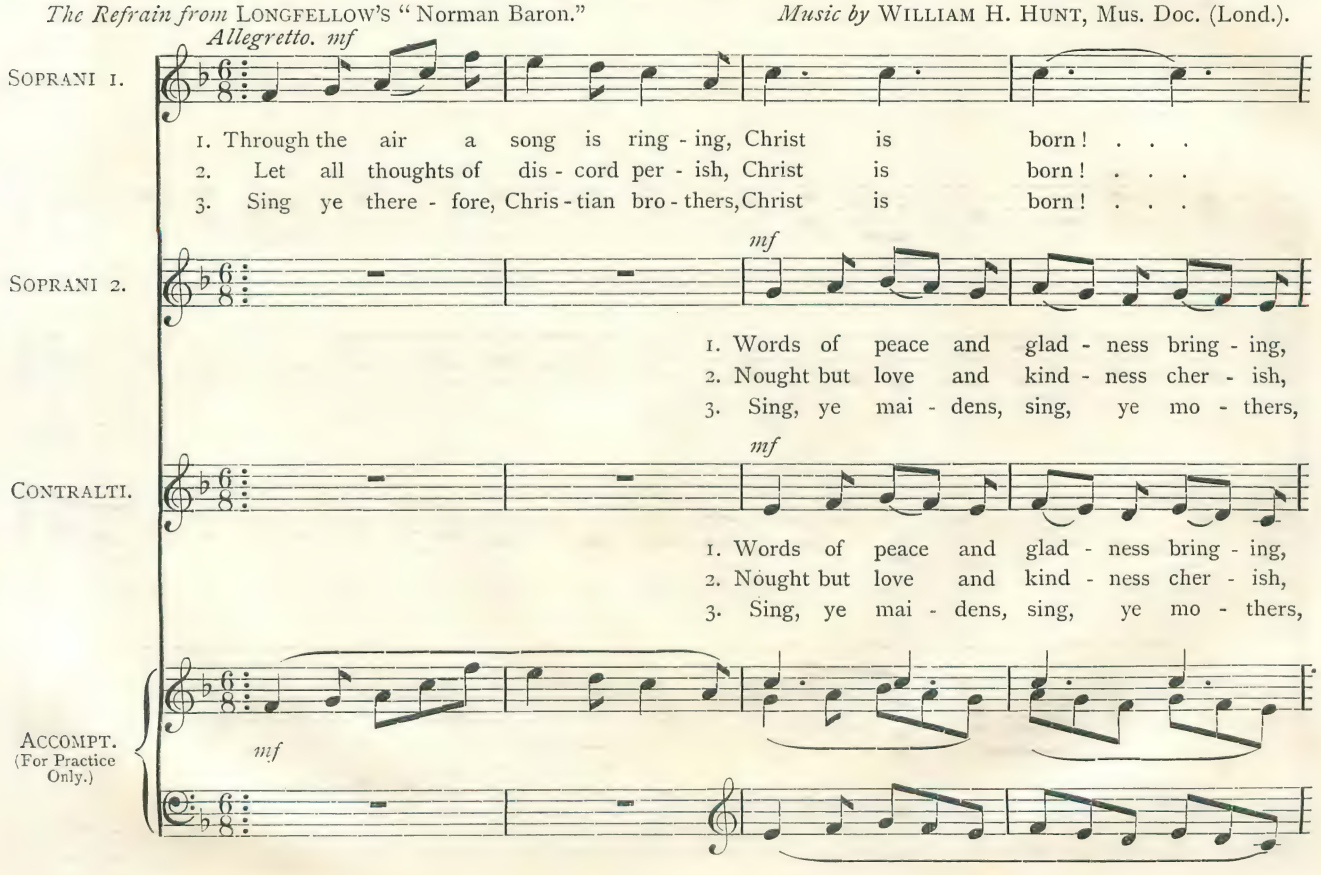
It was a shock to us all, though we might have guessed what was coming when we heard father order Perry to take the command of the boat, and bade Tom join the crew who were named to take her to the dimly discerned land. The officers and crew of the *Sea Serpent* herself had been greatly diminished on account of the casualties which had happened during the storm and the men who had gone in the long-boat.

We had with us Perry and Tom (the ship's surgeon and the chaplain had gone in the long-boat), an old friend of us girls, Combe, the captain of the fore-top-mast, and the number of seamen who were wanted to man the boat. There were not many more left with father than were needed to work the pumps; and working the pumps was the only chance, humanly speaking, of the *Sea*

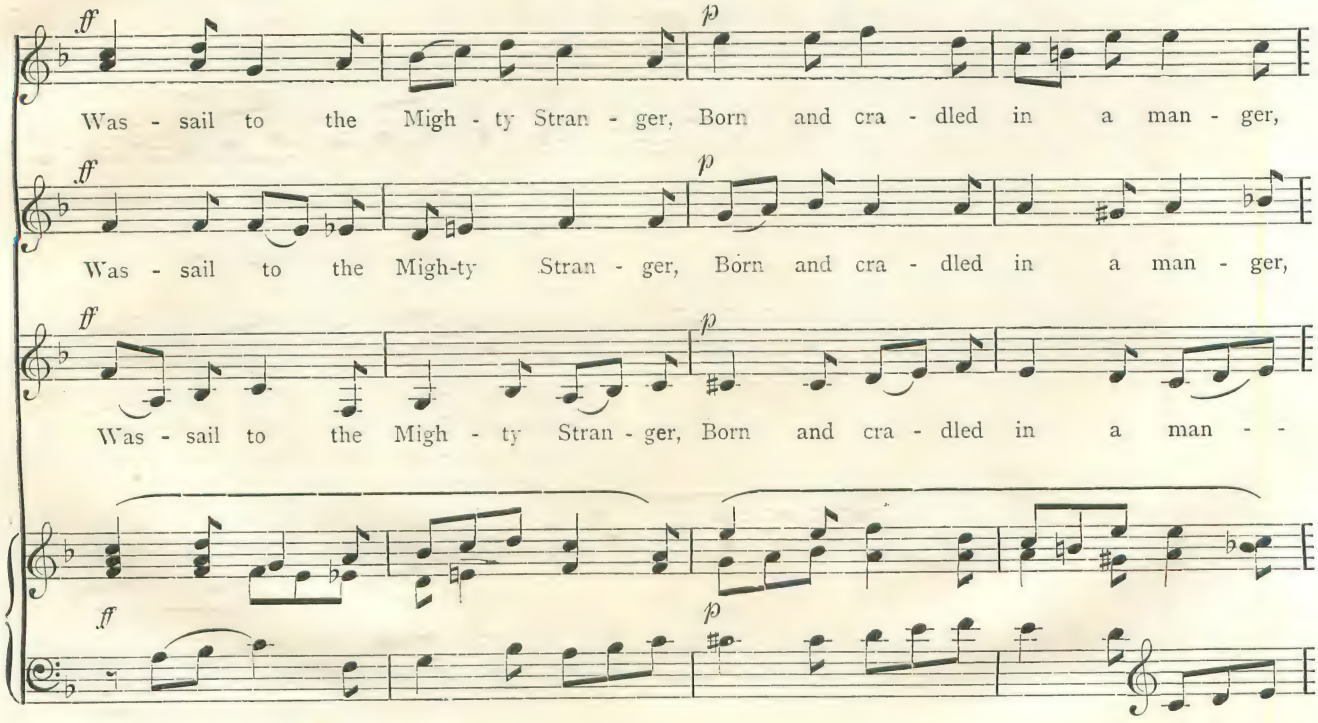
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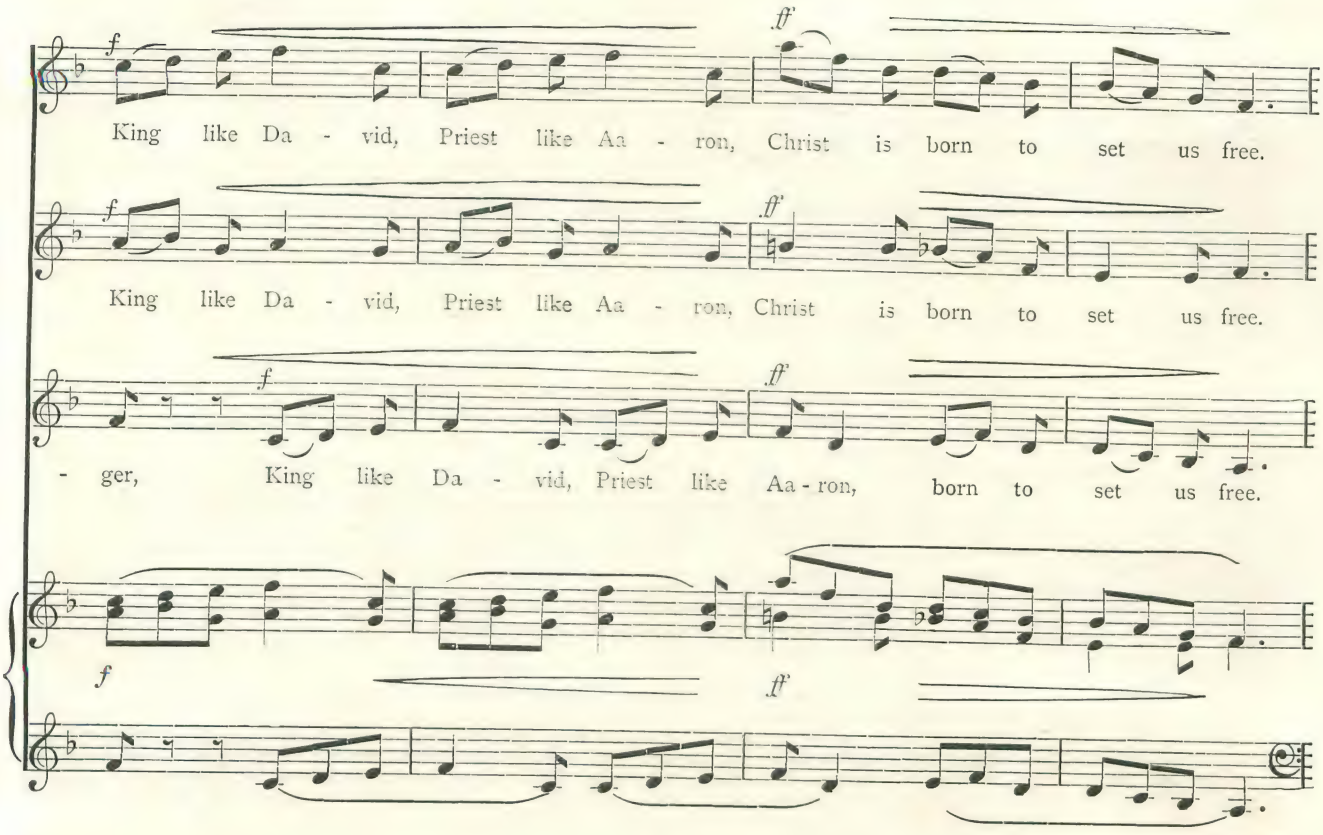
CAROL FOR FEMALE VOICES.

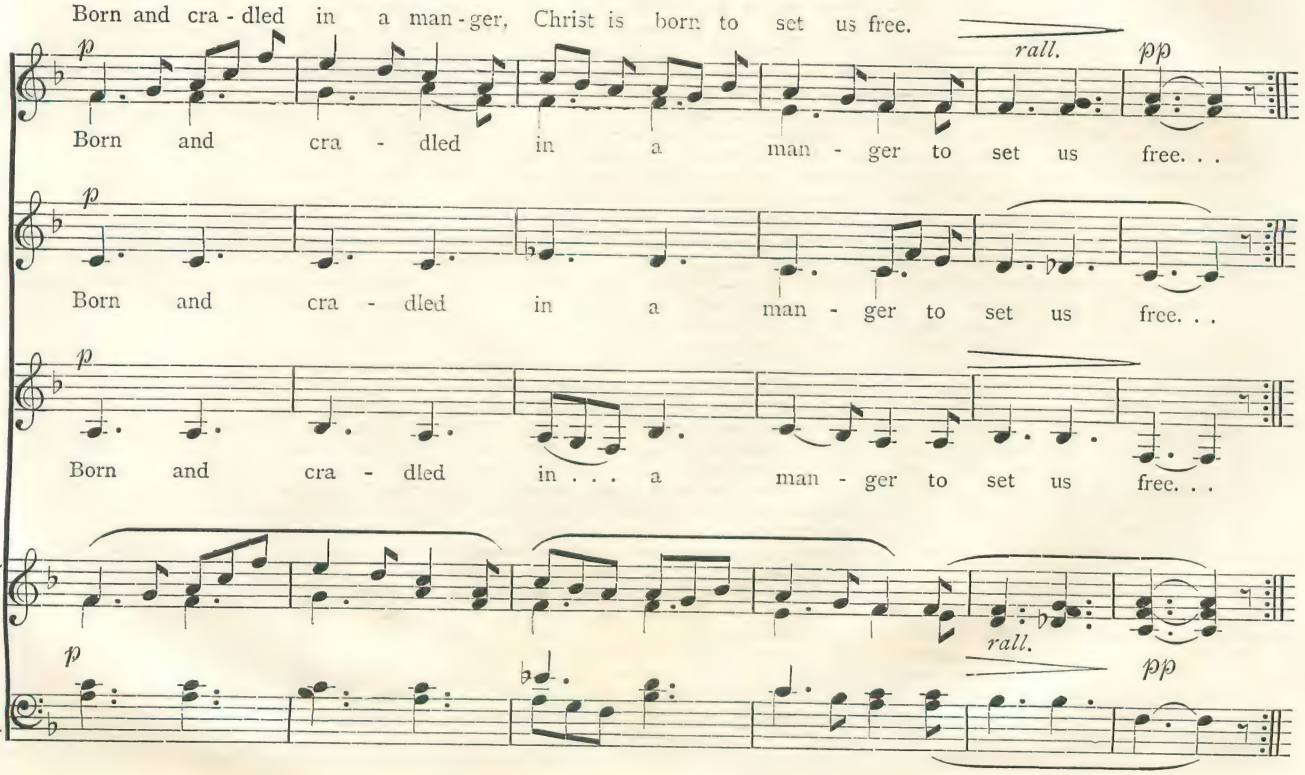
The Refrain from LONGFELLOW'S "Norman Baron." *Music by* WILLIAM H. HUNT, Mus. Doc. (Lond.).




f
Wa - ken, Chris - tians, join the cho - rus, Sing the song and joy - ful be.
Ill for - giv - en, Wrong for - got - ten, Christ - mas - tide must ev - er see.
Join the cho - rus, swell the sto - ry, Sing of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.
f
Wa - ken, Chris - tians, join the cho - rus, Sing the song and joy - ful be.
Ill for - giv - en, wrong for - got - ten, Christ - mas - tide must ev - er see.
Join the cho - rus, swell the sto - ry, Sing of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.
f
Wa - ken, Chris - tians, join the cho - rus, Sing the song and joy - ful be.
Ill for - giv - en, wrong for - got - ten, Christ - mas - tide must ev - er see.
Join the cho - rus, swell the sto - ry, Sing of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.
f


ff
p
Was - sail to the Migh - ty Stran - ger, Born and cra - dled in a man - ger,
ff
p
Was - sail to the Migh-ty Stran - ger, Born and cra - dled in a man - ger,
ff
p
Was - sail to the Migh - ty Stran - ger, Born and cra - dled in a man - -
ff
p


King like Da - vid, Priest like Aa - ron, Christ is born to set us free.
King like Da - vid, Priest like Aa - ron, Christ is born to set us free.
- ger, King like Da - vid, Priest like Aa - ron, born to set us free.


Born and cra - dled in a man - ger, Christ is born to set us free.
rall.
Born and cra - dled in a man - ger to set us free. . .
Born and cra - dled in a man - ger to set us free. . .
Born and cra - dled in . . . a man - ger to set us free. . .
rall.

Serpent's lasting for many hours longer, even though the anticipated storm should not burst upon her.

In answer to our broken words and halting remonstrances, father showed us the jolly-boat, which the ship's carpenter was putting under repair, and assured us solemnly that while he considered it his part to stand by his ship to the last, when the last did come he would certainly do what he could to save his life by following our example. He would be wanted to stand a court-martial, if he could do no more for the service, father observed with lurking dry humour, in order to keep up our courage, and we should want him, though Perry and Tom would do their best for us, so, please God, we should meet again.

He roused himself from the reverie on which Jane had broken in, to take each of us to the side of the ship, and to give each a hasty embrace, and a "God bless you, my dear." He held Jane for a moment longer in his arms, before he helped to put her into the boat.

As it rowed away we strained our eyes through a mist of unshed tears, to see the one figure, first bending over the bulwark, and then standing like a statue, watching us. We forgot that we were bidding farewell to our home, which we should never see again, we thought only of our father, and of what he had been to us. Not one of us but would have found it more easy to return and keep watch with him till the last befel, than to leave him there without us.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

III. Reflex Action—Instinct—Intelligence—Indifference.

From time to time in these notes I shall relate instances of animal intelligence as I notice them, or as they are brought under my notice by well-trained observers. Therefore it will not be out of place if, according to the present state of our knowledge, I relate as simply as I am able what scientific men say is the difference between reflex action, instinct, and mind or intelligence. It is apparent to anyone who has observed and thought that these three headings glide so imperceptibly into one another, that it is almost impossible to define where one ends and the other begins. But broadly speaking, reflex action is illustrated by a machine, that when in order is always set in motion when the proper stimuli are applied to it, without consciousness or choice.

Another illustration from the human body: A man breaks his back so as to sever the nervous connection between his legs and his brain. His feet on being tickled will be drawn away from the irritation; but he will not be conscious of any feeling, as the cord is damaged by which the sensation of tickling is conveyed to the brain, where alone it is translated into the feeling of tickling.

Instinct is reflex action become conscious, but a consciousness that has no necessary knowledge of the relation between means and ends—a consciousness that under frequently recurring circumstances always acts in the same way.

Reason or intelligence is a consciousness that has a knowledge of the relation between means and ends, a consciousness that will not always act under the same circumstances precisely in the same way. In other words, a consciousness that will learn from experience. A dog is hungry, his nose supplies the stimulus that urges him to eat the meat put before him—this is instinct; but if his master has taught the dog not to eat the meat till he gives a certain signal, then the dog has learnt from experience, and shows the beginning of intelligence or mind. So we can say that wherever any animal, bird, or reptile learns from its own individual experience, we must infer the beginning of intelligence. We argue in this manner in dealing with the world of men, and justice and logic compels us to argue in the same manner when reasoning about the creation inferior to men.

The Squirrel.

I was sitting reading and thinking in the pine woods of the beautiful Frensham district one very hot day this exceptional summer. The air was very still, the birds were silent, the pine trees stood grimly upright without movement, and the only sound was the hum of innumerable flies and insects, when through the stillness I was startled by a noise resembling the deep cluck of a hen. After a little time I discovered that it came from a squirrel who had seen me, and appeared in a great rage that I should be there. He jumped on to the tree under which I was seated, swaying his tail and body violently about from the effort of the noise he was making. The bold little red thing then, much to my surprise, descended the tree, and I verily believe would have jumped on to me had I not knocked the trunk of the tree several times with my stick, which drove him reluctantly up again, still making his angry noise. Then, catching sight of another squirrel, away he went in chase, and a right glorious chase it was, a perfect miracle of swiftness and agility, from tree to tree, from branch to branch, from twig to twig, long jumps, short jumps, never missing, never making a mistake. The exciting chase being amongst pine trees I could watch it for some few moments till the squirrels both disappeared. I have noticed the squirrel on pine trees more often than any other tree, and the wary little things when watched will keep the trunk or branch between you and them in the most aggravating manner. When sitting in these pine woods, with no sound of a bird about me, I was suddenly surrounded by numbers of tits, who with cheery chirp and body downwards, searched branch and twig of each tree for food, and then passed on as rapidly as they had come, leaving me alone with the silence again.

Defence against Enemies.—It is interesting to notice the various weapons of attack and defence that the world of living things have developed through time. The elephant and deer, its tusks and horns; the lion, tiger, and dog their teeth; the horse its speed of foot; the bird its wings; the snake its death-dealing venom; the butterfly its nasty taste; the caterpillar its hairy indigestible skin; the tree its poison; the bramble its thorn; in others the power of imitating the colour of the ground or surrounding vegetation, and by this imitation escaping the watchful eye of the pouncing bird of prey or the cruel teeth and claws of the beast who lives on the life of others. I have noticed specially how partridges, rabbits, hares, seem to know instinctively the patch of ground that is like their own living bodies, and by crouching down in it make themselves so like their surroundings that they often escape detection. I remember once seeing a brood of quite little partridges running along the side of a bank. I walked after them, and directly I came up to them, they flattened their little brown bodies against the brown bank, and appeared as one with the bank, so that I certainly should have passed them over had I not been following them.

A pheasant is an imported bird from countries where the hot sun brings out the richest tints of vegetation colour, and amidst these bright surroundings the beautiful bird has developed its striking plumage.

One day I was gazing in dumb admiration at a copse; the trees had been cut down, the undergrowth was not thick, and the whole ground was a mass of wild flowers of every variety of species; no painter's pen or poet's lines could exaggerate this mass of varied harmonious colour. And amidst it all there stalked a majestic cock pheasant; as he stepped along with his slow proud step, he seemed to be conscious that his plumage and these wild flowers were a goodly match. Seeing me watching, he remained still and crouched; and then I could barely distinguish which were flowers and which was pheasant—so alike was the bird's plumage to the blaze of colour that surrounded him.

Perhaps one of the most interesting examples of how insects can imitate and so preserve themselves is shown by a certain insect that lays its eggs end-on to each other in single column, so that they resemble the flower of the ordinary stinging-nettle; when the eggs are hatched out the little insects show their gratitude for this protection by feeding on the nettle.

A few Facts about Birds.—I noticed one day a parent sparrow teaching two little sparrows to fly. First the mother flew from the ground on to the palings, where she would wait till the little ones flew to her side, then to a higher paling, then to the water-spout, then on to the roof, then across the roof, the mother always waiting till the little ones reached her side. The impulse that evidently made the young sparrows follow their mother was that of hunger, as they alighted by her with their wings flapping with expectancy, as is the custom with young birds when hoping to be fed. It reminded me of a child learning to walk who is not quite sure of foot, and only wanting a mother's anxious hand now and then to prevent a fall.

For a marvel of grace, swiftness, and precision, nothing that I have seen can beat a swallow feeding her little ones that have fled from their nest, and are perched in the open. I watched them one day in a hayfield three in line on a paling. The parent-birds, with their wonderful swift and happy flight, went in merry chase after the flies. Now with wings steadied dropping to the earth, now with a few flaps ascending into the blue sky, now with many rapid flaps making headway against an adverse wind, now with outstretched wings gliding with great speed before a favourable current of wind, turning to the right, turning to the left, with no pause or sign of weariness. The little ones always knew of the nearing approach of their food, and with flapping wings and quick chirps received into their open expectant mouths the insect that the old swallows placed there with unerring precision and with hardly a pause in their rapid flight.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS FIRST VISIT.

The roses bloom while the lady waits,
The lark sings high in the blue above;
But who will open the golden gates
And let her in to the realms of love?

ARNOLD WAYNE'S first call upon Elsie was always a very distinct memory to him afterwards. People were beginning to go out of town, and those who remained were haunted by the thought of breezy uplands, or of a blue summer sea breaking lazily on golden sands. As Arnold walked along All Saints Street, about five in the afternoon, the chime of a bell ringing for evensong reminded him of his old home at Rushbrook and the grey church close to his gates.

So it came to pass that he went into Elsie's presence haunted by memories of his boyhood, and there was nothing in her presence to dispel such memories; something about her seemed to blend with them and harmonise with early associations.

She had been sitting by the open window with a book upon her lap, and she rose to meet him, still holding the volume in her hand. She was dressed in a pale-grey gown, and wore a large bunch of heliotrope in the folds of a kerchief of soft muslin knotted at her breast. The quiet little room was flooded with sunshine, the bell kept up its chime, some white pigeons went flying past the window.

"You have made a home here," he said involuntarily; and then he thought of those wise words of Ruskin's: "Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is."

"Yes," she answered quietly, "it is a safe nook, where I can be at peace."

"She has known storms, then," was Arnold's mental comment.

He began to speak of Jamie, and a light came suddenly into her face. It was the greatest relief, she said, to know that the child was happy.

"And Miss Neale's manuscript—may I see it?" he asked. "I have always wished that I had known her. When dear Waring wrote to tell me of his engagement, I was abroad. The letter followed me from place to place."

"The manuscript was discovered by chance. I keep it where I first found it," said Elsie, going to the old table in the corner. She took the roll of paper out of the drawer and put it into his hand. There was perfect silence in the room while he turned over the pages. Elsie had gone back to her window-seat and sat there motionless.

"If they were with us now the world would be all the better for them," he said, looking up at last. "I would give a great deal to grasp Waring's hand again. And Meta—it was best for her to follow him."

"Yes," Elsie answered; "it was best. I am glad, and yet I often wish she was here."

"You have loved these two without seeing them?" he said, looking at her intently.

"It is easy," she returned, "to know men and women by the footprints they have left and the harvest which they have sown. There are those whom having not seen we love."

A shade came over his face. "If I were to die," he said suddenly, "no one would ever love me for the sake of what I had left. As to footprints, they would soon be effaced; and as to the harvest, nothing would crop up but a few wild oats. It's rather a depressing thought, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered, looking at him in her turn. He was conscious that her soft, dark eyes were resting on him very thoughtfully, and that they were full of gentleness.

He had been left an orphan at nineteen, but he had never blamed anyone but himself for the fact that he had done nothing in his life, and that he was going on doing nothing. Uncle Harry Danforth, his mother's brother, had looked after the Rushbrook estate for years, and had spared Arnold all possible trouble. He had given up all responsibilities, just because he chose to give up and let himself drift. But there are moments when a man wakes up to a sudden consciousness that he has trifled with himself and his past. Had he come here to meet the touch of the vanished hand? There was a pause, and again the soft white wings flew past the window. Then Elsie spoke in a very quiet voice.

"I suppose," she said, "that there are a good many miles before you yet. You might try a new path and begin sowing afresh."

It was a simple speech, uttered in the simplest manner possible, but it came to him like a new truth. Yet it was a very old thing that she had said—a thing that others had spoken to him a hundred times at least and he had been as deaf as a stone. Most of the ideas that have really stirred our hearts owe their power to the voice that speaks them.

"Thirty-three is rather an advanced age for a man to begin sowing," he answered. "But I might try if you think it worth while."

She smiled, a sweet smile that crept up from her lips into her eyes, and lingered there.

"I think it is worth while," she said.

"Very well, I had better start at Rushbrook in the literal sense. My uncle will be delighted, although the ground has been thoroughly looked after, I believe. My relations have done their utmost to make an agriculturist of me. If I spend an autumn down there, and take an interest in things, it will be regarded as a hopeful sign."

"Then you have a home in the country," said Elsie with a little sigh.

The sigh was not lost on Arnold.

"Yes, I have a quaint old place in Blankshire," he replied. "It overlooks a valley of many streams, in the midst of a quiet pastoral country. Can I persuade you to come and see it with the Lennards, Miss Kilner? Most people think it rather pleasant."

"The Lennards? Oh, I fancy they are going to Switzerland," she said. "I am not sure about their plans, and I have not made any arrangements yet."

"I shall write to Mr. Lennard to-night," Arnold remarked. "If I'm to begin to make myself useful I shall expect all my friends to come to my aid. May I count upon your help, Miss Kilner?"

There was an undertone of earnestness in the light speech and a look of eagerness in his face.

"I would help if I could," she answered. "As to the country, I see it always in my dreams. It is a lost Paradise to me."

"Then why did you leave it?" he asked suddenly.

She coloured, and the dark lashes veiled the trouble in her eyes.

His heart ached for her. Yet, being human, all sorts of doubts and fears came crowding into his brain. Was there an old love-affair and undying constancy? With that intense face of hers she could hardly have escaped love's sorrows.

And then, in an instant, came a flash of wonder at himself. Was he already so nearly in love that he dreaded a possible rival?

"Circumstances were too strong for me," she replied. "The rector and Mrs. Lennard knew that I had to go. I came to London because I have more friends here than anywhere else."

There was a tremor in her voice that touched him. He felt a sudden longing to be her champion, and prove that "circumstances" were not too strong for him. A man never looks so well as when he is under the influence of a chivalrous feeling; it can transfigure even a dull face, and Arnold's face was anything but dull. Poor Elsie happened to glance at him at that moment, and a soft glow flushed her cheeks. She tried hard not to think that she was losing her heart.

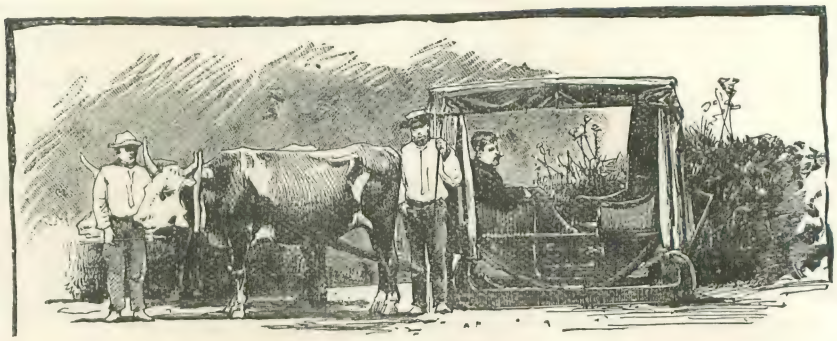
"It would be so dreadful," she thought, "if I were to make an idiot of myself at nine-and-twenty! Can't I venture to enjoy a little friendliness without getting hot cheeks like a school-girl?"

After he was gone she sat dreaming till it grew dusk, and wondering what would become of her when Arnold Wayne had married Mrs. Verdon?

The pigeons had gone to roost, the last blush of crimson had faded from the sky, and the first stars were twinkling faintly in the gloaming. Elsie thought of Meta, lifted out of all the doubts and troubles of this poor life, and envied her perfect peace.

"Ah," she sighed, "if I could only see her home for one moment, how bravely I could go on living here!"

(To be continued.)



BULLOCK-CAR.

MADEIRA IN MARCH.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Are you thinking of taking a holiday this Spring? If so, have you thought of Madeira?"

Such was the tenor of a note from a friend, sent to me by that mysterious messenger, Her Majesty's Postal Service. It was certainly an astonishing question, as I had not thought of taking a change, and was feeling in excellent health, and had not fallen a victim to influenza for at least a year. I put the letter down hastily to take up others, and had nearly forgotten it, when, in an over-crowded condition of mind something for the moment irrecoverable seemed to be pressing for notice.

Ah! Madeira. That was it. Let me see the letter again:

"If you only could come as far as Madeira with me I would do as the doctor directs, and take a passage for the Cape but spending a fortnight with you on the way. Don't let my necessities influence you too much, but I dread the start of such a journey as the one I am ordered to take, and a few weeks in your cheerful——"

But I must not print any more, modesty forbids.

So I took up a big atlas, and that settled me. Reader, never take up an atlas if you think you ought to stay at home.

So my friend, cheered by an ambiguous letter, called on me, and everything was settled.

We took berths in the *Scot*, and visited the Portuguese and Spanish Consuls in London to have our passports *visèd*, and then with a few purchases to complete our outfits we found ourselves in an ecstasy of expectation.

Friends and relatives saw us off from Waterloo, and one of them came on to Southampton to see one of the grandest steamships in the service, and to enjoy a luncheon on board.

It was a lovely morning, and as the tender steamed up to the big vessel the sun shone brilliantly upon us. A fair orchestra piped to us as we lunched in the gorgeous saloon, final adieux were emotionally effected, and we lifted anchor and sped onward.

And in order to divert my friend's mind from the sadness of leaving his beloved ones (I am a lonely man, and don't count in the realms of domestic felicities) I took him down to our cabin to arrange matters for the journey and to see that our small articles of luggage were safe. On opening the door, to our surprise a strange man confronted us, and with a glance apparently of recognition flew towards me, and shook my hand warmly, hoping that I was quite well.

"You see," he said, "this is my—hic—berth," pointing to the one I had appropriated, for there were four berths in the cabin, "but I hope we shall —hic—get on—hic—well together."

"Certainly, I hope so," I earnestly responded, and my friend and I withdrew our steps, climbed up the gangway, and as we reached the deck glanced with easily recognisable horror into each other's faces.

"What shall we do?" I gasped.

"Sleep on deck, if we can. I could not remain in the same cabin with such a man."

"Indeed you could not," I replied; for the stranger was undoubtedly a heavy toper, if not in actual delirium tremens. It was a sad and awful



A SCENE IN THE ISLAND.

spectacle, for he was young, and, indeed, would have been handsome, if it were not for the unhealthy colour on his cheeks and the wild look in his eye; a gentleman, too, and athletic in build and muscle.

I went to the chief steward to remonstrate, but fortunately found, without my asking, that they had already understood the position and had conveyed the unwelcome visitor to a single-berthed cabin.

My friend, who had, perhaps, been expecting some awful intelligence of disaster, such as the flinging of all of our *articles de voyage* out of the porthole, was visibly relieved when he heard the good news. "Perhaps, I shall sleep to-night after all," he said; "and I have not slept for many, many nights."

"I trust so," I feelingly responded; and after a further hour on deck, we descended to woo the sweet, merciful goddess. How I longed that his overworked and heated brain might rest! That indeed was the consummation for which this formidable voyage of his was undertaken.

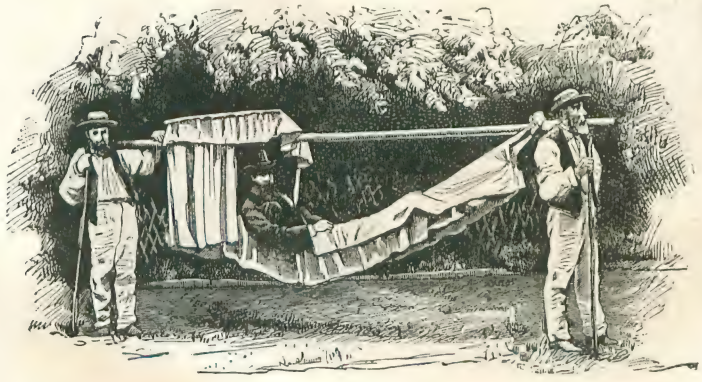


SCENE FROM THE COAST.

"O welcome veil of peaceful night, that wraps
The tired brain and sense in soothing rest!
The world is full of toilers, in whose nest
Such slackened tension but too rarely maps
A perfect working day. O may such saps
That drain the life, by subtle sleep's contest
All conquered be, when sun sinks in the west,
Until to earth the well-worn Earth relapse.

From every twinkling star may angels' eyes
The easy sleep of careworn manhood see;
And after sweat of brow in heat of day
Let night's sweet purple veil dispel his sighs,
And give a rest like babe's on mother's knee,
Or like to sleep of youngsters after play!"

I very soon fell asleep and I think my friend dozed for perhaps an hour—certainly not more—for whenever I woke he was turning his pillows, or sitting upright in the darkness, or walking silently about the cabin. The rattling of the furniture, glasses, etc., as we sped swiftly through the water, was, he thought, the disturbing element; but nothing could stop the noise, so he had to submit to it with a throbbing head and a nervous frame woefully overwrought.



THE HAMMOCK.



IN THE MOUNTAINS.



A MADEIRAN MAIDEN.

At six he rose, dressed, and went on deck, while I remained in my berth, having made up my mind that I should find that the best place. I declined the steward's offer of breakfast, but when twelve o'clock came I altered my mind, and joined my friend above. The morning was a gorgeous one, and deck certainly the pleasanter. Above the boat seemed as steady as a rock, and to recline in our arm-chairs in the sun was delightful. A sabbath of rest seemed to suffuse us as we quietly gazed over the vast expanse of sea. Sea-gulls flew about the masts, and large fish reared themselves out of the water, as if they also wished to enjoy the rays of the sun.

A short service had been held in the saloon, which my friend had attended and which I was sorry to miss. We talked leisurely on many topics, and whenever I thought my companion was becoming too excited, which was frequently the case, I, like a clever, duly qualified nurse, turned the conversation into another channel.

And so the day passed sweetly on, and we went to our cabins about ten o'clock, thankful to have enjoyed so happy and healthful a day upon the waves.

The quiet of the time had induced sleep to come to the aid of my friend, and for the first night for many a week he slept peacefully. It was truly a refreshing sound to hear his light breathing in the darkness; and I thought of his complete restoration to health, his return sound and hearty to the bosom of his loved ones, and of his return to mental work.

The following day was noteworthy for two experiences, both sad ones, and related to two of the passengers. The first of these was our friend the would-be fellow occupier of our cabin, who devoted his whole attention to me and would not suffer me out of his sight. He talked to no one else, and I, alas, had to hear his complaints of innocent suffering from ill-health and of the bad provision on board provided for such a delicate organisation. He blamed the captain, the shareholders of the line of steamers, the stewards and the passengers, and accused an innocent lady of drunkenness for drinking a glass of soda-water.

When I thought I had succeeded in shaking him off during a walk, he would spy me out from the other end of the boat, and try as I would most artfully to dodge him he would confront me at an unexpected turn, and tell me more of his history, which did not interest me in the least.

The other experience was that of a poor mad girl. She objected to the sailors working, thinking they interfered with her movements. She requested books, pencils, and even rugs from her fellow passengers, and monopolised them. She was decidedly pretty, but her face was dirty and her hair unbound. Some men on board actually took enjoyment from her peculiarities, and evidently wounded her by their relish of her eccentricities. We heard that she was a girl graduate, and that her condition was caused by mental overwork. Perhaps it was ludicrous for her to ask a hair-brained gambler on board (and there were several such) his opinion of Ibsen, and to ask his admiration of a liet-motive of Wagner's, which she hummed aloud. But from our point of view the ignorance of the men and their unmanly and brutal bearing was the truer cause for derision.

On the afternoon of our third day land was sighted, and the news spread like a flame among the passengers. Many were the speculations as to what it was we saw, until we were told that we were sighting the Desertas, and that this voyage would therefore prove to be the fastest on record. The sun was setting over Porto Santo, and tipped with crimson its volcanic peaks. As we passed them, on our right we caught a glimpse of distant Madeira —a vast black object—and thought how mysterious it must have appeared to the Portuguese navigators who were the first to discover the island.

It was astonishing with this first sight of land how everything on board altered. What was before a peaceful quiet ship was turned into a pandemonium, and what before was a roomy deck became filled with every conceivable kind of luggage. The stewards, too, were roused to unwonted action, and everyone seemed to be on the tip-toe of expectation.

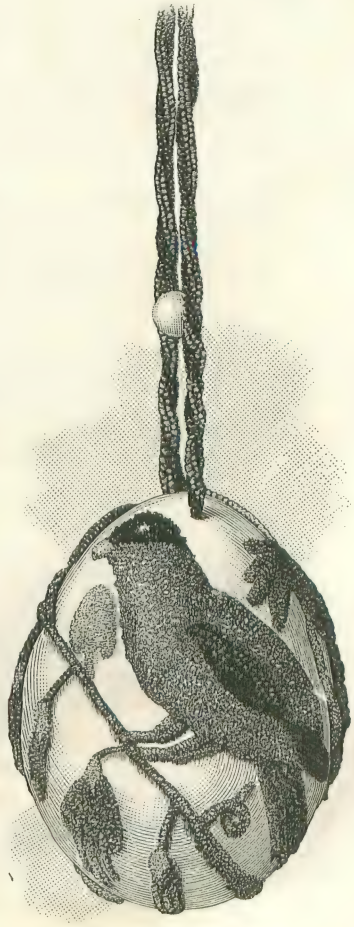
At about half-past eight we were facing Funchal, the chief town of Madeira, and half-an-hour later we cast anchor. And then what a scene! The electric lights were doubled in number, and below us the sea was troubled as by a noisy town. Boats laden with coal, with fruit, with chairs and cane sofas, with little bright-plumaged birds and parrots. Diving boys cried for pence or silver to be thrown to them to catch between the toes of their feet, and we could see twinkling silver sixpences go down, down, down in the water under the light of the ship, and boys disappear (troubling the water into darkness as they dived) to return into their boats with the coins secure between their brown little toes. Oh, it was a strange sight! As we bent over and looked down the side of the vast vessel, things crawled up, and we found them to be men and women with jewellery for sale or other unexpected articles. And at last Mr. Reid, the proprietor of the chief hotels, came to us, and recognising us from letters of introduction sent to him beforehand, conducted us and our luggage by small boats to the shore, when he disappeared. But the Portuguese native knew his work, and we were placed in bullock-waggons and driven to the customs. It was a strange experience driving in dark foreign streets in such a curious chariot; every turn seemed to take us into darker and more and more unusual-looking streets, until we descended and showed that we had not smuggled anything from dear old England. Then we returned to the chariot and drove gently over the cobbled streets to Hotel Carmo.

Arriving there we felt at home at once! An English lady, bonny and with a bright smile, welcomed us in genial fashion and showed us to our rooms, where after ablutions we adjourned to the dining-room, refreshed ourselves and retired for the night thoroughly worn-out.

I remember nothing until at seven o'clock on the following morning one of the waiters brought me a cup of tea and a thin slice of bread and butter. He drew the blind and opened the window, and then—oh, then—the sight and the perfume, and the sound! Behold a garden full of semi-tropical trees and plants, the banana, the frangipanne, and many others that I forget, although I "got them up" at the time; roses in profusion, white and red cornelias, lilies of every kind under the trees, and the beds of many-coloured flowers edged with giant box, so green and so thick that a cat might have rested on any part of it. And then the scent from a huge tree crowded with large white trumpet-shaped flowers, and the brilliant sun to halo it all! I fancy I can see it now, so startling in its beauty with purple mountains ranged in tiers behind. And then the birds! Why, it seemed as though they had gone mad over the joy of it all, and my feelings were decidedly in sympathy with their emotions.

I dressed quickly and met my friend in the garden by a running fountain, but the sun being very hot we went together to the shade of a mighty oak, and there acclaimed our delight and our good fortune.

The happy-looking, good-natured Madame Madeira, as we called the hostess of the hotel, came forward to pluck us a button-hole and to ask us how we slept, and both of us were



AN EMBROIDERED EGG.

able to satisfy her as to the amount of rest we had taken.

"Then come into breakfast, gentlemen," she said, and we were ushered into a room, the tables of which were crowded with roses and rare fruits. Among the latter were Cape gooseberries, bananas, loquats, prickly-pear, custard-apple, and passion-flower fruit, and heaped-up dishes of recently-gathered strawberries! But there is always a thorn with the rose, and she kindly warned us of dangers attending the eating of much fruit, at any rate for the first week, as there is a kind of illness, peculiar to Madeira, attending such greediness as I for one was longing to satisfy.

"And now," said Madame Madeira, as we emerged from the breakfast-room, "begins the true business of your holiday in the island. You must go this morning up to Mount Church by bullock-car and return in a sledge in time for luncheon."

"Indeed," said my invalid friend, "I think you must excuse me, I do not feel quite——"

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind," said persistent Madame Madeira, "your carriage is at the door!" So with that I locked an arm in my friend's and promised to stick to him to the death.

"But wait," called out madame, "how are you shod? No leather boots, please, as in England. Have you no india-rubber shoes? You are not about to walk down Pall Mall or Piccadilly; all our streets are paved with rounded pebbles of basalt brought from the coast, and you would return from ever so slight a walk in considerable agony."

Accordingly we went to our rooms and changed the boots we were so proud of—new and nicely got up—for deck-shoes, and then we started in earnest.

Our Portuguese driver was coolly dressed in white with a straw hat, and we walked, not stepped, into the little low waggon. The bullocks went steadily over the stone streets and along a ravine by the side of a mountain-torrent. We passed quintas (houses) smothered in roses and climbing plants of every colour, and felt that we were in a veritable Garden of Eden.

Pumpkins and camellias were to be seen in every cottage garden, and as we mounted higher up the hill the Easter lily was growing wild and in profusion upon the roadside, edging the footpath that leads from the top of the hill to the Church of Our Lady of the Mountain.

This church, with its twin towers, is a conspicuous object from the coast, and is nearly 2000 feet above the sea. As we walked round the outside of the church a priest put his head out of his study-window close by and kindly directed our steps to the right entrance. But although the church is highly venerated by the fishermen, who pay their vows and make offerings to a jewelled figure of the Virgin before setting out on their voyages, yet there was nothing sufficiently meritorious in art-work to reward us for our trouble in obtaining the keys of the building and the fees we had to pay the verger.

But from the terrace there was a gorgeous view right over Funchal, and we could gather a good general idea of the plan of the island. Behind us the mountains rose in purple mist to the height of 3000 or 4000 feet, and spread out in front of us were terrace upon terrace of slopes, green with the noble sugar-cane, while pine-trees, white quintas (houses), and brilliant flowers made up a scene, the beauty of which can scarcely be surpassed anywhere else in the world. Well might Bowdich say, "If Homer's beautiful description of the Phæacian Isle, where fruit succeeded fruit, and flower followed flower in rich and endless variety, be applicable to any modern one, it is to Madeira." And as flower follows flower, and fruit, fruit, in this enchanted land, so with lightness of heart, and a blessed feeling of renewed vigour, and a keen perception of a newly-acquired happiness, ejaculation succeeded ejaculation in appropriately flowery sentences.



THE GRAND CURRAL, MADEIRA.

"What bliss!" exclaimed my companion. "Why should I trouble to go to the Cape, when this is to be had without further journeying?"

"Indeed," I said, "I was thinking the same thing. It would assuredly be flying in the face of a beneficent Providence to turn one's back on such a lovely land as this before we need. And now, methinks, I will wait here till my last day, and return home direct instead of toiling through Spain as I had intended; you, having your berth booked beforehand, must go on to your journey's end."

Here our guide seemed anxious for our return, so we followed him, as we thought, to our bullock-sledge; but no bullocks were to be found, and we were asked to be seated on chairs which were mounted on sledges. We were on the top of a steep incline, and directly we were seated, the men pushed the machine, and we were precipitated at tremendous speed down the tiers of hills. We had to hold hard to the chair, and hang back as we passed, with lightening speed, anything that happened to be in the road. I suppose children never get in the road here, or they would certainly meet an early death.

On we went faster and faster, the cool air tempering our heated senses, and the men guiding us round turnings by means of a rein passed round the back of the sledge. In a few minutes we were down at the hotel by means of this sledge, whereas it had taken us about an hour and a half to ascend by means of the bullock car. The *carro* is a native invention, and the bullock-car is an emanation from an English brain. Without the latter it would be difficult to get about the island because of the cobbled streets.

In the afternoon we hobbled over the cobbles through the town of Funchal, and there saw the native in his element. All the funny little shops owned caged birds of bright plumage brought from Africa, and fine talkative parrots. We crossed two of the mountain-streams to the Praça da Constituicão, a pleasant square where a band was playing. This square lies between the cathedral, a dreary-looking building, and the governor's palace, a rambling castellated place, with an ancient image of St. Laurence over the chief gate. The Praça was gay with people chatting between cigar-puffs, and ever and anon a priest flitted by with buckled shoes and scarlet stockings showing beneath his glowing cloak. Here is a low sledge crowded with heavy things and driven by a yoke of oxen. The whip of the noisy driver is flicked loudly, and cries of "*ca para mim boi!—ca-ca-ca-ca!*" (Here to me, oxen!—here, here, here!) rend the air and disturb our hearing of the band's melody.

Among the articles to be bought in the shops are cane-chairs (very cheap and excellent in workmanship), inlaid wooden articles, pita-thread mats, feather-flowers, knitted silk shawls, and embroidered eggs. The latter are most curious, and I cannot discover the method of workmanship, but they tell me that many eggs are broken before one is fully embroidered. I give an illustration of one that I brought home with me.

From the square we proceeded to the depôt of the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, and found an interesting and useful assortment of books, which are welcomed by the Madeirans. We learnt from Mrs. Smart at the depôt that, in order to carry on all her philanthropic schemes, she sends many souvenirs of Madeira to England for bazaars, and I should think many lady stall-keepers find ready purchasers for guava-jelly, Cape gooseberry-jam, and red pepper, as well as for articles of a more permanent nature.

After an excellent dinner, consisting, among other dainties, of new peas, and French beans,



THE DESCENT FROM MOUNT CHURCH.

and pine-apples cut from the proprietor's celebrated pine-house, I again strolled out; but everything was so weirdly dark and unattractive that I quickly returned to the smoking-room, which is also the reading-room of the hotel.

While my friend was writing a letter on the following morning after breakfast, I called at the *bureau*, in order to interview Madame Madeira, who told me that she had decided that my friend and I should take a morning ride on horseback. I replied that I should be much pleased, but that I was afraid the exercise would be too severe for my friend. But she autocratically pooh-poohed the idea, and changed the subject to describe the use of the hotel before conventual houses had been suppressed by the Portuguese Government. The building we were in was originally a Carmelite convent; and taking off the cover of her high desk she showed me the altar of what was originally the chapel. There, in fact, was the consecrated altar-stone, engraved with crosses let into the woodwork; and the shelves above were used by her for storing ink and other secular articles instead of for figures of saints, which originally had been their use. Indeed, I saw a figure at the time in one of the niches; but it was so much the reverse of a sacred one—an ugly trade advertisement—that I begged, for reverence or decency's sake, that she would remove it, and accordingly it was consigned to her own private sitting-room.

When she returned, a large elderly man came with a wry face to cry off attending meals in the dining-room, when Madame Madeira exclaimed—

"Oh, I know what you want," and pouring out a little glass of medicine, she said, "Drink that off at once, sir."

"Certainly I will, madame," he politely replied; "but may I ask what it is you are giving me?"

"Drink it off at once, I tell you," said she, ignoring his question. And like a lamb he drank it, for there was no gainsaying Madame Madeira; and I was glad at luncheon-time that the traveller was in his place with the other guests.

But madame had another task before her—to arrange for my friend's trip.

"Mr. ——," she said, "you will go with this gentleman for a ride this morning. I have ordered your horse."

"I am sorry to say that I——"

"Your horse, sir, is at the door with a man to conduct you. To-morrow you will thankfully ask me for another trip on horseback, so off you go. Luncheon at one o'clock."

We were soon, almost before we were aware of it, mounted high in air, overlooking everybody's private vineyards and gardens, and as the sight was decidedly refreshing, we referred to madame as a witch, or, rather, as a goddess.

"I say, Sancho Panza," cried the invalid, "we will do this again; it is exceedingly enjoyable."

"Certainly, Don Quixote," I responded. "And so we will."

But we never repeated the experiment, although we wished to do so, and are therefore all the more grateful that Madame Madeira was such a controlling force.

We made the acquaintance of some delightful people at the hotel, and some who were interesting perhaps, though not so acceptable. There was a wicked, big, blatant wine-bibber next to me at dinner, who talked enigmatically; and close beside him was a most learned Englishman—probably one of the most learned—who was a great connoisseur of wine and cookery: Messieurs Mind and Matter, we called them. Both had pimpled faces, and both were driven nearly mad by the flies that seemed to attack them and no one else. I used often to wonder which the flies preferred—the muscular or the mental, and I thought, though these were so opposite, that perhaps there was little to choose, as both seemed to be so diseased; and a cry went up from my heart to thank my Maker that He had given me neither poverty nor riches in the marvellous world of mind.

Among the delightful people were a mother and son, both truly generous and refined, and with them we went together in hammocks to the Grand Curral, and had a glimpse into the heart of the island—the very spirit of its attractiveness. The highest peaks rise from the centre of the island, and from these peaks to the coast are huge fissured slopes; and these fissures, or, as the Americans would call them, cañons, are called curral or fold, used in the sense of safe places for sheep.

The hammock (rêde) is a canvas bed, suspended from a pole, curtained round, and fitted with a mattress and pillows. It seemed a lazy method of progression, but it was too enjoyable to quarrel with, though I must do the bearers credit and say that they could in no sense be called lazy. How they did march up the mountains, each man with an end of the pole on a shoulder, using a sort of alpenstock to walk with! These sticks they worked with a circular movement as they touched the ground, in order that they should fit in between the stone cobbles and not slide off the top of a slippery pebble.



We were a merry party, singing and shouting to one another in our glee as we ascended the ribbon roads, and wound round one mountain after another. We saw the method, which is unique, of irrigating the island by means of wooden troughs, carried down from the heights to the cultivated land below. These channels are called Levadas, and their use is found very necessary during summer droughts.

As we neared the top of the Curral the sun went in; and, in a shivering condition, we partook of luncheon, and

hastily descended after a most enjoyable excursion in wonderful scenery.

We were grieved when the stay of our two friends came to an end, and they had to wend their way to the ship that should take them back to England. And I shall never forget the scene of their departure. It was in the morning, and a storm that had been raging in the night had lashed the sea into paroxysms of rage, and their little boat, in which they rowed to the ship, seemed every now and again lost in the heavy waves. One poor lady in leaving the ship for the land had her ribs broken, and it was said that several fishermen out during the night at their hazardous calling were drowned.

But enough of this gloomy scene sent, I believe, as a contrast to the usual brightness of this wonderful island.

And when we parted to go on our respective ways, my friend and I shook hands and solemnly vowed, if the fates were propitious, to revisit together the isle of the blest, the land of fruit and of flowers, of milk and of honey.

C. P.

THREE CHRISTMASTIDES.

By E. HARPER-ASHWIN, Author of "Agnes Chisholm," etc.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone many times, and again we visit Miss Ashford. It is the Holy Eve, and she sits alone as of yore in the same firelit room deep in thought. She looks older now; her face more wrinkled, and the once bonny brown hair thickly streaked with grey, and partly covered with a dainty cap. It is blindman's holiday just now, so the usually busy hands lie idly in her lap, as gazing into the glowing depths of the fire before her, her thoughts wander back eight years, to the time of her great sorrow, the loss of her mother and aunt. It is a sorrow still, and will ever be so, but, even as when in travelling away from our English hills, their sharp outline is softened and beautified by the blue haze which rests upon them, deepening as the distance increases, so the trial once so overwhelming has been veiled by the mists of passing years; present still, but seen through the curtain God graciously hangs betwixt His people and past suffering. We cannot see the beauty of those rocky peaks when close upon them. She felt the blow then, and meekly bowed her head; but she sees, partly at least, the purpose now, for in that first loneliness she found how near the Master could come, and how, with His nearness, His companionship, she could never really have a solitary way. Of late years too, she has had the blessing of human love, for her nieces have been to her as daughters, and never once has she regretted or felt the charge heavy. There is a probability of the said charge being lightened just now, and she smiles as she thinks of the dawning love-light which has begun to shine in her Lily's dark eyes.

"I think he is worthy of her, but I hope he won't speak yet, she is so young," she murmured softly to herself. "We should miss her so, shouldn't we, doggie?" stroking the head of the same little spaniel with whom we found her long ago, very old and very fat now, and never far away from his mistress.

At this moment the outer door opened, and a rush of cold air and merry voices announced the arrival of the two girls, who had been helping to dress the church in its Christmas robe of green.

"Here we are, auntie," shouted a voice presently from the kitchen (for they had come in the back way), "taking off our damp boots. We won't be a minute—Mary is getting tea."

And in less time than most young ladies take to make their toilet, they were all seated at the table, and Edie, now a tall fair child of eleven, was giving a laughing account of their work and walk home through the snow.

"Mr. Merton wanted to come all the way with us," she concluded, "but I told him that with our presents to arrange, and the house to decorate, we should be too busy to talk to him to-night, and that we could manage very well."

"You are too saucy, Edie," remarked her aunt, trying to speak gravely, and noticing the deep flush that overspread her elder niece's face, also that she left all the talking to her little sister, who was however certainly quite equal to it.

"Mrs. Slade did the lectern, and Miss Elliston the pulpit, Miss Smith and Miss Davies the windows, and Lily the font, while Mr. Merton and I helped them all," volunteered the young lady.

"Important help yours must have been, Miss Edie," laughed her aunt.

"Yes, it was," agreed the child. "I don't think," she continued, "that Mr. Merton liked the way Mrs. Slade did her part, for I heard him say to Lily just before I caught them up after taking old Hannah her shilling, that he hoped she would decorate that end next."

"Mr. Merton must have been talking nonsense; of course, Lily could not take Mrs. Slade's part," said Miss Ashford, pitying the young girl's confusion. "I am sorry you heard it, Edie; you must not repeat it to anyone; I hope you did not listen?"

"Why, of course not, auntie!" was the indignant disclaimer. "I wouldn't be so mean; only the snow deadened my footsteps."

"That's right," said her aunt. "Now make haste and finish your tea, and then you and Mary can adorn the kitchen, drawing-room and hall, while Lily and I have a little quiet——"

"Yes, and you can get my presents ready while I am away," was the complacent rejoinder of the child, at which both her companions laughed and exclaimed simultaneously, "As if you deserved any!"

Edie was now too busy however with cake and tea to retaliate, and Miss Ashford and her elder niece were soon alone, the former silently resuming her armchair and knitting, while the girl subsided into a low lounging seat and gazed dreamily into the depths of the Christmas fire. A subtle change seemed to have passed over her; a month ago a merry child, now the rippling laughing brook was left behind, and the tide of her life, young though she was, had evidently flowed into the deep still river of womanhood. For a while she sat motionless and absorbed, then suddenly rising, she knelt by Miss Ashford's side, saying—

"Auntie, I have something to tell you."

"And what is it, my Lily? Why, child, you are trembling; surely you are not afraid of your old aunt!"

"No, I am not afraid, but—Mr. Merton told—asked me this afternoon——"

"Well, what did he tell, and what did he ask?" enquired Miss Ashford as here came an abrupt pause, and the blushing face was hidden on the elder lady's shoulder.

"He asked me to be his wife," came in a low whisper.

"And told you he loved you, I suppose; It's a way men have, I know. But Lily dear," softly stroking the brown head, "he should have spoken to me first. You are so young, and——"

"But, auntie," interrupted the girl, eagerly, "Guy—Mr. Merton I mean, did not know I was so young, and indeed I shall be eighteen next month, and he was coming to see you to-day only the rector kept him so long."

"When then is this Guy—Mr. Merton to make his appearance?"

"He said to-morrow afternoon if you would see him."

"Very well. Now, Lily, my pet, I will tell you just what I shall say to him, and with that you must both be content. I respect and like Mr. Merton exceedingly, and I know no one to whom I would sooner give you; but you are young, and though he has a fair income independent of his curate's stipend, I could not allow you to think of marriage for at least a year. If, at the expiration of that time you are both in the same mind, well and good; and if not——"

Miss Ashford never, however, had the chance to complete her sentence, for at this moment in burst Edie bearing an armful of evergreens, wherewith she proceeded to decorate the room in a fashion of her own, her ceaseless chatter disguising the fact that her sister contributed but little to the conversation.

At nine o'clock, an hour later than usual, the supper tray was brought in, and on its removal the old servant was summoned, and the quartette joined in reading the sacred account of the first Christmas, and then in heartfelt prayer that the Holy Child might find more and more room in each heart, till at last they were all His.

A touching little incident followed the prayer. Miss Ashford softly said—

"At this season, let us remember those who have gone before and are keeping their Christmas in Paradise."

No further word was uttered, but for some moments in that homely room the spirits of the holy dead seemed to rise. To the young girls it was but their parents who in fancy stood before them; but to the mistress and maid, grown old together, crowds of familiar faces appeared, and Miss Ashford, her spirits already tried by the conversation with her niece, for a moment hid her face. She soon recovered herself, however, good-nights were quietly spoken, and by half-past ten every light in the old house was extinguished; but when the midnight moon looked through Miss Ashford's window it found her still awake. In the gloaming she had taken a backward view, now she was looking forward to the yet distant parting with her darling, and trying vainly, as we all do sometimes, to peer through the mists of the future and picture what her life would be.

"She is very young, my Lily," she murmured, "but she has a wise little head and will rule her household well. Besides, there will only be her husband to please, and both are, I trust, of one mind in Christ, so that, however things are settled, it will be right; I must not grudge her the happiness that once might have been mine." And a sigh followed as she thought of the time—so long ago it seemed now—when a manly voice had begged that she would sail across the seas with the speaker, to make a new home in a new land;

and she, out of the fulness of her heart, had well-nigh uttered the "Yes" which would have made love and riches and earthly happiness her own, when a feeble call had sounded from the next room, "Edith, I want you, come to me." Could she leave the frail little mother, who clung to and depended on her in her weakness? No, a thousand times no! So the half spoken word was recalled, and she had sent her lover away, bravely hiding her pain, so that not even the mother knew that she suffered. What mattered it that those she loved and tended so carefully, audibly wondered that no one had tried to rob them of their darling? She soon learned to smile at their astonishment, and express the opinion that she was too strong-minded for matrimony, while ever in her inmost heart was enshrined the memory of those pleading words, and locked safe away in her treasure drawer were a few withered flowers, given to adorn her bonny girlhood.

Long these thoughts held the "old maid" as she reckoned herself, then "Nature's sweet restorer" dropped her soft curtain of forgetfulness, and—it was Christmas Day, and late too, with the sun shining bright through the clear frosty air, and the village carol singers under her window, shouting lustily, "Christians awake, salute the happy morn." She dressed quickly and descended to the dining-room to be met by her nieces' loving greetings and Mary's respectful, "I wish you a very happy Christmas, ma'am." Prayers followed, and breakfast, and then the Christmas post came, Christmas gifts were presented, and the old house was full of love and happiness, Edie being specially delighted with a pair of skates for which she had often sighed.

"I intend to be on the ice all day to-morrow," she announced. "Mr. Merton said he would teach me."

"How his arms will ache," remarked Lily parenthetically.

"What do you mean? Why?" asked the puzzled child.

"He will have to pick you up so often," was the half teasing reply, succeeded by a good tempered romp as Edie hastened to avenge the insult, quiet being barely restored when the church bells began to ring and a truce was proclaimed till the afternoon.

Dinner removed, the dessert was on the table, and several relays of carol singers had been dismissed with gifts of apples and pence when the garden-gate swung open, and a ring at the front door bell announced a more important visitor.

Miss Ashford had always accustomed her nieces to be dismissed when she wished to be alone or to see anyone privately, so that Edie rose promptly when her aunt suggested she should go and talk to Mary for a while, only indulging in a playful grumble at "folks coming on Christmas Day." As the door closed after her Lily, quietly remarking, "I am going upstairs, auntie," also disappeared just as Mary admitted a young clergyman, the Mr. Merton before mentioned, and curate of Rushleigh. With a somewhat diffident air he advanced, but Miss Ashford's cordial greeting reassured him, and when, without preamble, she entered upon the subject of their interview, he completely recovered himself, and in a simple manly way expressed his love for Lily and his earnest hope that her aunt would consent to their union.

"And what about your parents?" inquired Miss Ashford.

"I wrote to them before I spoke, and have their entire approval," was the answer. "My father is a clergyman himself, but has no private property, and therefore can give me nothing. An old uncle, however, left me a small income, and as far as money matters go, I could keep your niece in comfort. You will consent, won't you?"

"You ask a great deal from me, Mr. Merton," replied Miss Ashford, "but the child's happiness is very dear to me, and I will consent on these conditions." And she repeated what she had before said to Lily.

"Thank you, thank you," cried the delighted lover. "But can you not shorten the waiting time?"

"Not by a single day," was the rejoinder; "she will be very young even then."

"True," assented the young man. "Perhaps it is best, but it seems a long time."

"Nonsense," rejoined the lady; "it will soon pass. And now if you like to go into the drawing-room you may find Lily; I heard the door open just now. Mr. Merton," she continued gravely, "I have given you a treasure; guard her well, her soul's interests as well as those of the body."

"I will, God helping me," was the earnest reply, as the two clasped hands, and he then instantly disappeared into the next room. At this moment a knock came at the door and Edie entered.

"Alone, auntie!" she exclaimed. "Where is Lily? I want her."

"Lily is in the drawing-room, talking to Mr. Merton, dear," was her aunt's answer, and she then proceeded to explain how matters stood, expecting the child would be delighted at the idea. Not so, however; the news was received with a passionate burst of tears, and the words: "Then she will go away and leave me."

It was long ere Miss Ashford could soothe the child, and induce her by loving representations to think of her sister's happiness in the engagement. She succeeded at last, however, and the little face wore its usual bright smile when tea and the engaged couple entered simultaneously, the cure being completed by the proposal of her "new brother," as he called himself, to take both the sisters on the following day to a neighbouring pond that the new skates might be tried.

"Oh, that is nice; you will be of some use after all," was her calm remark, convulsing her auditors with laughter. Indeed, if the truth must be told, Miss Edie was somewhat spoiled, her clever coaxing ways often turning away the reproof she deserved, and to get her own way had become a habit. She was, however, a general favourite, and so sweet in disposition that only now and then did her aunt doubt the wisdom of her treatment. In the present instance her spirits quickly rose to their usually high pitch, only a little sobered by the Christmas evening service. The next morning found her much the same, and when at last she started with her sister and the curate for the promised lesson in skating, she was in a perfect state of effervescence.

"Be steady, be steady, Edie," said her aunt in a warning voice as she watched the trio down the garden path. "If you are so wild you will get into some harm."

"And come back to you on a hurdle, eh, auntie," returned the child merrily, as she ran back to give and take a parting kiss, catching her companions before they were out of sight.

"So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might."

Why did the words of George Brainerd's beautiful hymn haunt Miss Ashford throughout the day as she sat at work? We are so apt to say and think when some great trouble has fallen upon us: "If we had only known what was coming it would not have been so bad; we should have prepared and strengthened ourselves against it," not realising the All-wise mercy that drops a veil between to-day and to-morrow, as between this moment and the next, so that both joy and pain are ever, in a sense, unexpected. Where indeed would be the pleasure of life if we could see the rising clouds of suffering and of death? And yet sometimes the Lord does send a warning, a foreboding, a dream, a something, we know not what, which in some way prepares us for the blow; and always to those who trust Him does He send strength for every trial.

Some such thoughts as these passed through our old friend's mind, and it was scarcely with surprise that, as the afternoon was waning, she turned at the hasty sound of the opening door and saw her elder niece before her with a white set face.

"Auntie, Edie," were the only words that issued from her lips.

"Is she drowned?" was the brief question as Miss Ashford instinctively pushed the trembling girl into a chair.

"No, hurt; she fell back over a bough, and cannot move. Guy is carrying her home with a man who was passing. Ah, here they are," as the gate clicked. "I ran on before."

Silently and swiftly the elder lady moved to the door and opened it to admit Mr. Merton and a labourer bearing litterwise in the great coat of the former the child, so recently full of life and merriment, now lying helplessly with closed eyes and colourless face.

"In here; now lay her on the sofa," directed Miss Ashford, leading the way to the dining-room, and in silence the bearers obeyed.

As they laid her down there was a faint quiver of the eyelids, and an effort to raise herself, but it was in vain, and with a sharp cry of pain, she relapsed again into stupor.

"The doctor," whispered Miss Ashford, as she and Lily assisted by Mary who had heard the movements and hurried in, busied themselves with restoratives.

"I have already sent for him," replied Mr. Merton. "What more can I do?"

"Nothing, except pray for us. Stay though," as another quiver of the eyelids denoted returning consciousness; "Lily will stay here while you tell me how it happened," and motioning him to follow, she stepped outside the door and waited for the explanation which was promptly given.

"She soon learned to skate, and managed well, but just at last I thought she was getting too wild and suggested a brisk walk home. She would not listen, and while I turned to unbuckle Lily's skates, went at full speed to the farther end of the pond, where, trying to turn, she slipped and fell backwards over a pole that had been placed to guard the cow's watering place. Indeed I tried to take care of her, Miss Ashford."

"I am sure of it," was the reassuring rejoinder. "Now, good-bye; you will come up this evening to hear the doctor's report."

"Certainly I shall, and if I can be of the least service, pray do not fail to summon me. Good-bye, and God bless you."

A warm sympathetic handclasp, and the two parted, Miss Ashford returning to her little niece, whom she found quite conscious and in no pain.

"I'm all right if I don't move," she explained, "so it can only be that I'm stiff; but the curious part is, I can't feel my legs."

"Never mind, darling, the doctor will soon be here," was the reply given with a sinking heart, as the aunt recognised the symptoms of paralysis, and little more passed before the longed-for ring was heard.

A grave silent man was Dr. Salter, yet gentle as a woman with his patients. He made his examination quickly, inquiring most particularly meanwhile as to the nature of the accident.

"Poor little maid," he said at last; "you must lie still for awhile and take some medicine, and I will see you to-morrow in bed. Now I must go and tell your aunt what nice things to give you. Good-bye."

So saying, he followed Miss Ashford from

the room, and in a few minutes the gate was heard to shut behind him.

Ten—twenty minutes passed and the girls were still alone, Mary having returned to her kitchen. The little invalid had fallen into a doze and Lily was just thinking of going in search of her aunt when she door opened and she entered, calm outwardly, but, to the keen eyes of her niece's affection, betraying signs of great agitation.

"What is it, auntie dear," she whispered; "what did the doctor say?"

"You are ever my brave Lily; help me and her," came in broken tones. "The doctor's verdict is that she will probably never walk again, and at the very best will be a cripple all her life. My poor darling, how will she bear it?"

The girl shrank back from the fateful words as from a blow, but she well merited the encomium on her courage, for, though her face grew white and strained with pain, it was with an unfaltering voice that, after a pause, she answered, "He may be mistaken, dear auntie, and, if not, God's will be done, for us and our pet. Maybe she will learn to love Christ more in sickness than in health."

And then the two women watched for the child's rousing, though, if they had but guessed she was awake, and had heard their conversation, her poor little heart filled meanwhile with a bitter angry pain. She had been so active, so free, so joyous, and now—her eyes were still closed, and the anxious watchers thought the contraction of her forehead was but a passing spasm of pain. Not so; it was the recoil of the gay young spirit from the life of weariness and monotony that lay before her, and she actually began to dread the inevitable words of pity which would make her realise her fate more fully. If she could be alone and in the dark. She opened her eyes and expressed a wish for bed, whither she was tenderly carried by her aunt and sister, her unresponsiveness to their caresses seeming but the effect of weakness and pain. They were, however, astonished when she begged to be left quite alone.

"I am not ill," she said, "and I would much rather you both went down. I want to —go to sleep," she concluded, though the truer ending would have been widely different.

Seeing her earnestness, they at last acceded to her repeated and irritable request, and withdrew to talk over with Mr. Merton, who had again called to make inquiries, the sad future of the sunbeam of the house.

"How shall we tell her?" was the question finally raised by Miss Ashford.

"Let her get accustomed to the idea at first," counselled the clergyman, "and when she asks, tell her straight out; it will be the kindest way."

"Yes, perhaps so," rejoined Miss Ashford, "but it will be a terrible telling," and then silence fell on the trio, till it was time to separate.

Days passed by, but with them came no change in Edie's state, except that her fretful irritability rather increased than otherwise, though she complained of no pain, and the utmost efforts of her aunt and sister, to say nothing of the devoted servant, failed to win a smile or a word of thanks.

"So different from our Edie," sighed Lily on the last day but one of the year, when all her efforts to amuse the child had been met by a sharp request to be "let alone and not bothered." "And she has never asked to get up."

"I fancy sometimes she suspects the truth, and is fighting against it," rejoined Miss Ashford; "but I shall speak plainly to her to-morrow, for the poor darling is only making herself and every one else miserable."

The next day, therefore, having watched the lovers start for a walk, Miss Ashford went upstairs to the lonely little girl who filled her with pity, surprising the child in a flood of tears.

"What is the matter, my pet? Tell your auntie," she whispered, kneeling by the bed and putting her face to the flushed tearful one. "You must not end the year so sadly!"

"I hate the old year; it has made me a cripple! Yes," as she felt her aunt's start, "I heard what the doctor said, and I can't bear it! To lie here like a log for ever, never to run or skate, or go to church, or tease Mary, or garden, or go your errands. Oh, auntie, I wish sometimes it had killed me outright! I'm only a plague and a trouble."

"Never to us, my child," returned her aunt as the impetuous outburst stopped from want of breath. "It is a great trouble, I know, but the good Shepherd never saw one of His lambs hurt without coming to help, if only it would look up to Him. Have you done this, my Edie?"

"No; you ask now for me," whispered the child. And Miss Ashford kneeling there, took, figuratively, the little sufferer in her arms and laid her in those outstretched to receive her, even the everlasting arms of Jesus, asking from Him strength to do and bear His will. The child's face looked happier when the prayer was ended, and her aunt, wisely leaving her to her thoughts, took her knitting in silence. After a pause, however, Edie spoke—

"What can I do, helpless like this?"

"Work, read, do your lessons, and be my own bright little companion."

"I can't be that in bed," was the doleful answer.

"Ah, but I have a New Year's present for you downstairs, a couch which will support you to any height, with a little table for your meals or work. You are to be dressed and carried down to-morrow to try it."

"It will be very nice to be with you again," replied the child, and as a call sounded for Miss Ashford, she concluded, "I will try to be patient and good now, auntie."

"God bless and help you, my darling," was the moved answer, given fondly with a kiss. And the help sought was surely given, for rarely after that conversation was a murmur heard from the once active child, now and henceforth to be chained to a monotonous sofa life.

(To be concluded.)

THE VISION OF MARA.

By P. W. ROOSE.

"CHRIST the Lord is come, and we
Go to seek Him." "O take me!"
"Thee indeed! a comely sight
Thou, to greet the Lord of light.

"Would He look upon thee?—nay!
Tarry thou at home and pray:
We will bring thee word, perchance,
Of His speech, His smile, His glance."

"Ah, forgive me, sisters fair!
I forgot the curse I bear;
Yet from far He may not scorn
To regard e'en me, forlorn."

So the fair ones wandered out,
Sought with not a fear nor doubt;
Sought the Lord from spot to spot,
Far and near, but found Him not.

While alone the sister stayed,
Clasped her wasted hands and prayed,
Dared scarce lift her heavy eyes
Toward the shining of the skies.

When, O wonder past belief!
As she poured her soul in grief,
Christ Himself, in robes of light,
Stood before her raptured sight.

"Oh, my Lord, but they are gone
Whom Thine eyes would look upon;
None is in the house but me."
"Thou art whom I came to see."

"I? It cannot be, O Lord!
I, of all mankind abhorred."
"Not of me," He said, and smiled;
"Nay, but be thou whole, my child."

When the fair ones home returned,
How their hearts within them burned!
For in Mara's wonted place
Shone what seemed an angel's face.

'Twas to them as if they dreamed;
Yet no angel's face it seemed,
But their sister's, changed to this,
When it moved to meet their kiss.

"Have ye seen the Lord?" she said;
But they only hung the head.
"Nay, sweet sister, tell us thou,
For His mark is on thy brow.

"Say by what mysterious grace
Brought He beauty to thy face?
Lit thine eyes that were so dim?"
"Ah, I only looked on Him!"



EDUCATIONAL.

MISS LYLE.—Miss Thoyts, of Sulhampstead, Reading, still continues her Girls' Clubs. The *English-woman's Year Book* treats of charities, helpful institutions, and every department of intellectual and industrial work for women, &c.

LITTLE DORRIT.—You are of an age to be trained in a children's hospital. If free in the morning, it is the best time for study, and with the least prospect of interruption from visitors. We recommend your careful study of a small but very comprehensive manual by one of our writers: *i.e.*, *Sick-Nursing at Home*; (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.; price 1s.). Amongst our London hospitals for children, there are, the North-Eastern Hospital, 327, Hackney Road; Mrs. Marie Hilton's Infant Infirmary and Home, 12, Stepney Causeway; Paddington Green Children's Hospital; Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.; Home and Infirmary for Sick Children, Sydenham Road, Lower Sydenham; Belgrave Hospital for Children, 79, Gloucester Street; Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's Road, Chelsea.

FIRST QUERY.—A Foreign Literature Reading Club: Miss Ellin, Secretary, Kingfield Road, Sharrow, Sheffield. A Musical Practising Club is directed by Miss E. Hartland, Newent, Gloucester.

MAY.—Write for the prospectus of the Cambridge Senior Exam. to Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge; and write to the Principal of the Home and Colonial School Society Training College, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

MUSIC.

ELSIE DINSMORE.—1. It is injurious to eat many sweet things, as they produce acid in the system.—2. All *great singers seem to have* some special nostrum of their own for clearing and strengthening the voice before singing.

LA BRUM.—If your Music-Professor be a Mus. Doc., you would say "Dr. Smith," of course; otherwise, you would address him in the same way as other gentlemen, *i.e.*, "Mr. Smith," when necessary to use the name.

C. SHARP.—We quite agree with you about good *music, but fear it is generally* thrown away on an ordinary audience assembled at an evening party. If you be the hostess, you will find your duties consist more in providing your guests with amusement than in educating them up to a higher musical standard. But there is plenty of good music that can be enjoyed by a mixed audience, without choosing any of too severe a school.

ALLEN.—We have been advised that the London centre of the Harrow Music School is at 21, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W. The secretary is Miss Young. There is a South Hampstead Branch at 235, Finchley Road; the principals, Mesdames Fox and Frost. Fortnightly meetings are held there. Those held at the Centre, in Lower Seymour Street, are for advanced performers only, and the members are elected by ballot.

CORONA and MAZEPPA.—A Practising Society is managed by Miss Emily Hartland (hon. sec.) at Newent, Gloucester. Send a stamped envelope, with address, for the rules.

G. S.—It is quite immaterial whether it be a master or a mistress who trains your voice and teaches you how to render the vocal pieces suited to your quality and compass of voice. The sex makes no difference as to method or taste.

WYNIFRED.—The first composer who set an opera to music was Francisco Bamirino, an Italian, and the piece was *The Conversion of St. Paul*, which was brought out at Rome, A.D. 1460.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIANA.—1. To say "Everyone went but I" would be correct, but to say, "Everyone went but myself," would be more elegant.—2. Slope from right to left.

EILEEN AROON.—We regret to say that your verses are quite incorrect in composition, and have no originality. You do not "bind fetters with corded ropes." You think "of," not think "at." God does not "learn"; He knows.

DORA.—Say, "I shall be happy to do so." "Answering back" means impertinence.

M. EDWARDS, Basses Pyrénées.—Your safest and best plan is to apply to Miss Pryde, Governesses' Home in Paris, to whom we have often given references in this paper.

VIOLÆ, MOUNT MELLICK, and A. L. C.—There are many places where the work of poor ladies may be sent, and a commission given for them if a sale be effected. In one or more of these *dépôts* a strict inquiry is first made as to the exact circumstances and need of the applicant's family. We should advise you to show your work at some shop, and get trade orders for more.

DESPERANDUM.—If a solution of rosemary and water, applied daily to the roots of the hair for a month shows no perceptible effect, we do not know what else to suggest.

JANET E. D.—Certainly make a bow, but without looking the gentleman customer in the face, if he raise his hat to you, and respond in a grave, respectful way—as, "Good evening, sir." This will keep him politely at a certain distance, and prevent his taking any advantage of his superior position. Should he raise his hat in the street, bow without looking at him. It is more dignified and self-respectful to act thus.

MADEMOISELLE L'INCOMPRISE.—Your poem shows a poetical turn of mind, and gives promise of better to come, when you have studied the rules of metrical composition. Count through all the second and fourth lines and see how they halt, on too few or too many feet; and the first and third lines change from the "Heroic" (of ten feet in length) to the "Alexandrine," of twelve, and one line to nine, and another to eleven, the beat, or emphasis, falling at haphazard in lines that should correspond one with the other. We say all this, not to satirise but to instruct you. Your writing is ill-formed but legible.

ALLY.—It is true that the average length of human life has greatly lengthened—estimated by statisticians at twenty-five per cent. longer within the last half-century. In the city of London life is now said to average forty-seven years. The great attention paid to drainage, the better housing of the lower classes, whose close packing and dirty clothing and habits used to make their dwellings hot-beds of disease. All the clean workhouses for the homeless, and hospitals for the sick, where isolation of infectious patients is maintained, and a better system of nursing inaugurated—all these improvements, and many others, have naturally raised the average duration of life.

LYNTON.—It is quite incorrect for the visitor to give her—or his—card to a servant. The name should be given very clearly and distinctly, and it should be announced by the maid. Visitors should never be left in the hall while their names are taken into the mistress of the house: they should always be shown into the drawing-room. Persons coming on business only, should remain in the hall, or ante-room.

ONE IN NEED OF HELP.—The "Home of Rest" at Babbacombe is still in existence. You had better write direct there.

FLORENCE.—The 8th March, 1893, was a Wednesday.

ALICE.—Do not worry yourself over your red hair. The skin which goes with it is very free from dandruff, which is an advantage. We have heard it stated, and this accompanied by confirmatory proof, evidence being acquired from one of the great U.S.A. Lunatic Asylums, that out of 165 patients, only one had red hair. As a rule, people are very strong who have it. We knew a family suffering from the hereditary taint of scrofula. The three boys, who had pale brown hair, died of it; while the boy and girl with exceedingly red hair, exhibited no symptom of it, and are still living. Another consolation for you exists in the fact that it is a favourite colour amongst painters, both the old masters and the new.

DAISY DIMPLE.—The recipe you want has been given in a former volume.

A. L.—We cannot recommend any of the nostrums advertised for the cure of hay-fever. Your own medical man could advise you better than we could, and probably has patients suffering from the same complaint in the district where you caught it. One thing which we may recommend — without incurring the charge of being one of the quack professors—is a change to the seaside, away from the inland fields.

MAT. JET.—1. We cannot read your writing. Never having made a trip with the clouds, we are unable to say how far they may sometimes travel before they fall in showers, or are dissipated, as those we have seen—like white wool—rising up on a mountain's side. Much depends on the strength of the wind, and the quarter from which it blows.—2. Longfellow—if we remember aright—joined the two distinct words "for ever," as if one, in his poem "The Old Clock on the Stairs." There is no "invention" about that; but we do not recollect its having been copied by any other writer of note.

KATHLEEN.—1. In proposing a health you merely say, "Allow me to propose the health of So-and-So," or, "The toast which I now have the pleasure of proposing, will, I feel sure, meet with the cordial sympathy of all our friends who have met to celebrate, etc." There are so many ways of proposing a health, we must limit our suggestions to these only.—2. We never reply "in the next number."

A LONELY LASSIE.—We may say, from a perusal of your little poem, that you possess a good deal of poetic feeling, although you need instruction in the rules of rhythm. There are two feet too many in the last line, and there is no conclusion.

C. E. MARTIN.—We thank you for your offer of "Silver paper at 10s. a pound." It would be of no value to us. Perhaps some chemist would take it, or a tea-dealer, to cover bottles or parcels.

RAINBOW.—That children's eyes are sometimes—though rarely—found to change colour, is an established fact. We have a case in our own family of a change from blue to hazel. The fact of the baby's eyes having been of the former colour was recorded in a poem, which subsequently appeared in a collection, now in its second edition. Yellow, tawny, lion-coloured cats often have china-blue eyes as kittens, and completely change their hue when full-grown.

BROWN EYES.—We believe the artist you name is an Englishwoman. Such persons have a great fancy for prefixing their names with "Madame," instead of "Mrs."

KITTY P.—Your little poem would be very nice if the irregularity of the lines were corrected.

BLUE EYES should buy a little sixpenny "Manual of Netting" recipes.

MOUNTAIN DAISY.—The lock of hair enclosed is a warm golden brown. We do not like having bunches of hair sent to us. We are glad you like our Answers to Correspondents.

JACKDAW OF RHEIMS, inquires how it was that the Greeks held terribly erroneous ideas respecting the divinity of the Holy Ghost. We may reply by inquiring, how it is that the swarm of other heresies that also prevailed in the early days of Christianity—and that still continue to crop up—have ever existed? Simply because the great enemy of God and man has been fighting against the religion of Christ, and all divinely-revealed Truth, ever since the slaughter of the innocents under Herod.

J. L.—Deists, or Theists, acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, but reject the divine Triune God of the Bible. The appellation was adopted in the eighteenth century in France and Italy; and in England by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was its earliest exponent.

CARROTY CHUMPS.—Inform your guardian at once, and do not fear to do what is right. It will be clear to him—or her—that if you wished to give the man encouragement you would not seek help to put an end to the presumption on his part, nor feel it an annoyance.

A DOUBTFUL ONE, KINGCUP, SAILORING, and others.—We continually say, in these columns, that young women or girls cannot be too careful in their conduct, or too quiet and modest in their outward demeanour.



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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



A MORNING GREETING.

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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE ON THE REEF "NEVER DESPAIR."

ONCE more, as on the night of the great storm, our maid Susie came to our help. Poor Susie had imagined, when we outlived the tempest, and wind and waves began to be assuaged, that not only was the worst past, but that, with a little patience, all would be right without fail. Instead of that, here were she and her young ladies in an open boat—granted it was the Admiral's gig—in the middle of a heavy swell, under a stormy sky, being rowed she knew not whither, except that it was with the purpose of being landed on a strange island, which, for all she had heard, might be peopled with cannibals. If it was not, if she escaped being roasted and eaten, she might very well die of starvation. She was not alone, no doubt, as we were all telling her; but company in the same boat, in the same misfortune, though it might be a small comfort, was not everything.

Another great trial to Susie was that her life had been one of routine. She had pursued the same round of duties faithfully enough, poor soul!—at the same hours, and now to be torn from her familiar tasks, and sent to accomplish others with which she was totally unacquainted, while her hours had all run into each other and lost their appropriate occupations, was like having the whole world turned upside down. For instance, we left the *Sea Serpent* about noon on a June day (which, by the way, was not a summer day in this region of the globe). If we had been in our usual condition, Susie would have been in our cabin at this time of the day tidying up, or helping us with our darning and with the longer seams of our plain needlework and dressmaking; for, of course, we did a good deal in the way of keeping our clothes in order, looking after and repairing father's, Tom's, and Perry's wardrobes, and making all save our best frocks. We were not by any means idle, useless misses.

A little later Susie would be having her dinner. I remember she dined in company with the steward—a married man—and one of the warrant-officers, a steady, middle-aged man, who happened to be on the sick-list and could not mess with his mates. Then she would be assisting in setting out the table in father's cabin for our dinner, since she acted both as table-maid and waiting-maid. Farther on in the afternoon she would be carrying her tea-pot to have it filled up in the cook's territory. If the evening were fine, she would take her seam to the forecastle, where she would be the object of much gallant attention, coyly received, from all the men off duty clustering there and spinning their yarns by the yard.

In our present circumstances, neither Susan nor any of the rest of us had taken a regular meal for the last three days; we had only swallowed such food and drink as we could snatch, in order to keep body and soul together. Tidying-up, stitching, setting out a table, sitting on deck, spinning or hearing yarns, were things not to be thought of. So trim, precise, matter-of-fact Susie was like a fish out of water. She, and she alone, had brought with her, in addition to a portmanteau containing our night-dresses, combs and brushes down to our tooth-brushes, her work-basket, with her huswife full of needles, and with cotton, tape, hooks and eyes. And Tom could not resist telling her that if we were to be food for the fishes, she had made up her mind to sew up our rents and fasten on our buttons beforehand. But, if Susie had been thus mindful of her stock-in-trade, Jane had turned her back on her sketches and specimens. She had resigned them *en masse;* she was simply clutching such useful but indiscriminately-chosen articles as those with which we were all more or less laden: a tinder-box, a boot-jack, a Bible, the salt-cellar, a frying-pan, etc., etc.

It was noon when we drew away from the *Sea Serpent*, and night was fast closing in before we could find a bare footing on the reef, rather than the island, which was all the refuge we could obtain. Without rising to any great height, as a rule, the edges of the reef were so jagged and precipitous that it was only after an anxious and prolonged search we could find a kind of creek into which it was moderately safe to direct the gig with a view to our landing. Even then the boat was considerably jammed and crushed. The swift descent of the tropical night was the more unfortunate, since it clashed with Perry and Tom's intentions. They had meant, after they had landed and settled us as best they could, to leave us, under sufficient protection, and row back to see how the *Sea Serpent* was faring.

There had been fresh signs of her yawning seams and springing boards giving way; and if the Admiral would consent to quit his ship—the last man—every living man on board might be brought off, together with such additional provisions as could be obtained to better the situation. The project had to be relinquished in the meantime and the terrible present faced.

If anybody had told me a week before that we could bear unspeakable hardships—if anybody had prophesied that Jane could stand them for a single night—I should have scouted the notion. Yet here was Jane, the bravest of the brave, insisting that she was not sick or chilled, looking positively strong for her, and forcing Susie to meet her eyes and consent to smile the faintest and most quivering smile, because she was on solid earth again.

Solid earth it was—no more; and none of us would have been astonished, however much it might have shocked us, to find it sinking under our feet again to the nethermost depths of ocean from which it must have emerged, the last of all the dry land on the face of the globe. Little wonder that Captain Watkins and the crew of the long-boat had turned away from it in disgust. It was nothing better than a long, sloping reef, the two ends of which dipped into the sea, though the middle—"the table-land," as we called it—was considerably above high-water mark at all states of the tide, and at one point reached the height of from five to six hundred feet. We knew that the tide did not invade the table-land lower down by the appearance of a species of tufted moss, and of tedded "bent," or sea-side grass, which Jane at once pounced upon and declared to be products of the land.

Literally these seemed to be the sole growth of our poverty-stricken island, yet we were within the tropics, in the region of palm and plantain trees, mimosa groves and spice plants. We had often sailed among and landed on islands not far off, which had abounded in vegetable life, in every bountiful, graceful, even rankly fertile form, very Edens of luxuriant beauty. If we had not known them beforehand, if we had been limited to the acquaintance of this scarred and scantily furnished rock, on which the sun must bake and beat for long months of unendurable heat, we might have said the records of these other islands were mere travellers' tales, we might have protested, as some people protest, of beautiful faces, melodious voices, witty tongues. "There may be such, I'll take them on trust if you will; I can only say I have never seen or heard them."

If we were to be wrecked and cast away why did we not fall on our feet amidst so much happier and more promising surroundings? Then we cried shame on ourselves for murmuring, when we might have been tossing senseless and lifeless before the resistless might of those great sea billows, of which we had had such recent appalling experience. Nay, if the reef was bare and desolate, we need at least fear no savage tribe, no ravenous beasts prepared to revenge on us our intrusion into their domain; we said to each other in hysterical congratulation that the vegetation of the reef would hardly hide a mouse, far less a man or a tiger.

Instead of each and all of us giving way to grudging murmurs or querulous whimpers, we looked on and did what we could to help in the erection, by means of the sails and spars we had brought, of a rough-and-ready tent. We laid down the mattresses and blankets which had been only slightly wet by the spray and we compelled Jane to lie down on them in her clothes. She would have made us use the mattresses as a divan and seat ourselves in rows on it; but we knew that though every nerve in her body was throbbing and quivering with energy and interest, she would pay for the expenditure presently. We made her eat a biscuit and drink a little

wine from our limited stores by professing that we ourselves were faint with hunger, and nibbling bits of biscuit in our turn.

What a fearful night that first night on the reef turned out! Not so much of physical suffering, though the rain occasionally fell in torrents, and the darkness was something to be felt, while we had not as yet achieved a light which would last us for more than a few minutes at a time. It was mental anguish which beset us, for most unquestionably the wind and waves had risen with the turn of the tide and the storm was raging afresh, not with the violence of the previous storm but so as to be severely felt, by a handful of human beings perched like so many seagulls, who had not the individual tastes of gulls or stormy petrels, cowering on a rock in mid-ocean. But it was not of ourselves, it was of the *Sea Serpent* and the survivors of the crew on board of her, that we thought, for whom we mingled our prayers and lamentations. Would she hold together, struggling as she was for her life under the renewed war of the elements? Our own plight was by no means enviable, but our hearts were fit to burst to know of father perishing alone, so far as his children were concerned, in the darkness of night with his ship, though we might be only doomed to survive him for a few miserable days.

(*To be continued.*)



LOGIC FOR GIRLS.

By F. RYLAND, M.A., Author of "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," etc.

PART II.

DIVISION; PROPOSITIONS; IMMEDIATE INFERENCE.

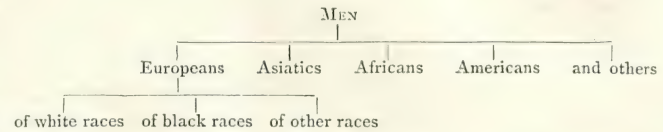
A VERY important part of the work of thought consists in classification. In order to understand the nature of any object it is necessary that we should be able to refer it to its proper kind, and to know what other classes are related to it and in what way they are related. This naturally goes along with, often indeed has to go before, the process of definition. If we want to define "chair," it is a great help to begin to think over the sorts of things to which the object named is related. We thus see the points of resemblance and difference clearly brought out. We learn that the nearest over-class (proximate genus) is "article of furniture used as a seat," while we notice the need of distinguishing chair from stool, sofa, and other kinds of furniture which it most nearly resembles. And indeed nothing is more likely to lead to bad definitions and therefore to confusion of thought than careless division of things into classes. Not only things but abstract ideas require to be arranged in their proper relations to each other; and there is nothing more characteristic of the logical mind than its constant impulse to classify all its objects of thought. A logical mind is after all mainly a tidy mind, a mind which feels that in the universe there is and ought to be a place for everything, and which refuses to rest until it can find at least a temporary and conditional pigeon-hole for everything it has to deal with.

Division is the technical name given to that process which separates the things denoted by a term into classes. We must of course distinguish between this logical division and actual separation of a thing into its physical parts. If I divide a dog into head, trunk, limbs, tail, and so on, or into bones, heart, lungs, skin, and so on, in each case I have an actual breaking-up, but not logical division. Again, if I name all the distinct qualities of anything, as children are taught to do in their object lessons—if I say this sugar is sweet and crystalline, easily dissolvable in water and so on, I have another process of physical analysis. But if I divide the things denoted by the word dog into spaniels, hounds, mastiffs, etc., or sugar into beet sugar and cane sugar, etc., I perform the process of logical division, I assign the different sorts which go by the name.

Logic does not tell us how we ought to divide any given class of things. The special needs of each particular science or of each particular inquiry must decide this. For some purposes dogs would be best divided into domestic dogs and wild dogs (as in Australia), for others into sporting dogs, house dogs, pets, and so forth. Logic does not say which is the better division, but it lays down rules to which every division must conform if it is to be a satisfactory one.

These rules are as follows—

1. At each step of our classification we must take only one principle of division. Otherwise we shall get what is known as a cross-division, in which some of the classes overlap each other while they do not necessarily include all the objects to be classified. Thus, if we divide man into Europeans, negroes, heathens, agricultural labourers and Radicals, some persons will belong to several of the classes, while many others will have to be excluded from all. We may divide according to place of birth, racial character, religious belief, occupation, or political opinion; but each of these divisions must be distinct, and will form a separate step in the complete process. Thus we shall get—



and so on. Each of the first set of classes can be subdivided by reference to race, each of the second by reference to religious belief, and the process can be continued by introducing the other principles of division in turn.

2. At each step the species, or under-classes, must when taken together include all the objects belonging to the class divided. This is why we have left an indefinite class, "and others," at the end. In dividing some kinds of things for instance, plane geometrical figures, which are of a very abstract character (only one feature, form, in two dimensions is taken note of), we can be quite certain that we know all the objects to which the name of the genus or over-class can be applied. If we are speaking of triangles we know that triangles must be either equilateral (having three equal sides), isosceles (having two equal sides), or scalene (having no equal sides), and that no fourth kind is possible. But in dealing

with concrete objects such as those given us by nature, we can never be sure that this is the case. A great deal of error arises through our inclination to overlook this unnamed residue. Thus in science it is very doubtful whether the classification of organic or living things into vegetable and animal is a sufficient one, and whether it would not be better to leave open a third class in which should be placed living things neither distinctly animal nor vegetable. We must not assume that all who are not Conservatives are Liberals, that all who are not Labourers are Capitalists, and that all who are not Papists are Protestants. If we cannot see our way to a thoroughly clear division, let us in such cases at least admit the possibility of a class existing which shall include those who belong to none of the recognised classes.

3. That the species, or under-classes, must at each step exclude each other is obviously necessary; otherwise nothing is gained by the process of division, which really aims at finding a proper place, and only one proper place, for everything.

4. A fourth requirement must be added. If a given species is distinguished by too many marks from the genus, or over-class, from which it is immediately separated, we say a leap has been made in the division; and in most cases we find it is better to interpose the middle classes, so as to show the proper dependence of the given species on the genus, and to ensure that Rules 2 and 3 are properly observed. An example will make this plain. If we attempt to divide English Christians, in one operation, into the two hundred and fifty or more sects mentioned on page 249 of *Whitaker's Almanac*, we shall attempt a thoroughly useless and a very difficult task. What we must do is to start with some striking and important principle of division, *e.g.*, the acceptance of the divinity of Christ, or the maintenance of an organised ministry; and then divide and divide again, using at each step as significant and far-reaching principles of division as possible.

Propositions.

A proposition is a statement or assertion, whether positive or negative. All sentences are not propositions. A command, a wish, or a dependent clause can be grammatically analysed into subject and predicate, but it does not make an assertion. If a proposition makes an assertion without expressing any conditions, it is called a categorical proposition. Some people seem to have a constitutional inability to distinguish between categorical and conditional statements. The child who is told that it may have a treat if certain things happen, is very likely to treat the promise as a categorical one, and older people have been known to make the same kind of mistake.

Confining ourselves to categorical propositions, we see that they can be classified as affirmative and negative. They may also be divided by reference to what the logicians call quantity, that is, the amount of assertion in them. If I affirm that all A's are B's, the proposition is said to be universal; all the things which bear the name A are referred to, and of each and all of them the predicate B is asserted. If I affirm that some A's are B's, the assertion does not go so far; I only assert that the predicate B applies to some A's, that is, to one or more. This is what the logicians call a particular proposition; and we must notice that logicians have argued that in a particular proposition we do not deny that all A's are B's, while we affirm that some A's are B's. Whatever may be the ordinary colloquial use of "some," the essential meaning of it is "not-none," *i.e.*, "one or more; it may be all." If I say "some Liberals are honest," I must not be taken to mean that some are also dishonest, though this innuendo may lurk in a conversational use of the expression. The true meaning is, that it is not true that no Liberals are honest; that one or more, at any rate, are honest, and perhaps all are, though I do not pledge myself to all.

It will be seen that when a statement is made loosely, with no sign of quantity, our first duty must be to ascertain whether it is universal or particular; whether all A's or some A's are referred to. Nothing is more common than to see people get into a state of indignation because a charge is made against some members of the religious party or the political party to which they belong, as though every member were accused; and we all feel inclined to universalise our particulars when the simple substitution of "all" for "some" falls in nicely with our pet prejudices. There are some signs of quantity which are complex or ambiguous, and for these the logician substitutes the simple "some." Such a word is "few." "Few English women can cook a potato" really means that most English women cannot; the logician (who has nothing to do with "more" or "less," but only with "all," "some," and "none") substitutes the word "some" for "few," although this somewhat weakens the strength of the assertion.

Amongst other colloquial forms which will have to be changed are those called exceptive propositions. "All the girls except two are here," must, for logical purposes, be put in the form, "some of the girls are here." "All the girls except those who learn French are here," may be put in the universal form, "all the girls who do not learn French are here." Exclusive propositions which expressly limit the application of the predicate to the subject must be dealt with in another way. Suppose we say, "Only Conservatives are members of this club;" this means that "no not-Conservatives are members of this club;" that is, "no members are not-Conservatives;" that is, "all members are Conservatives."

Singular propositions, which have for subject a singular term, are really universals, since everything to which the subject applies (*viz.*, the one person, thing, or place) is referred to.

We have four forms of categorical propositions: universal affirmative (all A's are B's), particular affirmative (some A's are B's), universal negative (no A's are B's), particular negative (some A's are not B's). And for shortness these four forms are known by the four vowels A, I, E, O. Thus, an A proposition is one in the form "all A is B"; an E proposition one in the form "no A is B."

Notice that the logician differs from the grammarian in the use of the word predicate. The former applies the term predicate only to that which is asserted of the subject; the word which shows that the assertion is made (*viz.*, "is" or "are") he calls the copula, and he likes his predicate to be distinct from the copula. The grammarian, in analysing the sentence "the sun shines," would call "shines" the predicate. The logician prefers to write "the sun is a shining thing," when "is" is the copula and a "shining thing" is the predicate. This is found to be the most convenient course, especially for beginners when they attempt the processes of immediate inference, which we shall now consider.

Immediate Inference.

An immediate inference is one which follows from a single proposition. If two propositions are employed as premises we have a case of mediate inference. Let us see what sort of conclusions can be drawn from single propositions. If I assert that all horses are quadrupeds, what do I imply? Clearly, that some horses are quadrupeds; the some is included in the all. Clearly, too, I imply that it is false to say no horses are quadrupeds, or to say that some horses are not quadrupeds. Thus, if my A proposition is true, the I proposition having the same subject and predicate is also true, while the two negative propositions (E and O) which have the same subject and predicate are false.

If I assert that some spaniels are sporting dogs I do not necessarily imply that all spaniels are sporting dogs, nor do I contradict it. In the same way I neither assert nor deny that some spaniels are not sporting dogs; so far as my statement goes, there may be spaniels which are not sporting dogs, but this does necessarily follow as a logical consequence. Still it does follow that the universal negative having the same subject and predicate is false. Think out for yourself what is implied by the assertion of an E and by the assertion of an O proposition. Then putting the results together you will see that what you have learnt may be put in a short way thus—



THE SQUARE OF OPPOSITION.

By calling A and E contraries we mean that they cannot both be true, that if we have an A proposition and an E proposition with the same subject and predicate they cannot both be true. I and O are much less opposed; they may be both true, and so are called only sub-contraries, just as a thing which tastes a little acid is called sub-acid, or a region near the tropics is called sub-tropical. Notice that I and O cannot both be false, while A and E may both be false. When we come to the relation between A and O and E and I, we see that of each pair one must be false and the other true; both cannot be true, and both cannot be false. Hence these two pairs are called contradictories; they are said to be diametrically opposed, since a line from corner to corner of a square is called its diameter.

It is astonishing how many people will hold two contradictory propositions in their minds without attempting to reconcile them. They arrive at the statement that all A's are B's, say, by early education; they arrive at the statement that some A's are not B's by contact with a friend or by reading, and they continue to hold both propositions apparently with equal conviction and apparently without the least mental inconvenience. The need to reconcile the divergence, to explode, or at any rate explain away, one of the two conflicting opinions does not seem to touch them. Intellectual laziness, conventional habits of life, absence of interest in anything more serious than dress and gossip, as well as positive prejudice, and stupidity, all help to bring about this state of things, which is not indeed confined to women, though much more frequent among them than among men.

But while it is necessary to make up our minds which of two really contradictory propositions is true, and then to discard the other, it is almost equally important not to jump to the conclusion that every pair of propositions superficially opposed are really incompatible. Propositions often seem in hopeless opposition when they are quite reconcilable. Before you can feel certain that a given opinion involves the rejection of another opinion which seems to rest on equally good evidence, you must be quite sure that they are really contraries or contradictories. Thus, we must not off-hand assume that vivisection is wrong because unnecessary cruelty to animals is wrong, or that any amount of ritual is good because mean and squalid forms of worship are bad, or that brusqueness and roughness are signs of honesty because affectation is a

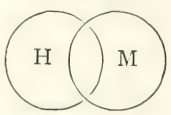
sign of the reverse. Such wide leaps in inference must not be attempted. The space between each pair of these propositions can only be bridged over by many intermediate statements, each supported on its own evidence. Yet how miserably common it is to find people assuming that in such complicated cases we may safely apply the simple mode of inference which is only valid when the subject and predicate are the same, but the quantity and quality of the propositions differ.

Such immediate inferences as we have spoken of are said to depend on the square of opposition. Others can be obtained by a process known as conversion, that is changing the places of subject and predicate.

From the proposition, some Hindoos are Mohammedans, it follows that some Mohammedans are Hindoos. From the proposition that some quadrupeds are dogs, it follows that some dogs are quadrupeds. This last statement indeed falls short of the truth, since all dogs are quadrupeds; but it is quite true as far as it goes. In the same way if we say no birds are quadrupeds, it follows that no quadrupeds are birds. The two classes, birds and quadrupeds, lie wholly outside of each other. We can give a diagram which will illustrate this, and from which we see that when



we assert B lies wholly outside of Q, we also imply that Q lies outside of B. In asserting that H lies at any rate partly inside M, we assert that M at any rate partly lies inside H.



Thus we see that I and E propositions can be converted simply, that is by changing the order of subject and predicate without making any other change. By this change in the order of the terms, we can arrive at another proposition which is equally true, and which is implied by the original proposition.

A propositions cannot however be treated so simply. If I say that all Hindoos are Asiatics, do I necessarily assert that all Asiatics are Hindoos? If all M.P.'s are men, does it follow that all men are M.P.'s? Of course not. Where then does this the difference come in?

When one asserts that all Hindoos are Asiatics, one implies that a part at least of Asiatics are included in the class Hindoos, but not that all Asiatics are so included. When one asserts that no Hindoos are Americans one implies that something may be asserted of all Americans, *viz.*, that they are excluded from the class Hindoos. Logicians express this by saying that in an affirmative proposition the predicate is not distributed, while in a negative proposition the predicate is distributed; meaning that in A and I propositions there is an implied reference to only part of the things to which the predicate may be applied, while in E and O propositions there is an implied reference to all the things to which the predicate may be applied. Thus when we convert an E proposition we may keep the same quantity for the proposition as before; our universal remains a universal. But because the predicate (which we will call Y) of an A proposition is not distributed and the subject (which we will call X) is, we may not merely transpose them, for then we shall be making an assertion about all the things included in the class Y instead of only a part of them. All X is Y means all X is (some) Y, and when we convert it we must preserve the limitation and say only some Y is X. This process is called conversion by limitation, while the other one applicable to E and I propositions is called simple conversion. O propositions are not convertible at all. In the O proposition some X is not Y the subject X is not distributed; only part of the X's are referred to. But if X is to be the predicate of a negative proposition (as it will be if we convert some X *is not* Y) X must be distributed, for as we have just seen the predicates of all negative propositions are distributed. And as in this case we do not know anything about all X's, only about some X's, this cannot be validly done.

No fallacy is more common than the simple conversion of A propositions. People who do not know the rule that in conversion we must not distribute any term which was not distributed in the original proposition, and have never had their attention called to the matter, frequently blunder and do it with an astonishing air of innocence. Ladies will say, "Why of course if all fevers are infectious, all infectious diseases are fevers," or "if all natural things are beautiful, all beautiful things are natural," with a look of logical conviction which it is difficult to resist.

It may be here remarked that the word "converse," properly applied to the converted proposition, is often loosely used by persons ignorant of logic to mean the contrary or contradictory. Only a few months ago a prominent member of Parliament spoke of the "acute converse of the statement," made by some one else, when he actually meant the "exact opposite" or "absolute contradictory."

There are other forms of immediate inference, but as we are not writing a systematic introduction to logic these must be passed over.* In our next paper we shall speak of mediate inference, and particularly of that important form of it known as the syllogism.

* Those readers who care sufficiently for the subject to pursue it further, will find full explanations and plenty of examples in the late Professor Jevons's *Elementary Lessons in Logic*, pp. 81-86, and 302-305.

OUR "HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND."

THIS fund was originated last November, as our readers will remember, with a view to sending THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to such young friends as were, by untoward circumstances, obliged to give up their subscription to it. The letters and gifts received up to the 20th of November have given the Editor much satisfaction and encouragement. It is delightful to find so many of our girls ready to help one another, and to prove at the same time their kind appreciation of this Paper. Both the Editor and his staff of contributors are thankful that their efforts for the instruction and amusement of their readers have not been in vain. There have, up to the present time, been four applicants for the Paper, and eight donors; and these are early days. A list of the donations is printed herewith, and we may, perhaps, be pardoned for inserting a few extracts from the letters.

One letter comes to us from Ireland, and the writer says: "I have been taking in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER regularly since 1880, and I have had to give it up this year, ending last month. I cannot tell you how much I regret it; it has been the one bright spot in the dark winter evenings in the country. I live with my mother and brother in the heart of the country, and housekeep for them. Father is dead, and mother is very nervous and delicate. Any little money I have been making is through poultry, with which I paid for the 'G. O. P.,' but now I must use it for other things. Everything connected with farming is wretched the last few months . . . It is truly kind and thoughtful of those who have thought of the 'Help One Another Fund.' If you think me worthy of the free copies, I shall be exceedingly thankful."

We extract the following from another letter: "I have been almost totally deaf for five years, which has compelled me to leave service. I have no father, and my mother is not strong enough for hard work . . . The doctor tells me I must rest and take plenty of nourishing food, so I must give up my dear 'G. O. P.' . . . I have taken it from the very first, and got them all bound, except this last year. I think they are a library in themselves; I would not part with them for a good deal. I assure you, dear Mr. Editor, that should you think mine a deserving case, I should be most grateful, and would not take it a month longer than I could help."

From the third letter: "I love THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER dearly, and it grieves me to think I cannot afford to buy it. I have got a very bad kind of neuralgia, which has been on me for four years, which has prevented me from working at my trade of a dressmaker . . . I am eighteen years old, and, being an invalid, find some of the poems and 'Answers to Correspondents' so cheering and helpful. I dread the long winter evenings so much without the tales to read . . . I hope you won't think me forward in writing you such a long letter, as I have never written to you before, but I want you to thoroughly understand that I would not trouble you if I had the means to buy the Paper for myself," etc.

The above extracts will prove to our kind contributors the value set upon the Paper by some of those compelled to relinquish it; and perhaps a few sentences from the letters of those who have responded to our appeal may interest our readers: "Dear Mr. Editor, I am sending you 6d. towards the 'Help One Another Fund.' If you will give the book that it pays for to a girl, I will send 6d. every month for her to have one. I wish I could afford more, but I am only a servant." "Will you accept 2d. a month from me towards our 'Help One Another Fund.' It is all I can afford, as my widowed mother is greatly dependent upon me for her support. For that reason I have been unable to take our 'GIRL'S OWN' in for two years. I hope all who love it as I do will help a little or more, as lies in their power, that those who have recently been denied that pleasure may again enjoy it. It is such a pleasant, helpful, bright, and useful paper." "Dear Mr. Editor, I feel so sorry for the girls who cannot get THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that I must send my little contribution to the 'Help One Another Fund.'" "I send a donation of 3s., which I hope will be help in providing the sick and weary with the Paper for amusement."

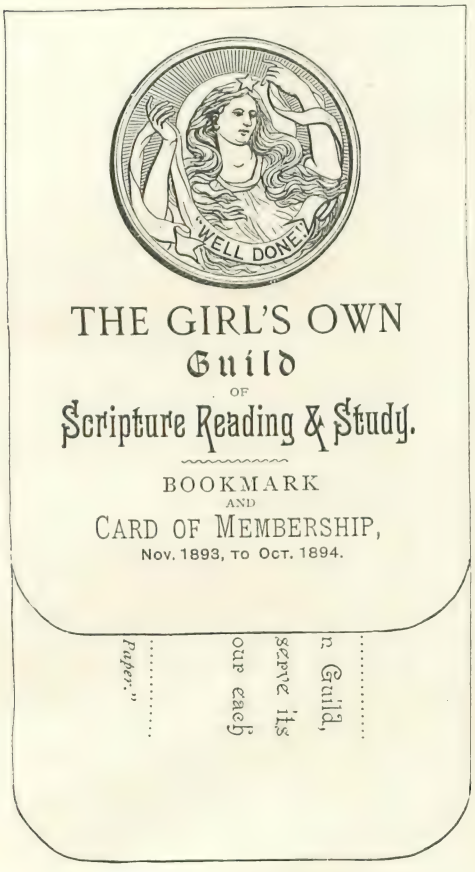
We thank our kind young friends for their ready response to our "Begging Letter," and are hopeful as to results. If the first few weeks have proved so fruitful, what may not succeeding months effect?

List of contributions:—M. G., 6d.; A. W. Barnard, 3s.; White Violet, 5s.; Emily Collins, 3s.; M. A. Biglestone, 1s. 6d.; Florrie R., 6d.; Ellen Warren, 1s.; Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, £2 2s.; Elmer O. M., 3d.; Nell, 2d.; Anne Beale, 5s.

The Editor of the "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster Row, E. C., will gladly receive further donations.

ANNE BEALE.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.



BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the book for the present month being the Book of Genesis.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the number of marks specified in Rule 3 below. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the standard in Rule 4. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.*, from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

21. When is prayer first mentioned in Genesis? Quote the first specimens of prayer for others, and of prayer for oneself.

22. Mention the plagues of Egypt, and their significance.

23. Give the references in the Old Testament to Melchisedek. State how his priesthood resembled that of our Lord's, and how it was superior to that of Levi's. Give a reference.

24. Mention the changes of names recorded in Genesis, and their respective significations.

25. Give the origin of the name "Hebrew," and who was the first man called "a Hebrew."

26. When were the children of Jacob first called "children of Israel"? Give a reference. Also a reference in the New Testament to the spiritual use of the name "Israel." When do we hear of their first being called "Jews"?

27. Give the names of the two great kingdoms mentioned early in Genesis. On what rivers were their capitals situated, and who were their founders?

28. What is the meaning of the term "Babel?" and to what name was it changed? and its signification as employed in the Book of Revelation.

29. Mention three miracles named in the Book of Genesis.

30. What alien tribe, first mentioned in Genesis, was closely connected with the Israelites and adopted into the Jewish community? Give references to their relation to Moses and friendship with David.

ALTHOUGH this article is primarily addressed to the Members of the Guild, all our readers have a share in it, because many would gladly enrol themselves as such who are precluded by circumstances beyond their control, while the study of the Scriptures, apart from the use of books of reference, is the privilege of all who can read, or listen to a reader.

Doubtless there are some who have had no religious training, and to whom the Bible is a "sealed book"—the unspeakable value of which they have never realised. To these it is specially desired to point out a few facts with which they have hitherto been unacquainted.

In the first place, they may inquire, "Why the Holy Scriptures should be studied?" Because they contain the revelation of the Divine Creator to man, and of our own relation and obligations to Him; they contain the rule of faith, and those for the regulation of our conduct. They reveal the way of salvation which God has been pleased to devise and accept in behalf of His fallen creatures. Thus these Divine Writings are provided for their instruction, edification, warning, reproof and comfort, and from them we receive the two central and distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, *viz.*, the Godhead of Christ, and the Atonement, through His sacrifice upon the Cross.

The Canon of the Hebrew Scriptures is precisely identical with our own "Old Testament," but the order in which the several books are placed is different; *viz.*, first "The Law," or Pentateuch," then "The Prophets," or Joshua, "Judges," i. and ii. Sam., i. and ii. Kings, and the "latter Prophets" (Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel), followed by the twelve, comprising Hosea to Malachi; then the Psalms, Proverbs, and Job, "The Song of Songs," "Ruth," Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and i. and ii. Chronicles. The most ancient copy of these Hebrew Scriptures existed at Toledo, and was called "The Codex of Hillel." Till the invention of printing, both the Old and New Testaments were preserved in MSS. on parchment. The three most ancient of these were, the *Sinaitic*, discovered by Dr. Tischendorf in a convent on Mount Sinai (in 1854 and 59), now in the possession of the Emperor of Russia, and supposed to date from the middle of the fourth century. Of the same period the "Vatican MS.," preserved in the Vatican Library, and the third is the "Alexandrine" MS., which was presented to Charles I. (in 1628) by the Patriarch of Constantinople, formerly of Alexandria. This last-named copy is believed to have been written in the middle of the fifth century—a most interesting MS., which may be seen in the British Museum.

The unspeakable value set on the Holy Scriptures by the Christian Church has been evidenced by the costliness of the machinery, so to speak, of the societies instituted for their translation into so many modern languages and dialects; and the zeal which is evidenced in the work of their dissemination all over the world. We have some twelve very important societies in our own land which make this work their exclusive or collateral object, our own Religious Tract Society amongst them. The oldest of all these institutions so employed is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, founded 1709; and the British and Foreign Bible Society is the most prominent amongst many that are doing extensive work. Notwithstanding much opposition against Bible Societies, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures is going on rapidly in Italy, a serial issue in cheap portions being eagerly bought-up by the natives. A translation into Italian of their Family Bible, illustrated, is being sold (as a business transaction) by Messrs Cassell & Co. to meet this demand, and a Roman Catholic version is also being issued, in cheap numbers, by the *Secole*, a secular newspaper at Milan, the first issue of 50,000 being, as we understand, already sold. It is said that the circulation of Bibles throughout the world, dating from the beginning of the present century, is estimated at 200,000,000, of which number the British and Foreign Bible Society is credited with disseminating 120,000,000; they are now sending out five tons daily of Bibles, New Testaments, and portions of Scripture.

In former times Bibles were scarce and costly, and were chained in parish churches and libraries for their greater security. It is believed that there are between two and three hundred of them still existing in this country. One of them is to be seen in Cumnor Church, Leicester, also in Hereford Cathedral, and Wimborne Minster. Other valuable books were thus secured; and notably in the library of Hereford Cathedral, which occupies the upper part of the north transept, that library including 1500 chained volumes.

In reference to Bibles, there is little need for chains in these days, as far as regards the Scriptures; for the New Testament may be had for one penny, and the entire Bible for sixpence. Ancient copies fetch a great price. The copy of a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Pope, may be named for example. A syndicate of wealthy Jews offered £40,000 for it, but he would not dispose of it; and a copy of the Mazarin Bible was purchased by Mr. Quaritch, for £3,000, as I believe. It was printed in Paris in 1455 in Latin, and is the oldest of all printed copies of the whole Scriptures.

We might say much more respecting this most wonderful "Book of Books"; but can give little space at present, having to supply my readers with some rules in reference to their study of the divine writings, and likewise those for their guidance as members of the "Girl's own Guild of Scripture-Reading."

Accepting the statements and teaching of the Bible to be divinely inspired, it is essential that you read in all humility, remembering that you are a finite being, and cannot possibly comprehend all that you must receive as a Christian in faith, with the simplicity and reverence of a little child. Much may be taken in a plain and literal sense, but much must be spiritually discerned. It is also essential that, to understand and to profit by these inspired writings, you must study them with earnest prayer, that your eyes may be opened to see the light of truth, and that no prejudice, no pre-conceived ideas, no disinclination to receive humiliating or unacceptable truths may blind your eyes and warp your judgment, and so deprive you of the spiritual benefit to be derived from them. To gain a correct interpretation of many passages it is necessary that you should take careful note of the context, which may at once explain and throw much light upon them. Do not rashly endeavour to arrive at divine truth by single passages, which, when compared with others, may sometimes appear to be contradictory. Get a Concordance, and collect all the passages throughout the Scriptures that bear on the same subject, and thus you will arrive at the true meaning on all points. Again, bear ever in mind that our Blessed Lord was of Eastern birth, and employed the strong style of language which was understood by His countrymen: and this Oriental style, florid, exaggerated, and paradoxical, and which is so little akin to our western ideas and modes of thought, must be understood by us just as it was understood by those to whom it was immediately addressed. As an example of what I mean, I would cite the startling statement, made in St. Luke xiv. v. 20, where the word "hate" is employed; a sentiment, according to our employment of the word, utterly at variance with the teaching of the whole Scriptures, as regards our parents, and every other fellow-creature. It was a strong word, employed in accordance with Oriental phraseology, to arrest special attention to a painful obligation of an inexorable character. To profess Christianity and acknowledge Christ as the Messiah,—the God-Man who proclaimed, "he that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father," was to incur being "Cast out of the synagogue," and cast off by parents and family; and so, in these trying days, a believer in Christ had to make his choice between his divine Lord and Saviour and those nearest and dearest to himself; and if he loved his God he was forced perhaps with a breaking heart to forsake all that made life dear, and thus to act as though he "hated" all family-ties, and everything else, by contrast with his love to Him who was at once his Creator and his Redeemer.

Some amongst our readers may complain of inability to apply for membership in this our Scripture-Reading Guild, on account of their belonging to unorthodox communities. But the very fact of the divergence of their opinions from those of the vast body of the Christian Church, who hold the two central doctrines which distinguish Christianity from all other creeds, their very divergence from this rule of faith (taught in our Guild) only makes it the more urgently desirable that they should avail themselves of a well-organised system for the study of those Scriptures by which they desire to be taught.

Be guided, therefore, by the admonition of Him who "spake as never man spake," as His very enemies acknowledged, *i.e.*, "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of Me." Who, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself;" and further said, "All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me."

In conclusion, four rules for the guidance of competitors of our Scripture-Reading Guild must be given.

1. To neglect answering 10 questions in the year excludes from winning a prize.

2. The highest number of marks to be obtained in the year is 600, and the highest number for any monthly paper is 50, the marks being allotted among the questions according to their difficulty.

3. To obtain a first prize 500 marks must be gained.

4. To be eligible for a second prize 400 marks must be gained.

All our examination work is under the personal supervision of a Doctor of Divinity.

OUR LIBRARY-BAG COMPETITION.

In reply to numerous inquiries we give a few more particulars of the above bag, as we are extremely anxious that the number sent in shall be sufficient to show a creditable amount of good work all the world over.

This canvas "hold all" is intended for the use of labourers in God's vineyard engaged in up-country work. It is designed with great skill and care by Dr. Churchill, a well-known London physician, for cottages, log-huts, shanties, wigwams, caravans, encampments, ship cabins, etc.

The material consists of Willesden canvas, because this material is proof against vermin, mildew, and sea-water. The size, shape and make are thought out with great consideration for the purpose required, and when hung up on a wall by the eyelet holes on to nails would make any up-country shanty look delightfully interesting, while the literature each bag will contain, such as Bibles and other good books which it will be our happiness to present, will, we hope, by God's blessing, prove of infinite benefit to the souls of many weary travellers on life's highway.

The bags would be useful also for holding bandages, flannel, calico, warm socks and medical comforts, as at times these are sorely needed.

Canvas for making these useful bags has been bought by the Lady Dressmaker, who has had it cut out ready for working, and will supply it, together with the flexible iron bars and copper eyelets, on receipt of three shillings and sixpence to anyone intending to make up a bag. Please address The Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, London. This cost will be found less than that which any single reader could purchase the materials for, if indeed they could procure them at all. So then, girls, begin at once to do this most useful needlework, and try by your handicraft to win our prizes, and at the same time help all benighted travellers all the world over.



BAG OPEN.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

In these days when cycling is so much favoured by women, warm discussions are the order of the day as to the best costume to be worn for the purpose. So long as the tricycle was the fashion we were not much troubled; but now that women have followed the American example, and adopted the manly bicycle, the subject of dress becomes predominant, and very difficult it is to deal with it. Opinions differ in England in regard to the divided skirt, the Bloomer costume, and the adoption of knickerbockers, and there is something to be said against all of them. When in Paris lately, I saw the French bicycle costume, and I fancy the wearer of it would have been mobbed in London, as it seems to consist of Turkish trousers and a jacket, and was evidently a novelty, even in Paris, as I saw people staring and laughing very much. I should think myself that a well-made divided skirt, and a gored tunic-like over-skirt, would be the most suitable costume; but I should recommend a riding-habit bodice, as far neater than a blouse, and a cape for bad weather. If the over-skirt were carefully cut, I think this costume would not attract any unpleasant remark; but I certainly think women bicyclists are out of place in the streets of London, or any large town; and the more unobtrusive and quiet the dress adopted by them the better, in any locality.

The most fashionable materials now worn are those of woollen diagonal. This style of weaving is to be found in serge, cheviot-cloth, homespun, and tweed, and is also very generally produced in two colours. These are so deftly blended together, that the result is not gaudy, nor even too bright, but simply consists of a neutral tone with a "shot" of the two bright hues in it. Cloaks and jackets are made of the dress-material, and are nearly all trimmed with bands of fur, and as a rule have high collars, and one shoulder-cape of moderate dimensions. I have never, I think, seen out-of-door jackets and capes so cheap as they are this winter; they are singularly tasteful in their shapes, and the trimmings of black braid and narrow fur bands prevent even the lowest in price from being vulgar, or poor-looking. A long cloak is a most useful wrap for everyone, and they are now attainable at a wonderfully cheap rate, either lined with fur, or not.

The use of the skirt and three-quarter jacket has introduced a great variety of waistcoats, which become needful for the increased cold weather, and when the much-worn blouse has ceased to be warm enough. Some of the new ones are of the old-fashioned brown corduroy, and are made with backs and sleeves of black linen, which add greatly to their warmth in wear, and make them fit better under the jacket as well. Waistcoats are also made of horsecloth, of velvet, and of the material of the dress.

Moiré seems to be going to have a season of its own, and will be used for all kinds of things for which it was never thought of years ago. Out-of-door jackets, and long coats, as well as capes (all trimmed with fur), will be made of it; and some of the specimens made this year in England of *broché moiré* are quite perfect in colouring and texture. The same may be said of the shot *moirés*, in which all the hues of the rainbow appear, but mingled with such dexterity that they look delicate, and not gaudy. Black or coloured satin is still the material most worn for evening; but the effort to bring it in as a material for jackets and other out-of-door coverings, did not prove very successful.

Although it was prophesied that we should have nothing but the huge "granny muffs" in fur this winter, so far these prophets have been mistaken, for the small fancy muffs are quite as much worn, and show little difference in size, except that they are a little larger, perhaps, than they were; the trimmings are rather more obvious, and the whole effect is somewhat larger. These little fancy muffs are the simplest things to make at home; they require a firm foundation to make them on—a piece of lining such as is used for lining bodices—which must be ten inches wide, and from half a yard to twenty inches long; on this the padding—partly of horsehair, and partly of wadding—is laid as evenly as possible, and tacked at intervals. The lining consists of half a yard of black silk, and this is made up separately with a hem at each end, and a running above it in which an elastic can be placed. The wadded portion is then joined together, and the lining put inside and sewn at the ends, and thus the foundation of the muff is laid, and on it is built any superstructure that you may please—velvet or satin, with frills of either, and drapings of lace. I find that the best thing is, to see a muff you fancy, and then to make one like it, or else strike out a new line from that model, or one founded on it.

I hear on all sides that we are to wear the long shoulder-seams again, which we so happily got rid of years ago, and it is possible that some very *outré* people may adopt them; but I fancy the generality of women will not like anything so unbecoming. The *furore* for basques of all kinds is great; the long and short, single, double, and even triple, are all liked, and are all very smart-looking. As a means of bringing our old dresses up to date they are immensely useful, and a cheap woollen-backed black satin will be found an excellent thing of which to make them. If more can be spent on the revival, *moiré* is the newest and most handsome trimming. These basques are generally sewn on a band separate from the skirt, and as they are cut in a rounded shape, they have hardly any fulness at the band, and sit very full indeed at the lower edge. They can be made in a contrasting colour to the dress, providing that some of the same colour be used to trim the bodice as well.

It is wonderful how easy our dress is made for us, now that we can go into any good



A SERIOUS TALK.



CHRISTMAS TOYS.



WINTER KNICKERBOCKERS.
(Paper pattern.)

shop and purchase our bodices all ready-made, and that they do not need to match our skirts at all. For evening wear especially we can provide ourselves with charming bodices to wear with a black skirt of every colour of the rainbow, and we require only an elderly black silk bodice to go under them to make them fit for service. It is also the same with our walking-dress. In every draper's shop we find skirts and jackets ready-made, and either waistcoats, or blouses to wear under them, with no trouble at all, and at a moderate price.

In "A Serious Talk" we find one of the new Russian net *ruches* represented, which we found so useful in the autumn, and which look very pretty for house-wear in the evening; while on the second figure we find a sketch of one of the little fur neck-collars, now worn by everyone, and adding much to our warmth and comfort. The small toques edged with fur bands, and with velvet centres and large bows, are very generally worn by girls, and form a very economical species of head-gear, as they can be so easily made-up at home. The small bonnets called either "Puritan," or "buy a brooms," are just beginning to be seen, and no doubt will, in time, supersede the butterfly bonnets, which have adorned but not covered our heads since the autumn.

In "Christmas Toys," the dress worn by the child represents one of the newest now used for little girls. It is made with a yoke, and forms a charming garment, made of velveteen, for afternoons and all kinds of best occasions. A small "Senorita jacket" is worn by the figure at the right, and this has two frills at the top, one on the shoulders, and one over each arm. The new method of outlining the front breadths of the skirt is also shown, a fashion which is on the increase, as it adds height to the figure, and is a valuable style for short or stout people.

The paper pattern selected for the present month is that of a pair of knickerbockers for winter wear, made either of the material of the gown, or of serge, and lined with flannelette or flannel. They are intended to be worn with one petticoat over them, and to supersede the use of the flannel petticoat, at least, for winter's wear, for they are far more of a protection from cold. They will require two yards of double-width serge to make them, and will cost but little to make, far less than a flannel petticoat, in fact. The serge should not be less than forty inches in width, and the frills, which are about three inches in depth, are taken from the sides, the edges being the selvedge of the serge. The pattern consists of three pieces—the leg of the knickerbockers, the band for the leg, which buttons below the knee, and the frill. The top may be lined all round, and may be buttoned on the top of the stays, or worn underneath them as preferred—this last being the better way, I think, both for the petticoats or the knickerbockers. If lined, the top should be faced with a binder of stout linen or cotton to strengthen them round the waist; but great care should be taken to avoid clumsiness, and to press all the seams quite flat with a hot iron. A very thick serge should not be selected, and some people prefer a thin cloth with a cotton lining.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN PORTMAN SQUARE.

"And quite alone I never felt,
I knew that Thou wert near,
A silence tingling in the room,
A strangely pleasant fear."
Faber.

ARNOLD WAYNE took his way to Portman Square, thinking about Elsie as he went along. If those two could have looked into each other's hearts just then they would speedily have come to an understanding.

When he went up the steps of the great house and entered the flower-scented hall, he was in a dreamy mood. And when he found himself in Mrs. Verdon's artistically-furnished drawing-room, he had a queer notion that only his phantom self was here and his real self had remained in the little room in All Saints' Street.

His hostess looked very slender and tall and fair in her mauve silk dress. Her satiny hair, wound round her small head, conveyed the idea that if unbound it would enshroud her, like Lady Godiva's, in a veil. The rich glowing colours of the furniture and hangings formed themselves into a harmonious background for the graceful figure.

Mrs. Tell was quietly observing the newcomer, and silently deciding that the chances were in his favour. She had not the faintest doubt about his intentions. All the men who came here proposed to her sister-in-law, and of course he would do the same.

Everybody allowed that nothing could be more agreeable than Mrs. Verdon's position and surroundings. The house exactly suited Mrs. Tell. Katherine, whom she liked in her cool way, was not difficult to live with; any change was to be dreaded. But there was always the fear that change would come, and she had an instinctive dread of this Mr. Wayne.

"And so you have been calling on Miss Kilner?" said Mrs. Verdon as they sat at dinner. "She must come and see me and Jamie. Has she many friends?"

"A great many," replied Arnold, who did not know anything about them.

"I daresay I have met her somewhere," Mrs. Verdon went on. "I have either met her or seen her face in a

picture. She has quite a picture-face, hasn't she?"

"Ah, perhaps she has," said Wayne abstractedly, as if the idea had been presented to him for the first time.

"I must have seen her in a picture." Mrs. Tell noticed that Katherine seemed bent on keeping to the subject. "There is a painting of a young woman clasping a Bible to her breast. Don't you know it? That is like her, I think."

"Ah, very likely," rejoined Arnold in an expressionless voice. "I know a man who is always painting pictures of that kind. His girls are always going to suffer for their faith, and they have many costumes but only one face. It becomes monotonous."

Mrs. Verdon laughed.

"I had my portrait painted once," she said, "but it wasn't like me—it was too intense. I couldn't look like that unless my whole nature had changed. I don't like strong feelings, they make life so uncomfortable."

"Very uncomfortable," assented Mrs. Tell in a lazy voice. "And besides, they are undignified. You are always so deliciously calm, Katherine, that you make people fall in love with repose."

"This house would be a home for the lotos-eaters," said Mrs. Verdon. "I love perfumes and stillness and subdued light. Jamie exercises his lungs and legs in the top rooms, but he seldom breaks the tranquillity that reigns downstairs."

When they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, Arnold mentally decided that it was very easy to fall in love with repose—for a little while.

Katherine talked to him in her silvery tones, looking at him now and then with her pretty faint smile. The folds of the delicate mauve gown trailed over the rich carpet. She leant lazily back in her chair, waving a plumy fan, sometimes, with a soft even motion.

The doors of the conservatory were open; light curtains were looped back, giving glimpses of a mass of blossoms, the atmosphere was laden with perfumes. Yes, it was all very pleasant—for a little while.

Arnold Wayne did not try to persuade himself that he should enjoy it always. His was not the temperament of the lotos-eater. His nature craved a rich warm life, full of strong light and shade. Still, he was glad when Mrs. Verdon told him that she should start for Rushbrook in a fortnight.

"I have taken the Cedars again," she said. "The air agreed with Jamie and me last year. We both want to be freshened up. It will be nice to be near the Danforths; I get on with them so well."

"They are always talking about you," rejoined Arnold, with perfect truth.

When he was gone, the two widows sat in silence for a little while. The elder knitted diligently; the younger toyed with her feathery fan.

"What do you think of him, Olivia?" Mrs. Verdon asked at last. There was a faint ring of impatience in her tone. She had been waiting for the other to speak first.

"There is something uncommon in him which makes him attractive," replied Mrs. Tell, without glancing up from her work. "And he doesn't seem anxious to attract. Not that he is indifferent, but——"

"Of course he is not indifferent." Katherine's silvery voice was shriller than usual. "I found it very easy to please him, but he is not a gushing man. I hate gushing men."

"So do I," returned Mrs. Tell. "No, he is not gushing; but I think—yes, I am sure—that he could be emotional if he were to let himself go."

"Really, Olivia, I didn't give you credit for so much imagination," said Mrs. Verdon sharply. "Now I am quite sure that he would never, under any circumstances, be emotional. He has travelled a great deal and seen everything, and he is just in the state to enjoy repose. He would like even to glide quietly into love without disturbing his calmness."

Then, prompted by an utterly unaccountable impulse, Mrs. Tell made one of the greatest mistakes she had ever made in her life. "Do you know, Katherine," she said, "I think you have at last found a man who doesn't mean to propose to you?"

Mrs. Verdon's fan ceased its regular come-and-go and lay motionless in her lap. She did not speak, and Mrs. Tell, who had expected her to laugh at her little speech, was startled by her silence. Presently Katherine rose, with a sort of queenliness which became her very well. "I am tired to-night," she said, quite ignoring her sister-in-law's remark. "In this hot weather one begins to pine for the country. Jamie has looked pale today. By the way, I shall call on Miss Kilner to-morrow, and ask her to dinner before we go away." Then she went off to her room without another word, and Mrs. Tell was left alone with the consciousness of her blunder.

If Katherine was tired, her eyes had never been more wakeful. Her maid, who entered noiselessly, found her standing by a window overlooking the garden gazing out into the moonlight. It was a London garden, dry and dusty by day, but at night, when the trees were touched by the mysterious light, it had an aspect of romance.

In silence she sat before the glass, while Bennet's dexterous fingers unbraided the silky hair and brushed it before coiling it up for the night. Looking at the face reflected in the glass, she perceived that it was not quite so tranquil as usual, and was irritated at finding that Mrs. Tell's words had disturbed her. Why was she disturbed? Her vanity had taken a chill, that was all.

"I am vainer than I thought myself," she mused. "All women are vain, of course. It is not a very bad fault, but it makes one little in one's own sight." Then came other ideas, crowding fast into her brain. "What does Olivia know? She is not a clever woman. How can she tell what a man means to do? Away down there in Rushbrook he will be put to the test. I am always at my best in the country; the air freshens me, and the quietness rests me. And my dresses are lovely—on that ground I stand alone."

Yet, in spite of this comforting conclusion, Katherine was restless under Bennet's hands, and glad to be left in solitude.

On the following afternoon, Elsie, dreaming over her solitary cup and saucer, was startled when her parlour door opened. Mrs. Verdon, bland and smiling, came in, followed by Jamie. The boy lifted his blue eyes solemnly to Elsie's face, and something he saw there curved his lips into a smile and brought a dimple into his beautiful cheeks. As usual, he wore his sailor suit, and this time he accepted Elsie's kiss with perfect graciousness.

"We must know each other better," said Mrs. Verdon, really touched by Elsie's feeling for the child. She talked on, pleasantly and fluently. It was evidently her fancy to make much of Miss Kilner and take possession of her.

Elsie accepted the invitation to dinner, partly because Mrs. Verdon was really a very pleasant person, but chiefly because her heart still clung to Jamie. On her arrival she was taken up to the top of the great house, and shown the two spacious rooms which were his own.

"I does as I like up here," said Jamie grandly (grammar was occasionally forgotten). "Mammy never 'feres with me." Elsie followed him when he led the way through the door which opened into the night nursery. "I am never afraid at nights," the little fellow said. "Some boys is. The angels never go to sleep. They always watch over us. If anything wicked came, they'd just spread their wings right over me."

Jamie spoke with an air of perfect confidence which went to Elsie's heart, and her thoughts found mental expression in Browning's beautiful words:—

"Dear and great angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!"

Poor, lonely Elsie! she, too, desired to feel the soft, white wings close round her, shutting out all miseries of trouble and doubt, and enfolding her in their healing atmosphere of peace.

(To be continued.)



THREE CHRISTMASTIDES.

By E. HARPER-ASHWIN, Author of "Agnes Chisholm," etc.

CHAPTER III.

FIVE years more have passed away—years of joy and sorrow, of change and death, and once again we see Edith Ashford. She sits in the same old room, but quite alone now, for even her dog is missing, and no one who has loved and known the love of such a faithful animal would scoff to see her gently lay his now useless cushion in its old place on the sofa, with a murmur of "my dear old doggie!" She herself is much altered. The once grey-streaked hair is now snow-white, and we notice that the once busy hands are thin and wrinkled, and oftener lie idly in her lap, where, indeed, they rest now as she sits in the twilight.

It is to be the last Christmas here, for early in the year she and her old servant are to take up their abode with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Merton. She knows it is not well that she, so feeble now, should live alone; she knows, too, the loving welcome that awaits her; and she longs to nurse and pet the two little great-nieces who made their appearance a few months before. And yet, nevertheless, she dreads the breaking-up of old associations, the severance of old ties, and almost regrets the decisive letter which will take her from the old home so full of memories, where the faces of those gone before look out of every corner.

But in glancing round the room we miss the invalid couch and the winsome girl who occupied it for so long. Is it possible that she is well? The answer comes readily: "Quite well, now." For four years she lay helpless in the school of sorrow, learning from the Heavenly Master lessons she would not study in the days of health; cheering her aunt after Lily's marriage, which she unselfishly insisted should not be postponed on account of her, and making the house so bright that, as old Mary said, "it was as if an angel lived with them." And then there was a decided improvement in health, and hope was given that the power of movement might return. It was, however, but the flickering of the dying lamp, and a few months before the date at which this chapter opens her school-life ended—she had gone home. Some tears dropped in the dear old lady's lap as she dwelt on the last days of her young niece; how she lay and watched the babies which Lily, at her urgent request, had brought as soon as she herself was able to travel, dividing her treasures and belongings between them, and fondly imagining she could evoke a smile on their little placid faces. But, all too soon, there came a day when she gave them one lingering kiss, and then said, "Take them away now, Lily, but come back yourself." With a strange sinking of heart the mother carried her children to their nurse in the next room, and returned instantly to her sister's bedside, only just in time to receive a last look of unutterable love, and then the blue eyes closed and the gentle sufferer was at rest.

It all seemed so long ago, and yet it was only in the first week of the earth's harvest that this young sheaf of corn fell before the heavenly sickle, and now "it will be her first Christmas Day with Christ to-morrow," murmured the aged voice, as Miss Ashford rose to ring for tea and lights.

With the tray came in a parcel which, Mary explained, had been brought from Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and which, on examination, was found to contain a book from the former, a pretty white knitted shawl from the latter, and a packet of photographs of their children and grandchildren now with them. Accompanying the presents were a few words of joint love and sympathy, written by the old clergyman's trembling hand.

"We think of you much at this season," he wrote, "with your recent trouble so fresh, and wish we could meet once more. The Master Himself will, however, I am sure, be specially present with you; nay, is He not leading us all to that new home where will be no loneliness, no parting, no death. I sometimes fancy I can almost see the light that streams from the pearly gates, and feel the very touch of my Guide."

"Dear people, they have always remembered and helped me," soliloquised Miss Ashford, laying her gifts carefully aside, while she gave her attention to the fragrant beverage and wafer-like bread and butter prepared by the faithful servant who tyrannised gently over her beloved mistress, and pretended to be deeply injured if the meals she took delight in making so tempting were neglected. Apparently, however, she was satisfied to-night, for on her entrance to remove the tray, she gazed approvingly at the empty plate and said with the easy privilege of long service—

"That's right, ma'am. Now I'll mend the fire, and with your photographs and book and letter you'll have plenty to do. I shall come in at eight exactly for prayers, and I've put a fire in your bedroom, for it's snowing fast."

"Thank you, Mary, that is thoughtful; but you will make me luxurious," was the gentle rejoinder, before the old lady was again left alone with her memories, not sad now, for each twilight only reminded her that she was one day nearer Home and those she loved.

"I could be spared so well now," she thought. "Edie, who needed my care so long, is safe folded and watching for me, and Lily, dear child, is engrossed with her husband and children. To be sure, Mary would miss me sadly; but Lily would take care of her, and she could pet and nurse the babies." And then her thoughts grew hazy, the white cap nodded, and the silence of sleep fell unbroken till the old servant returned at the time appointed.

"Been asleep, ma'am?" she asked anxiously. "Aren't you well?"

"Yes, thank you, Mary, but very tired to-night; I shall be glad to lie down and rest."

The twenty-third Psalm was the portion chosen by Miss Ashford that night, and long afterwards Mary remembered that, either intentionally or not, she thus slightly altered the last verse—"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Then kneeling, and as it seemed half-unconsciously using the words of the Burial Service, she continued, "Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity. We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver so many whom we love out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Thee that it may please Thee of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom that we with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name may have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The usual prayer followed, but even the anxious servant detected no unusual weakness in the aged voice, though her fears were so thoroughly aroused, that after having attended her mistress to her room, she went several times to the door to listen for her movements, and even crept in gently about midnight to mend the fire that the room might not get cold. Everything then looked much as usual,

and when the next morning she took up the early cup of tea with the bunch of roses which had been for long her own Christmas gift to her mistress, she found her still apparently sleeping. A peculiar stillness, however, attracted her attention, and hastily setting down her tray she bent over the bed and touched the hand that lay outside, when its icy coldness told at once the truth, that for the dear old lady Christmas had dawned in Paradise with those for whose deliverance from this evil world she had the night before given thanks, and above all with Christ the Friend with whom she had walked so long in close communion.

It was a crushing blow to poor Mary, whose interests and affections had been centred in her mistress; and when the next day in obedience to a telegram Mr. and Mrs. Merton arrived, she could only sit helplessly down and cry, till Lily showed her a letter she had recently received from her aunt, in which, after referring to her approaching change of residence, she wrote—"But death may come and upset all our plans, so in the case of my decease I want you to take care of my dear old Mary. I should like to feel that she lived with you; but if she prefers to be alone, please allow her enough out of the little income I shall leave to have a cottage near your home. I am sure she will be a comfort to you as she has always been to me."

"Yes, I am," exclaimed the old servant at this point, rising and indignantly dashing away her tears. "I'm a selfish old body, and that's all! I've no right to fret for her that's gone; she's safe enough and happy too, my dear old mistress; but I'll do as she says, and take care of you instead of crying like a baby and letting you go without food after such a journey in the snow!"

And forthwith she proceeded to "step round," as she expressed it; and though ever and anon forced to stop and wipe away the tears that persistently dimmed her sight, she never rested till the travellers were surrounded with every comfort.

So the days passed on in that shadowed house which was a home no longer, till the last morning of the year, when a simple funeral procession left the gate, the only mourners Mr. and Mrs. Merton, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, the aged clergyman and his wife before mentioned, their son and Mary. The only mourners did I say? Nay, for as they passed down the street group after group joined them, till when the churchyard gates were reached well-nigh all the village population was present to do honour to the gentle lady who had lived among them all her life, giving away but little money, for she had but little, but giving what was far better, her time, her help, her sympathy, and her prayers, more still the example of a simple Christian life. Her sorrows had been village sorrows, her joys village joys, and every eye was dim as the flower-covered coffin sank out of sight. Then from round the grave in faltering tones rose the beautiful hymn—

"Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore,
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

So we too leave her—we found her alone—she is now with Christ.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

I.

HE is coming! He is coming;
Rise, O Herald of His birth!
Rise, O Light of Lights, illuming
All the darkness of the earth.
He is coming! He is coming!
All the sky with glory glows,
And each desert place is blooming
Into beauty like the rose.

He is coming to deliver
All the Nations by His birth!
He is coming, Christ, the giver
Of Salvation to the earth.
God hath spoken, God hath spoken,
Wake, ye people, wake and sing,
While ye wait the promised token
Of the coming of the King.

II.

Come, Thou Saviour, promised long,
Lo, every heart and voice
Awaits, prepared with holy song
To welcome and rejoice.
Thou bringest peace to all mankind,
Sweet comfort to the poor,
Thou com'st the broken heart to bind
With balm for evermore.

With Thee will rise the gladsome dawn,
Disputing night's long sway,
For comfort comes for all who mourn
With breaking of Thy day;
Then quickly come, O King of kings!
Lo, night's dark mists are furled,
Come Thou, with healing in Thy wings,
To bless the waking world.

III.

Star of Bethlehem! our eyes are yearning
For the ray which faithful heart requites,
Eastward still each wistful face is turning,
Lighten our darkness, O Thou Light of Lights.
O'er the world a sense of peace is stealing,
Loving-kindness from each heart o'erflows,
While, in spirit, by the manger kneeling,
We await the bliss Thy beam bestows.

Star of Bethlehem, arise in splendour,
Love and Hope are born anew to-day,
When o'er the grey horizon, bright and tender,
Shoots the glory of Thy quenchless ray.

O remove the clouds of sin and sadness,
Pierce the gloom that presses and affrights,
Weary spirits wake anew to gladness,
Lighten our darkness, O Thou Light of Lights.

IV.

Lo! it rises! Sing my sisters, sing,
Exultant greet the coming of the King.

V.

CHORUS.

O'er hillside and hollow it shineth afar,
Rise, sisters, and follow fair Bethlehem's star.
Fear not, though it guideth to ways sad and dim,
Whatever betideth, it leadeth to Him.

To Him, who so loveth the children of earth,
To Him, who thus proveth His love by His birth,
Through Whom to each nation, from sea unto sea,
The gift of salvation flows boundless and free.

To God be the glory. Hark! hark! the sweet bells
Are pealing the story o'er mountains and dells;
Away with all sadness; from toils let us cease;
With hearts full of gladness, goodwill, and peace.

O'er hillside and hollow it shineth afar,
Come, sisters, and follow fair Bethlehem's star,
In love, and in duty our praises to sing,
And see, in its beauty, the Face of our King.

OUR PUZZLE POEM.—EXAMINERS' REPORT.



PRIZE-WINNERS.

A CHEQUE for One Guinea has been sent to each of the following:—

Miss F. M. Acheson, Dunavon, Portadown, Ireland.

John M. Broughton, Chesham, Bucks.

Hilda Murray, Sunnyside, Banbury Road, Oxford.

J. Holme Pilkington, Framlingham, Suffolk,

Ethel Sidgwick, 64, Woodstock Road. Oxford.

Very Highly Commended.

J. M. Angus.
Marjorie D. Cockburn.
Rogerson Cotter.
A. Humphries.
Effie Jackson.
Edith F. B. Macalister.
Margaret A. Macalister.
Isabel E. Parry.
Mary E. Roebuck.
F. M. Sexton.
R. J. Smyth.
Miss Taylor (Winchester).
Mary T. Whitby.
Anne Levina White.
Elizabeth W. Wood.

Honourable Mention.

Miss F. M. Abraham.
Amy Constance Armstrong.
Muriel Caine.
Katie B. Clemson.
Arthur H. Coombs.
Hannah Crabtree.
Robert Davison.
James Day.
A. M. Ferguson.
Mary Foster.
Ernest C. George.
F. Gossling.
A. M. Hills.
Elizabeth Holderness.
George M. Hollis.
Emily Jones.
Mrs. La Touche.
Harold R. Long.
Hubert F. Lowe.
Arthur Stuart McNairn.
Miss E. Molesworth.
J. D. Musgrave.
Charles Henry Powell.
Mrs. Robertson.
Miss A. F. Moore Smith.
Edmund Snell.
Margaret E. Tabor.
E. C. Tarrant.
Agnes Ross Todd.
G. Wotherspoon.

Deserving of Special Mention for Neatness.

Laura P. Batterbury.

REPORT.

THE award made so far includes the solutions from Great Britain and Ireland only. To wait for the papers from abroad would have meant a delay of another month at least, involving a tax upon the patience of the home competitors too severe to contemplate. But we do not intend to shut our more distant readers out from the competition altogether; their work will be examined hereafter, and if necessary a further award will be made.

The success of the Competition has been most gratifying to everyone, excepting the unfortunate judges whose lot it has been to struggle with the shoals of solutions! The puzzle was considered by us to be far more difficult than the one published in the summer part of the "G. O. P.," and we are astonished to find that the average merit of the solutions is much higher than before. One was all but perfect, and several others evinced no little skill and judgment. Possibly many of the unsuccessful attempts were withheld from our critical and unsympathetic inspection, by the workers at any rate; the number of failures sent in was remarkably small.

Nearly half the competitors this time were males, but, as the prize list testifies, the girls have more than held their own. We suppose we must say nothing about the help the latter received from their brothers in certain awkward lines!

There have been a few complaints about indistinctness in the printing of the puzzle. We are sorry if the difficulties were thereby increased, but as every word has been correctly rendered by one or another, we infer that no portion was absolutely undecipherable.

Of course we have received from competitors the usual number of letters, congratulatory or abusive, according to the measure of success attained by the writer. One young lady, whose experience is quite pathetic, spent many hours over the puzzle and solved the greater part of it, but as she failed at all the critical points the "secrets" were not revealed to her. A more aggravating result could hardly have been imagined.

Another laments her nearly ruined eyesight, "to say nothing of my temper!"

Another competitor (not a young lady this time we are glad to say) found the puzzle to be a "teaser," whatever that may be. He also genially offers to defend "every word" of his solution by "minute analysis." Grateful as the judges are for the suggestion, they hesitate to avail themselves of the privilege, as their mental faculties are, for the moment, somewhat impaired. At the same time we heartily thank our correspondent for his offer, and still

SOLUTION.

EDITORIAL SECRETS.

I.

YOUR ears S *wee* T maiden S I *in* T R eat
WHILEUN toy OUIT ell
YE sum OF mitey D EE D SRE pleat
WHICH combined forces swell

II.

UN I *on* I SST wren G*thin* D EE D*wee* K now
& C *on* F I dent IAL trussed
'*Twixt* US since 14 YEAR sago
Remains EEN M ore RO bust

III.

T *ill* N OW O UR weight *in* paper USED
M ache S *just* 5 thousand T *on* S
& IF OF BO as TFULNESS X C *used*
We LL fire OF F *low* UDER guns

IV.

Wood U BELI ~~Christmas~~ eve IT if *in piles*
On I A NOTHE R *flat*
We P lace DTHESE numbers WHAT YE 2 miles
WHY 58T hat spat

V.

THATM ache S OF*great* St. Paul's YE H eight
800 70 *times*
& OF mount ~~Christmas~~ eve rest ten YE*s* Q U IT E
D ear mew hat purr FECT R HYME S

VI.

& IF th e s e hundred millions WERE
Unfold ED *side by side*
YE numbers THEN wed O A V ER
WITHP ARD *on* table pride

VII.

Would *five times round* the world X ten D
HOW *star*-T L *in* G RYE F A C Ts
L E*tall in*G R attitude NOWB end
& P*raisin*G faith *and* acts

EDITORIAL SECRETS.

I.

Your ears, sweet maidens, I intreat,
While unto you I tell
The sum of mighty deeds replete,
Which combined forces swell.

II.

"Union is strength," indeed, we know;
And confidential trust
'Twixt us, since fourteen years ago,
Remains e'en more robust.

III.

Till now our weight in paper used
Makes just five thousand tons;
And, if of boastfulness excused,
We'll fire off louder guns.

IV.

Would you believe it! if in piles,
On one another flat,
We placed these numbers—what the miles?
Why, fifty-eight; that's pat!

V.

That makes of great St. Paul's the height
Eight hundred seventy times;
And of Mount Ev'rest ten—yes, quite.
(Dear me! what perfect rhymes!)

VI.

And if these hundred millions were
Unfolded side by side,
The numbers then, we do aver,
With pardonable pride,

VII.

Would five times round the world extend.
How startling are the facts!
Let all in gratitude now bend,
And praise in faith and acts.

more for his cordial expression of good wishes.

"Paterfamilias" congratulates us upon having discovered a method for converting him into a boy again. We offer him in turn our hearty congratulations, and we see no reason why he should not find in the succeeding numbers of the "G.O.P." the secret of perpetual youth.

The solutions themselves call for little comment. The parallelogram of forces in line four caused, as we expected, considerable trouble, and very varied are the interpretations given. Not more than twenty or thirty competitors have hit upon the author's solution, but one or two other readings—as for instance "divers forces"—have been accepted by the judges. Much difficulty was evidently experienced over lines seven and eight, in the "'twixt" and "remains," and many stumbled at the "weight in paper" in line nine, the most general reading was "of paper;" we have not yet discovered why.

There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion as to the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, many putting it as low as two yards, or a fraction under. If all who rendered the eighteenth line:

"Fifty-six thousand times,"

had grasped the sense of verses 4 and 5, and had divided fifty-eight miles by fifty-six thousand they would have paused before committing themselves to such an absurdity. "Eight hundred and seventy times" was the favourite reading, and it has at least the merit of being arithmetically correct. Our objection to it is purely on artistic grounds, and those who adopted it must have had a very poor opinion of our poet's "perfect rhymes." Indeed, one of this majority unmercifully scoffed at the supposed lapse of rhythm, and as we read his sarcastic comments we were filled with malicious joy (we frankly confess it!) to think how they would recoil upon their author when the true solution appeared. If any require an explanation of the author's reading:

"Eight hundred seventy times."

we cannot put it more simply than one of our solvers did in the margin of his paper, *i.e.*, "870 times."

What is the use of "poetic licence" if it cannot countenance on occasion the omission of an insignificant word like "and."

Many have failed at the last verse, finding in the third line "erring knees," "faltering knees," "ring a peal," and sundry other out-of-the-way readings. The last line has been frequently rendered, "And praise in faithful acts."

Our scoffing competitor, whose ingenious solution and clever annotations, by-the-way, have afforded us much entertainment, asks, "But why faith full acts?" Our answer would have been much less elaborate than his own. He finds it in the fact that the water is dripping from the bucket, proving that it must have been "full." Not at all; that little realistic touch was inserted to show that the bucket was being raised, not lowered.

Really, how simple it all is after all!

We thought it would provide a good deal of amusement, of an instructive kind, if we selected from the solutions sent in the lines which varied most from the original, and strung them together in the form of a poem. This we have done, and we invite our readers to compare the result with the true solution. A careful study might yield many hints which would be useful in solving other puzzles of the kind, and the Editor intends that the readers of the "G.O.P." shall for some time have plenty of opportunities for exercising their ingenuity in this direction.

A Solution Comprised of Eccentric Lines from Various Papers.

I.

YOU are here, sweet maidens, for a treat,
While unto you on T ¾ feet,
The sum of mouldy deeds redress,
Which pique your sex as well.

II.

Union is strength indeed, Kate owns,
And covert filial trust.
Since our divided forces in the past,
The weekly issues have been more robust.

III.

Till now our united weight, you said,
Makes seventeen thousand tons;
And if of little crinkled boastfulness.
We'll fire off few, dear, guns.

IV.

You believe it if sad,
I dare not here lie flat.
We placed these figures. What! ye smile!
"Wife, I've ate that gaiter!"

V.

That makes of big St. Paul's Dome the height
Fifty-six thousand times,
And oft in every twenty quite—
D'yer ca' that perfect rhymes?

VI.

And if the numberless letters joinéd were
Suddenly discovered.
The numbers then joined together are over,
With pardonable pride.

VII.

Hundreds following would round the world go;
How startling are the facts.
Let all right answers quickly send,
And Pete earn well in acts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. A. S.—The initials "P. D. A.," placed in a corner of a visiting card, represent three French words, viz., *pour des adieux*—literally "for the farewells"; otherwise, "to bid good-bye." "T. T. L." are letters often employed in this way, meaning "to take leave"; or "P. P. C.," another French sentence, *pour prendre congé*—"to take leave." The neighbour should have called in person to say "Good-bye," and only left her card so initialled if she found none of the family at home.

A True Heart.—It is for the young man to write first; it would be undignified, and even indelicate, for you to do so. You had better name his request to your mother, and ask her leave to reply, should he write to you.

Louy.—The phrase, "Welcome the coming, and speed the going guest," is a quotation from Pope, and has been corrupted by the substition of the word "parting."

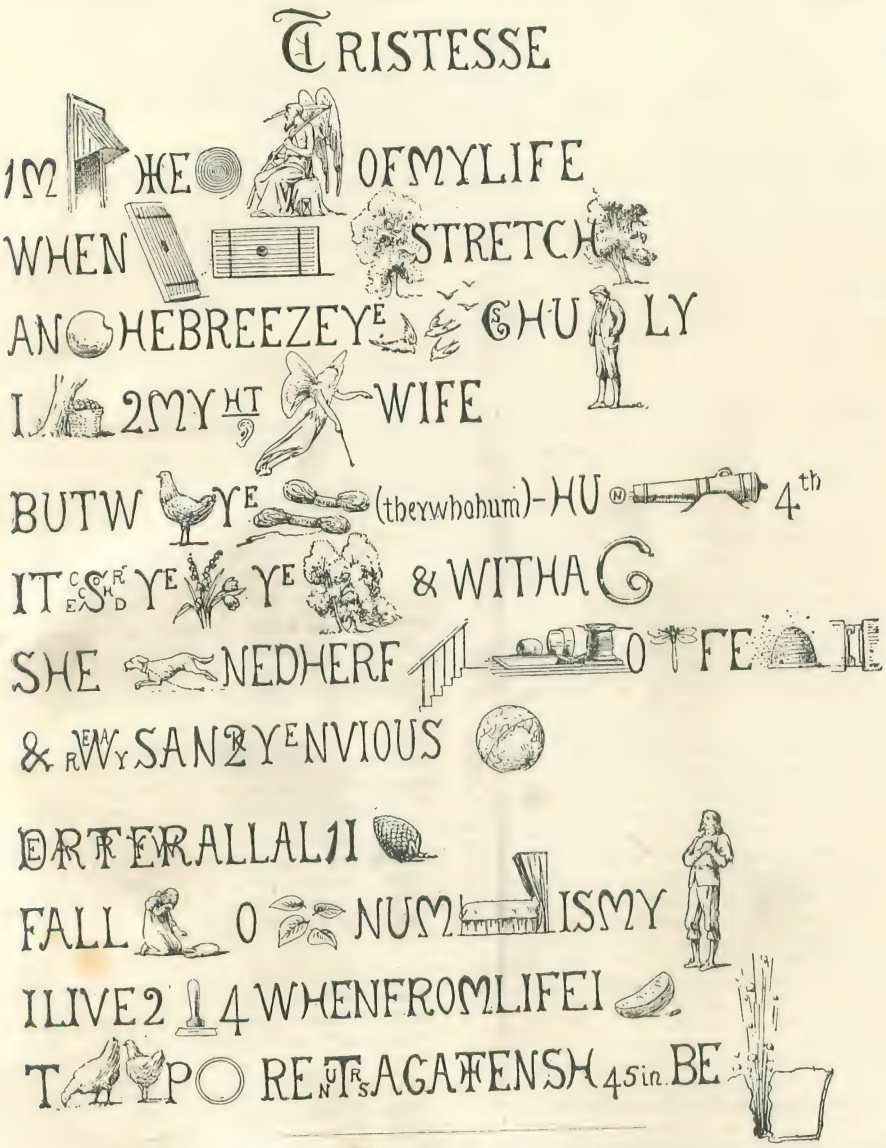
A. B.—"Tannhäuser," the *Ritter*—or knight—was not a real historical character of Germany, but a famous legendary hero of romance, and the subject of an ancient ballad.

Mary.—The earliest use of wedding-rings dates back —amongst Christians—to about the year 860 A.D.

A. W.—1. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has a place in Brattleborough, Vermont. He had a house in Redcliffe Square.—2. Madame de la Ramée, mother of the novelist, was a Miss Sutton, an Englishwoman who married a Frenchman.

Sheila would find coins in a curiosity shop, or at a goldsmith's.

PUZZLE POEM.



*** Five Prizes of One Guinea each will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be January 24th, 1894; from abroad, February 24th, 1894.
6. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

Lell.—Insanity may, or may not be hereditary. Nor is it, where existing amongst certain ancestors, an unavoidable inheritance. In some persons it is the sole result of mental shock; or of unsuitable unhealthy habits and associations, and indulgence in evil ways. Idiotcy may result from dulness and want of active occupation of mind and body, or prolonged solitary confinement. If you fear it, be always well employed; pass quickly from one occupation to another; never give way to brooding; cultivate cheerful companionship, and pray to God to preserve you in mind and body, seeking to please, and to remember Him in all you do, and committing yourself, soul and body into His hands.

Twenty-one.—Look down our answers under the heading, "Education," given during the past year, and you will find plenty of replies to your question.

Yearning after Rest.—Why should the thought of eternity be so terrifying to you? The anticipation of an eternal existence should be gladsome beyond all words to express to those who believe and trust in our Blessed Redeemer. Why should they fear who trust in their pardon and acceptance through His perfect merits and His infinite atonement. Perhaps you have been living carelessly, neglecting prayer, "seeking His kingdom and righteousness" not first, but in the second place, after all your temporal interests. You may have your peace and hope clouded by some declension, of which you must repent; and pray for more grace and consistency. But ever remember that it is not through any merits of your own that you can attain to the rest you desire, in time or eternity, but through those of your divine Redeemer, whose "righteousness is (imputed) unto all, and upon all them that believe."

Rhodes.—Enquire at shops where such articles are sold, and show specimens of your work. Dispose of what you have done, and obtain orders for more.

Josephine.—The "Divining-rod," so called, spoken of by De Quincey, and of which much has been written in the *Quarterly Review*, *Monthly Packet*, and from time to time in the daily papers, presents to us a curious manifestation of magnetic attraction. One even more wonderful is utilised by us in the attraction between the needle of a compass, and the Pole, inasmuch as influence exercised upon it reaches, not merely to some few feet beneath the surface of the ground—as in the case of water and the hazel twig—but extends over hundreds and thousands of miles of sea and land. The strange power which causes the twig to bend towards water, and so to trace the course of subterranean springs and conduits, appears to have been recognised in the Middle Ages, and to have supplied a question for very much controversy. The first written notice of it appeared in the fifteenth century, by Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk.

A Perplexed One.—1. "Atheism," or disbelief in the existence of a God, is spoken of by King David in the Psalms, and with a commentary upon him who holds such a notion, little complimentary to his brain power (see Psa. xiv. 1), 270 B.C. In Rome the Poet Lucretius was the best exponent of this heresy. In Greece, Epicurus was another of its professors, and also taught that the sole end of this life was happiness; and that this consisted in the enjoyment of sensuous pleasures. To these, all religious doctrines were antagonistic.—2. Where do you read that Angels were created after man? Certainly not. "I beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from Heaven," were our Lord's own words. Again, "The Angels that kept not their first estate," are also referred to by St. Jude. Read, also, Isa. xiv. 12-20, where Satan is spoken of by the angelic name of "Lucifer." For the war of the Angel Michael against him under the term "Dragon," see Rev. xii. 7, 8, 9; and again in the epistle of Jude, 9.

Fruit Lover.—1. You had better get your teeth thoroughly cleaned by a dentist, as they appear to be in a sad condition. After that, brush them every morning with camphorated chalk.—2. Read all our answers respecting the hair, and the articles by "Medicus."

Flower-pot.—In the upper circles of society, a girl remains in the schoolroom until she is about eighteen years of age. But lessons in many useful ways and in accomplishments are taken long after that, if desired. In the middle and lower middle ranks, or where girls have to go into business, or be apprenticed to a trade, she must necessarily leave school much earlier. Home-duties may also demand her exclusive attention.

Only a Clod.—What the country folk call "corpse-candles," or "death-light," to be seen on marshy land, or low-lying graveyards, are otherwise known as the "Will-o'-the-wisp." They are rarely seen now, as the drainage and recovery of waste swampy land is extensively carried on. To speak in scientific terms, the lights are produced by phosphoretted hydrogen, which terrify simple, uneducated people in graveyards. Sparks resembling fire and emitting a crackling sound when the object from which they proceed is sharply rubbed, are produced by electricity—not damp and decay—and many people find their hair crackle and send out sparks in dry, frosty weather.



VOL. XV.—NO. 732.] JANUARY 6, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.



IT WAS A GOOD SPOT FOR A REVERIE.

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CHAPTER XIV.

RUSHBROOK.

"About the windings of the maze to hear
The soft wind blowing. Over meadowy holms
And alders, garden aisles."—*Tennyson.*



ARNOLD WAYNE wrote his letter to Mr. Lennard, but the rector had already made arrangements to go to Switzerland. Mrs. Lennard, however, had decided not to accompany him; she had made up her mind to spend a couple of months with a maiden lady living at Rushbrook, and it was her wish that Elsie Kilner should be with her there. So it came to pass that Jamie and the three people who were linked together through his little person all came to sojourn within a stone's throw of each other. Miss Ryan and Mrs. Lennard had been schoolfellows and bosom friends, and the friendship had lasted through all the chances and changes of life.

Willow Farm and its broad acres belonged to Miss Ryan, and was managed for her by her nephew Francis. She lived in an old-fashioned house, long and low, with quaint dormer-windows set in a peaked roof of red tiles. The house stood in the middle of a garden filled to overflowing with country flowers, and the warm, sweet perfume of the crowded beds made Elsie feel that she had come close to the very heart of summer. The sun was ripening the black, juicy berries on the loaded cherry-trees, bees kept up a ceaseless hum, large roses pressed close together in masses of bloom.

"What a little world of sweets!" said Elsie, smelling a bunch of crimson carnations.

She was standing on the door-step after breakfast, wearing her pretty grey gown, and a creamy muslin kerchief knotted at the throat. Her face, under the golden straw hat, was so richly yet delicately coloured that it wore the aspect of a flower.

A slim, tall man, of eight or nine and twenty, stood looking at that face in the morning light; he had just given her the carnations. "I am glad you like the old place here," he said. "It isn't as romantic, of course, as Wayne's Court, but it is comfortable. You know Wayne? He is a very good fellow."

"I met him in town," Elsie answered.

"Ah, yes! he knows your friends the Lennards. What a wanderer he has been! But now, they tell me, he seems inclined to settle down."

"That is a good thing," said Elsie, raising the carnations to her face.

"He'll marry, I suppose," Francis Ryan went on. "The Danforths are trying to make up the match with Mrs. Verdon. Do you know her? A fair woman, with sky-blue eyes. She has come to the Cedars again, close to the Court; so that looks as if she meant business."

This was the news that Elsie heard on her first day at Willow Farm. It gave her a strong desire for solitude, and she was glad when Francis said that he must go and look after one of the horses. She waited until he had disappeared, and then went down a long gravelled walk, between crowded borders, to a little white gate. Lifting the latch, she walked across a green meadow, and found herself close to the brink of a river. Rushbrook was a place of many waters, a land of green and silver, beautiful with the peace that belongs to a pastoral country. She soon found a cosy nook on an old tree-trunk in the shade, and sat down to think. It was a good spot for a reverie. You could listen to the whisper of the water among the sedges, and look off, across the river, to the low-lying meadows beyond—a scene which was fascinating in its intense quietness. It rests the eye and brain to gaze at those cool green levels, broidered with silvery rivulets, and watch the water stealing among weeds and tall rustling reeds.

It was a lovely morning—soft, hazy, exquisite, as mornings in August often are. Looking back across the meadow, Elsie saw a row of copper-beeches standing in an even line against the deep, dreamy blue of the sky. Away to the left was a mass of foliage hiding the red-peaked roof of Willow Farm.

She had not expected to be very happy when she came to Rushbrook. Deep down in her heart was a fear which she kept carefully covered over; she was ashamed of its very existence and strove to hide it from her own sight. It was Mrs. Verdon—always Mrs. Verdon—who was to have everything worth having.

Of course, it was the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Wayne should fall in love with Mrs. Verdon. The match would be approved by everybody, and Elsie's judgment just then was not clear enough to see that the matches approved by everybody are precisely those which seldom take place.

It was jealousy—ugly, plain, unconquerable jealousy—which was tormenting Elsie now. It is a dreadful moment when a woman looks deep into her innermost self and catches the gleam of a fierce fire burning there.

She looked out again at the shining water, and drew in deep breaths of pure air. The freshness of the streams was in the atmosphere; all around was the intense greenness of water-fed grass.

What a sweet old earth it was, after all! Green pastures and still waters were to be found by all who let the angels guide them. It is our own fault always if we enter the barren and dry land where no water is.

The old trunk on which she sat was close to the edge of the water. Overhead the spreading boughs of an elm protected her from the sun, a little bird, hidden among the leaves, gave out a clear note now and then. Elsie, feeling a sense of comfort stealing into her heart unawares, began to listen to the bird. The bunch of carnations lay upon her knee.

A rustling in the grasses near made her start. Arnold Wayne was coming down the slope of the bank to the spot where she was sitting.

"What a charming nook you have discovered!" he said, his brown face lighting up with pleasure at the sight of her. "I have been to Willow Farm to seek you."

"How did you know that I was here?" Elsie asked as she gave him her hand.

"Mrs. Lennard was standing at a window upstairs when you went out. She watched you cross the field and go down to the river. I heard that you arrived last night."

"Yes," said Elsie, a contented look coming into her brown eyes. "It is delicious to get away from London, delicious to tread on cool grass instead of hot paving-stones."

"And you are going to stay in Rushbrook a long time. Mrs. Lennard has been telling me all her plans. The rector is coming here on his return from Switzerland, and then you will all pay the long-promised visit to the Court."

"We shall see," Elsie returned, with a little air of gravity. "The present is so lovely that I don't care to look into the future, Mr. Wayne. I am charmed with the river. I like to smell the damp, fresh scent of the sedges."

"I'm glad it does you good," he answered, rather absently. "You have some fine carnations there," he added, lightly touching the flowers on her lap.

"Yes; Mr. Ryan gathered them after breakfast."

She spoke the words without thinking about them at all, and she was not looking at Arnold when she uttered them. If his face changed, she did not see it.

"So he is beginning to give her flowers already," Arnold thought.

Meanwhile Elsie was wondering whether he had yet seen Mrs. Verdon? The two widows had travelled down to Rushbrook on Monday, and this was Wednesday.

"Jamie must be delighted to be here," she said after a little pause.

"He is quite radiant," Arnold replied. "What lungs the boy has! I could hear him shouting as I walked up the lane to the Cedars, yesterday afternoon."

"So he has called on her already," Elsie thought.

"Mrs. Verdon is afraid of the river," he went on. "The young rascal wants to make straight for the water; he has brought a regular fleet with him. They will have to keep a sharp watch."

"He is a dear little man," Elsie said warmly. "If your friend had lived he would have been proud of his nephew."

"I hope he'll grow up as good as dear old Harold," rejoined Arnold in a graver tone. "And I hope, too, that he won't miss Harold's influence over his life. He's in a fair way to be spoilt, you see."

"Mrs. Verdon really wants to do her best for him," said Elsie with perfect sincerity. "And nurse is a very sensible woman."

"But it takes a man to manage a strong boy. A woman can't do it alone."

"He will help her to manage him," Elsie thought. "It is right, I know. This is what Meta would have wished. I am beginning to hate myself."

Aloud she said pleasantly, "I shall call at the Cedars to-morrow, and say that I will take care of Jamie sometimes."

"I came to ask you all to dine at the Court on Saturday," said Arnold, after another brief silence. "Mrs. Lennard will come and so will Ryan; but Miss Ryan declined. I want you to get acquainted with my old place, Miss Kilner; there are one or two pictures which you will like, I think."

"Thank you," Elsie answered frankly. "I am very fond of pictures."

"You were looking at a picture when I saw you first," Arnold Wayne remarked, gazing at her with remembering eyes. "You were quite absorbed in it and saw nothing else. And you only came out of your dream when the rector shouted a greeting to me."

Elsie smiled, and there was something dreamy in the smile. She had changed her attitude as she sat on the old trunk, and had laid the carnations on the bark by her side.

"I remember the picture," she said in a musing tone.

"Will you walk a little way along the bank? There's a picturesque island farther on, a wonderful place for wild-flowers."

She rose. And the bunch of carnations was left forgotten on the trunk of the tree.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO UTILISE OLD KID GLOVES AND OLD CORKS.

THE notion that something new and pretty can be made from old gloves seems at first incredible, but it is a practical suggestion and will be hailed by many girls with delight. How often these costly articles have to be renewed, all those who live in town know too well, and also they know the pangs of doubt that beset the impecunious as to whether or not a dirty pair can possibly be made to do duty for another day, or if 7s. 6d. must be forthcoming.

It will be some satisfaction for those who must spend upon such perishable articles, if they can feel that their money is not entirely gone, and that out of the best parts of *suède* and kid gloves various presents can be manufactured.

The stained and worn parts of a glove are the palm, the thumb, and some parts of the fingers; the back of the hand is generally clean, also the side pieces of the fingers, and always there is the piece from the wrist to the end of the glove. This piece in ballroom gloves often measures twelve inches in length, and generally ten. It is ten inches or more wide at the elbow and six at the wrist, and from it are made the blotting-book and writing-case covers, small screens, glove boxes, note-cases, prayer-book holders, and all larger articles; the pieces taken from the backs of gloves are used for the patchwork screens, cushions, doll's furniture, pin-cushions, work-bags, plant-covers, etc.; the narrow strips between the fingers for bindings, corners, and for straps.

Any clean finger-tips can either be stuffed out and used for acorn-shaped emery cushions, or opened and turned into biscuit-shaped pin-cushions. Remaining scraps of a square shape are useful for forming halma and chess-boards, and in fact there is no part of a kid glove that cannot be utilised, save the stained and worn pieces, and these should be cut out and thrown away before the article is put away, until enough pieces have been collected for the undertaking.

The long pieces of kid taken from evening gloves are generally light in shade, therefore the black-and-tan colours, when procurable, are the most valuable, as they require no preparation. The lighter shades, when no dark ones are forthcoming, are dyed with Judson's dyes, painted with varnish oil colours, or covered with silver or gold powder. Before using any of the above preparations or any kid of a large size, it is as well to strengthen and keep it from wrinkling by pinning it out upon a board, wrong side uppermost, and passing over it a thin coating of gelatine or embroidery paste; this will do no harm to the kid, and smooth out any parts that have previously formed into folds. When using Judson's dyes, the kid to be dyed is stretched on a board with the help of drawing-pins, brushed over with gelatine size and then the dye applied, the shade required being obtained by diluting the dye. For the oil colours, either use the varnish colours or dilute ordinary oil paints with gold size and varnish with copal-varnish. Size the kid first with common glue size. To lay on gold or silver powder, use a size made from steeping shreds of white kid in warm water, and simmering this over the fire until the kid has dissolved (thus making what is known as parchment size); paint the kid with this twice; when nearly dry dust the powder thickly on to it, and when as much of the powder as possible has adhered, gently



FIG. I.

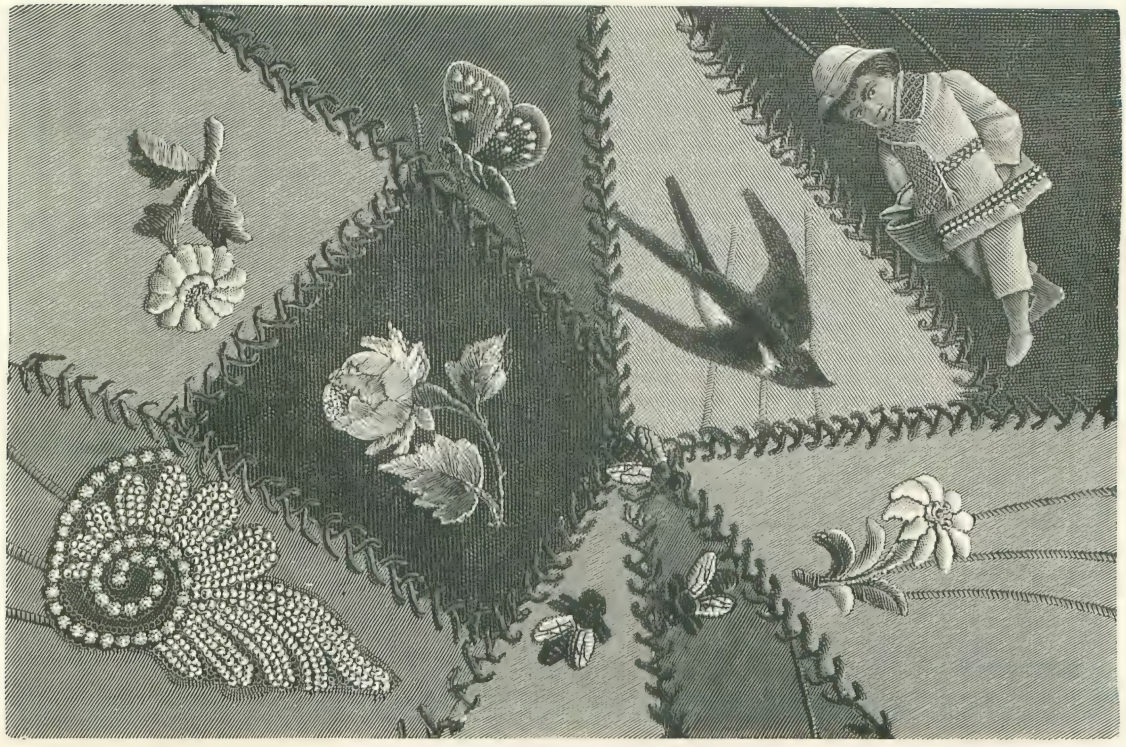


FIG. 2.

rub it smooth with a smooth bit of ivory as a burnisher, and with a piece of tissue-paper placed between the instrument and the material. Burnt wood engraving will also look well upon kid, but the material should be glued down upon its millboard foundation before using the instrument.

The foundations for this kid work should next be considered. They can be taken from all kinds of articles that rank as rubbish; the foundation for halma and chess-boards come from thin wooden or strong cardboard dress-boxes; the table screens are formed by two sets of the promenade covers sent by photographers when these photos are sent by post (the paper that attaches these covers together only needs strengthening by silk ribbon being pasted over it to form the hinge). Carte de visite and cabinet-sized covers come in handy for needle-books, pin-cushion screens, prayer-book slides, etc. Cigar-boxes make good jewellery-box foundations, old blotters of any material, tradesmen's advertisement book-covers, or plain pieces of millboard fastened together with the strong tape used for venetian blinds, form all shapes of writing-cases; the thin wooden round baking-powder boxes make excellent toilet pin-cushions, with places inside for holding trinkets, or small work-boxes to use for fancy needlework materials; small meat tins form the inside for a plant-cover. Old picture-frames and photo-frames can be renewed by being first covered with kid and then ornamented with bunches of berries and leaves made from brown *suéde* gloves, and the foundation for dolls' furniture made from small wooden boxes. When nothing else can be procured, millboard is always available and is always good, but its edges have to be wadded to soften down hard corners.

The blotter shown in our illustration (Fig. 1) is one of the largest that can be made, but it is easily copied in a smaller size. This one measures twelve inches by eight, without allowing for turnings which must not be forgotten. Two shades of kid are used, and the kid is brought over part of the back and finished off there with velvet, or both back and front are covered. As it is necessary to join the kid, advantage of this is taken to make the object picturesque.

To make this blotter, take an old blotter as a foundation or make the size with millboard joined together with strong webbing, lay a sheet of good wadding over the millboard, select two pieces of kid, one of light tan the other of dark brown. Cut the lightest so that it covers the top part of the blotter, with an inch for turning it in at the edges; cut the brown kid so that it meets the light shade and forms a diagonal line across the front, let it have an inch extra for turning in at the bottom, and arrange that it finishes off at the back of the blotter as a straight edge, after having well-covered the hinge space. By laying the kids down so that their widest parts form the top and bottom of the blotter plenty of material will be obtained. Join the two pieces together at the diagonal line by overcasting, iron out the ridge thus made and work in silk with coral-stitch over it, or hide it by down stitching a gold cord. Paint the owner's initials with gold powder upon the darkest kid, and embroider a spray of flowers upon the light kid. Cover the case, glueing the turnings well down with strong glue (fish glue is excellent), and when the outside is finished, ornament the inner. If lining with watered silk, fasten the latter by glueing its edges over on to cartridge paper so that the edges are neatly turned under and no ravelling will occur. The cartridge paper should be cut a quarter of an inch smaller every way than the blotter. Sew loops and elastic bands for holding blotting-paper, etc., to the silk lining before adjusting it in its place, and then carefully and strongly glue it to its position. Ordinary watered satin paper will answer for a lining if silk is too expensive. The small writing-case with the words *Un petit mot à la poste*, is a shape easily made from kid gloves. It is 8 inches high and 7 wide. Its cover is formed of two pieces of kid, or of a number of pieces cut into strips 2½ inches wide and overcast together. The foundation is of millboard padded out with wadding; its corners are protected with dark-coloured kid, and the writing either done with poker-work or embroidered with rope silk. The inside of this case is lined with dark silk, and has a pocket made of silk to hold envelopes, sewn into the lining, also elastic bands for holding pen, stamps, etc., arranged. This case is useful for a spare room, or to take a little paper and envelopes with one on a short visit.

The writing-pad shown in our illustration has a foundation of wood, size 12 inches by 20 inches. The centre space, that is 7½ inches, is filled up with sheets of blotting-paper which are held in position by kid corners fastened down with small brass-headed nails. The space on each side of the blotting-paper, which is 5½ inches by 12, is covered with kid which is turned over at the edges of the board to the back, and there glued down with strong glue (the board at the back being first covered with black paper). Double pockets 5 inches wide and 4 deep are made of kid and fastened down with furniture nails, and straps of kid lined with silk and fastened down with nails are arranged to hold pencil, pen, and knife. An inkstand can be added; the space it would occupy should have the kid from it cut away, and the inkstand glued direct on to the wood.

The table screens of whatever size are made from a pair of equal-sized photo covers. Long pieces of leather, painted with natural flowers with oil paints, or embroidered, cover the lower parts of two of the panels, while kid patchwork fills the spaces above the flowers and the two remaining lower panels. *Suéde* of a brown shade, with ovals and long squares cut out of the material fill the two upper panels. These are the most difficult to manage, and require a backing. A piece of thin cardboard cut like the kid, only with allowance being made for turnings, makes this background, the kid being glued to it and turned back on it at the edges of the spaces and panels. The photos are then affixed to the foundation, and the kid glued down over them. Silk ribbon is used to cover the paper that connects the panels together; this is glued on before the kid ornamentation. Handsome gold or silk cord hide the lines dividing the panels, and are fastened round the photographs like a frame. It also is

used to improve the top and sides of the screen. The back of the screen should be treated like the front.

Cigar-boxes, and boxes that have contained crystallised fruits are covered as shown in the illustration. The kid is embroidered or painted, or silk *appliqués* sewn on, and is then glued down over the wood or card, and a line of coral-stitch or a cord added as a finish. The interior is either lined with a bit of quilted satin, or it is divided into spaces with cardboard and lined with plain silk, and the under part of the lid quilted. Patchwork kid, or strips of kid with ornamental embroidery stitches covering the joins, form a variety to the plain kid coverings.

Bradshaw and book-covers need no description. Plain letter cases to carry in the pocket have a foundation of cardboard, and are made of one shade and piece of kid on the outside, not of patchwork. They are either lined with silk or with kid; and the same idea can be carried out with needle-cases, save that pockets to hold reels of cotton and thimble are arranged in the last-named article. Small bags to keep frilling or laces in are made without any cardboard foundation, and can be bound round the edges with narrow ribbon. Slides for holding filoselles require a piece of kid 11 to 12 inches long, and from 4 to 5 inches wide. These strips are lined with ribbon and kid straps, arranged to slide the skeins under. Cases for holding tools are made of kid, lined either with wash-leather, American cloth, or green baize. The straps keeping the tools in the case are made of double kid; the strap round the case is a bought leather one.

Dolls' sofas, chairs, and stools are easily covered either with kid patchwork or with various coloured strips sewn together and finished with coral-stitch. The tops of fingers will help to cover the stools if several are taken and joined together until the right size is attained. The acorn emery cushion and the biscuit-shaped cushion are made of finger-tops.

Hand-bags are made from large pieces of kid matching in colour. They are shaped like "granny bags," lined with silk or cashmere, and finished with loops of kid on the outside, beneath which a ribbon draw-string is seen.

Flower-pot covers are made from odds-and-ends of kid that are long and narrow in shape. These are sewn together so that the lines of division are from top to bottom, and the cover is rather larger at the top than the bottom. The kid is cut in half-circles as an edging, and piped with kid, and kid straps are made to hold in the draw-string; lines of gold thread or ornamental stitching should be sewn on above the joins. Long purses are also made from long and narrow strips of kid. These purses are very useful for holding pennies, and will be found capital for collecting clothing and coal-club money in.

Kid patchwork that forms one of the chief covers to many of the articles above described is made from all the oddments that remain over from the larger articles. A chess board requires 32 squares of one colour, and 32 squares of another, a halma board 256 squares. These can be made by dyeing odd bits with Judson's dyes, so as to obtain the requisite amount of coloured pieces. The glueing them on to their millboard foundation is a work of some delicacy, as is their cutting out. The manner of proceeding is to clearly mark out upon the millboard the exact space each square is to occupy, and to glue the kid on to writing-paper before cutting it into shape. A perfect square cut by an ironmonger out of tin is the best guide to use in cutting out. A very sharp knife, and the kid laid upon a plate-glass foundation are other aids to exactness.

The squares so made are glued to the millboard foundation, and their edges most carefully laid together. No stitching or embroidery can be permitted to hide the joins; therefore great neatness is required.

In Fig. 2 we give an illustration of patchwork kid embroidered in various ways. This piece is entirely made from the backs of ordinary three or four button gloves, and shows what can be done with old scraps. The best way to make this kind of patchwork is to cut a piece of cartridge-paper the size required, and to mark out on it irregular lines forming triangles and different kinds of wedges. This outline is done so that the fitting together of the pieces shall result in a perfectly flat surface, which might not be accomplished if no design was arranged for. Cut the kid to shape, overcast the various pieces together, being careful to keep them flat. Iron over the lines of stitching on the wrong side, and then form an ornamental border to each piece with herring-bone or coral-stitch. Ornament the centres of the scraps with silk flowers, butterfly or bird *appliqués*, or with following the lines of stitching on the backs of the gloves with a fancy embroidery stitch, worked in brightly-coloured silks. Flowers painted in oil colours, devices worked with gold thread, kid covered with a coating of silver and gold powder, spaces filled up with imitation spiders' webs worked with grey silk, are all varieties of ornamentation that can be effectively introduced. It is also admissible to leave sections of the patchwork without ornament, and to fill up these spaces with the autographs of friends and relations written in ink.

The interest shown in this work grows with the indulgence. First there is the interest of collecting and arranging colours that will blend, and pieces that will fit together, then comes the selection of the ornamentation, and lastly the making-up the article in a neat, workmanlike manner; and when all is finished, there is the satisfaction of knowing that a pretty and useful present has been contrived with but little or no outlay.

Utilising old Corks.—There may seem no connection between old corks and old kid gloves beyond the fact that both may be looked upon as the "flotsam and jetsam" of modern life, and that, if anything can be made of either, it is a clear gain to the contriver. Beyond this fact, there is another connection between them, namely, that out of the bits of brown *suéde* gloves left from large blotters and cases are manufactured the leaves and berries that help to ornament some of the frames made out of cork, and that are shewn in Fig. 3.

There are two kinds of cork—the white smooth kind exported from France, and the darker rougher sort sent over from Spain; the former is used for the best kind of bottle-corks, and the latter for large bungs and common purposes. Both kinds can be made useful; the rough bits for foundations on which to glue the long, thin strips obtained from wine-corks, which are all of the best white cork. All descriptions of corks should be collected, and those stained with claret or port-wine especially, while medicine-bottle and small corks are most useful. In fact, there is use for every morsel of cork that can be procured, the commoner sorts forming backgrounds, the finer pieces of white cork all the important part of any decoration; the smaller corks cut square for detached and more delicate work, the jagged odds and ends being used for bottle-protectors, and the crumbs and shavings for dusting over complete work and hiding spots of glue or ugly-looking joins.

The bottle-protectors mentioned above can be made by any child. They merely consist

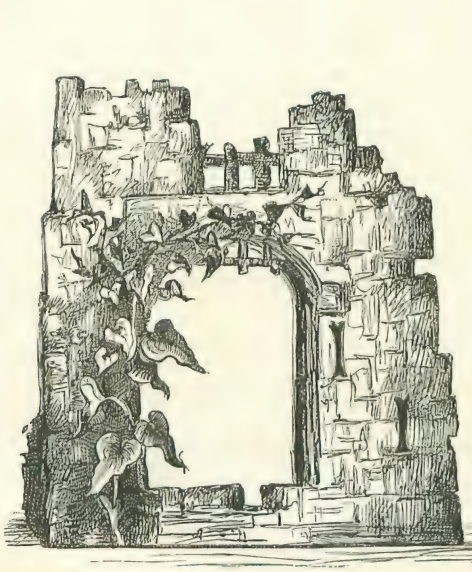


FIG. 4.

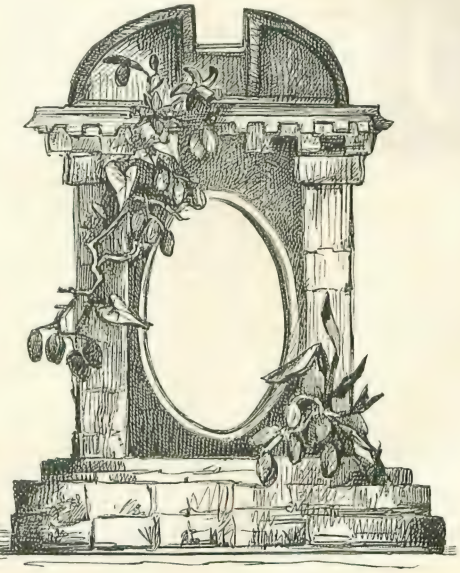


FIG. 3.

of a piece of strong brown paper, covered with hot glue and well sprinkled over with pieces of cork cut to a quarter of an inch in thickness. This cork will resist pressure, and the article serves instead of corrugated paper.

The cutting into shape of the cork is the most troublesome part of the whole undertaking. The cork should be laid upon a sheet of plate-glass, and the knife used be a keen broad-bladed penknife of good manufacture, and even then it will constantly require sharpening, as, although the material seems soft, it has the power of resistance to a remarkable degree. The cork is cut in narrow, long strips into squares of various size, and into brick-shaped cubes; the mouldings round arches, the ornamental friezes, and all small detached bits are made of thin strips of cork, glued on when the rest of the work is finished. Hollows and spaces that it is impossible to cut out neatly are made by heating skewers or shaped tools in the fire and burning such portions away: the discolouration produced by the burning can be scraped off with a knife. Strong hot glue is used for securing the cork to millboard foundations, but thin "brads" are the best to use if the background is of wood.

The most useful articles constructed from old corks, besides the "bottle-protectors," are frames for photographs. These are largely made in Switzerland, and models of all descriptions of ruins, châlets, and castles pressed into the service. The ruined gateway shown in Fig. 4 is intended for holding a *carte de visite*, but it can be enlarged to any size. Its foundation is either an old leather or wood frame, or one made with millboard; both kinds are painted or stained a brown shade. Cutting out the centre space (that holds the photograph) is done by tracing the outline on the millboard and cutting it with a sharp stencil or penknife. The cork glued to this outline is burnt down to shape when it cannot be cut, but its irregularities assist in the appearance desired, namely that of a ruin. The window-slits are managed by burning and leaving the black lines so made. The blocks that make up the chief parts of the gateway are cut as square stones of from half an inch in thickness; their effect can be heightened by raising them well above the surface of the foundation by glueing underneath them common rough cork. Advantage of the wine-stains on corks is taken to give the appearance of weatherworn stones.

Medicine-corks are suitable for cutting into odd shapes, and are piled on the top of the gateway. The back of the broken-down palisade is the millboard foundation painted green, on to which thin strips of fine cork are glued. All holes, joins, and spots of glue are concealed by covering these spaces with clear gum arabic, and dusting over the gum finely powdered cork. The convolvulus creeper is made of brown untanned leather gloves; the leaves are fitted on to wires and attached to one long wire, all the wires covered with brown filoselle, and the spray is then nailed with brads to the frame.

The broken arch frame (Fig. 3) is made as the ruined gateway, but is more difficult. The pillars are made of medicine-corks, the frieze of squares or triangles cut from the small corks, and the flat piece round the oval opening from the best kind of large cork procurable.

A simple kind of cork frame is made by cutting pieces of cork, stringing them together, and winding the string round a thin wood or stout cardboard foundation. The pieces of cork used are one-eighth of an inch wide and of unequal lengths, resembling the jagged and unequal pieces of coral that form rough necklaces. Fine brown macrame thread is used for stringing them together, and when winding this thread round and round the Oxford frame-shaped foundation care is taken to keep all the cork to the sides and front, and leave the string bare at the back. This string is hidden by pasting a piece of brown linen over it.

If the cork frames require varnishing, use a coating of ordinary size, and varnish with shellac dissolved in spirits of wine and applied quickly. The ornamental leaves and berries of kid are made by cutting a piece of cartridge-paper the shape and size required, soaking the strong kid in water until flexible, cutting the shape from it with sharp scissors, veining with the help of the knife, and curving and shaping them with the fingers and with the help of small salt and teaspoons, which will raise and round them without much difficulty. Care is required that the edges do not look ragged, and that they curl slightly backward. Stiffen every leaf with a backing of embroidery-paste or gelatine-size (made strong), and let it dry in an upright position. Finally, attach to it the finest of cap-wires, and cover the wire with brown filoselle. Having attached all the leaves to a strong centre wire, cover this with a thick strand of filoselle to hide the junctions of the various leaves. Berries are made with soaked kid glued to drops of sealing-wax to haricot beans, acorns, or other seeds; the hiding of the join where wire and berry meet requires some neatness. Flowers are cut from rounds of kid that are shaped at the outer edges like the points of petals; three of these graduated as to size, make very fair roses or double ranunculus, and do not require any tools to shape them. More elaborate flowers are troublesome, and come under the heading of leather-work, and are not within the scope of this paper, which is entirely intended as instruction that can be followed without any great outlay or exertion.

B. C. SAWARD.

THE GULF-STREAM.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

WITHIN the area of the 34,000,000 square milage of the Atlantic Ocean there flows a stream of warm water. Through heat and cold, through rain and dry, through all seasons year by year, generation after generation, its waters never slacken and its heat never fails. It preserves its persistent course of 3000 miles, and refuses to get lost in the wild waste of waters all around it. Its origin lies in the tide-swept furnace-heating Gulf of Mexico; and while one arm of its stream gets lost amidst the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean, the other arm, encircling the Atlantic, re-enters the home of its birth—the Gulf of Mexico. Its waters, while travelling at the rate of 4 knots per hour, are bluer, salter, warmer than the ocean water through which it flows. It brings the great heat that it has stored up within its waters in the Gulf of Mexico, and spreads it gently and refreshingly over the waters and shores that it encounters on its journey. It raises the temperature of this country 12°. It makes Ireland the Emerald Isle of the sea; it covers the shores of Scotland with evergreen leaves; it melts the icebergs on the banks of Newfoundland that have broken from their parent glacier away in the far north and are drifting southward; it carries firewood from the burning Gulf of Mexico to the shivering Norwegian in the extreme north of Norway; it carries young sea-nettles from its source—looking like sheets of packed acorns—to the hungry whale that awaits them on its northern limits.

Its Course.—This Gulf-Stream, this marvel of ocean movement, is first known as the Gulf-Stream when it issues from the Gulf of Mexico by the Straits of Florida. It flows through these narrows, with a depth of 370 fathoms, a width of 32 miles, and at a pace of 4 miles per hour, or 96 miles per diem, and the thermometer in its stream showing 86°. Owing to the position of the Bahama banks and the Florida coasts, its waters on leaving the straits receive an impetus, directing them nearly due north, along the coast of North America, from which it is separated by a cold current flowing from the north. While travelling up the coast of Carolina, the deep indigo-blue of its waters are well marked off, and often vessels may be seen partly in its stream and partly out. Its course gradually inclines towards the east, and widens off Cape Hatteras to about 75 miles, with a surface temperature of 80°. Up the coast of America it gradually trends more and more to the east, till off the banks of Newfoundland its course becomes nearly due east straight across the Atlantic. This course across the Atlantic varies slightly in the winter, as the cold waters from the north press it slightly to the south; whereas in the summer, this pressure being slackened, the stream shifts again more to the north. After flowing across the Atlantic, the lands of Western Europe, British Isles, and northern Africa, in long. 20° W., divides the stream into two branches: the one branch flows by the west coast of Ireland and Norway, to get lost amidst the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean; the other branch returns southwards by the coast of Spain and Africa, and taking a westerly course under the action of the north-east trade-winds, joins the south equatorial current to enter the Caribbean Sea, thus completing a circuit. A chart was prepared by Admiral Beechey, showing the track of 100 bottles; a few of them travelled the complete tour of the Gulf-Stream.

But the most interesting phenomena to prove that a circular stream of waters flows round and round the Atlantic is the

SEA-WEED, OR SARGASSA SEA.

This immense floating island of sea-weed occupies a triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verde islands. The centre of this floating whirlpool of sea-weed —a place of deadly heat and the home of

myriads of strange molluscs and crustaceans —is between long. 25° 65′ W., and lat. 18° 21′ N. So thick is the weed that when the ships of Columbus first saw it they thought that they were approaching land. Some little time ago a sailing-ship, by misadventure, got drifted into this sea-weed sea. Day after day it lay a becalmed and helpless log, with the frightful sun overhead and the terrible weeds all around, amongst which were seen uncanny-looking things that lived and died amidst these strange surroundings. The awful heat, the absolute stillness, the everlasting sea-weed and its strange inhabitants, became at last so awful to the becalmed sailors that a few of them went mad and all suffered terribly. The wretched men at last got their boats out to attempt to tow the ship, when a heaven-sent breeze released the unfortunate ship from its awful imprisonment. If we fill a round basin nearly full of water, on the surface of which is floating, say, small pieces of wood, and then stir it round rapidly with a finger close to the edge, we shall find that the little particles of wood will collect nearly stationary close together and in the centre of the revolving water. What is true for a small thing is true also for a great thing, as Nature is a stupendous order, working everywhere by the same fixed laws. Therefore, reasoning from what we notice takes place in a small basin, the Sargassa Sea is a sure sign that all the weeds comprising it have been collected by an immense and persistent flow of circular waters, that has carried all its floating seaweed to this place as a centre. Therefore, the Sargassa Sea proves the circular movement of the Gulf-Stream, and, moreover, the circular movement of the Gulf-Stream necessitates some such collection of sea-weed as that forming the Sargassa Sea. One proves the other.

Its Origin.—When little was known of the great natural laws that govern the movement of the winds and the flow of currents, what conjectures and reasonings arose to account for this wonderful stream it is amusing reading, if only to show the ignorance and superstitions of our forefathers on scientific matters.

In trying to understand the cause for the Gulf-Stream, it must be remembered that the great primary source of movement in the air and of the currents in the ocean is the sun. If the sun's heat and light suddenly ceased, there would follow a stoppage of life and an end to all movement whatever. The winds would cease to blow, and the currents would cease to flow, and an awful deathlike calmness and stillness would spread over all things. The attempt to establish an equilibrium and its frustration results in movement, in heat, in life. No sooner is an equilibrium approached in air, water, and life, than the attempted equilibrium is disturbed. Man's vital vibrations when he gets hungry are slackening, an equilibrium is approaching, then heat-giving food is taken to quicken up the slackening movements of life, his approaching equilibrium is disturbed, and renewed vigour, renewed energy is felt as a result. Supposing over the awful calmness and stillness that would follow in air and water when the sun did not shine—supposing over this dark death the sun's beautiful warm rays began once more to pour their glad message of life, then four currents would begin at once to flow, one towards each pole, and one towards the equator. These currents would be deflected from their direct course by the earth's rotation on her axis, by the lands which they met in their course, by the winds that would again begin to blow, and by many other local agencies. The sun's great heat at the tropics by warming its waters would cause them to rise to the surface and flow towards either Poles, while the cold waters from the Poles would flow south to take the place of these warm waters flowing north. The warm current flowing north and the cold current flowing south, is the attempt on the part of the waters to establish an equilibrium of temperature which the sun's heat at the tropics is always frustrating. Here is one reason for the flow of the Gulf-Stream towards the north; but it is not alone sufficient to account for the stream keeping itself distinct amidst the waters through which it flows.

The Effects of Salt and Heat.—Salt-makers in France and along the shores of the Adriatic obtain salt by enclosing the sea-water in open very shallow pans, which enables the sun's rays to quickly evaporate the water while leaving the salt behind. The experience of these salt-makers has taught them that a very blue water indicates a water rich in salt, and that a greener hue a water deficient in salt. The experience of these salt-makers, therefore, show that the blue of the Gulf-Stream is owing to its waters containing a large proportion of salt, and this the salometer proves to be the case, for on testing different waters by this instrument it is found that the Bay of Biscay contains three and a half per cent. of salt, whereas the Gulf-Stream contains four per cent. It is also found that through the action of salt the copper on the bottom of ships in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, suffer more than ships cruising in any other part of the world. The thermometer placed in the Gulf-Stream shows that its waters are warmer than the surrounding sea standing at eighty-six degrees, and at a depth of three thousand feet fifty-seven degrees. So here is a stream of very warm and salt water imprisoned on both sides, and at the bottom by water both colder and less salt, and that is sufficient to keep the stream distinct over its long course. The question now to consider is, why are these waters so warm and salt? It has been found that bottles thrown overboard in different parts of the Atlantic all drift towards the Gulf of Mexico, which proves that this Gulf is the great receptacle for the currents of the Atlantic Ocean. These currents are blown over during their course by the constant and warm N.E. and S.E. trade winds, and as a consequence they evaporate an immense quantity of water, at the same time these salts are left behind in the ocean. The N.E. trade wind alone is reckoned yearly to leave behind in the sea in this manner a quantity of salt sufficient to cover the British Islands to a depth of fourteen feet. Then the great equatorial current, which sweeps from the shores of Africa across the Atlantic into the Caribbean Sea, is blown over during its course by the warm S.E. trade winds which also evaporates large quantities of water, while leaving behind its salts. So these great currents pile up their very warm and very salt waters in the Gulf of Mexico, and in trying to seek a level again they rush out through the Straits of Florida as the Gulf-Stream. A glance at a map where these currents are shown will make this clear and simple.



Its Good Services.—We may liken the Gulf-Stream to a conducting pipe, that carries the excessive heat collected in the Gulf of Mexico and spreads it gently over the cold waters and lands that it encounters. The maximum temperature of the stream is 86°, or 9° above the ocean temperature, due to the ordinary latitude. It lessens considerably the severity of the winter in Western Europe and the British Isles. If its heat were lost after leaving the Gulf of Mexico, the climate of France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

If it can be said that one thing is more wonderful than another in a world where the simplest thing is so wonderful, it might be said that, amidst water movements, the flow of the Gulf-Stream is the most wonderful of all. Think of a mixture of heat and salt meeting in the Gulf of Mexico, and the world's climate being made more suitable for the active endeavour of man.

The men and women of the nineteenth century, who with firm faith are fearlessly trusting themselves to the great on-coming wave of deeper, fuller life, are understanding with ever-increasing clearness that a great order, that a great law without a break everywhere prevails. That apparent disorder and confusion falls into order and beauty when discernment penetrates a little deeper. That to know something of it all, something of the worm that wriggles out of sight, something of the flower that grows amidst the plaster of the wayside wall, something of the beautiful dumb beast, that without question does the bidding of man, something of the waving green tree that brings rest and purification, something of the glorious coloured bird, that with swift glad freedom flees through endless space, to know something of it all, is to fill life with interest, joy and worship.

LASSIE.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.



MAIDEN fair, with the merry eyes,
Teach me but half of the joy you know,
And I would wring from the blackest skies
Smiles and delights for a world of woe.

Careless of the devouring day,
Tripping along with a happy grace,
Catching the sun's divinest ray
Within the smile of a winsome face.



Free as a white cloud sailing by,
To find a home where it only knows;
Pure as a star in the evening sky,
That clearer beams as the darkness grows!



Maiden fair, with the soft brown hair,
May all thy life be one bright sweet song!
A rich red rose in a garden fair,
A Queen in the midst of her happy throng.

MUMPS.

By BUZZIE, Author of "Refining Fires," etc.



CHAPTER I.

I AWAKE one morning, and peeping in my glass discover a very unbecoming protuberance by the side of my left ear, and become aware of the alarming fact that I am seized with an attack of Mumps! "Circumstances alter cases," and if I had been seized with this unbecoming complaint at the beginning of my school-term, for instance, I should no doubt have hailed it with secret delight; but to catch it just as I am about to settle down to a month's enjoyment as the guest of some friends in an ancient Breton Castle is exasperating beyond all measure.

I have also the misery of knowing that my illness is partly due to my own meanness; for had I followed my parents' advice and taken a second-class ticket in the train from St. Malo to my destination, I should not have caught the mumps. Reckoning with glee, however, that if I took a third class instead of a second I should be richer by eight francs, I obeyed the impulse of my saving, or rather miserly turn of mind.

My sole companion *en route* was a sickly-looking individual with a skin wrinkled and yellow like a last year's apple, watery green eyes, and a tendency to sneeze at every jerk of the train. She was dressed in a costume which might have come out of Noah's Ark for its style, and her head was enveloped in a shawl, possibly white once, but now, like its possessor, toned down by wear and weather to an uncompromising yellow. This poor creature sneezed just as the train steamed into the station of Brest, and it is to this sneeze, which aspersed me like a miniature shower-bath, that I trace the origin of my complaint.

Simultaneously with the discovery of lumps under my ear, I become aware of the no less alarming facts, that my throat is parched, my tongue furred, my eyes abnormally bright, and my cheeks the colour of a newly-cut beetroot. Moreover, I have suddenly become so weak, that trying to catch a fly which has intemperately rested on the tip of my nose, I absolutely fall or rather tumble into an arm-chair which is close at hand.

In that arm-chair I remain moping and gazing hopelessly at the fire which blazes, and sputters, and crackles in a way very trying to my nerves. I don't in the least require this fire, as it is the month of June, and externally and internally I am at fever heat, but Maria (the maid), on hearing that I was "out of sorts," immediately struck a match and set light to the pile of wood artistically arranged in my open grate.

My hostess the Countess de —— enters my room and tries to raise my drooping spirits by telling me that the doctor is about to arrive and that he will no doubt find my case a very mild one. And presently the doctor does arrive; a fair, meek, dapper little man, not unlike Mr. Chillip in *David Copperfield*. After having touched the horrid little eminences under my ear, in a manner which makes me scream, he tells me to put out my tongue, which demand I promptly obey.

"Feverish," he says wagging his head to and fro significantly. "Now, if you please, we will try the pulse;" saying which he daintily touches my wrist with his thumb and forefinger, and pulling out of his pocket a huge repeater, about the size of a small cabbage, he begins to count in a squeaky voice. During this process I must confess that I put out my tongue more than once, not because I want to examine that unruly member, but because the action brings me a certain indefinable relief.

The back of my doctor's head, which (while he studies my pulse) is placed in a position obliquely under my chin, is covered with a soft yellow down which reminds me of a little duck which has just escaped from its egg, and I notice that he has the bumps of cautiousness, secretiveness, and destructiveness, very fully developed, whilst conscientiousness is remarkable for its absence! I am just about to moralise on this structure of skull, and wonder if all doctors are so fashioned, when the subject of my musings startles me by shutting the door of his repeater suddenly with a bang and saying solemnly—

"Ninety-three—bad case—patient to be kept warm and free from draughts—room not to be quitted for eight days."

A terrible judgment! I receive it with about as much courage as a criminal would his death-warrant, and, as the doctor leaves my room, I sink back in my chair repeating it mechanically.

"Ninety-three! Eight days!" There is no knowing how long I might have continued in this maudlin state, had not a burst of



"MAIDEN FAIR WITH THE SOFT BROWN HAIR."

laughter suddenly roused me from my brown or rather grey study.

The laugh proceeds from Blanche, a cousin of the Count's, who, like myself, has come to the castle on a visit. Blanche and I are great friends, and, on hearing of my illness, she very generously volunteers to be my sick nurse.

In spite of this, however, I feel very cross with her for her sudden hilarity, and savagely ask the cause of it.

"Why, you are the cause" she answers still laughing, "you don't know what a picture of misery you present sitting there mumbling ninety-three! eight days! You've not arrived at that age yet; cheer up and look on the bright side of things."

"Bright side of things, indeed," I say, morosely. "Are you aware that I am condemned to sit here for eight days?"

"Better than Théseus, who was condemned to remain seated for all eternity because he cursed his son," she replies, cheerfully.

"I don't know the man," I answer, "but his name sounds like that of one of the old Greeks or Romans against whom, as you know, I have an antipathy."

At this point Blanche, seeing that I am not in the mood to carry on a conversation, begins to put my room in order, singing meanwhile in her clear soprano voice, "There was a King of Thule."

I don't take any notice of her, or her song, but sit on, moodily contemplating the fire, and wondering vaguely whether Théseus was permitted to choose the chair on which he was to be seated, whether he was allowed to move about his legs if he found them cramped or seized with the uncomfortable sensation of pins and needles, and equally ridiculous things, when Blanche suddenly wakes me from my reverie by asking me what I intend to do to amuse myself. My only answer to this absurd question is a fixed stare: such a stare, in fact, that she finds it necessary to inform me that she isn't a wild animal, and that she doesn't want to be hypnotised.

"How is amusement possible?" I query testily, "when I am to be a prisoner here for eight days. *Do* people generally amuse themselves in such circumstances?"

"Certainly," she answers, without a moment's hesitation. "One of our great writers was condemned to stay forty days in his room for some state offence, and he amused himself vastly, and a great many other people too, by writing down his impressions and ideas during that period. Why don't you do the same thing? Why don't you make a tour round your room, stopping every now and then to have a chat with its contents. You will find many things worthy of your attention. Remember that to a person of intelligence and observation, the smallest flower is a work of wonder and admiration."

Her words produce an effect upon me, and, once left alone, I no longer stare blankly in the fire, but stand up and look around me curiously. Everything in my room seems suddenly to become an object of interest and importance to me. The huge tapestry curtain, which covers one side of the wall, ceases to be the bleared mass of colour, more or less crude, that it has up to this period appeared, and becomes a lively hunting scene with ladies and cavaliers riding on horseback, with trees, and falcons, and a very red fox all complete.

A picture over my door upon which I had formerly bestowed but one glance and considered a monstrosity, all at once seems to claim my attention, and I now discover, not only that the two figures depicted thereon are saints (I had hitherto taken them for villains), but, moreover, that they are staring at each other with a look of surprise, as though they were astonished to find each other so ugly.

The mirror resting on my chest of drawers is no longer a square piece of glass manufactured solely for the purpose of reflecting back my image, but becomes instantly an object for meditation and moralising.

My pen with its end nibbled quite white, no doubt during some trying hour in which I have had to compose some elegant polite epistle, presents itself to me as an object of deepest interest, and I come to the conclusion that perhaps after all it will be easy for me to create for myself a distraction amongst these inanimate companions, and chase away the utter hopelessness and dulness which has fallen like a weight on my mind ever since the doctor passed upon me that dreadful sentence of eight days imprisonment.

The philosopher Boileau advises all who write to begin by thinking, and not to put a word on paper before they have thoroughly grasped their subject. Well, my subject is my room, a compartment exactly eighteen feet square, and I, during my eight days' sojourn in it, have set myself the task of chatting with my surroundings, occasionally taking a glimpse from my window which is placed midway between my escritoire and wardrobe, and which alas, I have been ordered to keep hermetically sealed.

It is already two o'clock in the afternoon, and I have not had the courage to take up my pen. The fact is, after my first burst of enthusiasm, I have been literally steeped in mumps. Like the cannon in the Light Brigade, mumps have been to the right of me, mumps to the left of me, and mumps all around me. Mumps have passed their phantom form before my vision, making me see everything with a jaundiced eye. Mumps have obtruded their obnoxious presence on my palate, and made me find good food loathsome. Mumps have turned my nose to a reddish hue, made my eyes watery and my complexion yellow. Mumps have rendered my body shaky and my mind enfeebled. I have looked out the word "mumps" in the dictionary, and find it described as "A malady caused by inflammation of the glands of the ears." I have furthermore searched for the word "glands" with an equally satisfactory result.

I have devoured a celebrated work on homœopathy, which gives me the following receipt for their removal: "S. 5 + A. 2 + E.C. R. Frictions of Pom. R. S.I. + A. 1, with E.C. R. exteriorly." I don't understand a word of it The hieroglyphics have worried and puzzled me into such a fever that if my pulse was at ninety before, it must be at one hundred now.

I have consulted Abbé Kneipp's book on the "water-cure," to discover whether "the douche" is an infallible remedy in my case, and have not been able to ascertain, though he is of opinion that oil of almonds poured into the stricken member brings instantaneous relief. I have tried the remedy, and not finding the relief promised, have thrown the book at the wall, where it still remains in disgrace huddled up in the corner farthest away from myself.

I have looked at my reflection in the glass several times, and have come to the conclusion that I bear a striking resemblance to my companion of the voyage, though I have a clean handkerchief round my head instead of a dirty shawl, and have not yet arrived at the sneezing stage.

My window and my mirror vie with each other in claiming my attention. I wish I could give it unstintingly to the former, and turn the latter to the wall, but alas, I haven't the moral courage to do so, for although I know that the more I study my reflection the more miserable I become, yet I continue to gaze into it, and hover about in its vicinity.

At last, with an effort I turn my back resolutely on my friend, and wandering to my window sit down on a cane chair, and putting both my elbows on the sill look directly in front of me.

Even my jaundiced eyes kindle at the sight, and I show my appreciation of it by saying three times in a burst of admiration, Perfect! Perfect! Perfect! Then, after having studied the picture as a whole, I go into every detail, and a feeling of dissatisfaction creeps over me as I come to the conclusion that it is really too beautiful, or to express myself more plainly, that it displeases me because it leaves nothing to be desired.

The grievance is not a serious one, but I maintain that it is a grievance all the same, and I hug it and find a sort of selfish satisfaction in it, and I think that as it is with this garden so it is with life, and that the man who has everything and wants for nothing, whose every wish is gratified, and every hope satisfied, is almost as unhappy as he who has nothing and wants everything. But this is a digression. Let me return to the garden.

It might be the scene of an Arabian fairy tale, I think, as I cast my eyes upon the trees of every form and colour spread about, the gorgeous shades of the flowers and the luscious fruit. The whiteness of the terraces contrast prettily with the fresh verdure of the grassy borders, and the plumage of the birds and rainbow-hued butterflies that flit about in all directions give an extra touch of brightness and animation. Under my eyes an acacia tree spreads out its branches, and the odour of its milk-white flowers reaches me through the closed window. Farther still, beyond the garden, verdant fields and woods and fertile hills stretch out until they nearly touch the sea, which I can distinguish as a clear bar of silver against the horizon; its low murmur too reaches my ears now and then, borne on the air by some passing breeze. In a corner of the garden I can just catch a glimpse of the chapel rising out of a bed of flowers, and coloured by age and atmosphere to a greenish hue. Clinging to its walls, and covering them, is a splendid white rose tree, and as the blossoms lift up their perfumed heads they seem to challenge the eye to witness the superiority of nature over art.

Some peasants, becomingly dressed in the costume of this part of Brittany, are busily employed in tying poppies, daisies, and corn flowers to the trees. What a ridiculous and eccentric idea. I laugh aloud, but, as my laughter makes me feel a throbbing pain under my ears I stop short suddenly, and content myself with silently watching their movements. After they have improved (or rather disfigured) a number of trees in this manner they spread about on the pathway a quantity of long reeds, making a sort of carpet of them. My curiosity increases, and I have half a mind to open my window and call out to them in Breton "*Pe sort é mout ober aze*," when a timely twinge under my ear reminds me that my companions the Mumps are not to be trifled with, and don't like draughts, so I sit on calmly and wait for Blanche and try to practice a little of the most difficult of all virtues, musing meanwhile on the extreme becomingness and picturesqueness of the Breton costumes, and animadverting on the stupidity of the majority of mankind who prefer the upholstered, padded and steeled costumes of the fashionable dressmaker to these graceful, hanging robes which, like that of Nora Creina's,

> "Float as wild as mountain breezes,
> Leaving every beauty free,
> To sink or swell as heaven pleases."

Blanche comes in at last, and after her Maria the maid holding a tray on which my dinner is daintily served. I immediately pounce upon Blanche and ask her the reason for the beautifying, or to my mind disfiguring process that is going on beneath my eyes.

She explains to me that it is for the Procession that is to take place in the castle grounds to-morrow to pray for rain, the excessive drought having done irreparable damage to the crops.

After this I sit down to dinner and beg Blanche to keep me company, for I have a lively horror of "sweet solitude," especially at meal times.

I find the soup sour (although it has been made fresh on purpose for me), and (as the heroines in novels are said to do) I trifle with my chicken and potatoes.

Blanche eyes me anxiously, for she knows that my appetite as a rule "faileth not," and as I push away my pudding untouched she says "That's bad."

"It is," I answer shortly, and forthwith undress myself to go to bed, trusting that a dose of "Nature's Sweet Restorer" will alleviate my sufferings, freshen up my wits and restore to me my normally good appetite and temper. Unfortunately my sleep has not had the effect anticipated, as I have had a most ridiculous and uncomfortable dream, in which, I imagined that like King Théseus I was condemned to sit still on a chair for the rest of my life. My chair was a cane-bottomed one and very hard, my hands and feet were tied together, and a fly (of somewhat the same dimensions as the one I had encountered the previous morning) had began to march up and down the bridge of my nose. In vain did I turn, and twist, and shake, and wriggle, still did that animal walk gently backwards and forwards. In vain did I squint at it and make horrible grimaces; there it remained, and, unconscious of my agony and contortions, continued its nasal promenade. Suddenly, with an effort, I freed my right hand from its cords, and woke up in the act of vigorously scratching my most prominent feature, as a consequence of which it assumed a sanguinary hue.

Tuesday, June 20th.—The moment my consciousness awakes my queer little bell clock tolls the hour of five, and I run to the window to have a look at nature at that cold, unsympathetic hour. A slight mist is over the land, and every rose, lily and carnation looks as though it had been dipped in crystal. The gooseberries, pears, and apples which are just beginning to ripen hang loosely on their stems, as though awaiting the sun's bright beams to warm them into life and energy. The spreading branches of the trees are so laden with dewdrops that every now and then as they sway backwards and forwards they water the earth with a miniature shower-bath.

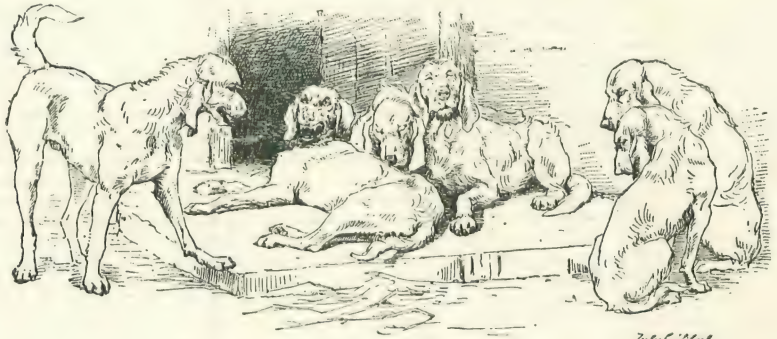
As a rule I don't like rising before the sun has warmed the earth. When I awake I like to be greeted by the bright rays of the god of day, to hear the birds singing in the trees, and to see the flowers and fruit-trees glistening with light, and the sea rippling and reflecting its brilliance.

I fear these sentiments are not very praiseworthy, as the Bible, speaking of a perfect woman, says that "she rises before the day," and Monseigneur Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, who is immensely read and quoted in this part of the world, affirms that "she who leaves her bed at five every morning has already traversed a great part of the road to Salvation." Preparations are going on in the little chapel for the procession, and I can see by the queer, faint light proceeding from the stained glass windows that the tapers are being lit. A rudely carved, but very ancient statue of the Virgin, with the crown of its head, tip of its nose, two hands, and one foot missing, has been brought to light and placed in a conspicuous position near the porch. All this I can see, the interior of the chapel I have to imagine.

St. Cado and St. Anne, according to Blanche, have been well cleaned and dusted, but whether this process has improved their appearance, or made their chipped noses and toes less evident, I am unable to say. Blanche also tells me that four huge bouquets of roses and syringa have been placed on the altar, no doubt to hide as far as possible the ancient picture behind. O that picture! Words fail me when I try to convey a slight idea of its hideousness. St. Michael in bright red with a sword of gamboge, and wings of violet, is standing on a Satan in blue. In the background is the castle shockingly out of proportion, and in front are two ancient representatives of the house in which I am staying, who are certainly a pair of the wickedest-looking creatures imaginable. Though painted in the attitude of prayer, they are regarding each other with a malignant smirk, and I affirm (having often tried the process myself) that if one looks steadily at them for about five minutes, their already distended mouths seem to open wider and wider, until they reach from ear to ear, and the malignant smirk turns to a diabolical grin!

But enough of this picture. I leave my imagination and the chapel to take a view of the stone-barrier of the castle, of which I can get a glimpse by craning my head out of the left-hand corner of the window.

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

A Choice of Hotels.

Stranger: "Which is the better hotel to stay at here?"

Resident: "Why, sir, it doesn't matter which av thim yiz takes, for afore mornin' ye'll be wishin' ye wurr in the other."

Money is Sometimes a Misfortune.—There is something about money which dries up the affections. Perhaps one reason for this is that the moment people get any money there are so many trying to get it away from them that they think the whole human race are their enemies.

Let Him Read His Own Writing.

The handwriting of the famous Scottish divine, Dr. Chalmers, was so very illegible that his fond mother used to say to her husband when a letter arrived from her son:

"Juist lay it aside, and Tammas will read it to us himsel' when he comes home."

Every-day Christianity.—Carry religion into common life, and your life will be rendered useful as well as noble. There are many women who listen incredulously to the high-toned exhortations of the pulpit: the religious life there depicted is much too seraphic, they think, for this plain and prosaic world of ours. Show these women that the picture is not a fancy one; make it a reality. Bring religion down from the clouds; apply it to the infallible test of experiment, and, by suffusing your daily actions with holy principles, prove that love to God, superiority to worldly pleasures, spirituality, holiness, heavenly-mindedness, are something more than the stock ideas of sermons.—*Caird.*

What Goldsmith Said.

"The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens."

A Reason for Leaving.

Lady: "Why did you leave your last place?"

Servant: "Well, you see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they came to more than my wages, you see, mum, it was a kind of imposition that I couldn't stand."

Ridicule Might Be of Some Service.—If ridicule were employed to laugh people out of vice and folly, it might be of some service; but it is too often made use of to laugh people out of virtue and good sense by attacking everything solemn and serious.

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PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUBY AND THE SAPPHIRE.—*Hardness*, 9; *Specific Gravity*, 4.

The ruby signifies divine power and love, dignity and royalty, while the blue-coloured sapphire is an emblem of heaven, virtue, truth, constancy, heavenly love and contemplation.

"The ruby doth cast forth the glory of its splendour and its sparklings like lightning."
Thos. Nicols, 1652.

"And there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire-stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness."
Ex. xxiv. 10.



N all the world and in every age there has been but one idea of a perfect ruby, *viz.*, that it is the most rare of all the productions of nature, that it forms the highest known standard of perfection, and excels in value the diamond itself.

When the ancients desired to convey the idea of something very precious they compared it with the ruby, for example, "The price of wisdom is above rubies," and "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies."

It is not difficult to imagine that in the age of superstition wonderful qualities were ascribed to it, for whatever startled the imagination of the ancients with a new and mysterious beauty was at once invested with supernatural power.

It was firmly believed that the ruby furnished light to certain great serpents or dragons whose eyes had become feeble through old age; also that it had the power of shining brilliantly in darkness, and that its light was of such a nature that nothing could arrest it. It was a matter of firm faith that if the ruby were worn in an amulet it was good against poison and the plague, and that so worn it would drive away evil thoughts, sadness, bad dreams and wicked spirits; it was also credited with the attribute of cheering the mind and keeping the body in safety, and even of warning the wearer of the approach of danger by growing black and obscure, and returning to its former colour when the danger was past. In fact the belief prevailed that the presiding genius of a man's fate might be carried with him in the shape of a ruby.

The following occurrence is related by Wolfgangus Gabelschoverus—

"This have I often heard from celebrated men of high estate and also know I it, woe is me! from my own experience; for on the 5th day of December, 1600 after the birth of Christ Jesus, as I was going with my beloved wife, of pious memory, from Stutgard to Caluna I observed by the way that a very fine ruby which I wore mounted in a gold ring, the which she had given to me, lost repeatedly and almost completely its splendid colour, and that it assumed a sombre blackish hue which blackness lasted not one day but several: so much so that being greatly astonished I drew the ring from my finger and put it into a casket. I also warned my wife that some evil followed her or me, the which I augured from the change in the ruby. And truly I was not deceived, for within a few days she was taken mortally sick. After her death the ruby resumed its pristine colour and brilliancy."

It was related by Sir John Maundeville, a traveller in the fourteenth century, who visited a royal court in the East, that the emperor had in his chamber pillars of gold, in one of which was a ruby or carbuncle of half a foot long which, in the night, gave so much light and shining as to be equal to the light of day; and by Louis Verolam the story was told that the King of Pegu wore carbuncles of such a size and lustre that whoever looked at him in the dark saw him as resplendent as though he were illumined by the sun. It is related also in Ælian's *Book of Animals* that "a woman of the name of Heraclia, having cured a stork of a broken leg, the grateful bird brought and dropped into her bosom a carbuncle or true ruby which shone in the darkness of night like a lighted lamp."

Putting aside, however, all the quaint pretty stories, beliefs and mystic powers with which the fancies of five thousand years have endowed precious stones, and this one specially, we come face to face with facts important for us to know, *viz.*, the composition, the home and surroundings of the ruby and the sapphire, which are one and the same stone varying only in colour.

These two stones do not always grow up together, and their colour is derived from their surroundings just as two children in a family exhibit different characteristics if brought up under different influences.

We have seen that the pearl is composed of lime and the diamond of pure carbon, therefore we shall not be unprepared to find that the ruby and the sapphire, exquisite as they are, are formed almost entirely of clay, a substance quite as common as lime and carbon.

It scarcely seems possible that the material with which children make mud pies can have anything in common with the ruby and the sapphire, but so it is.

The basis of clay is alumina, a substance which exists largely in vegetable mould and in most of the rocks of the world, and it is of alumina nearly pure that the ruby and the sapphire are formed. I say nearly pure, because some faint traces of foreign matter, such as oxide of iron or chromic acid are detected in them, and probably it is these minute particles coming into contact with the alumina which afford the colouring to these exquisite gems.

Just as we saw that the diamond had a double in an inferior variety, so the ruby has its inferior in the Oriental topaz, the first being a hundred times more valuable than the last. There exists but one true ruby, "of colour glorious and effects rare," and that is the Oriental ruby. When its colour is of good quality it has the tint of arterial blood, a tint known in commerce as "pigeon's blood." Some of the reds in the stained glass of our ancient cathedrals, when the daylight pours through, give an idea of this brilliant colour.

Formerly the people of the East called all coloured stones by the name of ruby, and in the language of Pegu, the sapphire was a blue ruby, the topaz a pink ruby, the amethyst a violet ruby, and so on.

The ruby, sometimes called carbuncle from its fiery appearance, is easily distinguished by a property shared by the sapphire and the emerald, and which is known as dichroism, and belongs only to those gems whose form is six-sided or pyramidal. The stones which possess this power, when viewed in different directions, exhibit two distinct colours—the ruby, aurora red and carmine; the sapphire, greenish straw and blue, the emerald, yellowish green and bluish green, while diamonds, garnets, and spinel, which crystallise in the cubic system, show a pair of images identical in colour.

The name given to all minerals consisting of alumina nearly pure, is corundum. This is very largely distributed over the world, but the fine red varieties are extremely rare; indeed, it may be said that they have no home outside Burma, Siam, and Ceylon, and even of these it is only Burma which is celebrated for the favourite tint known as the true pigeon blood; those of Siam being often too dark and those of Ceylon too light to satisfy the connoisseur.

It is only of late years that we have learnt anything definite about the home and surroundings of the ruby, and great thanks are due to Mr. Streeter, whose skill, energy, and organisation have opened up to us a mass of information respecting the character of the country in which rubies are found, and the working of the mines not only in Burma, but also in Montana.

As to the origin of the ruby little is known. Cardan, who was born in 1801, declared they were engendered by juices distilled from precious minerals, while the people of the East believed that rubies ripen in the earth; that they are first colourless and crude, and gradually as they ripen become yellow, green, blue, and red, which they considered the highest point of beauty and ripeness. But to go from fancies to facts. The mines in which rubies are found are as a rule natural caverns into which ruby-sand and clay have been washed. They are also found in calc-spar, and it has been thought by some therefore that calc-spar is the matrix or mother-rock of the ruby, while others with more reason, perhaps, think that the calc-spar has closed round the gem, but whence the ruby itself originally came is a mystery up to the present time.

The knowledge that ruby mines existed in Burma first reached Europe in the fifteenth century, but there was so much mystery about them that up to the beginning of 1886, the date of the annexation of Upper Burma to the British Empire, we were quite ignorant as to the conditions under which these gems occurred in this inaccessible country. The mines were so strictly guarded that no European was allowed to approach them on any pretence. They were a royal monopoly, and fine stones could only be obtained for the outside world by smuggling, as the order was to retain all for the king's treasury. One of the titles of the King of Burma was "Lord of the Rubies." The origin of the king's possession of these mines is given in the following tradition.

In the year 1630 it happened that a Burman came to Mogok, a hundred miles north of Mandalay, with tamarinds for sale, and having obtained a red stone in exchange for some of his fruit presented it to the King of Ava, the ancient capital of Burma. The king was so pleased with the ruby that he entered into negotiations for the tract of country which produced such minerals, and in the year 1637 he peacefully obtained the ruby district in exchange for other territory, and from that time to this it is probable that the majority of fine rubies have come directly or indirectly from Upper Burma.

Since the ruby tract has been worked by Europeans, first by Mr. Streeter and now by the mining company, large numbers of rubies have been found, but most of them small, and not enough to pay the heavy rental, but great hopes are entertained that the coming years will be more successful.

The country which is the chief centre of the ruby mining district is a dense mass of forest jungle rising above the valleys, which are cultivated for rice, and the climate is very unhealthy both for Europeans and natives. The mines may be divided into three classes — the pit, the hillside-working, and the cavern. The first of these is worked in the valley-bottoms in dry weather; they seem to be beds of former lakes gradually filled up by detritus deposited there by successive rains. The bed of *byòn*, or ruby-bearing earth, is at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet.

In the wet season the working of the hill-side cuttings commences; the *byòn* here is of a yellowish-brown colour; the water for working is often brought for miles along the hill-sides by ditches, forming a large item of expense. The third class, or cave-workings, are very interesting, but attended with considerable danger; the air, too, is so foul that it is often impossible to work or to keep lights burning. The *byòn* here is of a more sandy nature than in either of the others, and though there are fewer stones found they are, as a rule, of better size and quality.

The working tools of the Burmese miners are very simple. He has a rough dress to wear in the mine; his lamp is a little earthenware saucer of oil, with a wick burning at one side; for digging he has a spud shaped like a flat trowel, a few sprigs cut from the nearest tree, bamboos to make a platform, and some creeper-stalks to serve as ropes; and then he has all he requires. The use of modern machinery and of explosives by Burmese miners is prohibited by law.

The public place of sale in Mandalay for the sale of rubies is called Ruby Hall, and serves also as a kind of intelligence office. In 1886, it was estimated that the value of the rubies sent every month to the hall was between 50,000 and 100,000 rupees.

Wherever the ruby is found, there, as a rule, other stones of value may be seen; and where rubies and sapphires meet together it may be taken as a fact that gold is not far off.

The two most important rubies ever known in Europe were brought to England in 1875. They were re-cut in London, and their colour was magnificent. One sold for £10,000 and the larger for £20,000. "It is doubtful," says Mr. Streeter, "if the London market would ever have seen these truly royal gems but for the necessities of the late Burmese Government." In Burma the sale of these two rubies caused intense excitement, a military guard being considered necessary to escort the persons conveying the package to the vessel.

Ceylon is the most marvellous gem deposit in the world, and was known in the period of the Roman empire as the land of the luminous carbuncle; but, as more sapphires are found here than rubies, we will speak of it in the next part of this chapter.

The Sapphire.

"The azure light of sapphire stone
Resembles that celestial throne,
A symbol of each simple heart
That grasps in hope the better part,
Where life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines."

Marbodeus.

The sapphire has been known from earliest antiquity, and venerated beyond all other precious stones; indeed, it was known to the ancients as the sacred stone, and was endowed by them with the most exalted qualities. It was one of the gems which had place in Aaron's breastplate, and was chosen of all gems to represent the throne of God. Epiphanes states that the vision which appeared to Moses on the mount was in a sapphire, and that the first tables of the law given by God to Moses were also of sapphire.

It is supposed to have been the earliest gem known to man; and long before the diamond, with its less attractive natural appearance, was recognised as valuable, the bright-coloured ruby and sapphire caught the eyes of the early inhabitants of the earth as the stones were separated from the matrix and laid bare by the mountain torrents.

Specimens of sapphire are found among the ruins of the ancient and long-forgotten cities of Arabia and Persia, where one looks in vain for diamonds. This is not surprising, seeing that the diamond was unnoticed and unknown until civilisation, far advanced, revealed its hidden splendour by the application of art.

All precious stones have, it is believed, an antipathy to vice and intemperance, but the sapphire, above all others, has this quality. If worn by a person of bad habits, it never displays its full beauty, and it is stated as a reason why it is specially worn by priests that it helps the wearer to be pure in thought and deed. And so great was its power supposed to be on venomous creatures that if a sapphire were placed over the mouth of a phial containing a spider the insect died on the instant.

It was an article of belief that powdered sapphires, made into a paste and placed over the eyes, would draw out any dust, insect, or other foreign matter that may have fallen into and injured them.

The sapphire, in its purest state, is of a clear blue colour, very much like that of the blossom of the cornflower, and the more velvety its appearance the greater its value. Although more widely distributed over the earth than its sister the ruby, it is no more lavish in its production of the true cornflower blue, which is the standard colour, than the ruby of its pigeon-blood colour.

Wherever perfect sapphires are found, their home or mother is ferruginous sand (that is, containing iron), produced by decomposition of basaltic rock.

In former times Europe obtained sapphires almost entirely from Arabia, and subsequently from Persia and Ceylon. At present, the best sapphire-yielding localities are Burma, Cashmir, Siam, Ceylon, and, quite lately, Montana, but of all these Siam produces the finest. The stones yielded by these mines are of the highly-prized velvety blue colour, and fortunately those over one carat in weight are better in colour and quality than those under. Although these mines have only been worked about a quarter of a century, they must have been known long ago by the natives. They consist of rude pits, about four feet square and five to twelve feet deep, on the sides of the mountain and in the valley. The stratum in which the sapphires are here found is clay with a small admixture of gravel. The miners, chiefly Burmese, work two or three in a pit, and raise the sapphire-earth in baskets by means of ropes made with creepers.

The clay is then washed and the gems picked out of the residuum by hand. The curious habit obtains here of not allowing the buyer to see the sapphires before purchasing; the stones are put into a short joint of a small bamboo, and the intending purchaser judges of their weight by the rattle they make when shaken.

The great gem-bearing district of Siam is supposed to cover an area of a hundred square miles. So extensive is the trade in Siamese sapphires, that a gem broker in London certified that in 1889 he sold wholesale nearly £70,000 worth of these stones.

In Upper Burma, sapphires are found associated with rubies, and although not of very fine quality they are of large size. The largest ever found in Burma weighed 253 carats, and was purchased for the king for 7000 rupees.

About thirteen years ago a remarkable discovery was made in the valley of the Himalayas in Cashmere. It seems that a landslip occurred about the year 1880 and laid bare the rock exposing sapphires. The surrounding rocks are of gneiss and crystalline limestone intersected by veins of granite. The sapphires were found loose among the detritus on the side of the valley high up the mountain near the line of perpetual snow. This first supply soon came to an end, but a second landslip having occurred fresh deposits have been exposed. Some of these Cashmere sapphires are of very fine colour. Here, as in many of the other findings of precious stones, a true and interesting story is attached.* Near the spot where the sapphires have been found lived a monk, who first noticed a pale blue vein in the rock. He broke off pieces and exchanged them with traders for sugar and tobacco, carefully concealing whence he obtained his treasures. Subsequently he disposed of a quantity to some men who took the pieces to Simla. One piece, about a foot long and three or four inches in circumference, he was persuaded to give to one of his brotherhood in order to have an idol made of it. A lapidary engaged to form it into the idol found it so hard that he came to the conclusion it was of extraordinary value, and showed it to an official, who decided to send it to the Maharajah of Cashmere. On enquiry being made a messenger was despatched to bring the monk who had found the stone, and he was compelled to disclose the locality where he had obtained it. The result was, that a responsible official with a strong guard was sent to protect the place until the value of the discovery should be known.

Sapphires are found by the Lacha Pass, which is about ten days' journey from Simla. A native is said to have found a large number here, and loading several goats with these valuables he took the journey to Simla where he tried to sell them; but the people to whom he showed them knew nothing of their value, and would not give even a rupee for them, which the man would gladly have taken, for he was starving. He then proceeded to Delhi, where the jewellers, knowing them to be sapphires, gave him their value and had them cut and sent to London.

In Ceylon, the sapphires are usually found with other gems either in the old river-beds or in a bed of gravel which occurs at a depth of from six to twenty feet below the surface.

The gem mart of Ceylon, Ratnapoora, which means literally the city of rubies, is situate in the very midst of the mines, and the beds of the torrents sometimes contain so great a quantity of broken fragments of sapphire, garnet and other stones, that the sands are often used by the lapidaries in polishing gems. It is the opinion of learned men that the sapphire is formed in crystalline rocks; that in process of time the matrix, or mother-rock, is disintegrated, the gems set free, and washed down to the alluvial soils where they are now found.

The sapphire-mines of Montana are, says Mr. Streeter, after visiting them, exceedingly rich both in precious stones and gold. The existence of curious stones in North Carolina and Montana territory has long been known; they were seen by the gold-mining pioneers, who, when they tried to get an opinion upon them, were told they were merely specimens of quartz. On leaving Montana for what they supposed richer fields, some took a few of the stones away with them, which falling into the hands of Messrs. Tiffany, jewellers of New York, were recognised as true sapphires and rubies.

The most important sapphires known in Europe are two magnificent stones, which were exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862 and in the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

* Related in Streeter's *Precious Stones and Gems.*

The smaller of the two was perhaps the more valuable; it was a badly-shaped stone, but when re-cut in London and all defects removed it was a splendid gem of 165 carats, and worth from £7000 to £8000.

In the Hope Collection there was a large sapphire of a rich colour, which retained its beauty as well by candle as by daylight.

Among the jewels of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts are two magnificent sapphires, said to be worth £30,000,

Among celebrated sapphires is the one found in Bengal by a poor man who sold wooden spoons. It is over 133 carats in weight, and is without spot or fault. It was brought to Europe and bought by the house of Raspoli in Rome. Later it became the property of a German prince, who sold it to the French jewel-merchant Perret for £6800. It forms one of a collection in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

The ancients engraved the sapphire, notwithstanding its hardness, and a beautiful specimen of this may be seen among the Crown jewels of Russia, representing a female figure enveloped in drapery. The stone is of two tints, and the artist has made use of the dark tint for the woman and the light for the drapery. Another specimen in the Strozzi Cabinet in Rome is a perfect marvel of skill, representing a young Hercules.

We have now disposed of those gems whose composition is carbonate of lime (the pearl), pure carbon (the diamond), and clay, the basis of which is alumina (ruby and sapphire); and it would be difficult to say which of all these common materials have turned out, with the help of mother Nature, the most perfect and exquisite gem.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH the first streaks of dawn and the first lull in the gale so that it was possible to put the damaged gig to sea, Tom launched her afresh. He took no more men than were needed to row her, for although there was no lack of volunteers for the task, it was at the imminent risk of their lives they went in such a sea. The boat was already leaking, so that it was with difficulty the water could be bailed out of her fast enough to keep her from sinking within a few furlongs of the reef.

We girls had seen Tom and Perry consulting together before the gig started, and we could guess why one went and the other stayed. Somebody belonging to us must be left with us, else if the boat were swamped (ah, me, what an if!) our plight would be still more pitiable. I believe Perry waived his claim as senior to command the boat and start with his life in his hand, because Tom was father's son, and who had so good a right as the son to go to the help of the father?

It was a forlorn hope—more forlorn than we suspected at the time, for we were not aware that, with the morning light, no sign could be detected, through the one glass which remained to us, of the ship which had been visible from the reef on the previous evening. She might have drifted beyond the range of the glass, or as was more probable she might have gone down in the night; but while there was the smallest chance of her survival, or of the existence of any of her crew Tom felt it incumbent on him to do something, and God was merciful, as He always is, even when He smites. After these series of disasters He sent us three crowning mercies. The sea and the wind fell as they had not done from the beginning of the storm, in a shorter time than we could have dared to hope. The battered gig lived as by a miracle, and Tom brought back in her, oh, joy beyond reckoning, father alive and unhurt as a salvage from the wreck. The *Sea Serpent* had, indeed, put the finishing touch to her catalogue of misfortunes by sinking like a stone before the night was ended; but she had not done so without giving, like the good ship she was, timely warning of what was going to happen. The hastily repaired jolly-boat was launched by the light of the ship lanterns, with the idea of simply keeping her afloat till morning broke; but seeing how inadequate the boat was to take off all the men in the ship, father absolutely refused to go with her. He was on the deck of the *Sea Serpent* when she went down. How he escaped being sucked down with her—like most of the men, only the All-seeing could tell. Father was seen by the light of a ship lantern in the jolly-boat, struggling with the waves, and was picked up by the men. Then followed such an experience as few survived to tell. The jolly-boat shipped seas enough to have swamped a boat of thrice its size and in perfect condition. It was tossed and whirled in the leaping, bounding, surging water. Even after it had endured till morning, even after Tom had sighted it and was rowing hard towards it, the jolly-boat capsized; and when aid reached it, the boat was floating keel upmost, and only father and his old boatswain were clinging to the keel! The other men, most of them younger by more than a score of years, had been swept away; only a handful, and among them three weak women, remained of the company of brave officers and able-bodied seamen who had constituted the crew of the *Sea-Serpent*. We could not think of the heavy loss just at that moment, but you must not imagine that we forgot and did not mourn in time for the familiar weather-beaten faces, the strong hands and kind hearts, the youth and manhood in their spring-time and their prime, whose sudden destruction was a drain on the forces of the country and an irreparable blow dealt to many a quiet island home, far from the sound of the sea.

We were humbly thankful for the lives which were spared to us, and were eager to do the utmost to help each other in our sore strait.

It was a sight to see: that meeting between father and Jane. How determined he was to persuade her that he had been in no danger to speak of during the past night, and how resolute she was to convince him that she was as well as possible and was suffering no inconvenience from sitting or lying on a damp mattress in a leaky tent, with only a barren rock and a tumbling sea within sight.

We could now, when our attention was undisturbed, take a review of our situation and sum up our possessions such as they were. We could expect nothing more from our dear old ship with all its home comforts, except such poor jetsam and flotsam as the sea might bring within our reach, so that we might dismiss our first and most natural resource from our thoughts. We were about twenty men and women in all, and our resources amounted to how much? To nothing in the way of live stock; such as we had owned had perished, and even the carcases of cows and sheep were never cast on the reef; some contrary current carried them in another direction. We had a few barrels of undamaged biscuit, flour and pork, casks with water, a box with wine and a case of spirits, these were literally all our stores, and they would hardly last us ten days, supposing they were dealt out in famine rations, while we were equally out of the track of ships bound for the Cape or for Australasia. Our only boat, light at the best, had sustained such damage that when she was once more drawn up on the reef, she was found, to the consternation of the beholders, to be falling to pieces. To venture to sea in her again in the state she was in would be to court the death from which we had narrowly escaped, and, alas! though we had amateur carpenters in plenty, we had neither proper materials, nor tools with which to "cobble" the boat in the roughest fashion.

The reef was at first glance destitute of provision for human life. We need not fear the springing out upon us from secret lurking-places of such cannibals and savages as Susie's head had been full of. No such luck as the discovery of a devoted "Friday" was likely to befall us. It was a deficiency to which we were the more easily reconciled, since a modern specimen of the faithful black man would have implied another mouth to fill, while we had no need of farther company. At the same time the opportunity of making the acquaintance of a brand new unsophisticated member of the aborigines would not have lost its charm even yet for Jane. There was no possibility of a secret lurking-place on the reef. Perry and Tom traversed it from end to end in a day and a half. It was, as I have described it, a bare ridge of rock with just the nucleus of land



The Girl's Own Paper.] [*London.*

THE WRECK.

Drawn by JOSEPH BELL.

[*See* "MERMAIDENS."

vegetation in the shape of moss and coarse bent grass beginning to show itself. It had doubtless been formed, either gradually by coral zoophites, or suddenly raised by volcanic action from the bed of the sea a cycle of years before, and in another cycle it might have grown and progressed into a regular tropical island, an epitome of the larger islands, rejoicing in the luxuriant foliage, flowers and fruit with which we were well acquainted. Instead of presenting the barren embryo aspect it did at present, it might offer quite a luxurious and desirable refuge for stranded mariners and mermaidens in time to come. But unfortunately the survivors of the crew of a castaway frigate, which had been an admiral's flag-ship, and had held an honoured place in the navy of King George III., were not likely to be so many Methuselahs living long enough to profit by these more auspicious circumstances.

No doubt, as Jane pointed out—it was always Jane with her quick wit and unslumbering observation, who called our attention to each separate detail in those days which tried our powers to the utmost—there were qualifications to some of our deprivations. For instance, if the reef had been stocked with game, equivalent to hares and partridges, they would have been of little use to us, for our men had neither guns nor powder and shot, though both had been taken in the long boat, the sailors' only weapons were their cutlasses. The game to be of much avail to us would have needed to be so lame as to be caught by hand. In that case I don't suppose their tameness would have been as "shocking" to us as it was to the poet Cowper, sitting at his ease in his parlour at Olney, imagining the feelings of Alexander Selkirk alone on the island of Juan Fernandez.

As there were no game, great or small, and no human assailant, the absence of weapons of slaughter was not to be compared, in the shape of a disaster, to our lack of hammer and nails, saw and gimlet. We were not entirely without timber in the form of driftwood in a more or less dry or rotten condition. Tom and Perry came across it, the *débris* varying in size and quantity, on their first survey. It was by far the most valuable thing they found. But even if the driftwood could have been sawn or split into boards where were the carpenter's tools for the job?

It may sound to my readers that the degree to which we were handicapped was due to our negligence and lack of foresight. But let me tell these readers that men and women fleeing for their lives, from a vessel in dire distress, are not likely to pause to pick up their hair-pins and pencil-cases or even far more available articles. They are liable to forget the most urgently required necessaries. I suspect that it is only in story-books that men and women land on desert islands, rich in capabilities, while they still retain a semi-submerged treasure-house to which they can repair at intervals for days and even weeks, in order to supplement their wardrobes and the contents of their larder. All I can say is we brought away very little beyond ourselves, and what we did bring was largely due to father and Perry Hood.

We had made the oddest selections and rejections in such trifles as we snatched up, almost instinctively at the last moment; somebody carried off a teapot, while there was no tea, not even a kettle in which to boil the water for tea. Another person had clutched a handful of forks, with no table-knives to match. There were a couple of beer jugs and a grog can, without beer, and with the allowance of grog likely to be of the most limited description. We had the lid of a potato pot without the body of the pot, and I need not say without potatoes. There was actually father's razor, while he had not a chance of soap for lather to shave with, and of all things I had caught up the little watering-can with which we used to water the flowers in our cabin, while we had surely enough of water on all sides of us, and were destitute of a blossom to tend.

We got a laugh out of these incongruities in our extremity. I think God has given us the sense of humour to keep our hearts from breaking and our spirits from sinking beyond recovery in the straits we have to pass through. I can quite understand the spirit of the line of an old Scotch song which records

"Werena my heart licht I would dee."

Jane, little Jane, who was so fragile in body, so shrewdly sensible of the state of affairs, so keenly sensitive to the suffering of others, even more than to her own, so unfit, as we thought, to face hardship, laughed more merrily than anyone at these divagations and misadventures.

There was nothing for us to do but to sit down, make the best of our awful predicament, and trust that Providence would accomplish our delivery. The second storm had cleared the air and the weather was calming down with tropical speed. We could trust the rainy season was over in these latitudes. That would be an immense gain, for we had no shelter save the poor tent which had been put up when we first landed. It was to serve by day and by night. It was to be our dining-room, drawing-room, bed-room. We did not need much of a kitchen, even though we were twenty people to profit by it, what we wanted in cooking could be managed in the open air, under an overhanging rock. One of the sailors who was handy, and Sally, took the place of the cook and his assistant who, poor fellows, had both been drowned. The men, father and all, had no farther protection during the night than the clothes they wore, and some tarpaulin which had been in the boat.

Jane plied us with suggestions that our long-boat, which had not been accounted for, might yet turn up at any moment, so for all we knew might the *Hercules* and the *Oberon*, so might the enemy. But the deadliest enemy who was human must be converted into a man and a brother by our deplorable circumstances. Other ships of which we knew nothing might heave in sight.

We all knew at the bottom of our hearts that our chances were nearly desperate, but we did not acknowledge that in our speech with each other, or with the men. They, good fellows, were as manfully submissive to Heaven's decree, as loyal in their maintenance of discipline, and at the same time as helpful and even cheerful as good sailors generally are. It is not in the king's ships where men and officers have sailed together for years, braving in company "the battle and the breeze," upholding the honour of England's flag—sometimes on short rations and scant pay, that mutinies are to be met with as a rule. Father's men stood by him as I have shown. Nelson's men followed him into the cannon's mouth, Dundonald's men dared the most unheard-of risks at his bidding,

No, I have not forgotten the mutiny at the Nore. But that was the result of extreme provocation and temptation combined, and it was crushed at the critical moment by one stamp of the foot of a dauntless commander.

What order could be restored, what regular routine could be attempted was re-established without delay; you have no idea what a comfort it was in our forlornness and disorganisation. Even Susie straightened herself up when she heard that we had again our watches, and our man on the look-out. Old Hudson the boatswain piped as usual to our messes which had, as a matter of necessity for those whose victuals were ominously few in kind, and small in number, to be limited to the least rations which would keep us in life.

I need not say officers and men fared alike, nay, that Sally and I refused to be better catered for than our neighbours were; and that it was with the greatest difficulty we could induce Jane to be made an exception of, and to let Sally and me prepare what sorry invalid's food we could contrive for her.

We sometimes wondered whether the occasional sea-birds, the only living creatures except ourselves, we saw, were astonished at us and our strange doings. Certainly the birds were startled, and rose into the air, wheeling round and round, and screaming wildly when Hudson piped his whistle.

(*To be continued.*)



MUSIC.

L. E. E. L.—In reply to your question, the bass should be played with the last note.

Doddie.—Professional persons are obliged to devote more time to the art by which they earn a living than would be at all right for an amateur. One hour's careful practice daily would be sufficient for the latter, if gifted with true musical taste and a fair amount of mechanical power, combined with delicacy of touch. In either case, your neighbours' avocations and delicate nerves should be consulted in every possible way by persons whose pursuits are of an intrusive and noisy character. Musicians are too often an intolerable nuisance to their neighbours.

Doubtful.—Shift the bass up into the treble clef. It may be necessary to cross the left over the right hand, this depending on the position of the right.

Bee inquires why 4ths and 5ths are termed "perfect" instead of "major"? The perfect intervals differ from the major in this respect—that the perfect 4th or 5th to a natural note will be ♮, to every sharp note ♯, and to every flat note ♭. There is one exception to this rule—the 4ths to the F's, and the 5ths to the B's.

Ruby H.A.—You should obtain the recommendation of a music publisher in reference to a good book to instruct without the aid of a master. Go to a shop and look over what there is to be had, and enquire the several prices of such books. We do not advertise them.

E.G.—For the local school examinations of the Royal Academy of Music, apply for information to George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, W.

Maggie.—The Home of which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is president is at 4 and 5, Brunswick Square, W.C. It is designed for musical, as well as art students.

Louise.—There were three musical John Parrys; first, the blind Welsh harper, who died in 1783; the second was also Welsh—a musical composer, who died in 1851; and the third was his son, a pianist and comic vocalist, who retired in 1869. Which you mean we do not know; you can take your choice.

Monica.—You will find in Belfast the "City School of Music," situated in Victoria Street. Go and visit it, and enquire particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Treas. and Constant Reader.—We do not advertise registry offices in these columns.

Flossie should write copies regularly to improve her handwriting, or else she should take some writing which she admires, and reform her own on that model.

Perplexed Eighteen should consult a good surgeon. Of course, if the advice given does not commend itself to your mother there is no need to follow it. You will, at least, know what is the matter.

May Blossom should rise early enough to secure an hour's walk before going to her school duties. Exercise should also be taken with a skipping-rope, battledore and shuttlecock, and the indiarubber ball, this last being recommended by many doctors for people of middle-age.

School-girl.—The summer has been so very hot and dry that both leaves and fruit have fallen before their time. The lack of moisture is the reason.

Verity.—Speaking without reference to any published statement, we believe that one of our largest and most extensive natural caverns in this country is that below the Castle of Peveril, in Derbyshire. But the largest in the world are those of the "Louvay" in Virginia, the "Mammoth" of Kentucky, and the "Mammoth Crystal Cave" of the Black-hills, South Dakota, U.S.A. This last-named natural wonder—only recently explored beyond a depth of 1700 feet, and surveyed to the extent of 20 miles—contains 1490 halls, the largest of which is 600 feet long, 300 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The entire length of the Crystal Cave (including all the galleries) is calculated at between 40 and 50 miles. It contains many pools, three rivers, and a cascade of 60 feet in height. The scenery is very beautiful, and glitters with a mass of crystal "dog-tooth spar" of many inches in length. We have nothing to compare to it.

Laura.—A history of the legend of the "Sangreal," of which you have been reading in Tennyson's poem, was written at the end of the twelfth century by Chrétien de Troyes. According to this ancient fable, the blood which flowed from the Saviour's side was collected by St. Joseph of Arimathea in the vessel from which the Lord had partaken of the last meal with His disciples. This double memorial St. Joseph was supposed to have brought over to Britain; and the knights of King Arthur's "Round Table" vowed that they would go forth in quest of this *Sangreal* (or *Sang-real, i.e.*, "real blood"), and not to return until they had found it. This story is one of the many myths of the Middle Ages.

Henriette.—No woman can have a crest. It belongs exclusively to men. But she may use the device on her father's or husband's escutcheon upon a "lozenge" (not on a shield). Arms made up for families having none by ancient inheritance, and only purchased from the College of Heralds, are worth little; for they are not rewards of gallantry, nor memorials of the goodness and greatness of a man's ancestors in the ages of our ancient chivalry.

Anxious to do Right.—On no account have anything to do with the man, who, being married, dares to address you in such a way. The fact of his wishing to keep your mother out of the way is a sufficient indication of his evil intentions. Better that you should both give up employment under him, and pray God to guide you into another field of labour. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Cod, Œnone and Despondent One.—We are sometimes in doubt as to our Correspondents being subscribers or not. They certainly do not read the G. O. P. with attention. Answers to the above queries might all have been found in the valuable articles contributed by "Medicus" to our columns. In fact, he has been more than usually careful in reference to all cases of impaired digestion, and failure of health, this year.

Topsy should consult the person who advised her to save silver paper, as to the best method of selling it, if saleable, which we greatly doubt.

Edna.—Your "hand of write"—by which you probably mean handwriting—is clear and neat; but the tails of the "y," and "g's," and "f's" might be shorter. You write English very fairly well.

Anxious to Know.—Oct. 7th, 1868, was a Wednesday.

Maud Taylor.—If you have time to write, and it amuses you to do so, there is no harm in it; but it is impossible for us to say of what value the tales would be when written, nor whether they would be accepted by a publisher.

Maggie.—It is not for you to address men in the street, even though the clergy of your own parish. If you desire such information or advice as lies within their duty to supply, you might attend at the Vestry, when open for such a purpose, as any other parishioners would do; but it would be desirable for any young girl to take an older friend with her, on several accounts.

Penniless.—1. The descriptive name of "the First Gentleman of Europe" (or of England) was applied to George IV. on account of his exceptionally polished, dignified, and high-bred manners, and perfect in all matters, also of etiquette.—2. "La Pucelle" was a name given to Joan of Arc.—3. The unfortunate execution of Admiral Byng is that on which the sarcastic comment was made which you quote.—4. Your writing is legible, but too clerk-like to be "ladylike" or artistic. It shows an attempt to simulate a masculine style.

One Unmarried.—There is no law against the marriage of first cousins.

Mouse.—Your letter is a very creditable one—well-expressed and written. You have evidently profited by the education you have had. You should try to begin a course of reading—history, poetry, and literature. Have you a Free Library near you, or any classes such as those at the Birkbeck or Polytechnic? You can do much in languages by studying the grammar and writing exercises, and there is no doubt that, if in earnest, you can help yourself.

A. M. B.—It was only a model of the *Victory* that you saw at the Naval Exhibition.

Agsy.—See all our replies in reference to training as a nurse, under the heading "Education."

A Failure.—The only way to look at the case is, that it is a period of valuable training in patience and good temper for yourself, and as such to make the best use of it. Do not be discouraged, but look with determination always at the bright side of life.

Georgie says she has been at the place called Sevenoaks, and looked for the historical trees, and not a vestige of them is to be seen. No wonder, since, like that intolerable "Mrs. Harris," "there is no sech a (person)" tree. The origin of the name is to be found in that of Sir William de Sevenoke (or Sennocke), who built and founded the ancient Grammar School in that place, A.D. 1418. The town has a painful historical interest, as it was there that Jack Cade and his rebel army defeated the royal troops under the command of Sir Humphrey Stafford, who fell in the action, A.D. 1450.

Lady Margaret E.—You should never go out alone at seaside places, where there are scampish, ill-bred, forward men about, and rough excursionists, who are on the look-out for unchaperoned girls, and speak to them without introduction.

Shaw Farm.—You should study gems with an expert, and a considerable amount of experience will be essential, before—with his instruction—you could venture to form an opinion respecting things either of so much value, or simply worthless. Mistakes in such articles would entail grievous loss. We think it would be a safer plan to submit any jewels to an experienced lapidary, and take his opinion.

Merry Lass.—It is not desirable to accept presents from men—affianced husbands, fathers, brothers, or uncles, alone excepted. Perhaps an old man who has been for many years a friend of your parents might be included in this list.

March Hare.—We congratulate you on not being like the miserable scarecrows represented in most of the fashion papers (and too many in our streets). You must be "off your head" to suppose that we should recommend tight-lacing!

Studio Mariano and Science.—Your two letters have come to our notice together, and we do not know that the answer will be of any serious benefit to you. If this lady wished to continue any acquaintance with you, she would have made you a bow on meeting you (do not say "moved to you," we did not understand what you meant at first); but her not having given you a recognition shows she did not desire it, for it is her place to notice you—not for you to notice her. Perhaps it is on her son's account that she does not care to cultivate the acquaintance; and in any case, till a man—suitable in age, in circumstances, and in character—seeks you and obtains an introduction to your mother on your account, you lower yourself, and act in a very unmaidenly way, in seeking his acquaintance.

E. Edwards.—A room has been allotted at the Imperial Institute as an office for the "United British Woman's Emigration Association." Apply by letter, or personally, to the Hon. Sec., Miss Lefroy, at the above-named institute (London, S.W.) for all information or assistance in reference to emigration. If personally, it should be between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

Felicité.—There is the "British Home for Incurables," Clapham Rise, S.W.; Sec., Mr. R. G. Salmond. Office, 73, Cheapside. Should this prove unsuitable, you might obtain further information respecting other institutions of a similar kind.

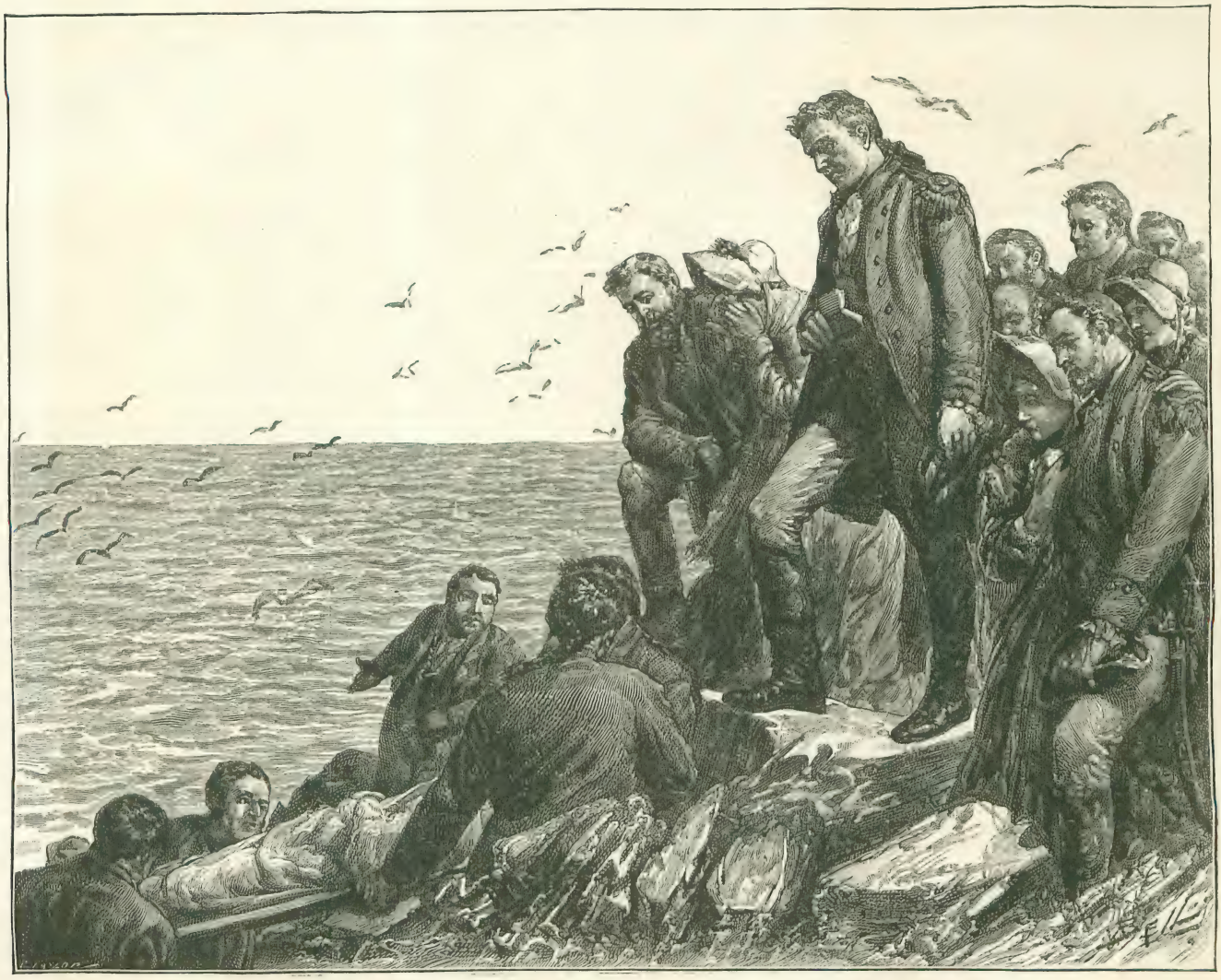
Pauline.—Try washing your sponge in potato-water, in which raw potatoes have been cut up and soaked; and never use soap when employing a sponge.

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MERMAIDENS.

BY SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



"O THE NEVER-FORGOTTEN SOUND OF THE SPLASH IN THE WATER."

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CHAPTER XV.

WE LAY DOWN OUR JANE.



IT was still Jane who was, after father, our main stay during the first four of the seven days we were on the reef, which she christened "Never Despair." It was she who announced that the moss growing plentifully in the crevices, which she had identified from the first as a land plant, was nearly identical in its attributes with a nutritious moss she had among her specimens. She would show us the likeness—there she stopped with a half-comical, half-melancholy smile. Her specimens, as well as her sketches which she had taken long years to collect, were lying with more precious things at the bottom of the sea. Still, even without the testimony, she was convinced of the probability of this moss possessing much the same quality as its sister-moss. We were availing ourselves of the drift-wood; we economised it carefully while using it both for the fire in cooking, and for such light as we could not do without after dark. We had succeeded in boiling water in the grog-can. We plucked some of the moss, soaked it in a little fresh water to take out the salt with which the air and the spray had impregnated it, and then boiled the moss, when sure enough, a kind of jelly was produced which might be nutritious, and might have been palatable had we been able to procure either milk or sugar to eat with it. These were great deficiencies which we women missed, perhaps, more than any other food. But Jane declared the "moss-jelly" flavoured with a few drops of wine tasted quite nice and satisfying, and she took little else save a biscuit now and again. Sally and I experimented on the jelly seasoned with salt. I cannot say we liked it, but it helped to appease inopportune hunger and possibly to sustain us; and where Jane was concerned I daresay the diet, though not calculated to keep up the strength of a full-grown man, was better for her than the salt pork, of which tiny bits were cooked, from which she turned with incurable distaste.

A low species of grey-green lizard or snake startled us by unexpectedly darting out of the miniature thickets of moss, when we had thought sea-birds were the only animals near us; but Jane was able to assure us that these lizards or snakes were harmless, just as she had convinced us that the moss could not be poisonous.

It was Jane to whom it occurred after the sea had become calm and clear, until we could see fish of moderate size leaping to the surface, that these fish might be so unsophisticated that they could be caught by less complicated means than those represented by elaborate fishing-rods and nets.

Accordingly, narrow strips of wood with portions of the string, which is always to be found in some man's pocket, attached to it, and morsels of the fat of the pork at the end of the string for bait were tried, and to our great satisfaction a few daring and reckless fish were landed. But the process was very slow, and in any other circumstances would not have repaid the trouble. There was also the danger of the fish being unwholesome; but starving men and women cannot afford to be particular, and here once more Jane was our qualified referee. She knew the structure and attributes of the different orders and classes of fish, and which were likely to be good and which not good for food. So we ate our share of the broiled fish without hesitation, and found it not only highly acceptable but quite uninjurious. Our regret was that the supply quickly failed; whether the fish grew cunning and shy, or our fishers lost their skill, we caught only one or two more.

In happier circumstances Jane, though she had always been intensely interested in the dramatic element in human life, as well as in the endlessly varying spectacle which all nature afforded her, had soared somewhat beyond us, had been as it were a little withdrawn from us and our small practical concerns by her wide far-reaching interests. But now she was all our own. She was brought very near to us, engrossed as she was by the difficulties of our position. She was spending her whole thoughts and energies in seeking to serve us, who had always felt bound to serve her in her delicate health. It was a great heroic spirit in a feeble frame, summoning up all its force for one last effort on our behalf. We never knew what Jane was and could be to us till these momentous days on the reef. Her whole heart and soul were, by God's permission, with us, striving to help us to bear, and in bearing to conquer, what so far as man could see was to be our tragic end.

In addition to the innumerable contrivances of which Jane was the author to help us to cope with our overpowering difficulties, she exerted herself in a wonderful manner to keep up our spirits. She would tell, and tell well, what she had read of stirring adventures and deadly perils in unknown countries, in strange seas, or among pathless deserts, in order to divert our minds from the agony of our suspense, till not only her family but all the men within hearing were drawn, as by an irresistible attraction, within the circle to "hearken to the yarns of the admiral's sick maid." It was she who incited Tom and me, the singers in the family, to make the dreary rocks ring with the old familiar songs, and the psalms and hymns we had said at Aunt Maria's knee. Thus we sang "The Bay of Biscay," "Tom Bowling," "Harry Bluff," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Sally in our Alley" (by common consent we would not venture on "Home, Sweet Home"), "God Moves in a Mysterious way," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "There is a Land of Pure Delight." Sometimes when the tune was simple and homely one or two of the sailors took it up and prolonged the chorus, startling the screaming sea-birds more than they were startled by the boatswain's whistle. Ah, surely ours was a strange choir!

It was Jane who read aloud a chapter of the solitary Bible night and morning, after which father said the prayer for those in peril at sea.

It was on one of these days that a sailor who had been strolling to the utmost stretch of the reef, came back in triumph with a beautiful dead bird in his hand. He said that he had found it sitting half tame and "dazed-like" on a projection of rock, and that it had died in his grasp, before he could bring it to us. It was not an albatross or a petrel, while it was equally useless as a contribution to our bill of fare. It was only a thing of beauty, one of the loveliest of the tropical birds which frequent these regions. An unpropitious wind, an untoward flight, had borne it away from some soft green island of palm and tamarind trees and bubbling springs, such as rose before our mind's eye, like an earthly paradise, and had brought it spent and drooping to our reef. It was a bird of paradise with its sweeping plumage.

Jane was delighted with the acquisition, though of course she had seen many birds of paradise before, and many in a more perfect condition. She stroked and smoothed the magnificent feathers and parcelled them out as she lay on her mattress.

"This one is for you, Sally, as you are the eldest," said Jane, drawing the finest feather through her thin, well-nigh transparent fingers; "who knows, if we get off, it may grace your travelling bonnet, after you and Perry have come back from church and are starting for your honeymoon; you would like something to keep which would remind you, not of your wedding alone, but of our days and nights on this reef of 'Never Despair,' and there is the keepsake for you. The next best feather must be put aside for Tom's wife—when he gets one, as he comes next in age—and there is still a beautiful feather with delicate fluff and long tassels for you, Car."

"I will not have it," I cried vehemently; "I don't want it," for a shiver had run through me at the sight of the bird of heaven, and above all at Jane so engrossed with it, and dealing out tokens with its feathers. "You have kept no plume for yourself and you are older than I," I objected with all my might.

"Oh, I shall get plenty where these have come from," answered Jane, lightly.

It was the very next day that we became sensible all at once that she was sinking. We said it was no wonder, that she had done far too much, and must now rest and wait till relief reached us. But even though she was over-done, that would hardly account for the pinched greyness we had never seen before which stole over her face, for the failure of her voice which had sunk to a whisper, for the growing inability to swallow even the moss jelly she had relished at first, and the bits of biscuit soaked in brandy we pressed upon her. Neither would

fatigue, however excessive, explain the far-away look in her brown eyes which seemed to see altogether beyond and ahead of us or—the most alarming symptoms of all, the manner in which her mind appeared to wander slightly at intervals. Our Jane who had always been so nimble-witted and clear-headed! At least she would sometimes look and speak as if people whom nobody else saw or heard, some of them living as we judged, some of them dead, were present in the tent on the reef.

The truth was it was a marvel her weak body had survived so long under the altered conditions. It would not have been possible if she had been still exposed to storm and wet, and if the weather had not become fine. As it was, it was her brave spirit which under Providence kept her in life, till the last shred of the fleshly physique gave way.

Aunt Maria was one of the people who was not with us to whom Jane frequently referred, as seeing and hearing all that passed. She was always reassuring Aunt Maria that all would be well in the end, that she (Jane) was not a bit worse, rather much better for what she had undergone. Her last remark of this kind was, "You see now, Aunt Maria, it is all for the best, it has always been for the best," said with such confidence, and with so glad a smile.

It was difficult to believe that Aunt Maria, instead of being there listening to the words, was far away in England sitting crippled with rheumatism. But was she far away, and was she still crippled, or had she laid down—so far as Jane was concerned—every impediment to their reunion.

We had our watches, we could tell night from day, we had not yet lost the day of the week and of the month. We made certain in time that at the very moment Jane was thus appealing to her, Aunt Maria's spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle after a short sharp illness. She was lying dead in her house in England as Jane was lying dying on this coral reef in the tropics.

Even when she could not say another word Jane had still a nod and a smile for father and the rest of us, and for the invisible company who shared our last watch, till she drew the soft, nearly-inaudible sigh which was her passing breath.

What a little worn casket it was which had held our darling's great spirit! What were we to do with the casket which was the only thing that remained to us of Jane's earthly presence which had been with us by day and by night, intimately mixed up with all we thought, said and did for so many happy years? We could not bury it. We had not the means to bury any one of us when our living bodies should be breathless corpses. We had neither spade nor pick, and the niggard crumblings of rock, and stunted plants of moss and grass would not cover her with decent reverence and tenderness, protecting her from the shrieking sea-birds. I am certain there was not a man on the reef who, if his fingers and nails had been sufficient tools, would not have toiled with them, bruising and tearing them, and wearing them down to the quick, if that would have enabled him to pay the last duty—by digging a grave for her—to his admiral's daughter, one who in her weakness had strengthened him.

But the thing was impossible. There was nothing for it but that Jane's wasted body should be committed to the deep, while some of our bones were likely enough to bleach upon the reef.

After all it was the seemliest conclusion. Jane had often wished to be buried at sea. We had not been distressed by the sight of sharks in these waters. When it came to that, if there were monsters of the deep, there were other and perhaps more loathly creatures of the land. When dust is committed to dust, there need be no thought of finding for it a dainty perfumed chamber into which nothing that can offend may enter. This body of ours is sown in corruption, in dishonour, and in weakness. Let us be thankful that it will yet be raised in incorruption, in glory, and in power; but the time is not yet. Until then let the sad secrets of mortality be hidden by the green turf which covers the kindly bosom of mother earth, or by the wide, rolling blue sea which has room for multitudes in its crystal halls, on its carpet of shells and sea-weed.

What did it matter when the undying spirit, which was our true sister Jane, had returned to God who gave it?

We smoothed and arranged Jane's dress as she had so lately smoothed and arranged the feathers of the bird of paradise, and we took our last kiss.

Hudson the boatswain and Combe the captain of the main-topmast, who had known us girls since we were children, sewed the body in a fragment of a sail of the *Sea Serpent's*, which happened to be leaded at one side. We all assembled, as the men were wont to do for the Sunday service, at the highest point of the reef. I stood between father and Tom, and tried to remember how Jane had always been the first to think of father and to seek to save him from all which could try him. Perry Hood supported Sally, Susie was behind me, and behind her were the most of the men. The sheeted figure which we should not see uncovered till the Resurrection day, lay in our midst. Every man stood bareheaded, and father's grey hair was stirred by the little wind which tempered the increasing heat. He had had to do with many a burial at sea, though never with one like this, and he could repeat a few portions of the burial service. Strong arms lifted the light weight and let it gently fall into the sea below. Oh, the never-forgotten sound of the splash in the water! The crumbling of a handful of earth on a coffin-lid could not go with a sorer pang to the heart.

The first thing I called to mind after one burst of weeping was that Susan had never seen a burial at sea before, which thus might have a special horror for her. With the thought of poor Susie I recalled how considerate Jane had been of the girl, how she had striven to soothe her panic on the night of the tempest which had wrecked the *Sea Serpent*, and how eager Jane had been to cheer Susie on our dreary passage to the reef.

I felt I must comfort and uphold our maid for Jane's sake, and there was Susie standing the calmest of us all after she had witnessed the pathetic sight.

"No, miss, I'll never be skeered again, a burden to *everybody* with my twitters and tremors, not if I knows it. After I have seen what poor dear Miss Jane do have suffered without a word of complaint, with a pleasant look all round her instead. And she have died the death of the righteous, and may our last ends be like hers, whether we dies on this here naked rock, or in our comfortable beds in safe-builded houses," declared Susie, with conviction. "She have left an example for you and me, to follow, Miss Car'line, if I may make so bold as to couple us two together. I for one means to do my best to be sensible and right down affronted of my cowardly ways from this day forth, please God."

"That is right, Susie, that is what Miss Jane would have wished you to do," I told her, as well as I could command my voice.

"It is the lot of men and women to die," continued Susie, in her unwonted excitement, "whether sooner or later, don't matter much, do it, Miss Car'line? And how hard we die ain't any very great odds, so long as we does our best, and commits ourselves to Him as died for us, like Miss Jane did. We can only die this once, let us be thankful."

What more of Christian philosophy could I teach Susie than she had already learnt in our tribulation? And she kept her word, in spite of her natural temperament. She was patient, self-controlled and courageous so long as we were together. In after years, for she got off the reef as I did, else I could not have written these recollections, our lives drifted far apart. She married a soldier and followed his regiment, and I have heard she was remarkable for the coolness and presence of mind she developed, which made her a valuable retainer in the time of danger. Here, too, the lesson of Jane's life and death was not lost.

We could not bear that there should be no mark to point out where we had laid her down, for us to look at while we were on the reef, and if we ever left it, for other shipwrecked men and women who might share our fate to discover and lay to heart. Tom had been fond of doing carpentry and had acquired a little knack at carving. He had still his pocket-knife, and the bit of wood necessary could be spared. He shaped and fitted it into a cross beam on which he cut the letters of her name, "Jane Masham," her age "19 years," and what it concerned us and the world most to know and remember, the single sentence—

> "Died in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Then followed the dates of the year and the month when she left us.

Tom and Perry contrived to fix the wood securely in a fissure of the rock out of which it rose conspicuously.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



PART II.

My first part of this series concluded with notices of women-students, who, profiting by the advantages of a university education, rose to the highest summit of honour attainable by their male fellow-competitors. I may add to the three or four distinguished names therein recorded, those of two more women-wranglers who have this year vied in their intellectual struggles with their brethren, and won their laurels. But the justice and magnanimity which would show "honour to whom honour is due," and pay that which has been undoubtedly earned, is not always found equal to the occasion when it involves the granting of a degree. In ancient classical times, women who distinguished themselves in the schools of learning—and they were not a few—were acknowledged as successful aspirants to the highest honours that were attainable. Now St. Andrew's, and the London Universities, and those of Chicago, Pennsylvania, Brown and Tufts, and Yale, stand by themselves in their fair-dealing with women scholars, admitting them to all their privileges and honours. Several professors and other officers of Chicago University are women, one-third of the six hundred students enrolled being of their sex.

But the strange tenacity with which the rewards of intellectual merit are monopolised by our brethren in our own and other schools of art and of learning is evidenced, even in the face of former precedent, in the Royal Academy, where Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffman were elected Academicians in days gone by; and only the other day the Royal Geographical Society refused the admission of women as Fellows, when at least Isabella Bird (Mrs Bishop) and Mrs. French Sheldon might certainly have been regarded as well qualified for such an honorary distinction, and both ladies very worthy successors of the wonderful Ida Pfeiffer. The travels of Mrs. French Sheldon through the great Dark Continent were undertaken not for the mere gratification of a strong natural impulse, but with the noble desire to demonstrate a fact in the interests of humanity, *i.e.*, to prove that the explorations undertaken for the benefit of commerce and civilisation need not to be carried out with sword and musket, and the shedding of human blood. And this was exemplified in her own frail, unprotected woman's person! A noble act of self-devotion and heroic courage resulting in perfect success.

I have alluded to the claims of our female painters to Academical honours, but have made no personal mention of any. My reason is to be attributed to the fact that there are so many of them, as, for example, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Jopling, Miss Florence Hannam, Mrs. Earnshaw, and Miss Merrick, who has painted the portraits of five reigning sovereigns, Mrs. Anderson, and a goodly company of others, all deserving well of their own English Academy. Women sculptors, also, have a claim to distinctions of merit, and amongst them the Princess Louise of Lorne. Our sex is also represented in that admirable sculptor, Miss Hosmer (U.S.A.), and our goodly crowd of representative female artists in Rosa Bonheur. How hardly she obtained the well-earned distinction of *Chevalière* of the Legion of Honour may not be generally known, and was due, not to the sense of justice of those who have the power of awarding such a distinction, but to a female sovereign who chose to exercise her supreme prerogative and presented the order to her. During the reign of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, the Empress requested the authorities to bestow the order on this, her talented subject, and was refused. Her first act on becoming Regent was to visit Mademoiselle Bonheur, and taking the badge of distinction with her she pinned it on the artist's breast, embracing her, and declaring her a *Chevalière* of the order. She then communicated to the authorities that she had, by sovereign right as Empress-Regent, created a precedent in favour of her sex. Since then the distinction has been awarded to some few remarkable women for heroic courage, and valuable service on the battle-field.

But here I must return to the subject from which I have wandered, just to say that already this year ten women have passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, and two attained the rank of Wranglers.

Agreeably to my promise in the first part of this series, I must now bring some of our astronomers to the notice of my readers. I have the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Miss Agnes Clerke, who has recently been awarded £100, the Actonian Prize, for her valuable work on astronomy, now in its third edition, and her *Lives of Astronomers* is a book well worthy of notice. She has studied the distance of the Pleiades, and she has calculated that their light, travelling through space to our planet, takes two hundred and fifty years to reach us. It may interest some to know or be reminded that light travels at about the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second. Another most gifted woman and distinguished astronomer is a Scotch-woman, a native of Dundee, who, to our loss, has established herself and her work at Harvard University. I refer to Mrs. Mina Fleming, who has inaugurated a corps of a dozen women as trained assistants to aid her in solving difficult problems, and with undisputed success at that observatory, examining photographs, and making computations and reductions of astronomical work. Mrs. Fleming has examined and measured the twenty-seven thousand spectra of stars involved in the Draper catalogue (the late Dr. Henry Draper), and she has, moreover, herself discovered twenty-one new and variable stars (a larger number than as yet discovered by any man) by careful examination of the photographs taken at both the Cambridge (U.S.A.) and the Peruvian stations of the Harvard Observatory. In fact, it is not too much to say that some of the most remarkable astronomical discoveries made in the past few years have been made by this gifted woman. In her the wonderful Caroline Herschell has undoubtedly a worthy successor.

It has been a matter of some surprise that, remarkable as our sex has been, as exponents of the science of music, both as singers and instrumentalists; they have produced no work of importance, very beautiful song-composers as they have, in many instances, shown themselves. I have always myself maintained the opinion that a grievous lack of training, and of due opportunities for developing inherent, yet dormant musical talent has been the, hitherto, insuperable barrier to their rising beyond the rank of song-writers. But the awakening has begun; and this, after but a very few years of the training, essential to such a development. Miss Ellicott, the daughter of the Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester, was the first of the students of music who produced a higher and more important order of composition, and has shown very considerable genius and originality; and now we may add another name, that of Miss Ethel Smythe, whose "Solemn Mass" in D was produced under the auspices of the "Royal Choral Society" a short time ago, during the present season, at the Albert Hall, and obtained the approval of Her Majesty the Queen. It was declared by the critics to be "a work of undoubted ability," and remarkable as being only her second attempt at writing for the orchestra. The first was a cleverly-scored serenade produced by Mr. Manns a couple of years ago, and pronounced as "stamped with the virility, the boldness and the decision of a masculine hand" (the highest praise a man would give). As yet we have only one "doctor of music" of our own sex, the first who has been admitted to that title of distinction, with the exception of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. I refer to Miss Annie Wilson Patterson, Mus. Doc., director of the Dublin Choral Union, and herself a

composer of merit. Of singers and instrumentalists so many are distinguished, and so very well-known amongst all classes of my readers, that it would occupy too much of my space, and without due reason, to give any individual notice of them. I may, however, note the pleasing fact that a woman has gained, and for the first time, the Bonamy Dobrée prize for violoncello playing at the Royal Academy of Music. The lady thus honoured is Miss Gertrude M. E. Hall, the daughter of a gentleman residing at Brighton.

I regret to say that one, at least, of our most distinguished archæologists was removed from the sphere of her interesting researches and labours in April last year. Not only as an archæologist of a very high order was Miss Amelia Edwards distinguished, but as a writer, a musician, an artist, and a lecturer. It was she who founded, with the aid of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the Egyptian Exploration Fund, of which she was the Hon. Sec. She was also a member of various Oriental congresses, Vice-President of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, West of England branch, and a member of the Biblical Archæological Society, and of the Society for the promotion of Hellenic Studies. Only a few months before her death a civil list pension was awarded to her; and besides this recognition of her services in her own country, she had an honorary degree conferred upon her in the United States of America on the occasion of the celebrations of Columbia College. We may also cite the example of another distinguished contemporary archæologist, the Countess Ersilia Lovalelli, whose fame is said to be world-wide.

Another representative woman is Miss Ormerod, the entomologist for many years of the Royal Agricultural Society. She also held the appointment of consulting entomologist of that society, and of special lecturer on economic entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. How valuable her services have been, I think it would be needless to say.

This brief allusion to the field of her researches turns my thoughts very naturally from the theme of individual public work to the collective outcomes of women's intelligence and industry. I refer to the Agricultural College at Swanley, Kent, whence women are turned out fully qualified to carry out, in an active professional life, what they have acquired during their training, which is both theoretical and practical. There is a ladies' branch of the Home Produce Company, dairy work, stock-keeping, and vegetable growing, being all comprised in the course of the training. There is also a Women's Gardening Association. Market-gardening is now being very successfully carried out by women as well as landscape gardening; fruit-growing, and jam-making, and rose-farming, are all now in their hands. Miss Wilkinson, the landscape gardener, who has laid out the open spaces in London so well, considers that there is a great field for successful enterprise in horticulture. To attain efficiency in their vocation, women apply themselves to the study, not only of botany, but zoology, natural philosophy, improvements of soils, rotation of crops, management of glass-houses, practical chemistry, etc. Dairy-keeping is another department of a kindred nature which is being studied, together with poultry keeping, and the management of apiaries, in a scientific manner, carried on in Somerset and Gloucestershire, as well as in other counties under admirable institutions. Amongst the lady-managers of the Columbian Exhibition there is a very remarkable representative woman engaged in this department of work. She is the lady-manager of the Board for Indiana, and vice-chairman of the executive committee—*i.e.*, Mrs. Virginia Meredith, of Oakland Farm, Indiana. Her article on "The Privileges and Possibilities of Farm-life" was published in the leading papers of her own country, and re-published in England and Australia with commendation, and her pen has been regarded as an authority on live stock. A monograph of the live stock of her own state is one of the exhibits of the World's Fair. She acted as her husband's secretary and manager in the first instance, and then, as a widow, took the whole business into her own hands. Having received a collegiate education, and then studied the science of agriculture, and the rearing of herbs, she has proved eminently successful, and has lost nothing of those feminine attributes and characteristics which form the special charm of a woman in the eyes of the so-called stronger sex. Having no child of her own she has adopted those of a friend now no more, being devoted to children.

From the cultivation of what grows or exists above ground, under a woman's auspices, I will give an example of what she can do, and with as triumphant success as her male competitors underground. The idea is somewhat more novel when adopted into the ever-growing catalogue of work performed by women. Another lady-manager of the women's department at the World's Fair is Mrs. Clara McAdow, the mining millionaire. So far, I fancy her vocation in life's struggle for bread—and butter withal to improve it—is unique in the story of new occupations for the sex; but special opportunities may render it expedient in others to emulate this lady's astonishing enterprise and perseverance. Within the last eight years Mrs. McAdow has risen to the summit of her hopes and ambition, having accomplished what most people take a lifetime to do—made her fortune. She was recently appointed a delegate to the Mining Congress, the first of her sex to be accorded the distinction, and she was named to serve on the jury of awards in Mines and Minings at the Chicago Exhibition. Eight years ago this remarkable woman was in possession of four mines as yet undeveloped, only a sixty-foot hole in the ground preparing the way for her operations. She constructed new roads and bridges, she herself acting as her own engineer, over which she had machinery and building materials transported; she erected houses and crushing mills for the ore, and had the mining carried out under her personal direction. The "Spotted Horse Mine" (Fergus county) quickly developed into a grand institution in the best possible working order, she herself running it unaided. And this entailed the necessity for her riding some 120 miles or more over a rough and even dangerous country twice a year to Chicago and St. Paul for supplies. The mine is now 400 feet deep, has 100-foot levels provided with hoisting works, is timbered and car-tracked; has a twenty-stamp mill with twelve pans, and is lighted by electricity by a private plant. This remarkable woman now lives at Detroit in her well-earned palatial winter house, is an art critic and lover of literature, and is surrounded with objects of *vertu*, and is by no means "unsexed" by the days of struggle, and fatigue, and association in her labours with working men.

It is only within the last few years that women have been trained as lecturers on every variety of subject—scientific and literary and domestic economy. The National Health Society, of which Miss Lankester is the Hon. Sec., holds classes and prepares women for this profession. Sanitation, elementary anatomy, domestic and personal hygiene, physiology, and nursing in accident and disease; all these are included in the subject-matter of the lectures which duly qualified women are sent into the provinces to deliver to the country folks. There is also an association of women pioneer lecturers likewise formed for sending qualified persons into the country to lecture on science, art, history, literature in general. Local centres may be instituted to this end, and those desiring to engage the services of a lecturer, can obtain all necessary particulars from the Sec., Miss Bradley, 13, Gray's Inn Square, W.C. I should add that this useful association is in no way connected with the Pioneer Club.

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART II.

LET us first of all thoroughly understand ourselves. We want to disembue our minds of that foolish—nay, disgraceful—belief which keeps so many girls and women from admitting that they do housework, and that makes so many seek to fill positions for which they have neither capacity nor liking. I mean the belief that a lady is less really a lady when it is known that she employs no servants.

Now is it possible for any kind of work to lower the status of the individual who does that work?

Only in one way. "Servants' work" has come to be thought menial, because it has been performed in a menial manner, with as little trouble as possible and for the sake of the hire. Put away all such degrading notions, take up your implements, whether brush, mop or dish-cloth, and regard them, during the time you require to use them, as worthy of as much honour as the pencil, pen, or needle, which you will turn to with increased enjoyment by-and-by.

Take them up, too, as tools belonging to a profession, and see that they are kept in "professional" condition. If it is "a bad workman that quarrels with his tools," it is the good workman that keeps them rightly. The brushes that are used upstairs and downstairs alike will soon take the pile off the drawing-room carpet; and the floor-cloth, which has been used where grease has been dropped, is spoilt for its own proper work. Another wrinkle lies enfolded here. "Bridget" used to forget to shake out her window-leather after washing it, consequently it was hard and soon unfit for use, and a new one was needed; ours has been hung up on its own particular hook, and so is very little the worse for wear, and we may say the same of our floor-cloths, dusters, and towels, quite a pleasure to handle them again. What was it that someone said? "If we are to do Bridget's work and do it well, what time shall we have for other things, and if we have no time for them, what use was it to spend money and labour in acquiring them?" By other things, I suppose you mean music, drawing, reading or study. Now listen; this is precisely where your ladyhood, your brains, and your accomplishments come in. Because you have been trained and disciplined, you can understand that those only have "time" for everything who "make" time. Bridget felt bound to make some show of being occupied lest, finding her with idle hands, you should have been tempted to give her something more to do. We know better. This caring for the "meat that perisheth," though highly necessary and important, is not the only aim of our existence; we can do that, and we can do something more. By doing every task at its own proper time, doing it so well that it will not need to be done over again, wasting no moments, but buying up every minute as we go along, it becomes

really marvellous how much we are able to accomplish in a working day, and how much time we are able to devote to "other things." We soon learn exactly how long it should take us to make a bed and to do many other "regular" things, and we feel we have not done well if we fail to accomplish the task in the proper time; but what is the most trying part in all housework is the difficulty which all housekeepers find of regulating and keeping regular the daily duties and work, a difficulty too, which men are quite unable to comprehend. Still, to a great degree, it can be done, and every household is better for some proportion of strict discipline, but, here again, in the unforeseen delays, annoyances, and accidents, which come at times into the best regulated households, the lady's hand is the only one which can smooth matters straight again, and pour oil on the troubled waters.

Do not imagine that this little preachment comes from one who has reached the calm elevation which long years of practice enable us to attain to. Not so. With a great part (sometimes the whole) of the work of a fair-sized house to do, all the cooking, some washing, mending, brewing and gardening, the writer is compelled—by necessity—to make time also for a considerable amount of writing to be got through every day, for some teaching, for the practice of arts, some visiting and, what is of vital importance to every writer, the devotion of some time daily to close reading of papers, magazines and books. Yet, at no period of greater leisure was life half so enjoyable. Health is good, because there is no time for it to be anything else, and because the work is so varied its burdens are not felt as such, and if often very weary, sleep is sound, and rest is sweet. So you see, the secrets of our houseplace and its work are really secrets which have been learnt in the school of experience, and the argument with regard to the preservation of ladyhood springs from innate conviction.

Before going on to more practical details, I would like to say a word in behalf of the wholesomeness of properly-performed housework. The benefit which the lady-worker confers upon others by her superior methods, returns back upon herself in a better-developed frame, a healthier appetite, and an increased power of endurance; the latter especially is a quality becoming increasingly necessary in the severe strain which modern life puts upon us women. The woman who, as a girl, has been accustomed to brisk, active occupation, and who is resourceful in methods and economies, is infinitely better equipped for braving the battle with the world, if later on she is called to struggle for her own maintenance.

The text of "*mens sana in corpore sano*," which is being preached at us from one and every point of view, is, however, a faithful saying which typifies the ideal that will ere long be the standard of true beauty and womanliness for us all.

That wise man Burke said many good things, one of which exactly fits us now, viz., "It is only labour that makes thought healthy, and only thought that makes labour happy." That is very true.

It is quite possible to make a pudding and at the same time compound the plot of a story which shall be as wholesome, and to weed faithfully the garden-bed and meditate most thoroughly all the while. If any task is particularly distasteful to us, we can redeem it to a great extent by elevating our thoughts to something else, and there is no task so lowly, but is raised by the motive and the manner of doing it. Much as we may, and do, admire our grandmothers for their great skill and superiority in all household matters, there is one point on which we cannot quite accord with them, and that is where they held the belief that a woman's whole sphere was comprised in the perfect ordering of her household. She had no concern in politics, no need to raise her voice in legislation of country or social affairs, nor did her mind require the training or feeding that she was ready to allow as the right of men; limited in her outlook, she was quite willing to consider her barrier as divinely raised. Fifty years have seen those barriers and limitations swept away with a powerful hand; a woman's sphere is now only limited by her own capacities.

In the reaction, we have very nearly gone to the other extreme. We have so much despised our grandmother's opinions as to have almost lost sight of the arts which were so worthy in them. We have left the conduct of our interior sanctuary to minds that could not comprehend the value of the trust, and now we are called upon to face the fact that in a short time we shall be left stranded; helpers will not be had for hire, the services which were too lowly for us are also *infra dig.* to them. It is high time we began to look about us, to take up the reins of management again, rendering ourselves independent of unwilling workers, and redeeming some of the lost arts ere they have for ever faded into oblivion. Our sphere is enlarged, yes, thank God it is, and we would not for worlds do aught to prevent its further development. We want to deepen, to solidify the hold we have obtained of the government of the world, and how can we hope to do this if our home government shows flaws and failures, misrule and want of skill?

Oh, it is a grand thing to be a woman in these latter nineteenth century days! There are scarcely any positions which we really can fill that are withheld from us, it only lies with us to prove our worthiness to fill them.

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

LUCY HELEN YATES.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

WAYNE'S COURT.

"Love in my bosom, like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet."

Rosalind's Madrigal.



MRS. LENNARD was a pleasant old lady with a sunny temper and a strong will. She always had her own way, and decided all doubtful matters with a charming imperiousness which offended nobody.

Elsie had been accustomed to look up to the rector's wife from her earliest days. To the rectory she had always carried her burdens and secret sorrows, and Mrs. Lennard's sympathy had sweetened many bitter hours.

The golden light was streaming into Elsie's room as she stood before the glass, dressing for the dinner-party at the Court. It was a quaint room, with a chest of drawers of Queen Anne's time, and slender-legged tables and chairs, black with age, and Elsie, in a soft trailing gown of cream-coloured silk, looked almost too modern for her surroundings.

After that stroll by the river on Wednesday morning she had schooled herself to take life in a calm fashion.

On Thursday she had called at the Cedars, and had been received with the utmost cordiality. Jamie had seized upon her with the freedom of long acquaintance, insisting that she should inspect the stock of toys he had brought from London. As a mark of special favour he dropped a tin soldier into her cup of tea, and presented her with a loathly green lizard out of his Noah's Ark.

On Friday he came to Willow Farm and gladdened the hearts of the two old ladies. Francis Ryan's enjoyment was less noticeable; he found the little fellow a decided bore. There was not a single quiet minute with Miss Kilner; she was devoted to the boy, and would not let him go out of her sight. Arnold Wayne, who dropped in unexpectedly, behaved in quite a fatherly manner to Jamie, and did not hesitate to rebuke him when his gambols went too far.

Looking back on the past four days, Elsie acknowledged to herself that they had been days of pleasantness. Once, Francis had openly remarked that he wondered how soon Mrs. Verdon and Wayne would come to an understanding? And Mrs. Lennard had replied that it was only the unexpected that ever came to pass.

The dear old lady, in her black silk dress and Honiton lace cap, came rustling softly into the room on this golden evening.

"Elsie," she said, "you are to wear my flowers. Mr. Ryan is cutting some in the greenhouse at this moment, but I am before him. Gloire de Dijon roses and scarlet geranium set in maidenhair! Isn't that a lovely spray? Your old friend knows what will become you best!"

"Of course she does," responded Elsie with a kiss. "They are perfectly beautiful flowers, and no one else could have arranged them so well. Flowers suit me ever so much better than jewels, Mrs. Lennard."

"Yes, my dear. But where are your mother's diamonds?"

"I have not got them," Elsie answered quietly. "I saw Bertha wearing them just before my father died. Don't be vexed, dearest Mrs. Lennard."

But the old lady was vexed; a flush mounted to the roots of her silver hair, and her foot beat upon the carpet.

"Then I suppose some of Robert's creditors have got them now," she said angrily. "Bertha deserves all that she has had to bear. It is just chastisement. I wonder that you can take your wrongs so patiently!"

Elsie turned to her gently, with a wonderfully sweet look in her brown eyes.

"I was not patient at first," she answered. "There was a battle to fight. Afterwards, Meta helped me."

"Meta?" repeated Mrs. Lennard in a puzzled tone. "Ah, you mean the lady who was engaged to Harold Waring. How did she help you, my dear?"

"I think it was the touch of her vanished hand that calmed me," Elsie said in a hushed tone. "Like Hamlet, 'I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;' I was glad at first when I heard of Bertha's humiliation. And then I read Meta's story in her manuscript, and knew that she had suffered more than I, and had forgiven."

She stood quite still a moment, a graceful figure enfolded in golden light, with an exalted look on her face.

"Elsie," Mrs. Lennard said suddenly, "you are a beautiful woman. You are like someone in a poem, child! There is a certain kind of beauty that only comes through pain."

Elsie smiled at her, and began to fasten the flowers in her bodice. They gave the finishing touch to her dress, and suited her as she had said, better than jewels.

There was an ancient bridge across the moat which divided the Court from the highway. The water lay still and shining under the broad lily leaves, and the grey walls of the old house stood bathed in the enchanted light. It was an evening that made you think of legend and song, of knights riding home across the bridge when the fight was over, of ladies watching from those windows high for the first glimpse of streaming pennon and waving plume.

The old house stood fair and stately in the sunset with all its oriel windows and pointed gables and gilded vanes. As Elsie went up the grey stone steps of the terrace she had that curious feeling which Rossetti has called "Sudden light"—

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell."

Nothing seemed unfamiliar; the dense walls of box and yew showing dark against a saffron sky, the half-defaced knightly figure above the great portico, the tiled floor of the hall where a few white rose petals were scattered.

A little later when she sat down with the other guests to dine in a long room, dark with much black carved oak, she still had the dreamy sensation of returning to a life forgotten. The guests, however, were strangers. Mrs. Verdon, in a white silk gown embroidered with bunches of poppies, had never seemed less known. The grey-headed man with the rosy face was Mr. Danforth, and the two auburn-haired young ladies were his daughters, Mary and Lily.

Before that evening was over it occurred to Elsie that one or two persons were made slightly uncomfortable by her presence at the Court. And one of them, Lily Danforth, showed her uneasiness rather plainly.

She was a pretty girl, who owed her prettiness chiefly to her bright colouring and the freshness of youth. Her white dress, relieved only by touches of the palest green, became her very well. But she was restless, and Elsie saw that her eyes often glanced quickly and furtively in the direction of Francis Ryan.

All the Danforths treated Elsie rather distantly, but they were devoted to Mrs. Verdon. As there was no mistress of Wayne's Court it fell to Mary's part to play hostess, and when she gave the signal to rise from the table, Elsie felt that she was going into a chilly atmosphere.

In a hundred little ways did Miss Danforth contrive to slight Miss Kilner. Mary had never been as pretty as Lily, and was ten or twelve years older. It was not unknown to family friends that, after hoping vainly to win Arnold Wayne for herself, she was now trying hard to provide him with a wife of her own choosing.

But there was one person who was more than a match for Miss Danforth, and that was Mrs. Lennard. The old lady was not ignorant of her devices; her own knowledge of the world was far greater than Mary could ever hope to attain. The rector's wife had been a society belle in her youth, and had not forgotten the use of her weapons. Mary was discomfited, and Mrs. Verdon and Mrs. Tell were immensely amused when Mrs. Lennard proved herself mistress of the situation.

The drawing-room had the look of a room that is seldom inhabited; the keys of the piano were stiff through lack of use. It was so warm that the windows (which were modern in this part of the house) had been widely opened, and the scent of flowers drifted in from the terrace. Arnold, entering with the other men, detected Elsie sitting in the shade of a lace curtain and looking out into the golden moonlight.

He was at her side in a moment. Francis Ryan, who had searched for her in a wrong direction, saw that he had lost his chance, and went over to talk to Mrs. Verdon.

"Come out and see how the streams glisten in the moonlight," said Arnold in a quiet voice. And Elsie consented willingly; she was tired of the formal room and the uninteresting talk, and the breath of the night was sweet.

The ground sloped gently down from the terrace, and beyond the court gardens were the low-lying meadows and shining watercourses. The glamour of the moonshine was over all; it was like a landscape seen in a dream.

"I must see more of you next week," said Arnold, looking down at the delicate face which was spiritualised by the mysterious light. "You will come to church to-morrow. There will be a walk of three quarters of a mile; the footpath runs through the fields."

"It will be delightful to go to a country church again," Elsie answered.

"I'm glad to return to the old rural scenes myself," Arnold confessed. "By the way, don't turn poor Ryan's head, Miss Kilner, unless you want to break some one's heart."

"Whose heart?"

Elsie looked up at him with grave, questioning eyes.

"My cousin Lily's. It is quite an old affair."

"Oh, yes, we'll all go out on the terrace. No, Mrs. Tell, we shan't take cold. It can't be done to-night."

Mary Danforth was speaking; her high-pitched voice grated unpleasantly on Elsie's ears. She stepped out over the low window-sill, followed by Mrs. Verdon, Lily, and Mr. Ryan.

Arnold muttered something under his breath. Mary came towards the pair at once with a little affected exclamation of surprise.

"You here, Arnold! Isn't it lovely, Miss Kilner? The view from the terrace is always so pretty by moonlight. How very warm it is! But don't you think you ought to have a shawl?"

They were all mixed up now; there were no more quiet words. Everybody seemed to talk and laugh at once.

A stable-clock struck ten, and Mrs. Lennard told Elsie that it was time to go.

Francis Ryan and his two ladies went back across the old bridge. Miss Kilner, wrapped in a soft buff shawl, paused a second to look down into the dark moat. Only a few moonbeams touched the still water; the rushes stood up like tall black spears; one could fancy armed men crouched in ambush there in the shadow of the arch. She walked on again by Mrs. Lennard's side.

"We were rather dull at the Court to-night," said Francis. "Wayne has grown accustomed to living in tents, and that sort of thing, you see. The old place needs a lady's rule. Mrs. Verdon will make a good *chatelaine*."

"Has she been telling you her secrets?" Mrs. Lennard asked.

"No; but the Danforths were talking."

"The Danforths generally are talking," the old lady replied.

"Well, but I think they are right. It's time for Wayne to settle. A man should look after his own place and know his own people. And if he has a big house he wants a wife."

"When he wants her he can find her without the assistance of other people. The worst matches I've ever known were those made up by sisters and cousins and aunts," said Mrs. Lennard in her decided way. "Elsie, my dear, what are you looking at? That was only a cat that ran across the road. You are getting nervous. I shall send you off to bed."

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN OF STRENGTH.

By ETHEL MORGAN.

'TWAS evening-time. The sun's last rays
Were fading from the sky;
And through the thickly-branching trees
The evening breeze did sigh
And murmur as a child in pain.
I wept—not knowing why.

A little brook ran down the vale
And babbled o'er the stones;
Yet nought but sadness could I hear
In Nature's varied tones.
The evening wind did rise and fall
In melancholy moans.

The flowers bright of every hue
In peaceful sleep did lie,
Only the evening-primrose raised
Her pale face to the sky.
"I'm lonely," she did seem to say;
I answered, "So am I."

Then gat I from that darksome vale,
And stood upon the hill;
The clouds in silence went their way
And all the world was still;
Only the wind was rising now,
And whistled loud and shrill.

It seemed to blow the world away
With all its petty cares,
With all its false deluding hopes
That seize one unawares,
And captive take the trusting heart
In their deceitful snares.

I loved that mighty rushing wind
That whistled shrill and high,
It seemed to bear me far away
From every earthly tie.
A mighty hope grew in my heart
Which never more shall die.

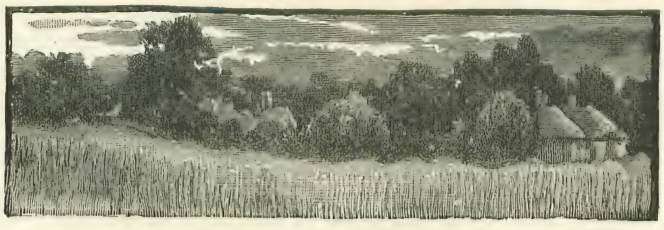
It seemed to bring me close to God,
The Father of mankind.
I longed for all things good and great
Borne on that rushing wind.
My spirit soared to heights unknown
And heavenly bliss did find.

Then once again it sank to rest,
The clouds had passed away,
And bright the star above me shone
Which heralded the day;
And calling me to work once more,
Methought it seemed to say:

"Strive on now in the vale of life
With eyes fixed on the hill,
Whence holy peace and strength divine
Will shine upon you still.
For God yet helps the meek in heart
Who wait upon His will.

"And if the trees should darkly wave,
And all the world seem cold,
Look up to God, who tenderly
Your trembling hand will hold;
And through the dreary vale of life
Will lead you to His fold."

Then downward from the mountain-top
I passed with strengthened feet,
Daring to face life's fiercest foes,
Earth's darkest days to meet;
Knowing that God was on my side,
And that to me was sweet.



THE GIRL'S OWN ART OF THINKING;

OR,

HOW EVERY GIRL SHOULD MANAGE HER MIND.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

PART II.

THE whole art of thinking, says someone whose name we forget, consists in taking two and two and adding them together so as to make five. Now, unless we have the two and two to start with, there is no chance of our being able to work out this magical arithmetic. In other words, we must have something to think about. That is clear enough.

Knowledge, then, being necessary before we can exercise our reasoning powers, great pains ought to be given to the acquiring of it. The idea should always be kept before us that we are gaining knowledge as food for thought, and plenty of such food, and of wholesome quality too, should be the rule.

The distinction between knowledge and wisdom, it should here be remarked, is often overlooked. The two are quite different, and the difference has been well pointed out by the poet Cowper in the following lines:—

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t'enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Perthes, the famous publisher of Germany, in a letter to a friend, expresses much the same truth as Cowper, indicating that a man may be brimful of knowledge and at the same time be little remarkable for wisdom and its accompanying qualities. "You insist," he says, "on respect for learned men. I say, Amen! But at the same time don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned."

Wisdom, in its highest form, has been defined by Dr. Arnold of Rugby as rich and varied knowledge, digested and combined and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God. That, girls, is as good a definition as it is possible to give, indicating, as it does, not only the solid basis on which wisdom must rest, but the dominating power without which we can neither see nor understand anything aright.

The kind of knowledge to be accumulated by us is an interesting and important question, but it is one on which it is impossible to lay



"'TWAS EVENING-TIME."

down a rule that will suit everybody. Our occupations and interests differ, and for that reason alone what is a necessary subject to Mary may be so much waste material to Jane. The musician, for instance, need hardly trouble her head about the working of the electric telegraph, and the cook ought to employ her time more profitably than in studying the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Tastes, also, are not always the same. In fact, there is nothing we love that some people do not detest, and this for no apparent reason except that their minds are framed on a different plan from our own. We may, for example, be much interested in the poetic side of things, and to them nothing may have any charm but the prosaic and matter-of-fact; or they may have a turn for ancient history, with its antiquated costumes and dead-and-gone characters; whereas to us the present—so full of life, so real, so personal in all its relations—may appear the only thing worth attending to.

Whatever our bent, we ought to follow it, for only in that direction can we hope for success in any mental work whatever. The proverb has it that that no one does anything well against her will, even though what she does is well; and Tranio, in the "Taming of the Shrew," gives similar advice to his master:—

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The important question, after all, is this; Is the knowledge we are accumulating of interest to us, and is it likely to be of service to us? not what does the girl in the next street say about it?

This view ought to prevent our denouncing as unworthy of notice many things the utility of which is not at first sight apparent. It is not always the most important facts connected with a subject that give rise to the most important thoughts. Trifles, indeed, rightly pondered over, sometimes lead to wonderful results; as in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who from a rude woodcut at the head of a halfpenny ballad obtained the idea of one of his most successful paintings.

But whilst speaking with respect of the smallest and most trivial facts we must not forget that the mind is often exercised in very frivolous and foolish investigations. In this utilitarian age, however, when even our thinking has a business and practical air, this error is not so often met with as it was long ago.

During the early days of scholastic philosophy it was discussed by the learned as gravely as a problem in Euclid, whether twenty thousand spirits could dance together on the point of a very fine needle without mutually incommoding each other.

And the following question was a favourite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians through more than a century never resolved it:—"When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the rope or the man?"

Whatever our studies we must always try to add to our stock of knowledge. It has been well said that "the mind is but a barren soil, a soil which is soon exhausted and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter. In a garden if you wish for good results in turnips and cabbages, you must feed the ground well, and in the culture of the mind it is necessary to follow much the same rule.

But we must not be so eager in our studies as to try to know everything. Dare to be ignorant of many things, and never be ashamed to confess it either, for that is one of the best ways of gaining additional knowledge. The really important matter is to have the mind well trained, and not to be a walking encyclopædia.

We obtain our material from two sources, the world without us, and the world within. There are three ways of dealing with the outside world; by observation, by reading, and by conversation; and the first of these, though the most neglected, is without doubt the most important.

"It is astonishing," says Professor Blackie, "how much we all go about with our eyes open and yet seeing nothing. This is because the organ of vision, like other organs, requires training, and by lack of training and the slavish dependence on books, becomes dull and slow, and ultimately incapable of exercising its natural function."

Everything depends on how we look at things. Some people look, and, as the Professor says, see nothing, or, if they do see something, it creates no interest, affords no enjoyment, and arouses no mental activity. This was the case with one of the two who form the subject of the following little American poem:—

"The one, with yawning, made reply,
What have I seen?—not much, have I!
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams.

The other, smiling, said the same,
But with face transfigured and eye of flame——
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."

The field of observation is practically inexhaustible. "How endless," says Bishop Hall, "is that volume which God hath written of the world, wherein every creature is a letter; every day a new page! Let us but open our eyes, we cannot look besides a lesson, in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? What event doth not challenge our observation?"

The importance of observation as an awakener of thought even when the facts observed appear as if they would suggest nothing to anybody, might be proved by many examples from the lives of famous men. Who has not heard of the apple which by a sudden and happy chance directed the mind of Newton to the subject of gravity? An apple had fallen on the crown of the philosopher as he sat reading under a tree. "When he observed the smallness of the apple he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity and laid the foundation of his philosophy."

Another instance of the same kind is the first suggestion of the pendulum for measuring the flight of time. This occurred to Galileo in 1583, whilst he was watching the vibrations of the great bronze lamp still to be seen swinging from the roof of the Cathedral of Pisa. He observed that whatever the range of its oscillations they were invariably executed in equal times, and the experimental verification of this fact led him to his important discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum.

An observation on a pendulum, too, had an important effect very early in life on Vaucanson, who came to be the foremost French mechanician of the first half of the eighteenth century. How he came to select the career in which he acquired such distinction was his being struck one day whilst waiting for his mother at the house of a friend with the uniform motion of the clock in the hall.

A great deal of our knowledge comes from reading, though it is a second-rate kind of article compared with that derived from observation. The importance of books is apt to be overrated, and it is not without reason that great readers have been set down as of all people those with the fewest ideas.

"We must remember," says a writer we have already quoted, "that books are not creative powers in any sense; they are merely helps, instruments, tools; and even as tools they are only artificial tools, superadded to those with which the wise provision of Nature has equipped us, like telescopes and microscopes, whose assistance in many researches reveals unimagined wonders, but the use of which should never tempt us to undervalue or to neglect the exercise of our own eyes. The original and proper sources of knowledge are not books, but life's experience, personal thinking, feeling, and acting."

Space forbids our entering here on particular rules for the regulation of our reading. But this rule must on no account be crowded out, that with reading, thinking must always go hand in hand. It is only by thinking that what we read becomes ours. "We are of the ruminating kind," says Locke, "and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment."

Conversation, too, is of great value in the acquiring of new ideas. If our minds are to be large and liberal and filled with suggestive material, they must come in contact with other minds, and for this reason we should try to frequent the society of the best people. But even where it is not possible to have our company of the best, we may make good use of what comes in our way by laying down this regulation, that we shall try to make every person in whose society we are thrown minister to our improvement.

Besides giving us new ideas, conversation is of use, as Dr. Watts points out, by calling into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents it brings old notions to remembrance; it unfolds and displays the hidden treasures of knowledge with which reading, observation and study have before furnished the mind.

Besides the world without, there is the ever-present world within us to afford continual occupation to our thoughts. "Sound thy heart to the bottom," says an old writer, "and try it nicely to be thoroughly satisfied of thy sincerity. Let no day pass without an account taken of thy life, and be sure to observe very diligently what ground you gain or lose, what alteration appears in your temper, behaviour, affections, desires; what resemblance to or degeneracy from God; how near approaches you make, or to what distances you are cast.

"Above all other subjects, study thine own self, for she who is thoroughly acquainted with herself hath attained to a more valuable sort of learning than if the course and position of the stars, the nature of all sorts of animals, etc., had employed her thoughts."

This is a subject which raises our wonder and fills us with love and admiration for the Great Creator to whom we owe our being.

"I cannot but pity her," says a famous author, "who recognises nothing God-like in her own nature." "Man," says Pascal, in his *Provincial Letters*, "is to himself the mightiest prodigy of nature, for he is unable to conceive what is body, still less what is mind, but least of all is he able to conceive how a body can be united to a mind which is his proper being."

And the study of ourselves has this great additional advantage, that by means of it we come to understand other people. As Schiller has well said—

"Would'st thou know thyself, observe the actions of others;
Would'st thou other men know, look thou within thine own heart."

MUMPS.

By BUZZIE, Author of "Refining Fires," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THIS glimpse shows me that it is open, and that there is quite a crowd assembled to welcome the *curé* and his congregation. The Count and Countess with their children, servants and *sabotiers* are all there; the men ranged on one side (as is the custom here) and the women on the other. By-and-by I hear the notes of a Breton hymn rising on the morning air.

"Gloar da Vari ho melaidé
Be peus bursud évurus."

Louder and louder it sounds, and by degrees the curious procession heaves in sight. The men come first dressed in their Sunday-best costumes, bright-coloured stockings and ties, and broad-brimmed hats, their buckles, and velvet bands hanging loosely in their hands. After them come "the choir" (or the most select portion of it), consisting of a number of very small boys, with very small voices, resembling the squeak of a rat when one treads on its tail. After the boys comes the old *curé* in his white surplice; then more little boys holding banners; and, in the rear, the women looking very picturesque in their short skirts, sabots, and dazzling white caps. As the procession passes by the Count and his followers, the latter kneel down to receive the *curé*'s blessing and join in. The Litany of the Saints is begun with a woeful absence of time and tune, and a complete breakdown in the passages where the litany changes. By this time they have arrived at the chapel, which they enter two by two. I await their reappearance with impatience, and meanwhile the sun rises and, slowly dispersing the cold morning mist, shines with unwonted brilliancy on every tree and flower, reviving all nature with its warming rays. The birds leave their nests and carol blithely, the bee begins to search diligently for its breakfast in the fragrant flower cups. The procession at length emerges from the chapel, the choir singing with renewed vigour, and as the voices rise upon the clear air I forget the absence of time and tune and training. Left to myself I begin to think it high time to start the tour of my room. With what shall I commence?

If I were a man I should no doubt walk straight to my book-case and expatiate on my learned friends the books, and the pictures of life and nature they bring before me; but being only a woman, and subject to the little failings of my sex, I shall consult another friend just as learned, and another picture just as full of instruction, amusement and interest. My mirror! that little square piece of glass with its narrow lining of quicksilver! What histories it could relate! What secrets disclose! Of what tears must it have been the witness, and what transports of joy! What a fund of sarcasm it has proved for writers of all ages, what threats and anathemas have been hurled against it, of what ridiculous praises and adulations has it been the recipient!

I wonder how many men seriously reflect on the enormous influence that this bit of furniture has over the mind.

The mirror is more than an admirable reproduction of Nature; is also a severe mentor and a lover of truth. It preaches a quiet but impressive sermon against late hours, too much feasting, etc., and is a true friend of the saying, "Handsome is that handsome does."

"If girls who look into their mirrors reflect as much as the mirrors do, they will look into them less," writes some prosy old individual, I don't quite remember who; but his words come to my mind just as Blanche enters my room; so, for the present, I will leave my truthful and trusty though inanimate companion, for the pleasures of a chat and a cup of chocolate with my indefatigable nurse.

Wednesday, June 21st, 8 A.M.—I don't feel at all well this morning; I was awakened last night, just about midnight by a yelling, screeching, wailing, howling and spitting sound proceeding from the garret above my room, in which, no doubt Mistigris and Abimeleck, two of the wild cats of the castle had arranged a *rendezvous*. Oh, those wild cats! They are twenty-five in number, all either cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces, daughters, fathers or mothers of each other, the originator of which prolific family being one of thinnest, mangyest and most poverty-stricken looking specimen of the feline species imaginable. These cats are all (in spite of the sweet tie of relationship) of a spiteful and pugnacious disposition; they feed mostly on stolen morsels, or on each other, and the concerts to which we are sometimes treated when the sun goes down, are very painful to listen to. One would have thought that the jugs and basins full of cold water which they constantly receive would have impaired the force and brilliancy of their vocal organs; but such is not the case. I have known Abimeleck sustain the high C for a quarter of an hour after having had at least a gallon of water emptied on his mangy back.

As I am on the subject of animals I may as well say a word about "Cola," the raven of the castle, whom I can perceive strutting up and down the terrace in front of my window, stopping every now and again to prune his feathers.

His full name is Nicola and he is called Cola for short, though I think that "Nick" would have been more appropriate. I never saw a raven of such dimensions. Even in its babyhood when it was caught by Corentin it was large, and called forth admiration, shown by petting caresses, which were resented by Cola.

As Cola advances in age he grows in wickedness, and now at the age of one year he is the terror of all who approach him. I never venture out until I have ascertained that he is a long way off. He looks upon all the fruit in the garden as his own property, and swears dreadfully at anyone surreptitiously plucking it. He has a way of appearing suddenly on the scene with an unearthly caw just as one is about to place the fruit in one's mouth, thereby either causing one to choke, or else to drop the luscious morsel, which Cola immediately appropriates, and gobbles whole with perfect serenity. Cola defies the elements: neither rain, nor sun, nor storm daunt him, in fact, I think the more stormy it is the more happy is he, and when the rain is falling in bucketsful one may perceive him walking daintily up and down the gravel pathway on the tip of his toes, with his head posed loftily in the air, and a look of calm proprietorship in his wicked blue eyes.

When Cola was first introduced to the castle grounds a number of the dogs surrounded him and eyed him curiously. Cola, utterly unabashed by the sensation he was causing, and the deference of his canine friends, stood on one leg, rolled himself up into a ball and winked. Babbo, the great mastiff, evidently disgusted by the impertinence of this black intruder, probed him with his paw just as he was about to close the other eye. This imprudent act put Cola into a fury; he opened out both his wings until every feather stood on end, stiff and perpendicular, opened his beak and emitted a sound something resembling the blowing, whistling, scraping and screeching of a steam engine which is just about to be set in motion, and sent the dogs flying in all directions in a state of abject terror, thus effectively freeing himself for evermore from any familiar advances of his canine companions.

Cola is an unblushing and relentless thief; he never enters a room without making himself possessor of some object there. He never sees anything brilliant but, by some dexterous means, more subtle than that of the professional burglar, he becomes possessed of it.

The Count having mislaid an antique diamond stud, and searched the castle without finding it, suggested that the favourite haunt of Cola should be visited, and there, sure enough, in a little hole much resorted to by the bird, it was found in the vulgar company of an eyeless needle, a crooked pin, and a rusty brass nail.

Cola has an insatiable appetite, and eats anything or everything he is offered, from a dandelion to a bit of rump steak. No matter what sized piece you offer, he opens his mouth which, like the entrance to Hades, is of a fiery red, and swallows it whole, immediately afterwards making a curious gurgling noise in his throat resembling the faint phiz of a ginger-beer bottle before it bursts. Whether this is for the sake of his digestion, to show his relish for the food, or from a sense of thankfulness I have been unable to ascertain.

When Cola is in a good temper he is chattily inclined, and will carry on long and animated conversations in a voice that is wonderfully human. When he is thus inclined he expects to be answered rationally, and as he is very short tempered I invariably humour him in these moods.

One day, however, as I was seated under a medlar tree engaged on an intricate piece of tapestry, I did not take any notice of his frequent demands for attention. This enraged him so much, that he suddenly changed his amiable tone and began to swear at me, screeching in a way that set my teeth on edge. I gathered up my work in terror and fled to the house with the irate animal at my heels, making sundry savage pecks at my boots, and the tail of my dress. I didn't breathe again until the iron barrier was between us.

I must not forget "Sheifa," our little Algerian donkey.

Sheifa is a great deal smaller than any donkey that I remember to have seen, but in bulk he surpasses them.

The little boy who, when asked to give the description of a horse said "that it was an animal very far round with four legs like sticks, one at each corner," must have had Sheifa in mind, for it exactly describes him. He is so "far round" in fact that his body only escapes the ground by a few inches, and his legs are ridiculously short, and always stretched out to their fullest extent so as to make a surer support for the weight they have to bear.

The occupation of Sheifa from morning till night is eating, and I am sorry to say that his appetite is not only voracious but diseased. Bath-towels, rusty nails, old boots, straw hats, bags and newspapers have often figured as items in his daily *menu*, and he has a particular liking for soft paper bags.

When I was first introduced to Sheifa I produced a golden russet and held it out for his consumption, but he turned up his nose at the fruit, and before I could move was nibbling away the flounce of my red dress, smacking his lips between whiles to show his appreciation of the dainty.

One very hot summer day I was sitting under a tree and reading *Ma cousine Pot-au-Feu*, when I fell into a doze and was awakened by a strange sibilant sound near my ears. This sound proceeded from Sheifa, who was rapidly licking up and devouring one by one the leaves of my book, and had already demolished half the volume. Sheifa never sits down unless he has somebody or something on his back, when he immediately considers a sedentary position more becoming.

One day, however, being bound for a picnic, the Count insisted that Sheifa should be made use of to carry the preserves. The sweet docility of Sheifa that day while he was being loaded augured so well that the Countess, Blanche, and I undertook the responsibility of conducting him to his destination, leaving the rest of the company to go on in front.

Sheifa behaved well till we arrived at a point exactly midway between the castle and our destination, when without any warning whatever he suddenly sat down.

Entreaty, persuasion, abuse, caresses, knocks, kicks, were all of no avail; the animal refused to budge an inch, and surveyed our efforts with a smile. At last, after having thoroughly worn ourselves out, we came to the conclusion that like the "miller and his son," the best way out of the difficulty would be to carry the animal ourselves. After much exertion we dislodged his two front legs from under him. I took one, the Countess the other, and Blanche pushed violently behind, while we all called out in a martial voice, "Allez, Sheifa, allez, allez!" The result was terrific; Sheifa, evidently resenting this invasion of his dignity, freed himself from our grasp with a mighty effort. Up went his hind-legs in the air, and down came his head between his fore-legs, smash went the bottles against the butter jar, squash went the tipsy cake against the *salade russe*, and then a gurgling sound was heard, and custard, cider, and chickens' legs, apples, pepper, salt, and red wine were dropped upon the road. We almost wept. Blankly we asked each other what we should do, when a brilliant idea occurred to me. Round the butter was a soft and well-greased bag, a tempting morsel for Sheifa. I took it, and arranging it in the form of a long bougie, put it under his nose. He made a dash for it, and as I drew the savoury morsel further and further from his grasp, he got up and began trotting after it. The ruse was completely successful, and in this manner we arrived at our destination, I, at a tantalising distance from Sheifa holding out the butter bag, the Countess by his side laden with the fallen morsels of cake and chicken, and Blanche behind with a stick and a thistle ready to chastise him if occasion demanded, shouting out lustily every moment, "Allez, Sheifa, allez, allez!"

It is ten o'clock, and I am waiting patiently for Blanche's matutinal call. She comes at last, a picture of freshness and neatness in her black cachmere dress that makes me sigh a little, for I think of my bandaged head, watery eyes, and faded complexion. After having kindly asked me how I feel, she announces all in a breath that the Comte de Tanue, Monsieur de Ramur, and Monsieur de Vaux have come to play tennis, and are vociferously demanding my presence.

Tennis, by-the-by, is my special hobby, and I believe that I am a fairly efficient player. I am answerable for its introduction into this little corner of the world. I brought over from London the net, marker, balls and racquets, and had to pay rather a heavy duty for them at La Douane, St. Malo. I am the factotum, the book of rules, the general referee in all matters relating to tennis. It is always my opinion that is asked, and my advice that is requested if the court gets out of order or has to be marked. It is invariably I who am called for in cases of doubt. No game is ever considered perfect without my presence, and it is always I and I alone who am allowed to umpire or divide sides.

"They will be all at sea without you," says Blanche, smiling. "You know they have none of them an idea of the game, and outrageous cheating will be the order of the day; but of course it is impossible for you to leave your room."

I have the most becoming tennis robe imaginable of white cachmere with sailor collar, knot and sleeve bands of pale blue, and a design of tennis racquets with their handles crossing each other. It is very tantalising to be unable to slip it on and go down and amuse myself; but mumps are inexorable, and the sworn enemies of exercise and fresh air, so with a groan I have to submit to my fate and sit down and glean as much amusement as I can from watching the game from my window. The tennis-court is a curious one. When I came from London and told the Count that the game was called lawn tennis because it was played upon a lawn, and further that the lawn would take at least three months to get into playable order, requiring afterwards to be cut and attended to, he smiled, and having obtained from me the exact measurements, assured me that in three days he would introduce me to a tennis court which would require neither cutting nor looking after, which would cost nothing and which could be played upon spring, summer, autumn or winter.

He was as good as his word, and I must admit that the tennis-court he presented to me was a marvel of ingenuity.

I here give directions for making a similar one for the benefit of those who do not possess a garden or who do not care for incurring the expenses of a lawn.

Flatten well a square piece of ground the size required. Soak it with several buckets of water, and then get horses, donkeys, dogs, to walk upon it, and then bang it until it is quite hard and flat. Leave it to bake in the sun for two days.

Time for entire process, three days.

Price, next to nothing.

As to the marking, it can be done with chalk if preferred, but we laid down tapes fixed with hooks, and for the netting round, we employed two Ouessant fishing-nets.

At length the four performers make their appearance; my host the Count comes first with his striking face and figure, the type of an old Breton knight, and the living image of at least a dozen of his warlike ancestors in the salon. After him strides the Comte de Tanue, an enormous individual with a very long nose, very small eyes, very fat legs, and an unwieldy body; and by his side Monsieur de Ramur, a neat, dapper little man, with a round bald head, brightly polished, and an irreproachable collar and tie.

Blanche and I have nicknamed these two, the elephant and the flea, and they really do suggest these animals, especially in their walk, Monsieur de Tanue making slow, clumsy strides, and Monsieur de Ramur jumping, hopping, skipping about, and as full of antics as the above-mentioned insect.

Monsieur de Vaux, the fourth person, a great friend of mine, is chiefly remarkable for the patterns on his shirt fronts. I have seen him appear with a farmyard depicted thereon, cocks, hens, cottages, trees all complete. To-day, by straining my eyes, I perceive that he has donned his equestrian shirt, which portrays ladies and gentlemen on piebald horses, about to leap over five-barred gates. I don't know where he gets his shirts from, but he once confided to me that he possessed one hundred and eighty-six!!

The game begins, and Blanche flies downstairs on hearing the Count's little boy crying, and I am left alone. I get so excited that, scarce knowing what I do, I open the window, and leaning out in the fresh air follow the game.

Mr. de Tanue, whom I will call the elephant to prevent mistakes, starts serving. He begins by bouncing the ball, and then sends it with herculean force high in the air, whence it descends, after a time, "in court" for a wonder; but it bounds so high over the heads of everyone that it is of course impossible to return. This stroke is hailed with enthusiasm by the others, and cries of, *Bien joué—Tres bien joué*, reach my ears! Blushing with honest pride, he strides over to the other court, and tries the same experiment; but this time, the ball descends about a quarter of a mile away from the court, and has to be searched for. This is the play of the elephant.

The next to serve is the Count, and much as I admire and like my host, I am bound to admit that, as far as tennis goes, he is an unblushing cheat. He begins his "little ways" at once by standing in the small court and pretending to send the ball over the net with his racquet; but he really throws it over with his hand! After the game has gone on for some time, he says suddenly, "I think that's 'deuce,'" and always manages by some underhand means to gain the remaining two points! Flea's turn comes next, and he sends his balls with little fitful jerks, and then hops after them, with so many tricks and antics that I cannot help laughing, in spite of my indignation at the outrageous way in which his opponents cheat him!

My friend of the fantastic shirt-fronts has a particular way of his own of serving, for which he says he has taken out the patent. It consists in throwing the ball in the air, letting it bounce, and catching it on the rebound. That this patent of his is contrary to the standard rules does not affect him; he is of opinion, as in fact they all are, that if you get your ball into court your method of serving should not be questioned.

I am so much engrossed in following the manœuvrings of my friends that I am unaware that Blanche has entered the room and is standing before me. She soon makes me aware of her presence, however, by shaking my arm and asking me if I have taken leave of my senses. I am standing before an open window!

"I believe I have," I answer contritely, and I have to pay for my indiscretion by remaining in bed for the rest of the day, in great pain.

(*To be continued.*)

MENDELSSOHN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

WHO has not listened with rapture to the "Songs Without Words?" What girl, be she ever so unmusical, has not longed to play one of these lovely compositions on the piano, and when she has succeeded, has found her greatest delight in repeating it over and over again on the instrument at all sorts of moments—in moments of melancholy to cheer her, in moments of meditation to encourage her reflections, and in moments of mirth to harmonise with her blythe and happy mood. Full of every shade of human feeling, these wonderful songs, like the glancing of shot silk, or like the shimmering of a prism, seem to yield forth every emotion, and always the one which is most wanted at the time. It is owing to this versatility of utterance that they have attained such widespread and abiding popularity, and have made Mendelssohn's name commensurate with that of civilised mankind.

A friend of ours has informed us that he heard one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" in a hut in the wilds of California, and we have read descriptions of the impression made upon ferocious bushrangers by the performance of a similar ditty by a lady in Australia. The power of Orpheus, who could strike gentleness into the most savage breasts, seems peculiarly that of Mendelssohn, and it is questionable whether any composer since the time of Handel has been so generally acceptable to all sorts and orders of listeners, to all races of men, and at all times and seasons. It is a significant fact, in illustration of this assertion, that the directors of the music at the Crystal Palace, wishing to substitute the works of another composer for those of Handel at one of their gigantic festivals, could find no other musician so suitable for that purpose as Mendelssohn, and have therefore established a Mendelssohn as well as a Handel Festival.

The man himself was one of the most genial beings who ever lived—we generally find a man's character reflected in his writings—and everybody who met him at once became attached to him. He used to say of himself that he could get on with everybody, and that he never came across a person with whom he failed to fraternise. He professed to have no preferences and no aversions, but to feel the same towards all. Yet those who knew him most intimately were well aware of one very strong and marked preference which he had. He was desperately fond of children. Nothing pleased him better than to get among a number of children and to have a romp.

On one occasion when he was performing at Windsor before the Queen and the Prince Consort, he played so divinely on the piano that Her Majesty, dropping her usual reserve, told him to ask any reasonable favour of her and it should be granted. Mendelssohn at first protested that he could not take so great a liberty as to name any request whatsoever, more especially that one which was on the tip of his tongue. The Queen, however, repeated her promise, and then he said,

"As the head of a family, your Majesty, it has all along been my most earnest desire to see your royal children in their royal nursery. I know what my own nursery is like, and wish very much to see one wherein princes and princesses are brought up. If you will grant me this favour, you will make me the happiest man in England."

The Queen was astonished and amused at this singular demand, but true to her word, did not hesitate to grant the favour. She led the way in company with the Prince Consort, and the royal pair conducted the composer through the various nurseries at Windsor, in which the young princes and princesses, at that time in pinafores, were commencing their acquaintance with life.

If he admired at a distance the children of royalty, he was very free, jovial, and familiar with the children of his acquaintances. Nothing, as we said, pleased him better than a romp. Once in a room with his young friends, he was immediately down on his hands and knees, while they were merrily leaping over his back, or rolling over and over with him on the ground. A strange story is told in connection with these eccentric habits of his.

One afternoon he had called at a friend's house, and finding no one but the children at home had stayed to have a romp with them. Then getting tired of his sport he sat down at the piano and began to indulge his musical genius in a fit of divine extemporisation. Soon, carried away by the music, he completely forgot all about the children who were in the room with him, until he felt a sudden tug at his wrist, and became aware that one child was trying to catch his hand and hold it prisoner. To avoid this interruption to his playing he suddenly flung his hand upwards to the highest treble notes, and when the child attempted to catch it there, whisked it down again to the middle of the piano. Another infant persecutor was assailing his left hand in like manner, which he flung down to the profundity of the bass, and "dodged" its would-be captor quite as effectually as in the former case. A most peculiar melody resulted from this unique experiment in pianoforte-playing, as may be well imagined; but Mendelssohn was so well pleased with the extemporisation, despite its occasional interruptions, that he transferred it to paper when he had leisure, and this piece of music now figures as one of the "Songs Without Words," and one, it may be added, of the most interesting among them.



MENDELSSOHN.

"Felix" was Mendelssohn's Christian name, and those who gave him that name made a very discreet and prophetic choice of the *sobriquet*. For while "*Felix*" *is the Latin* for "happy," Mendelssohn was the happiest of men, and his friends were accustomed to combine the name and its translation, and to speak of him as "Happy Felix."

"I do not know what it is," says Moscheles in his diary, "that makes Mendelssohn so thoroughly happy and contented. Perhaps it is his wife."

But such a supposition was only half the explanation. Like most happy and genial-spirited men, Mendelssohn was very lucky in his marriage, and got a wife who possessed a charming disposition and an equable temper. "Very charming, unassuming, and child-like," was Moscheles' verdict on her. "So gentle and exquisitely feminine," says the same authority in another place, "that she and her husband are perfectly matched." But even without his wife Mendelssohn was still the same bright, cheery, buoyant spirit, and it is plain that the chief merit in possessing so amiable a disposition lay in the first place with himself, although his wife no doubt helped him largely to retain it.

Unlike most composers, who have had to commence their career with a hard struggle against poverty and misfortune, Mendelssohn was, as the saying is, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." His father was a wealthy merchant at Hamburg, and a man of liberal tastes and accomplishments. Most men in his position would have had a strong objection to a son of theirs so far forgetting himself as to enter the ranks of professional musicians. With Abraham Mendelssohn, however, the contrary was the case, and while attending to the boy's education in other respects, no expense was spared to secure him the very best musical education, and to let him hear as much good music as possible.

The boy's genius certainly justified such attention. Before he was four years old he evinced such a very great aptitude for pianoforte-playing and singing, that his family looked upon him as a prodigy, as indeed he was. The masters who were engaged for young Mendelssohn's instruction were Zelter and Berger. The former was himself a pupil of John Sebastian Bach, so that it is interesting to think that Mendelssohn was brought into direct traditional contact with the greatest scientific musician of the world, and received no doubt many of his secrets of art through the medium of Zelter.

By the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was turning out very fair compositions, and exhibiting the foretaste of those remarkable powers which were to bloom in such wealth and beauty later on. Only a few years later he had written that imperishable *chef d'œuvre*, the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which will probably last as long as Shakespeare's comedy. Although the music may be immortal, the manuscript of that music was certainly not. For Sir George Smart, who had borrowed the piece, either to examine it or for the purpose of rehearsal with his band, stepped into a hackney coach on his way from the concert-room, and left the precious document on the seat of the cab. The cabman probably gave it to his wife to light her fire with, and in this way perished one of the greatest masterpieces of music ever written. The most careful inquiries and unremitting search failed to discover the manuscript again. Fortunately the work had been copied, so that the loss was not irremediable. But the manuscript was of

course of surpassing interest as a musical curiosity, and would far better have figured among the treasures of a museum than have met so disastrous a fate.

A most wholesome experience befell Mendelssohn at this period of his life. He went on a tour through Italy. We all know how Goethe speaks of an Italian tour, what a necessity it is for perfect culture, how insensibly it impresses its influence on the mental character, if taken in youth. And such influences were impressed most potently upon Mendelssohn by the tour he took through Italy at this date. He went with a great many valuable introductions to people of eminence and culture, and these were perhaps almost as useful to him as were his visits to the sculptures and paintings which surrounded his steps in profusion through that land of art.

At Venice, at Milan, at Florence, at Rome, at Naples, he mixed with the best artistic society, and met the sculptor Thorwaldsen, the painter Horace Vernet, and a crowd of distinguished men and women, who were astonished at the spectacle of a musician, who was at the same time an artist, a *littérateur*, and a man of varied culture. True, the combination is not often met with. Drawing and music do not often go together, as we may easily conclude from a consideration of our own personal friends who are gifted with one accomplishment or the other, but not as a rule with both. Mendelssohn could draw well, and furthermore was an excellent art critic. He was a very cultivated man so far as literature is concerned. And finally, he was not afflicted with that taciturnity or reserve which acts as a disadvantage to so many musicians; but was a man of most polished manners, of much *bonhomie*, and of universal good temper, as we have before remarked, which seemed to communicate its contagion wherever he went. What wonder that he should be popular in Italy? that wherever he went the Italians, and the foreign society who resided in their midst, should have a good word to say for him, and should predict in such a sanguine manner, as they did, the great future which lay before him?

Mendelssohn's own impressions of Italy have been given us through the medium of his journal, and most interesting reading they are. The only wonder is that he could ever tear himself away from a land which delighted him so much, and where he made so many and such valuable friends.

Another great musician had the advantage, like Mendelssohn, at an early era in his life, of making a tour through Italy, and mixing with the artistic society there. This was Handel, who about a hundred years before went through much the same experiences as Mendelssohn after. Handel has confessed that his genius for melody was sharpened by his contact with the Italian mind at that impressionable period of his life. The Italians used to call him "the fair Saxon." We do not know what name they applied to Mendelssohn, but certain it is that he won as many hearts during his Italian pilgrimage as did Handel himself.

When, finally, Mendelssohn did tear himself away from Italy, it was to Paris that he took his way. He had anticipated much from Paris, had thought about it long and eagerly—the city of modern refinement, the abode of pleasure and art—but how grievously were his anticipations disappointed! A few weeks in Paris were sufficient to disgust him with the French capital, and to make him long for a change even to smoky London by way of variety. In his letters written from Paris at this date he says, "People do not care a fig about music or art here. The only thing they exist for is society. This is no place for me."

We wonder that when he came to London he found the English capital so very opposite to the French in this particular. But let us not forget that this was more than fifty years ago, and doubtless London has in the meantime changed for the worse. At present, perhaps, many an aspiring musician and artist in London could echo Mendelssohn's words, "People do not care a fig for art or music here. All they take any interest in is society."

Mendelssohn seems from the first to have had a marvellous affinity for the English. Perhaps his Low German extraction may have had something to do with this. He was born at Hamburg, as we have before mentioned, and a few miles from Hamburg lie the wealds and flats from whence our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, passed for the conquest of Britain. The language which is spoken there, even at the present day, bears a very strong analogy to English, and in the Platt Deutsche or Low German we may trace many of the peculiarities and strange pronunciations of our own English tongue.

Whatever was the cause, Mendelssohn's sympathies with the British race were strong in the extreme, and few men were more completely adapted to be naturalised among us than this good-tempered vivacious German, who had travelled so much among the nations of Europe, and found Paris less inviting than London in the early half of this century.

(*To be concluded.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

Lafayette Cakes.—Into a warm bowl put six ounces of butter and six ounces of castor sugar, beat with a wooden spoon till light; break in one egg, beat, then put in a second egg, and beat well; mix into six ounces of fine flour one teaspoonful of baking powder, add a little of the flour to the eggs, then break in a third egg, and sift in the remainder of the flour, beat all briskly for a few minutes, then put into a square, shallow, well-buttered tin, at once, and bake in a good oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Take out, lay on a sieve to cool, then with a sharp knife cut into cakes three or four inches long by about two broad, and lay them aside while you make the icing. I generally put several different kinds of icing on, as it gives more variety, and the cake itself is a good foundation for making a change. Sometimes you can cut the cakes in slices and put a thin spreading of jam between, and either leave them plain or put a plain sugar icing on them, or you can treat half of them so and merely put chocolate icing on the other half. Well, for the icing, supposing you want variety, take half a dozen of the little cakes and put jam in them, leaving the rest plain. Put into a bowl about half a pound of icing sugar, beat it free from all lumps, drop in some flavouring such as vanilla or pineapple, then add very carefully about a tablespoonful (or a little more) of warm water, beat smooth with the back of a spoon, then with the blade of a knife, previously dipped in boiling water; spread the top of each of the six cakes, lay on a sieve, hold in front of the fire a moment to set the icing, then let them cool. Into the half of the remaining icing drop some cochineal, just enough to make it a pretty pink, and ice half the plain cakes; then into the rest of the icing stir two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate (it may be that you will require a little extra sugar), and a very little water, and ice the remaining cakes. A little practice only is required to make this icing. You will see by doing this that out of one baking you have actually three different tea-cakes. Only experience will teach you at first how much water is needed; very little does, as if made too thin it will not set. After mixing, if the bowl is held to the fire for a moment or two, it helps to make it spread smoothly and also to set. When icing, dip the knife frequently into a cup of boiling water; the wet blade puts it on much better.

Orange Cake.—Three eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, and flour. Beat butter and sugar to a light cream, add two eggs and half the flour, beating well, then add the grated rind of one orange, and half the juice; then put in the remainder of the flour, a small teaspoonful of baking-powder, and the third egg. Bake for half an hour.

Icing for Cake.—Six ounces of icing-sugar, and enough orange-juice to make it a thick cream. Pour it evenly over the cake while it is a little warm, and put it to set in a warm place. This is a most delicious cake. Another orange cake makes an equal bid for favour on account of its excellence. Six eggs, two cups of fine sugar, one scant cup of butter, one cup of milk, three good cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add yolks and whites beaten separately, sift powder into flour, and add it lightly, and also a very little orange-juice. Bake in a round tin. When cold, cut the cake into three layers, and place the following icing between:—Grate the rind of one sweet orange, add it to the strained juice, and mix in enough icing-sugar to make a stiffish paste, and spread it evenly on the layers; pile upon each other, and ice over with more of the icing; make a little stiffer with extra sugar. Lemon used instead of orange is very good, and especially refreshing for summer.

German Cakes.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of castor-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of lemon-essence, and one egg. Rub butter, sugar, and flour together till like bread-crumbs; add powder, essence, and egg well beaten. Work to a stiff paste with the hands, then divide into two pieces. Have a flat dinner-plate ready well buttered, roll out one-half of the paste to its size, lay it on, spread a thin layer of apricot or greengage-jam on it, then the other piece of paste rolled out. Trim the edges, pinch them up to keep in the jam, brush over the top with beaten egg, and sprinkle a handful of blanched and chopped almonds over it. Bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour. When cold, cut into small squares or triangles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

G. B. C. writes to inform us that she is the Hon. Sec. of the French Postal Library, and that in consequence of a considerable demand for a German Book Club, she has formed one on the same lines as the French club above-named. Those who desire further information and the rules of these societies must send a stamped envelope for them, as many send cards only, and when this lady has paid the postage herself in complying with their requests, she hears nothing more from them. This is very mean on their part. Private clubs of this kind have not sufficient means to squander unnecessarily on postage. Direct to the Hon. Sec., G. B. C., 15, Venner Road, Sydenham, S.E.

Ethel.—We regard gymnastics as a most valuable part of a girl's education, and if not indulged in to excess, tends to increase, instead of diminish, the weight, and sometimes a slight increase in height. The measurements have been accurately taken from the use of gymnastic exercises in the army. Not only are the muscles strengthened and chest widened, but the process of nutrition is quickened, so is respiration, and more oxygen taken in. Lieut.-Col. Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia, gives the result of a forty-nine days' course, in the case of a party of twenty-five recruits (1st Batt. North Hants Regt.) at Aldershot, 1891, when the average development was, weight 5 lbs., girth of chest 2½ in., size of fore-arm ¾ in., upper arm ⅞ in. The greatest increase, weight 10 lbs., girth of chest 3⅞ in., fore-arm 3½ in., upper arm 1⅞ in. (See "Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting," in the appendix.)

ART.

Miss Parnell, who was Secretary of a Drawing Club for girls, writes to request that we will inform our readers of the closing of her institution.

Ada.—Miss Thoyts, of Sulhampstead Park, near Reading, directs a Photographic Club; you had better direct to her, enclosing a stamped envelope for the Rules. For a Reading Club, write to Mrs. Walker, The Cottage, Berwick, Polegate, Sussex.

A. L. M.—1. We believe that the proposal to remove the Raphael Cartoons from South Kensington Museum to Hampton Court Palace has been negatived.—2. Tell your relative that she can obtain for the poor people of her district all the spectacles they require gratis, on application to the Western Eye Hospital, 218, Marylebone Road, N.W. But she must obtain printed forms between the hours of 10 A.M., and 1 P.M. daily; and if the poor people call themselves, they must take with them a letter of recommendation from some respectable householder. Spectacles of excellent quality are supplied to any benevolent persons desiring to distribute them gratis, at 12s. the dozen.

J. Monro.—The office of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is at 19, St James's Street, S.W. Address the Secretary, D. H Gordon, Esq.

Cloues, Brisbane.—We believe that you would be able to procure the pattern books for Irish crochet lace by Mme. del Riego, by applying for them to any good embroidery shop. It is against our rules to advertise shop addresses; but we may say that we have a well-known embroidery shop in Oxford Street, W., and there is also one in Regent Street, W. We think that any bookseller having a London Directory would easily find these two shops; and in any case, a letter addressed, "The Proprietor, Art Embroidery Establishment, Oxford Street," would find its way safely.

Mary Alicia.—Your specimen of drawing is very creditable, supposing, of course, that it was not traced. We should advise you most certainly to continue your studies in the art, and pay the greatest attention to model drawing. Never mind the dulness—if any—of so doing, as it is the only true way of learning.

Erica.—The medium to be employed for flower-painting in water colours on gauze is Turck's Florentine medium. No design can be traced on that delicate material. Lay the pattern under the gauze, and put in the outlines or first tints at once and permanently.

MUSIC.

Ada.—Much depends on the instrument you propose to learn, and the amount of musical taste and perseverance you possess. There are remarkable cases of great efficiency acquired at a far more advanced age than your own, being still only in your teens. To find a good master, understanding the art of conveying knowledge, and how to select music that will not dishearten a pupil by its difficulty, would be a very essential point.

Lizzie E.—We cannot undertake to publish hymn-tunes (composed for hymns in the Ancient and Modern Hymn-book), but thank you for your offer and kind letter. You should take the other piece which you name to any music-publisher, on approval; we could not give trade addresses.

A Professional.—We think you will obtain the information you require by procuring one of the musical papers or journals.

Organist.—The finest organ in England is that of York Minster, which was built by Elliott and Hill. It has three rows of keys, has 56 stops, and 4200 pipes, comprising both metal and wood. The largest of the former is 32 feet long, and 20 feet in diameter; the largest of the latter measures 27 feet in length, and is 3 feet wide. It is said that the builders boasted that this large pipe would hold twelve pipes and two gallons of wine.

Dorothy.—We have been told that the song most frequently heard of late, and of most barrel-organ popularity, is "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," which has apparently superseded in this respect, "We don't want to fight." Amongst other street favourites we may name, "The Lost Chord" and "Nancy Lee."

Would-be Mus. Doc.—As yet only two ladies have been accorded this degree—the Princess of Wales received the honorary title, and Dr. Annie Patterson, Mus. Doc., B.A. At the same time, some of the highest honours have been gained by women at the Royal College of Music—Miss M. Osborné and Miss P. Fletcher having been awarded the gold medal two years in succession. These they received at Marlborough House from the Prince of Wales himself (the President), at the same time with the Misses Culley, May, and Philpott, who passed in organ and pianoforte playing. A few years ago a little girl, aged ten years, Mdlle. Renie, gained the annual prize at the Paris Conservatoire; and another little girl of nine years, Juillette Vone, won the first prize at the Conservatoire of Namur as a pianist.

COOKERY.

Pansy.—To make a fig-pudding—a recipe for which we think we have given already—chop half a pound of the best figs very finely, and shred in one pound of beef suet as finely. Add half a pound of sifted sugar, two eggs well beaten, and a little nutmeg. Mix well, squeezing in the juice of a lemon, and steam in a buttered mould for two hours.

Lily.—1. To make "lemon-cheese curd," put new milk in a pan near the fire, add a little rennet to it. When turned into curds and whey, filter it, and to the curd add lemon juice and essence of lemon, according to taste. Beat the whole well together, pour it into a dish, and add a few pieces of candied lemon peel, cut thin, over the top of it. There are two or three methods of making cheese cakes (which have no cheese in them). Put a pint of warm cream into a saucepan over the fire, and add five quarts of new milk, then some rennet, and stir till well-turned, and put the curd into a linen bag. Do not squeeze much, but let the whey drain from it. Then place it in a mortar and pound as finely as possible; add half a pound of biscuit powder, half a pound of sweet almonds, and eight well-beaten yolks of eggs; a grated nutmeg, a little orange-flower water, and half a pound of fine sugar.—2. Your digestion is out of order.

Kathie.—Write to our publisher for the *Girl's Own Cookery Book* (price 1s.). Take care when you put by woollen articles or furs to shake and brush them thoroughly. Then wrap them in strong, unfractured linen covers, and place in an airy, dry room or closet. Camphor, black peppercorns, or shavings of Russia leather, are shunned by moths, so employ any of these. If free from the larvæ when wrapped up, and there be no holes for the winged insect to effect an entrance inside the linen wrapper, all will be perfectly safe, however long the time that the articles lie by.

Annie.—To make raspberry sponge, dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk. Beat three large tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam in another half a pint of milk, and rub it through a sieve. Add a teaspoonful of pounded sugar, a little grated lemon peel, the white of an egg, and the milk with the gelatine. Whisk until all be frothy.

Naomi.—For an ordinary Shrewsbury cake, take twelve ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, one egg, and milk sufficient to make a paste. Mix by rubbing in the butter with the flour until reduced to small crumbs. Make a hollow, into which put the eggs, sugar, milk, and spice. Make the whole mixture into a moderately firm paste, and roll out on a board to about an eighth of an inch in thickness. Cut out with a plain round cutter on clean baking sheets rubbed slightly over with butter. Bake in a cool oven, and brown lightly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pupil Teacher.—The origin of the name *Magi*, as applied to "the wise men from the East," led by the star to the Saviour's birthplace (Matt. ii.), was the word in Latin which signified "wise," *i.e.*, *Magi*, employed in Vulgate translation of the Bible. Early tradition records their number to have been three; probably as representing the three races of men descending from Noah, and gave their names respectively as Melchoir, an old, long-bearded man, offering gold; Jasper, a beardless youth, offering frankincense; and Balhazar, a Moor, or black man, with a white beard, offering myrrh. You will recognise them in old paintings represented thus.

Bessie's best guides are her own conscience, and her parents' advice and wishes.

An Amateur.—It is quite true that, while the discovery of producing sun-pictures is credited to Daguerre and Niepie, Josiah Wedgwood is said to have produced the first specimens, though strange to say, he never followed *up his discovery*; and a member of the "Franklin Institute," of Philadelphia, Mr. Robert Cornelius, took the first portrait in daguerreotype that had ever been produced anywhere, in November, 1839.

Seventeen.—In the first place it was highly indiscreet on your part to be taking a walk two or three miles away from home by yourself. Of course any man finding you thus unprotected would naturally propose to escort you, and some might take advantage of the circumstance to form an intimacy far from desirable, and even to be very intrusive and impertinent in manner. Inform your mother of the circumstance, and be guided by her directions.

Bible Student.—1. In 1 Chron. xxi. 25, and 2 Sam. xxiv., the sums stated differ in amount, but it is supposed that not one, but several purchases had to be made—*i.e.*, that of the threshing-floor, and of the oxen, and then all the land about the former, on which the courts of the Temple were built; the price of the floor and oxen amounted to fifty shekels of silver, and the freehold land to six hundred shekels of gold.—2. Your second query respecting 1 Kings iv. 28, and 2 Chron. ix. 25, the latter statement of numbers is thought to refer to the stalls or stables only; while the former referred to the horses. By others it is thought that the Hebrew word employed will admit of being translated "four" as well as "forty." We think your query respecting 1 Kings xvi 8, and 2 Chron. xvi. 1, was unnecessary, as it seems in the former to have reference to the age of Asa, and in the second to the years of his reign.

Punch and Judy.—1. We could not possibly tell you "who is the most beautiful lady in England," for beauty is a matter, more or less, of individual taste; and many whose features are the more correctly moulded in the lines of classical forms, are sometimes lacking in the expression which is creative of beauty of the highest order in a face of some irregularity of outline.—2. An assistant teacher in a private school might obtain a small salary from £20 upwards; but age and experience in teaching, and the department of science or art, and the number of subjects included must regulate the amount of the salary given.

Prodie wishes to make her feet smaller than the very small size of a friend, by forcible means! She ought to be ashamed of herself. Many silly girls who wish to emulate the deformities intended to supply the place of feet, as represented in fashion-plates—like orange-pips—have been obliged to have one of the crushed and distorted toes amputated—ruined by the squeezing into pointed-toed shoes!

Loyale says that she feels "she has a message for the people of the age, to deliver in the form of a novel," but that she "need not write for money simply, and would never *degrade* my pen for gain or fame." Some birds fly high! We see no degradation in receiving remuneration for valuable work of head or hand. We have more specimen MSS. to read than time to read them, at present; and only publish short stories by experienced authors. We regret to decline seeing the novel.

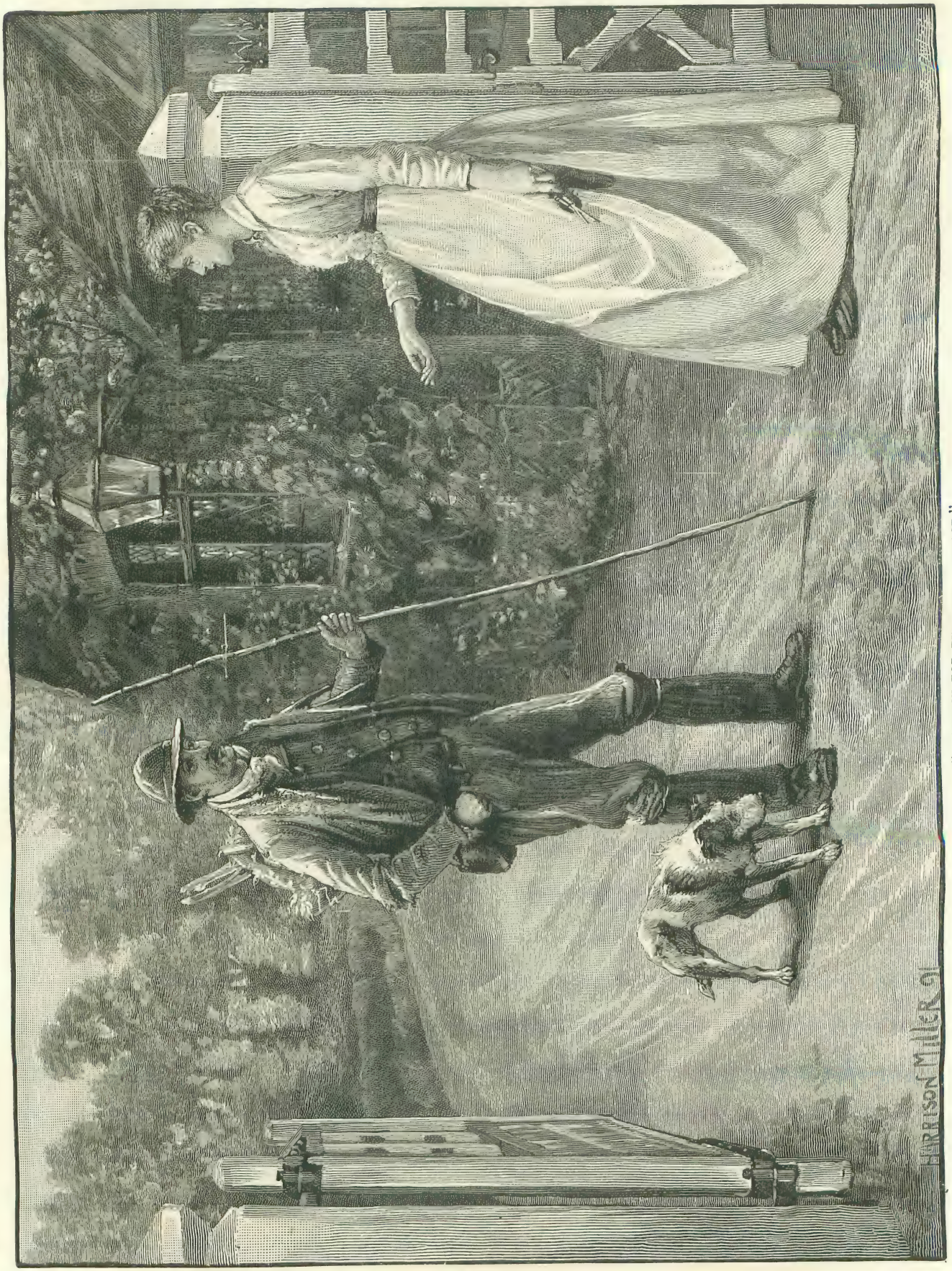
Maud of the Heath.—The name "Matilda" means a heroine, and "Maud" is only its diminutive; and that of "Magdalene," and is old, high German. Whereas "Martha" is a Hebrew name, and means "the ruler of the house," and the diminutives are "Mat" or "Matty," "Pat" or "Patty." There are many names that have contractions used as Christian names, such as "Eve," "Eva," "Eveline," and "Evelina."

Enquirer should submit the engraving to some expert for careful examination. One who has never seen it, and has not made the subject of special study, could not pronounce an opinion upon it, nor guarantee its not being a copy. There are some celebrated shops in London for the sale of valuable engravings, and if you took your portrait to one of these, you would obtain a reliable opinion, and perhaps a sale.

Dorothy.—1. Tell your mother all about it, and she will direct you, and put a stop to the annoyance. A boy of nineteen is too young to think about marriage; and so, also, a girl of seventeen; and you seem to take a very sensible view of the case. Be very decided with him.—2. Your handwriting is good.

Nannetta Mia.—1. It is not proper to introduce people without some expression of desire to be made mutually acquainted.—2. We do not know to what kind of buns you refer. Are they what are called "Chelsea Buns"? To return to the subject of introductions—of course a hostess introduces her guests, staying in her house, or at an entertainment.

Margaret Gould.—Whether your mother be an invalid or not, your name should be inscribed on her visiting card, underneath her name, so long as she lives, and you remain—a single woman—under her roof.



"A PENNY FOR THE TOLL, PLEASE."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 734.] JANUARY 20, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

WE know that an artist produces his pictures by means of brushes and colours on canvas and that the architect operates with T squares, compasses and angles, but of the instruments used by the sculptor in the production of his glorious art we are almost, if not quite, ignorant. We stand and admire a beautiful work in marble or in bronze, believing it from beginning to end the work of the sculptor.

This is not at all the true state of the case, for there is many a sculptor nowadays who has never had a chisel in his hand, and certainly would be at a loss if he had to work out in stone that which his imagination had created. The instruments he uses are his fingers.

The chief point or centre of gravity, as it were, of the true artistic creation lies in the sculptor's art, as elsewhere, in giving form and substance to some beautiful thought of his imagination, and this can only be accomplished by successive experiments and alterations, until at length the right expression is found and the artist is satisfied.

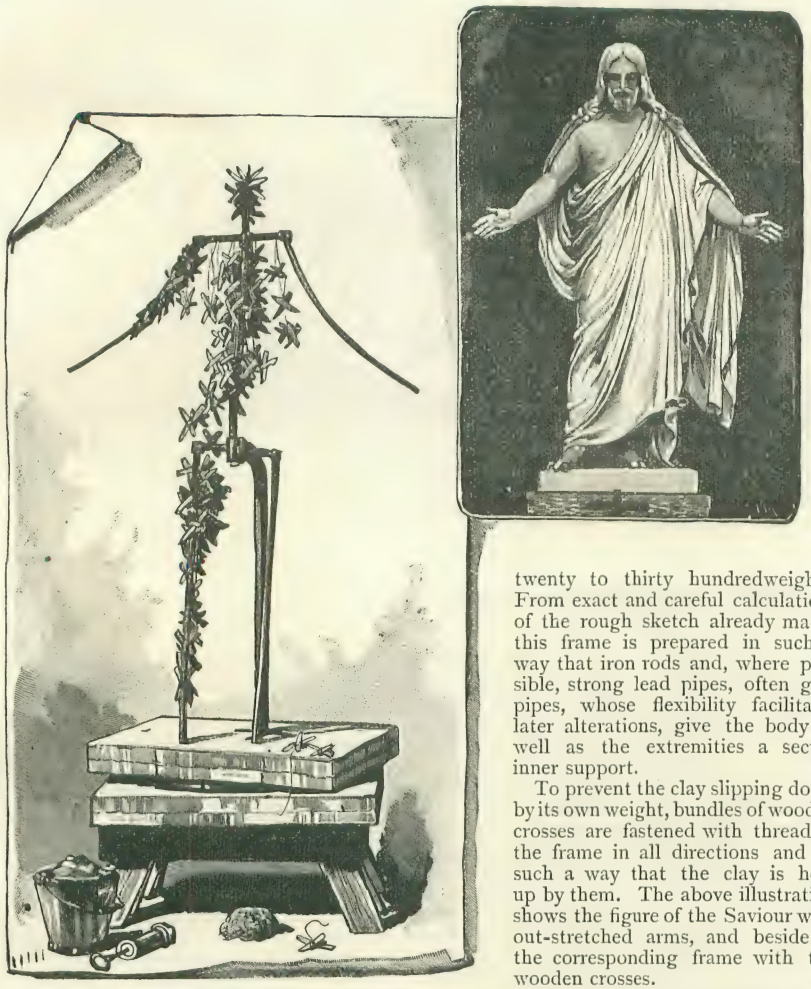
The first thing requisite after the imagination has created the picture is to find a material that will readily lend itself to working it out, and which will at the same time permit the author to correct and alter without undue difficulty, and this the sculptor finds in what is called modelling clay. This is a grey-yellowish, or brownish-coloured oily earth, at once pliant, soft and tough, and being kept in order by constant moisture gives the artist every facility in the manipulation of his subject.

The sculptor, like every other creative artist, begins by making a rough sketch or model of the creature of his fancy which serves to fix and regulate his conception while working at the real figure, and enables him to alter it at pleasure, which would otherwise be difficult. This model, although on a small scale, must bear a resemblance in position, features, and drapery to his future work of art, and must be so well done that it will serve as a guide throughout. All being so far satisfactory the sculptor begins to think of carrying it out on a large scale, and it is here that his difficulties meet him. We will



THE SCULPTOR AT WORK.

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suppose that it is his intention to model a figure with outstretched arms larger than life; he cannot do this merely out of the soft but at the same time heavy clay; he therefore provides himself with an iron frame sufficiently strong to bear a burden of from twenty to thirty hundredweights. From exact and careful calculations of the rough sketch already made, this frame is prepared in such a way that iron rods and, where possible, strong lead pipes, often gas-pipes, whose flexibility facilitates later alterations, give the body as well as the extremities a secure inner support.

To prevent the clay slipping down by its own weight, bundles of wooden crosses are fastened with thread to the frame in all directions and in such a way that the clay is held up by them. The above illustration shows the figure of the Saviour with out-stretched arms, and beside it the corresponding frame with the wooden crosses.

When all parts of the iron frame are covered with varnish to protect it from rust it is placed on a strong plank and stood on a turntable. All being now in readiness the sculptor takes the well-kneaded clay and begins upon the naked figure, for although it is his intention to clothe it with a rich mantle, this will not prevent the necessity of bestowing the greatest possible care upon the body.

However voluminous the folds on a figure may be, there are always certain places where the body is visible, therefore every limb must be natural and anatomically correct; the less drapery the finer must be the work bestowed on the naked figure, that it may form a harmonious and beautiful whole.

The drapery is first tried on a lay figure, which admits of every possible position, and on this the sculptor spends hour after hour patiently arranging the folds before he can obtain the desired effect. This being arrived at he commences to carry it out in clay, the execution of which often lasts months, and even years if the figure is life-size, and from beginning to end the work consists in constantly altering and adding to the details. We must not think that a work of art springs perfect out of the artist's head exactly as it looks when completed. It is in truth a mute witness to the sculptor's untiring industry and patience. Perfection in the details, which the spectator takes as a matter of course, may have nearly driven the artist mad until he happily solved the riddle.

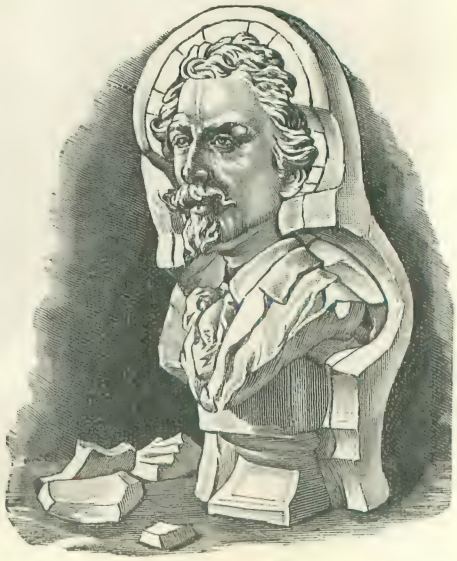
In order to improve the figure he often finds himself obliged to remove that which has taken him weeks to accomplish. In short, the impression that a talented artist has simply no trouble in carrying out the bright thought of his imagination is a mistake arising from ignorance. As regards a work of art, the first thing to consider is how it is to look when complete; but the painful labour and artistic work required to bring it to its final stage is a matter only known to the artist.

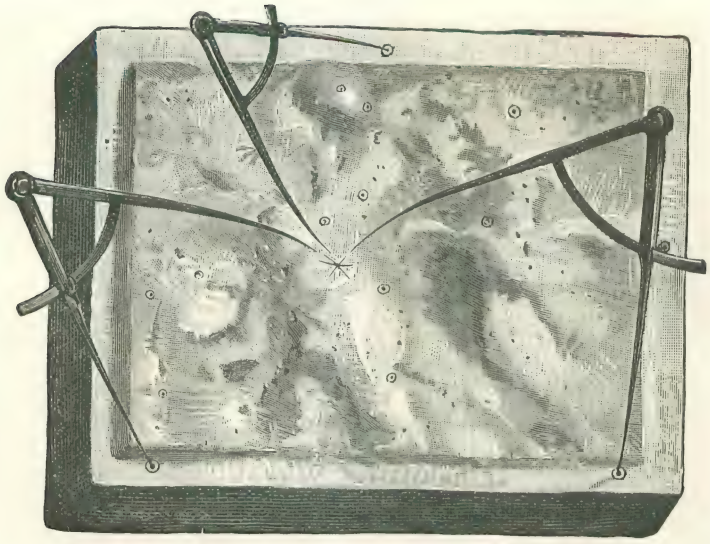
At length the clay model is complete; the critical eye of the sculptor can find no fault, it seems to him that it only lacks breath to make it live, and he signs his name on it with a sense of relief and satisfaction.

All that follows before the object of art stands before us in bronze or in marble is a matter of trade-work. First the model must be endowed with durability; the clay which up to this has been moistened from day to day has a beautiful life-like appearance, which it loses as soon as it becomes dry, and in this latter condition it becomes less firm and full of cracks, besides changing to a dull grey colour.

It is now that it passes into the hands of the caster, who makes a form or mould of it.







Into this clay, the inner space being cleaned with water, plaster is poured; when this has hardened the mould is carefully broken off in pieces, and what was clay in its early stage stands before us in firm plaster. Although this sounds easy, the performance of it in detail is very complicated, and to explain the process of casting, as it is called, in order to distinguish it from the original form, we will take a simple bust. A band of thin sheet zinc is used to divide the clay bust into two perfect halves, back and front, and as you see by the illustration, the zinc band extends from the foot of the bust over the shoulder to the ear and over the crown of the head, and acts as a wall between the two parts. Clay is now mixed with water, to which is added a little red coloured bole. This is laid over the marked half of the model, which is bounded by the zinc wall, the layer being from four to eight millimetres thick, very smooth, and free of bubbles. In about five or six minutes this will have hardened; then a somewhat thicker layer of white plaster is put over it. A like operation is now repeated on the untouched half, and the bust is cast, surrounded by a shapeless mass of plaster, divided by a band of zinc. To draw this last out with a pair of tongs is not as a rule difficult. Should it prove so, all that is necessary is to drive some wedges into the division, and the soft plaster cast naturally gives way under this treatment, and the cast lies in two halves, the exact negative of the original; bits of plaster sticking to them are removed, the whole washed clean, sparingly oiled and firmly bound together. Now comes the real casting; plaster is again mixed, and is poured through a hole into the mould until the latter is full, and the plaster occupies the place that the clay, worked by the sculptor formerly occupied. When the mass has become firm, the mould is knocked off with hammer and chisel, first the outside white layer and then the inner red one. When the workman gets to this he says, "Look out, we are coming to the model." You see if the form and the cast were of the same colour, the latter might easily be damaged by the chisel. Even as it is great caution must be observed.

With more or less important deviations, this is briefly the process of casting. It is more difficult with large and complicated subjects, because in that case the mould consists of several pieces. It is simpler in a relief, but this of course is clear to any intelligence.

Now we have before us in durable plaster that which issued from the sculptor's hand in soft clay. Here and there is still a little blemish to be removed, otherwise the work is perfect. What is still lacking, however, is a certain charm which fascinates us in a finished marble or bronze figure. Plaster, however excellent for practical purposes, has little or none of it. Its chalky whiteness excites no real pleasure, and even if it were tinted there would still remain a certain dulness.

Again, it can only be said to be durable in comparison with the original clay. In the open air it would soon become weather-beaten, and fall a victim to every ill with little or no power of resistance.

It is plain, therefore, that a plaster model is a step only towards a representation in some durable and noble material such as bronze, stone, and, for works of highest art, marble.

It must be remembered that these steps from plaster to stone and marble are merely copies or reproductions, demanding great skill and compelling our wonder and admiration, but at the same time must not be classed as artistic productions. The latter is finished with the clay or original model.

The sculptor now gives his work into the hands of the bronze casters, or stone, or marble artisans. It would take too long to enter into the full details of bronze casting here; but it will be possible to give an idea of the work in marble, which we all regard with special admiration.

By no means to lessen the merits of skilled artisans in marble, but rather to lead public admiration into a right channel, we would say that, notwithstanding the high artistic skill which they exercise in the treatment of the nude, the hair and the drapery, their work is after all nothing but copying with the aid of various mechanical instruments.

We will now give one or two illustrations showing how the worker in marble sets about his task. He determines the principal points for commencing by means of compasses. If the model be a bas-relief, he will enclose it in a frame and have his block of marble of a like size. If you watch the model and the copy, you will see three punctures, one at each corner of the base and one in the centre of the top; a fourth marks the most prominent point. The distance from it to the other points is taken by compasses, one point of each being in its own proper hole, and the other points uniting in a spot as fine as a hair denoting the most prominent point of the model.

In the same manner the other chief altitudes are found covering model and stone with a network of punctures, until finally the distances between each one can be worked freehand. New claims are now made on the artistic skill of the workman, for he has with various kinds of files and chisels to indicate here the fine texture of the skin and there the hair and the dress—in short, to endow the cold stone with the life, softness and tenderness which the artist infused into the pliant clay. In this manner—that is, by puncturing—only reliefs and like subjects can be treated. Great and noble ones require other handling. They are pricked out by means of a cleverly constructed machine and in divers manners—look at the illustration. However the methods may differ, they all agree in this—that they never leave the carrying out of the copy to the sympathetic look or the artistic eye, but to the reliable instrument; there is not a particle of guess-work.

Now that we have followed the work of art up to the time of its representation in marble, it still remains to speak of some kinds of replica, especially those in plaster. This is like the casting we have been explaining. If, for example, a bas-relief, say a medal, is to be duplicated it can be done





in two ways, most frequently by means of a glue or gelatine mould. Over the oiled model a layer of clay is spread as thick as a finger, and this again is covered with a still thicker layer of plaster, this last being called a hood. When this is firm it is taken away, the clay is removed and the plaster again laid on the model. Between the "hood," and the model there is now an empty space which is filled through an opening with melted glue. After three or four hours it has cooled to an elastic mass which naturally has received the impression of the model underneath. This mass needs varnishing and oiling, and it is then ready to form the model for a whole string of casts until indeed the glue dries up by dint of gradual evaporation. One advantage of this kind of replica is the comparative facility of restoration, beside which the finished casts show no seam or join.

If it be desired to produce a durable work in plaster it cannot be taken from the model, because in the cavities from which the gelatine has still to be taken it would stick fast. This is why a plaster cast has to be in so many pieces to allow of them being removed singly. For this reason they are called piece or wedge-shaped casts. They last with good handling for a long time, but have this disadvantage, that the cast is covered with a great many seams which indicate where the various pieces are joined. More or less carefully worked out all the plaster casts that we see in use were produced in this manner. Some casts, after the operation is complete, are exposed to a bath of boiling stearin, then they are called "ivory mass." We have still to mention among other means of duplicating figures of burnt clay. They are worked into shape by the fingers in separate pieces, put together and placed in the oven to be burnt. It is necessary for these to be as hollow as possible, as they must naturally be remodelled after the joining together, and this is not always done by an artistic hand, and thus they are robbed of a good deal of value. These must not be confused with original terra-cottas we see in exhibitions. Here we have to do with the personal work of the artist, which after being modelled is dried and burnt, and naturally there is a difference of price in the one and the other.

TEARS.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

THE tears of Rage are poisoned drops that burn
And make of life's glad cup a funeral urn.

The tears of Joy are but pure pearls that rise
From the full heart to scatter from the eyes.

The tears of Grief are like soft healing showers
That make the stricken life bring forth fresh flowers.

But tears of Pity, each is such a gem,
God gathers it for His own diadem.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHO TOOK US OFF THE REEF.



We had been eight nights and seven days on the reef. It was a period of strained effort and sharp privation which time and distance have blurred, until it has merged in my mind into a single epoch of physical misery, from which one incident stands out more clearly than the rest—Jane's peaceful death and burial in the sea which threatened to engulf us all. The rations to which Sally and I insisted on conforming absolutely, arguing that if we were delicate women, for that very reason we, like children, did not require the sustenance which was wanted for able-bodied men, grew smaller and smaller, until they were in danger of resembling the diet of the long-suffering horse whose "feeds" its economical master reduced to one straw a day, at which stage the animal died. Young women such as we were, used to be politely understood to live on bread and butter and air, as a sacrifice to social refinement. Probably the idea dated back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whom her young brother had called his "fair sister Temperance," who was fond of eating in private with her ladies, lest the sight of healthy appetites and their satisfaction should destroy the illusion of "bright occidental stars," etc. But were the fine ladies of our day, or were Elizabeth and her maids of honour ever half so hungry as we were, though we kept it a dead secret even from each other, unless it was hinted at in the recommendation Sally gave me—to nibble seaweed in order to keep our teeth from rusting? No windfalls came to us after the fish would not bite, unless in the shape of a small turtle which one of the men caught. The good-natured fellow would have made a present of it to the admiral and the young ladies, to be reserved for their private consumption. There were loyalty and gallantry for you, from a man well on the road to starvation! When we would not hear of the special offering, the rough-and-ready cook made the best he could of the creature for the general well-being; but he was better accustomed to junks of salt pork than to turtle, and I am compelled to state the insufficiently-prepared green fat was not very acceptable even to empty stomachs. Possibly this very craving had reached a pitch which tended to sick loathing. We could not call the sea-birds' eggs we sometimes came across a boon, not because of their strong fishy flavour, but because those we found had lain so long that they were far beyond the stage of staleness and close on that of putridity. If we had liked to be cynical there was a certain irony in those accidents, for the eggs of plovers, if not of gulls, are welcome additions to rich men's *menus*, and turtles figure in the place of honour at Lord Mayors' feasts.

The situation was growing more desperate every hour. It was impossible to repair our boat so as to embark in it even on a calm sea, unless we could have gone back in civilisation to "the stone age," and manufactured and wielded flint nails and stone hammers. It had been judged better, in the urgency of the case, to break up the boat, and construct from the fragments a raft lashed together with strips of sail, and even with portions of the grass woven into ropes. These ropes were strengthened by melted pitch obtained from the boat's seams. The operation and the whole affair, which I had leisure to contemplate, reminded me of the ark of bulrushes prepared for the infant Moses. Oh, that the sea were a Nile to which another Pharaoh's daughter might come and compass our rescue!

Not the vestige of a sail on the painfully glittering, far-reaching ocean had met the eye of the look-out, till the seventh morning of our captivity was well-risen, and then all at once the man sang out in a voice which broke and vibrated with the strangeness of its message, "Ship ahoy." How we ran together and spoke in one breath at the formerly familiar intimation. We rubbed our eyes and stared, and could not believe the evidence of our senses when we distinguished a ship which appeared to us majestically large, though it was really not of the first size, bearing down on us, as it seemed coming towards us, though she might not have us in her calculations, might not, indeed, see us at the distance.

What if she passed us by—would not that be worse than death?

We commenced to make the most frantic appeals by waving hats, jackets, and handkerchiefs, shouting, etc. Then, as the vessel drew nearer and nearer, still carried by wind and wave, we made two notable discoveries: she bore the French ensign at her masthead, and was in all likelihood one of the ships we had seen before the storm broke on us, the ships father had sent the *Hercules* and the *Oberon* to chase. Our second discovery was still more startling than the first. There were our men, our very own men and no other, Captain Watkins with his red hair standing on end, Mr. Rhodes's successor in his peaceful black coat, the doctor, the junior officers and the sailors of the long boat, who had gone to report on the reef, ranged as prisoners in the French ship, looking over at us with mingled dismay and joy.

But Frenchmen were human beings like ourselves. We had told ourselves all along they would save us from the jaws of death and treat us with kindness, as we had treated the gallant boy, Casabianca, and the admiral his father, when their ship was burnt to the water's edge, and father and son were taken off a fragment of the wreck.

I do not know that we were so exultingly sure of the nature of the treatment we should receive after the French captain had his boat launched, was pulled alongside the reef, and stepped ashore.

Father and his sailors were up in order to receive—of course not to oppose—the new arrivals, with Sally, and me, and Susan, like camp-followers, in the rear. We were too far back to hear the words which passed, but we saw father hand over his sword, the movement being followed by a similar action on the part of Perry and Tom, to the French officer—a big, swarthy, surly-looking man—and we saw him take the swords without returning them, a proof that, castaways as we were, he had made us prisoners of war.

I am willing to make every allowance for Captain Clerc. We heard that he had begun life as a man before the mast, and had received a commission as the reward of his cool courage and his good seamanship. This was, no doubt, a great credit to him; but his origin accounted, in a measure, for the absence in his conduct of those amenities we expect in the behaviour of a gentleman. France and England had been at war, more or less, for a whole generation; the result was feelings of enmity and of bitter prejudice, from which even the most gently bred, the best-disposed, and the most magnanimous were not exempt. You will understand this when I tell you that Nelson's charge to his midshipmen was, "You must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil."

Of course the French, especially in the rougher and less-educated classes, returned the hatred with interest. Father was no mean capture for the French captain to make, even though the captured man was a shipwrecked sailor on a barren reef, and not the admiral on the deck of the *Sea Serpent*. We understood, by our own feelings, what a consolation it was to father at this moment that the *Sea Serpent's* timbers were strewing the ocean bed, and that she was delivered from the indignity of having her flag pulled down at the enemy's challenge.

But, with every concession granted to the frame of mind produced by a prolonged national feud, there is something to be said on the other side. Captain

Clerc's head might have been a little turned by the magnitude of his good fortune; for it is not because I say it who should not say it, everybody who knows the naval history of his country has only to remember Rear-Admiral Masham's exploits. There is abundant proof of them, though it was not to be heard from his modest lips. One has only to recall our entrance into Portsmouth with our prizes, our progress to London, our introduction to their gracious Majesties King George and Queen Charlotte.

But there are limits to the expression of a rival's triumph. Nelson himself, who so hated the French professionally, was the first to show that he knew the limit in his bearing as a man and a gentleman. Did he not return to the Spanish commander Don Jacobo Stuart, the lineal descendant of the great Duke of Berwick, his sword, in acknowledgment of his gallantry, and send him back with a flag of truce to Carthagena? And when the English made their unsuccessful assault on Teneriffe, did not a young Spanish nobleman strip himself of his shirt in order that it might be torn up into bandages to bind the wounds of the defeated assailants?

I have heard, further, that in an episode of the Peninsular War the French charge was led more than once by a one-armed officer, and that the English cavalry, in admiration of his indomitable pluck, spared his defenceless head and saluted him in passing.

It is true we boarded and took the corvette *Audacious*, when she had grounded and was in our power, off the Canaries; but the cases were not parallel. She had friends and allies ready to come to her aid, the next tide might have floated her off little harmed, and the capture was made in the heat of action.

We were forced to condemn Captain Clerc's churlish, ungenerous conduct to us. It was not with unmingled satisfaction, but rather with some swelling of indignant hearts, that we prepared to be taken on board, when a fresh surprise awaited us.

We had been too busy collecting our few goods—relics of our stay on the reef "Never Despair"—to have more than a dim impression of a tall young Frenchman talking eagerly to Captain Clerc, who appeared to thaw somewhat under his companion's eloquence, until at last the morose man waived the speaker off with a half-impatient gesture of assent, which meant, as we understood subsequently, "Do what you will, sir, so that there is no infringement of discipline. Since they were former friends of yours, and since you are not under my orders, you are at liberty to attend to them. The petticoats, I presume, will be the particular objects of your care"—with a grim smile—"and I admit they do not come precisely under the head of prisoners of war."

With this extorted permission, the young man came hurrying ashore, lifting his hat and smiling his glad recognition.

(To be continued.)

"NOTHING TO DO BUT SIMPLY GET WELL."

By "MEDICUS."

"You have nothing on earth to do but get well—simply get well." Pleasant and all as these words may sound in a sick person's ear, I trust, dear reader, that you in your time have heard them but seldom.

I remember a time—but then I was in my teens—when, recovering from a severe illness, my mother, or the doctor, or somebody, made this very remark to me, and I felt all the force of its truthfulness. The long winter university term was nearing its close. I should not have to put on a gown again for many a month. Spring was coming too; not as it comes in the damp, foggy, low-lying regions around London, with greener grass on wet flat meadows, and pollard willows looming like spectres in the mist. But spring as she comes "tripping," as poets say, "o'er mountain and moor," in far-off bonny Scotland, with clear bright sunshine to illumine her path, with honey for the bee and blossom for the tree, and all the other pretty odds and ends I used to read about in Macaulay's II. Collection.

Mrs. Hemans was a bird of the mountain if my memory serves me aright. Was it not the harp of Wales she struck all her sweetest chords upon? Anyhow, it was never among the rain-sodden trees of England's mid-counties she wrote those charming verses yclept, "The Voice of Spring." Is there not the ring of true poetry in the following lines?

"Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose star in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."

That must go straight as an arrow to the English heart, and every heart that beats beneath a Scottish plaid must pulsate to this—

"I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the red deer bound o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my feet have been."

"Nothing to do but get well?" I made up my mind on that particular occasion I should take very good care to do nothing, and do it nicely too. I determined grimly that it should be weeks before I opened a Greek or Latin lexicon, or turned my brains into a maelström over the hieroglyphics of Euclid. I should do nothing in my own room first; then I should exploit in the garden—it is grand doing nothing in a garden except kissing the flowers and talking to the caterpillars—then I should carry my conquests all up and down the river sides and through the wild woods and over the hills. I had a hazy kind of a notion that in about three months' time I should feel utterly ashamed of my inactivity, and quietly return to Homer and Euclid. But nevertheless, I cannot accuse myself of not having done nothing to the extent of my ability.

But when convalescence comes after an illness, when one is well out of one's teens—ah! then it is a different thing. Nothing to do but get well? O, certainly not! There isn't a bushel of letters waiting to be answered; I'm not all behind-hand with my book-writing; editors haven't been writing and writing, and finally telegraphing, for copy; the garden hasn't all been going to wreck and the hedges to rags in my absence.

"Nurse, are you there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pull the lower sash of that window right up across the upper one."

"The fog is close up to the window, sir, and the doctor said——"

"The doctor said I was to do as I pleased. Up with it. Thanks. I want to hear that great speckled-breasted thrush sing. No, I won't be sure to be 'thrown back,' as you call it. Besides, Queen is down on the lawn, I know, and I'm not to be thwarted, so there!"

Wasn't I quite right, gentle reader? What would be the use of being convalescent if you couldn't do just whatever you had a will to?

"Now send Buttons up with my letters on a tray. A tray won't hold them all? Well, well, surely there are more trays than one in this house."

"Ah, there you are, Tommy. Now, you can read? Well, sit down by the table and arrange that mass of stuff according to dates. What! done it already? I must have been dozing. Now I'll open them and hand them to you. When I say 'goat,' tear the letter up and throw it in the basket; when I say 'sheep,' place it carefully on the table. All ready? 'Goat,' Tommy; 'goat'; 'goat'; 'sheep'; 'goat'; 'goat'; 'sheep.' Basket full, is it? Well, stick a foot in it and crush it down. 'Twill hold lots more yet. Hurrah! done at last. Now, Tommy, count the 'sheep.' Only 150 'sheep' to about 400 'goats'! All the better. Give me the 'sheep,' and we'll sort them next. So, when I say 'L.,' that means 'Answer by letter.' Put these on one side. When I say 'P. C.,' that means, 'Post-card will do for reply.' Ready again? 'L.'; 'L.'; 'P. C.'; 'P. C.'; 'L.'; 'P. C.'; 'P. C.'; 'P. C.' Tommy, I'm tired. Let all the rest be 'P. C.'s'. I feel a bit chilly too. I declare, Tommy, that nurse has been and gone and opened the window. Down with it, Tommy! Good lad! Some people are so thoughtless. No, I sha'n't write to-day; I'll—doze again."

And now, reader, that last word "doze" reminds me to say a something about sleep during convalescence—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

says Young, in his *Night Thoughts*, and truer words were never penned. During, say, a month's illness in bed, especially if much pain has been suffered, the whole system, muscular as well as nervous, becomes worn down to its lowest ebb, and sleep alone can restore it. If one, while recovering, could, like the young infant, sleep nearly all the time, awakening only to take nourishment—or, in the case of the grown-up person, perhaps listen to some one reading, the recovery would be even more speedy. But be it remembered this sleep must be natural; it must not be courted by wine or cordials, unless the doctor orders them, and far less by narcotics.

Again, if the illness has been serious, however well one feels while in bed, it will not do to attempt to resume life's duties too quickly. One would thus be like a ship which had staggered half a wreck into port to undergo repairs, and leaves harbour again leaky and unseaworthy.

Those who attend to friends while ill, should remember that good nursing and freedom from care and worry not only tend to bring a patient sooner through the complaint, but aid the convalescence also; because any worry he may have had during the active period of the sickness is magnified tenfold, and is reverted to over and over again afterwards, thus retarding the progress to health.

I need hardly tell readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in whose pages so many excellent papers on sick-nursing have appeared, that the warmth of a patient's room and bed is to be carefully maintained. Hot-water bottles or sand-bags may sometimes be appreciated, but in this the feelings of the patient are always to be consulted, for these appliances may aggravate cases of a nervous character. And as to ventilation; the fire of course does a deal, but fresh air from out of doors must be frequently admitted also. Bed coverings should be light and warm. Weight does not induce warmth, but quite the reverse. Eider-down quilts are invaluable, and so are the ordinary down quilts. I fear there are none of the real eider-down now in the market.

Sometimes during illnesses the nerves seem naked, so to speak, and every sudden sound jars, and stabs, and startles. A morsel of coal falling from the fire on to the fender has often changed what might have been a calm and refreshing night into one of restlessness and pain, and thus retarded recovery. But at other times, or in other kinds of illnesses, the brain is dulled, and noises do not seem to hurt. In these cases it is during convalescence the nervousness and querulousness come on, but this should always be soothingly administered to and borne by the nurse. That first forenoon's getting up after illness is a long-to-be-remembered one. The very act of standing erect makes the head swim. But it really should be from bed to chair; the chair a cosy one, and in a cosy place. As much ablution to hands, arms, face, neck, and feet as can be gone through on the chair without fatigue will greatly refresh. The first sitting up should not be protracted, and as little dressing as possible should be indulged in. But day after day the patient will get stronger, till that luxury of luxuries, the tepid bath, can be taken before breakfast. Fresh air at the window, and next in the garden, will be enjoyed now, and the world will begin to look wonderfully bright and beautiful again. Then recovery is certain.

Walking must be preceded by driving, and even this must be done in an easy conveyance. The convalescent will return dull, drowsy, and tired, but I hope not peevish. Let her now rest in a *cool* room for a short time. A little tea may do good—not hot, or a very little really good wine, with a rusk, or some flavoured drink to sip.

Reading will be found tiresome at first. Happy indeed are they who have someone to read to them. Books are not to be recommended; they weary. Short lively bits from the newspapers, the doings of the day, &c., but no horrors. Newspaper horrors shape themselves into dreams that haunt the midnight pillow.

It is a great pity that so many of us must return to our duties before the frame is quite strong once more. Of course Nature may do a deal, but a second break-down is a thing to be strenuously avoided if possible.

I mentioned rheumatism in one of my papers because it has been my own experience. I may add, therefore, that the convalescence from this painful complaint should be most carefully conducted. The worst thing you can do is to imagine yourself well because the pains have partially or completely left you. Do not forget that it is caused by acidity of the secretions, so guard the digestion. Do not make the terrible mistake of attempting to feed the constitution up. Let appetite be the guide as to quantity, anyhow.

Be most careful to guard against damp. Sitting in a cold room, even though not in a draught, is dangerous, because the insensible perspiration, instead of being carried away, gets condensed upon the clothing, rendering them damp.

The skin requires particular attention in all cases of convalescence, more particularly of course in those from eruptive fevers. Be guided by what the doctor says about the bath. Only wear soft flannels next the skin for a time.

After rheumatism, iodide of potassium mixture may be taken. It is somewhat debilitating, however. Lime juice *syrup in lemonade* or soda-water is an excellent reviving drink. Wines and stimulants of all kinds should be avoided.

When convalescence is fairly established, Turkish baths will do much good; but they should not be taken too frequently.

As to diet in convalescence, everything in the least likely to disagree, however much it commends itself to the palate, must be steered clear of. The food should not be too sloppy. Tea and coffee in moderation. An hour's nap after the mid-day meal is an excellent restorer.

As soon as possible after an illness the convalescent should get away to the country or to the sea-side, and while there she will do well to take some simple tonic. This I cannot choose for you, because it depends much on what the illness has been; only it must be a tonic that does not constipate the system, nor irritate the stomach.

Supposing you have gone to the seaside—not alone, of course—amusement of a non-exciting character should be sought for. Riding, driving, boating, and gentle walking all tend to strengthen the system. The sea-side will increase the appetite, but beware of over-eating, because you run the risk of having a bilious attack. Keep the system gently open by some mild well-chosen aperient.

When strong enough to go in for sea-bathing, which you will not be for a time—not till you can stand a cold salt bath indoors—do not bathe till about the middle of the day, and stay but a very brief time in the water at first.

Have a sleep on the sofa after returning if you feel at all drowsy.

By degrees, and only by degrees, is active exertion to be taken; but once you can take it, and the skin begisn to act well and naturally, the mind will become buoyant once more, and you will feel you are really well; but those who have been really ill must "gang warily" for months to come.

VARIETIES.

CHARITY.

The definition given by Mahomet of charity embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your mother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellows to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones, thorns, and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity.

"Our true wealth hereafter," says Mahomet, "is the good we do in this world to our fellows. When we die, people will ask, 'What property has she left behind her?' But the angels will ask, 'What good deeds has she sent before her?'"

IMAGINATION. — Imagination is a lamp which lights up the whole of life, and the better care it receives the clearer and purer it burns.

CHARACTER.—A hero is known in war, a friend is known in necessity, and a wise girl is known in anger.

NOT SO WONDERFUL AFTER ALL.

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a stone," replied the patient.

"Who threw it?"

"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum—it's the first time I ever knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbour's hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."

THE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—The real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate the reason God has given us to the use and advantage of our fellows.

ASSENT AND CONTRADICTION. — Never assent merely to please others, for that is, besides flattery, oftentimes untruth, and discovers a mind liable to be servile and base. Neither contradict to vex others, for that shows an ill-temper, and provokes but profits nobody.

THE PROUD CHICKEN.

"No," said one chicken to another, "we don't speak to her. She wasn't hatched from the same lot of eggs that we were."

"Oh, I see; she's from a different set."

CHARADE I.

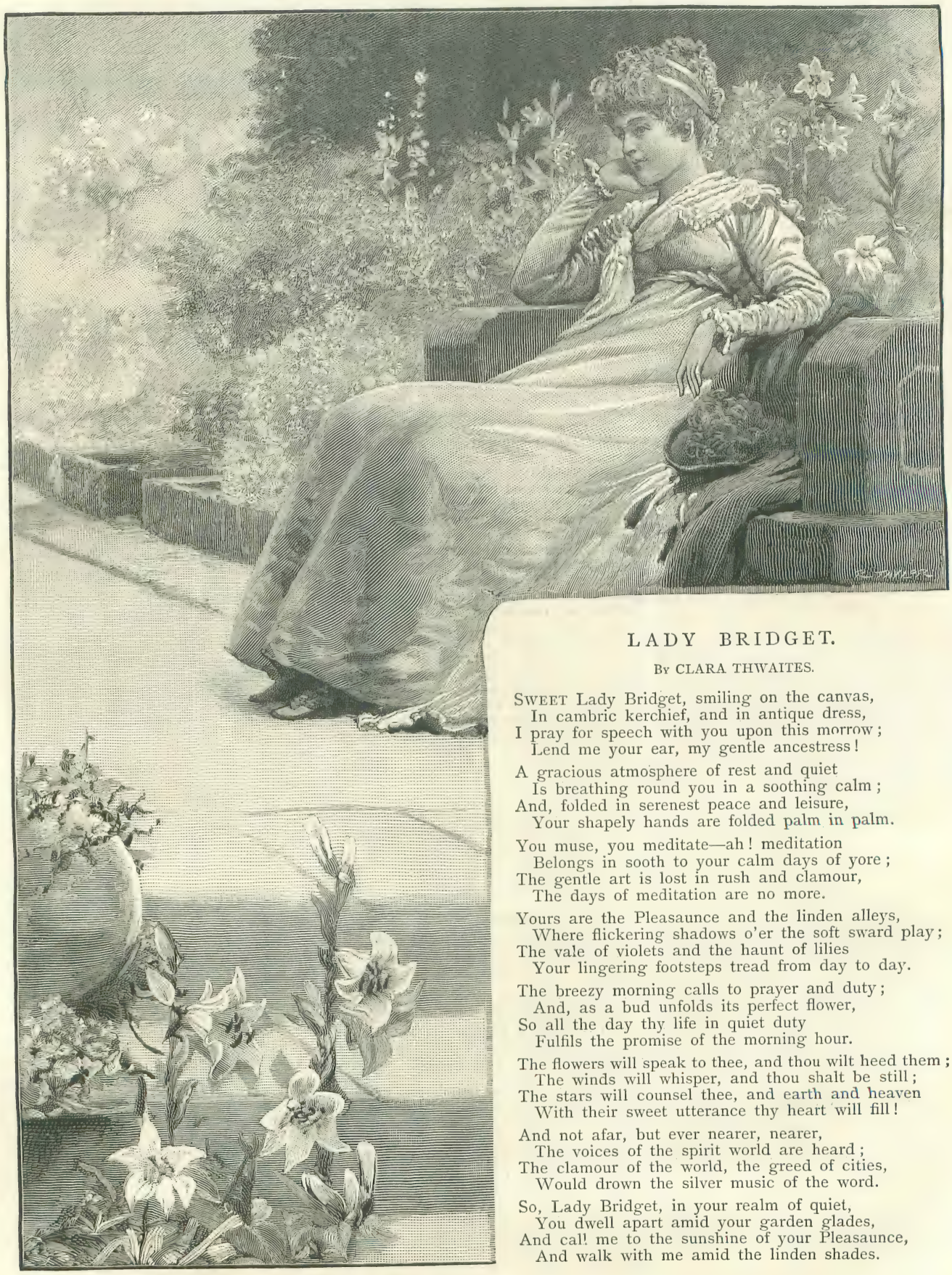
My first in cosy room is placed,
Yet often in a garden laid:
Though formed by men with skill and taste,
You'll find I am by women made.

Though charity impel your deeds,
To part with me you'd feel averse
(Even to soothe a sufferer's needs)—
And yet to keep me would be worse!

My second, on uneven ground,
A means of safety oft provides;
In many rivers is it found,
Where former custom still abides.

These words, when joined together, show
An English town of ancient note;
And in its prison, long ago,
His wondrous work a prisoner wrote.

XIMENA.



LADY BRIDGET.

By CLARA THWAITES.

SWEET Lady Bridget, smiling on the canvas,
In cambric kerchief, and in antique dress,
I pray for speech with you upon this morrow;
Lend me your ear, my gentle ancestress!

A gracious atmosphere of rest and quiet
Is breathing round you in a soothing calm;
And, folded in serenest peace and leisure,
Your shapely hands are folded palm in palm.

You muse, you meditate—ah! meditation
Belongs in sooth to your calm days of yore;
The gentle art is lost in rush and clamour,
The days of meditation are no more.

Yours are the Pleasaunce and the linden alleys,
Where flickering shadows o'er the soft sward play;
The vale of violets and the haunt of lilies
Your lingering footsteps tread from day to day.

The breezy morning calls to prayer and duty;
And, as a bud unfolds its perfect flower,
So all the day thy life in quiet duty
Fulfils the promise of the morning hour.

The flowers will speak to thee, and thou wilt heed them;
The winds will whisper, and thou shalt be still;
The stars will counsel thee, and earth and heaven
With their sweet utterance thy heart will fill!

And not afar, but ever nearer, nearer,
The voices of the spirit world are heard;
The clamour of the world, the greed of cities,
Would drown the silver music of the word.

So, Lady Bridget, in your realm of quiet,
You dwell apart amid your garden glades,
And call me to the sunshine of your Pleasaunce,
And walk with me amid the linden shades.

THE RISE OF A NEW PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

I HAD the privilege last year of being allowed to set before the readers of this valuable paper an improved system of child education, by which girls who are taught the method at the training college at Ambleside can immediately command large salaries, and I am quite sure that those of my readers who have tried the system and the training have found that a delightful career has been opened up for them as widely differing from the *rôle* of the old daily governess as can well be imagined. This time I have to acquaint my fair readers with another movement, by means of which those who like to be independent can honourably and pleasantly earn their livelihood not by their brains so much as by their muscles. And here let me at once say that I do not in this make any allusion to the growing popularity of the theatrical profession, for the drawbacks that still surround it are so great that it cannot be recommended to any readers of these pages. I have said that the movement is new, it is indeed very new, having been organised a little over one year ago, and only originating within the last decade; but as I am sure we all wish to be up to date, and as the movement is one of great importance, I propose to lay its features before my readers.

This movement is not only new in the sense of being recent but in being novel.

I have in my hand a very valuable book called *The Cyclopædia of Education* by Fletcher (Swann, Sonnenschein & Co.), published 1889, and I search its pages in vain for any trace of the methods of training or the duties of teachers of physical education. In fact, though the word physical education occurs, not a word is said as to how it is to be taught or who is to teach it. And when I turn to training of teachers I find that these are exclusively teachers of the mind, those of the body being ignored altogether. And so on throughout the work, which in other respects is so valuable that I recommend any of my readers who have to do with mental education to get it.

Bain, indeed, went so far as directly to limit the word education to the training of the mind, saying that it did not concern itself with the body at all. We have, however, widened the use of the word now so effectually that the word physical education no longer sounds strange in our ears.

And it is indeed high time this phrase was coined, for the need of it is appalling. Let any one of my readers think of twelve girls of her acquaintance, and she will be sure to find that amongst them is one or more that are of distorted, dwarfed, or imperfect physical developments arising from causes entirely within the control of the parents.

Let her again think of these twelve, and if they are in any centre of activity she will find one or more who are suffering from overtaxed nerves arising from too much mental strain, unrelieved by physical exercise. At any rate, whether my readers can discover them or not in their own select circles, both types are familiar enough to me in dealing with overwrought nerves and undeveloped bodies. It is said that one-third of our population are more or less deformed from purely unnecessary causes.

The changes too that have taken place since the establishment of high schools and recognised colleges at Oxford and Cambridge in the mental culture of girls, together with the necessary strain needed to earn an independent livelihood, render it at the same time increasingly necessary and increasingly difficult for us to develop the body and the physical powers to their utmost limits. The Greeks could well do this who never thought of mental development; but our ideal is to combine the perfect form of the Greek maid with the well-stored mind of the Girton girl.

The growing need therefore, for physical development has caused a rapidly increasing demand to be made for teachers of gymnastics and calisthenics both for boys and girls, but especially for the latter. Until the last year the way this demand has been met has been of the most haphazard description. Various teachers of gymnastics, working in different ways and in diverse manners have sent out pupils of very varied attainments, but few of whom have had any real grounding in the construction of the body, in its real needs, and in how to meet these needs by appropriate exercises. In fact "rule of thumb" largely prevailed. But this is the age of the reign of law, and it was not to be expected that such a rising and popular and money-making profession would long be allowed to go on on haphazard lines. When we remember that a growing majority of these teachers are young ladies, and that their pupils are still younger ladies, the importance of this subject to the readers of this magazine from every point of view is apparent.

We have lately seen in the case of the Royal British Nurse's Association, a very successful attempt to supplant a rule of thumb by the reign of law. Nurses used to be trained up to all sorts of standards, or to no standards at all. Since, however, this association has been incorporated by Royal Charter, and published its list of registered nurses, it is found to be the interest of every nurse to conform to its uniform requirements of a three years' course of training. Now the British College of Physical Education, under the presidency of Lord Meath, is seeking to do a similar work for teachers of calisthenics and gymnastics. Indeed, it does more, for it not only establishes a standard of excellency and gives a diploma on attaining it, but it superintends the training and conducts the examinations. When we consider what a suitable career this is for young ladies to take up on account both of the pleasantness of the work and the liberal scale of remuneration, and when we see the demand for these teachers growing by leaps and bounds everywhere, from Board Schools upwards, we feel we shall best serve the interest of our readers by concluding this paper with a condensed account of the way to obtain a diploma.

The British College of Physical Education (92, Long Acre, W.C.), was founded (1) to provide a high-class instruction on the principles and practice of physical education based on our present knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body and the laws of health, and thus to enable persons of either sex to qualify as instructors of physical education. (2) Also to impart an elementary knowledge of the theory and practice of physical education to school teachers and others, who wish to combine the physical with the mental training of the young. (3) To grant diplomas and to register qualified instructors; and (4) to promote physical education generally in the true sense of the word.

The result of these efforts should be to render physical education precise, effectual and scientific; to protect the public from incompetent teachers, and to establish the positions of fully qualified teachers on a higher and firmer basis, all of which greatly enhances the value of this profession as an opening for young ladies. Among the vice-presidents of the college are Sir James Crichton Browne, Rev. J. R. Diggle, Herbert J. Gladstone, Esq., Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Richard Webster, Sir Spencer Wells, Lord Wolseley and others; while on the Council are the directors of our leading gymnasia together with medical men interested in hygiene.

The college consists of members, licentiates and associates.

Members are recognised teachers of gymnastics, etc.

Licentiates are those who pass the examination of the college and receive its diploma. These two classes are entitled to use after their names the letters M.B.C.P.E. and L.B.C.P.E. respectively.

Associates are those interested in physical education, who may be elected by the Council.

Examinations are held twice a year, and it will be interesting for the readers to know that at the first examination four-fifths of the candidates were ladies.

Candidates are required to do both theoretical and practical work.

The theoretical work consists in an examination in Anatomy and Physiology, in Hygiene and Dietetics; in simple human measurements and the theory of physical education; and in first aid to the injured. For these a list of appropriate text-books is published.

Pupils who have passed at South Kensington are exempt from a written examination on those subjects in which they have passed, and holders of St. John's Ambulance Certificate will not be examined in First Aid.

The second division is practical work, and for this certain books are recommended; but practice and teaching in a recognised gymnasium are essential.

The examination is written, *viva voce* and practical.

The practical examination includes personal performance on the horizontal bar, the parallel bar, the rope, the vaulting horse, the inclined ladder, and in jumping. Also the teaching of a class before the examiners in drill and in mass exercises, in free movements, wands, dumb bells and Indian clubs.

Enough has now perhaps been said to show how easy it is for a young lady of good physique and fair mental power to enter this honourable and rising branch of education, and to earn an independent livelihood in a much more healthy and pleasant way than by entering the more overcrowded and underpaid arena of mental education.

NOTE.—Lists of books, dates of examination, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary B.C.P.E., 92, Long Acre, W.C.

MUMPS.

By BUZZIE, Author of "Refining Fires," etc.

CHAPTER III.



I WONDER what girl does not possess a little cabinet, containing a number of drawers, in which she keeps her knick-knacks which though possibly useless and ridiculous to the ordinary beholder, yet contain for the possessor some wonderful charm and fascination.

What person, for instance, would look twice at this drawer full of curiosities that Blanche has just passed me to examine, smile at, and ponder over while I remain in bed doing penance for my late indiscretion.

There is a tiny bit of very green, very worm-eaten stone, a threepenny piece with a hole in it, and a blue ribbon threaded through the hole, a medal with a frightful caricature of Charles le Bon on one side of it, and Bruges written on the other; a little worn-out green frog which once jumped beautifully, but which (possibly from being too closely confined in my drawer) has lost its sprightly habits, and its hue, now a bilious yellow; and a miniature Chinese monster in porcelain, with an idiotic grin on its countenance, a mouth that reaches from ear to ear, flat hands and toes with talons for nails, an enormous stomach, and a squat nose!

This is my collection. Not a particularly valuable one, people say; but to me so valuable that I would not part with it for its weight in gold. The little piece of greenish-hued stone is a miniature morsel of the famous walls of York, and the sight of it brings up a host of remembrances to my mind. I was travelling to the North of England with a dear school friend, we were in fact bound for Scarborough, when I suggested to her to spend the day at this old cathedral town. We did so, and found that we had arrived on the day of the great Ebor races. It was a curious sensation on entering this town beloved of artists and poets, with its grass-grown pavements, its ancient houses, and its matchless Minster, throwing a glamour of romance over everything, and reminding one of ages past and gone—a curious sensation to find it thronged with vulgar, noisy people from Manchester, and other manufacturing towns, all talking at once in the northern dialect, crushing, screaming, and pushing each other. Lily was rather frightened, but I reassured her, and we followed the swarm of people. They were all bound for one place: the race-course, and we followed them. At last we arrived at our goal, and as we couldn't get a seat, we stayed amongst the crowd. Then followed a scene that I shall never forget: seven slim, sleek-looking horses with seven slim, sleek-looking men on their backs were conducted on to the course; a gun was fired and off they all went like lightning. For one moment there was silence over the assembled multitude, and thousands of eager eyes followed those horses, who skimmed the ground so daintily that one could have imagined that they were not running at all, but flying.

Then there was a movement amongst the crowd. Sundry men, whom I had not noticed before — and they looked respectable in comparison with the dreadful rabble—began shouting out lustily, all in one voice, "Four to one on the field! Two to one bar one Silverspur! Six to one Vermouth!" etc.

Lily and I didn't understand what it all meant, but we strained our eyes to watch the progress of the horses. Suddenly, before we quite knew where we were, they came galloping past us again. A ribbon was held out by two men, and Silverspur, passing it first, gained the race by three lengths.

There was now a mighty commotion in the crowd, and such shouts, and such groans, and such oaths I have never heard before.

"Bravo! bravo! Good boy!" cried out a great, coarse man by our side, to the jockey, who was just dismounting. He was evidently a butcher by trade, and a good advertisement for the fat-and-flesh-giving properties of his wares. By his side a lean, bony, little man, with a wrinkled face, was writhing painfully, and with a look of rage and disappointment that was almost diabolical mumbled something between his teeth about it being "just like his luck!" In fact, there was a great deal of bad language, hustling, and drinking. I drew Lily's arm through my own, and we left the spot quickly—it was no place for us.

About a quarter of an hour after we were softly treading the walks of York, wrapped in admiration at the calm and beautiful landscape stretched before us, more remarkable than ever by its contrast with the wild and riotous spectacle we had so lately witnessed. The infinite grace of the Minster, with its matchless towers veiled in a slight mist, struck us, and the old houses, churches, and ruins grouped about it seemed shrouded in the mystery of bygone times.

It was while gazing at this scene that I stumbled over the little piece of rock which I have ever since kept as a remembrance of the day in which I experienced such varied sensations.

It is supposed to be a forerunner of good luck to possess coins with holes in them, and, though not superstitiously inclined, I must confess that my pierced threepenny-bit has invariably brought me luck. It was given to me, blue ribbon and all, by my cousin Ted one day, while playing tennis with him, trying to get myself in practice for a tournament which was to take place on the following day.

"Your opponent is twenty times stronger than you are, and she'll beat you to smithereens!" he said, in his schoolboy slang; "but wear this as a talisman, and see what luck it will bring you."

I did as he bade me, and the next day, with the coin tied round my right hand, I went forth courageously to meet my adversary, who was a strong, countryfied-looking girl, head and shoulders taller than myself, and able to lift me off the ground with one hand. Even the crowd of people who had assembled to witness our play failed to inspire me with fear, although I knew that they had all comfortably made up their minds that I was going to be beaten. Such was not the case, however, for my threepenny-bit, knocking against my hand every now and then, inspired me with confidence and courage, and everyone knows that the person endowed with these two qualities has already half won the victory. The games were very close, but at the end, much to the astonishment of everyone—myself included—I won.

That was a day of glory for me, and the ovations, praise, compliments, and applause which were heaped upon me were enough to turn my head. Fortunately, I was awarded also a more substantial present than these flatteries in the shape of a beautifully-worked gold brooch, representing a tennis-racquet, with a great pearl in the centre.

Everybody has heard of the splendid *cortège* that took place at Bruges in honour of Charles le Bon, in the July of the year 1886. People of every nation of every country and of every clime assembled to see it, and amongst the number myself! My brother Henry, on artistic projects bent, had wended his steps thither, taking me in his company as interpreter, his knowledge of French being limited. To see that charming old mediæval town, with its *clocher* and cathedral, its gabled houses and grass-grown pavements, its exquisitely picturesque canals and its old-fashioned inhabitants, who clinked along the stones in their "wooden shoon," was a delightful sensation to me, for I had been an inhabitant of the "busy city" all my life, and accustomed to noisy thoroughfares, smoking chimney-pots, and endless rows of jerry-built houses. The procession, too, was a most queer and ingenious one. Great cars, as large as miniature houses, were drawn along by numberless horses; kings and queens, saints and martyrs, cavaliers and courtiers, knights in chain-armour and farmers, ladies in hunting costumes with falcons and chargers complete, monks and murderers, all in appropriate costumes, walked, or rode, or sung, or prayed side by side. Such brilliant equipages, such gorgeous dresses, and such picturesque groupings I had never seen before. Last of all came the splendid silver shrine, containing the relics of the saints, studded with real gems, and drawn along in triumph. It was really a fine scene, and the gabled houses, ancient churches, and roadways formed a picturesque background.

It was long after the procession had passed and the crowd dispersed—twilight was beginning to fall and the town had put on its old-world sleepy look — when, walking quietly along with my brother, we heard a very musical voice behind us asking for a sous in the Flemish tongue. We turned round quickly and saw one of the sweetest little peasant-girls imaginable, reminding us instinctively of Flamen's Bebbé. Her tender blue eyes, velvety complexion, and golden curls, which peeped out from under her white cap, were beauties not to be lost on my artistic brother. He instantly produced his sketch-book and pencil, and drew her as she stood there with her head slightly bent and her brown but beautifully-shaped hands clasped. When he had finished he slipped a coin into her hand which made her open her blue eyes wide with astonishment, perhaps she had never been the possessor of such a large fortune before; then she hastily drew from her corsage a violet ribbon, on which a number of medals were hanging, and, detaching one, held it out to me with a smile. This, then, is my medal, which, in spite of the terrible caricature of the

good saint's features depicted thereon, is still a highly-prized little keepsake. "Take this as a remembrance from me. Put it on your *etagère*, and every morning, when you open your eyes, look at it and think of the donor."

As I sadly glance at my Chinese monster I can again hear Constance Delrolless's voice and see her, as I saw her then in the great square reception room of our school on the day that she was to leave us for ever, and make her *début* in the gay world.

"But it is a frightful monster," I say, smiling between my tears, "whilst you—you are a glorious——"

"Beauty!" says Constance, laughing gaily. "Well, I confess that I do not bear a very striking resemblance to the monster, but you know in China it is not reckoned a monster at all, but a creature of loveliness."

"What frightfully bad taste the Chinese must have!" I answer, examining critically the hands and feet, pug nose and pimpled complexion of my little image. Then I looked at my old school friend whom I was about to lose. She was ethereal-looking. Never have I seen a complexion so dazzling and so transparent. Her features were well cut and regular, and her eyes, which were naturally of a dark grey, were surrounded by a bluish, transparent disc, which added to their size and lustre. Usually I had seen her dressed in the plain black garb of the school, but that day she had on a tailor-made gown of dark blue, and a blue hat with a crown of Marguerites nestling daintily against her fair hair.

The thought of losing her for ever was a very painful one for me. Her sweet face had always brightened up our dingy school-room like the presence of a beautiful picture against a dreary wall.

Smiling at my unveiled admiration she asked me coquettishly whether she would be a success, and whether I really thought she was pretty?

"Pretty is not the word for it!" I burst out in a gush of school-girl enthusiasm; "you are beautiful, too beautiful to live."

Alas, it seemed too true, for scarce a year passed before she was dead.

A few months after her *début* she had married a young barrister, and soon after, consumption, which she had in her system, manifested itself, and carried her off at the age of twenty. Her death was a terrible surprise to all who, like myself, had mistaken her brilliant colouring for a sign of robust health.

At her death I removed my monster from my *etagère*, and placed it amongst my other curios, but strange to say, even now, as I hold it in my hands, the tears come to my eyes and I think I see again the gay and laughing form of my school friend before me.

Thursday, June 22nd.—In spite of my indiscretions of yesterday I feel much better this morning. My mumps have considerably decreased in size, my eyes are less watery and my throat less parched. It is seven A.M., yet everything about me has awakened into life and action. Nature seems to be calling to me to witness her beauty. The sun is shining brightly; the trees are swaying their graceful branches to and fro in the wind; the birds have left their nests and fill the air with music; the bees are diving into the honeyed flowers, and the flowers themselves, after having been washed by the dew and kissed by the sun, are lifting up their perfumed heads in thanksgiving.

It is the day preceding the feast of St. John, and to-night, when the sun has gone to bed, there is to be a huge fire lit in the grounds in honour of the great saint.

But that is for this evening, and I must amuse myself meanwhile by continuing my chat with my inanimate friends.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick," says my clock, reminding me that I have not yet paid the slightest attention to her all-important self.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick." How impatient I do get sometimes with this monotonous little song, and how I wish that it would occasionally change its burthen. Much as I like my clock and admire its steady-going principles, I cannot but admit that of all the friends in my room it is the most aggravating, and the most unsympathetic.

"Why don't you go faster, you old silly?" I sometimes say to it.

"Tick-tick," it answers, quite unperturbed by my vehemence; "perfection lies in being regular, not in going fast."

And perhaps the clock is right, though for my part I have little patience with those individuals who never lose a moment, and who are such perfect masters of their actions, that like the clock, they can go on steadily day by day, doing the same round of duties at exactly the same hours, never for a moment allowing their ideas and imaginations to run away with them, or their bodies to enjoy that charming state of *dolce far niente*. In looking at my clock I am reminded of the words of a philosopher, which I here quote. In speaking about women he says: "She should be like the town-clock, of a perfect exactitude and regularity, but she should not, like the clock, make noise enough to be heard by the whole town."

"She should resemble the snail, who guards his house constantly, but she should not, like him, put on her back all that she possesses."

"She should resemble an echo that never speaks except when it is interrogated, but she should not, like the echo, try to have the last word."

Sometimes when I am very seriously inclined like "The clock on the stairs" I imagine I can hear my clock chiming out in measured tones the solemn words, "Ever! For ever, For ever, never!" and it sets me thinking of those that have gone before me and listened like me to its chimes, but who are now resting in the churchyard hard by, having changed time for eternity, where no clock is necessary to chime the hours, and no sun to measure the periods of night and day.

Many bygone dames must have regarded my clock with the same interest as myself, and felt the same sensations, for my clock is old and my room is old, too—very, very old, and many generations have inhabited this room before me, have slept in this queer old four-post bedstead, and have cast their eyes inquiringly on my picturesque clock, which is square and high, with a great gong on the top that rings out the hours with a dull, heavy sound resembling a groan—a groan the sound of which I feel sometimes faintly echoed in my heart as the thought forces itself upon me that yet another precious hour has passed.

There is a noise as of a great many feet hurrying backwards and forwards near my window. This window, by the way, is not the one which looks over the orchard, but a very small one placed in a very small apartment at the side of my room called the "Cabinet de Toilette." It commands a view over one side of the park, and the fire is to be lit a short distance off. The peasants and sabotiers have been all day preparing the bonfire, and a mighty one it is, as large as a cottage, with a whole tree in the centre, from each branch of which fireworks (which in this country are called fusils and pétards) are suspended. In the centre of the tree, high above all, is an enormous bouquet about the circumference of four well-grown cabbages. What a blaze there will be!

It is a fine blaze. How it lights up the castle with its lurid flames, and reflects back its reddish beams on the trees, and flowers, and lake! And it seems to convert the assembled peasants into Red Indians. As the first pétard goes off with a blaze, a pop and a sputter, the fire of Trébabbu (the neighbouring village) begins to glimmer in the distance, and Le Conquet, Kermorvan, St. Mathieu and Plougastel follow suit, while guns are shot off in all directions making the little children, who are standing round the fire in their queer little caps and sabots, dance with joy. It was indeed a joyful and merry scene, and when, after about an hour, the fires begin to smoulder, the peasants leap and jump, and catching up their children bounce them backwards and forwards amongst the dying flames to make them grow big and strong. Then they form into a procession, and walking three times round the ashes, each picks up a little stone and throws it amongst them, for what purpose I have been unable to ascertain, though I believe it is a very old custom and has a mystic meaning. Then each person brings the branch of a green herb called "La Chandelle de St. Jean," and burning it in the embers rubs his eyes so as to prevent himself from being affected in those organs, and the maidens pluck flowers and hold them for a moment over the ashes. If the flower fades they will be old maids, but if on the contrary it remains fresh they will marry within the year. Of course, it is scarcely necessary to add that this ends with everyone kneeling down and praying aloud.

I had given Blanche a flower to pass through the Feu St. Jean for me, and am not a little disgusted to find that it hangs loose and faded on its stalk.

"My doom is sealed," she says. Last year, just about this time, I made a pilgrimage to the Well of Notre Dame du Val, which is the great resort of spinsters of all ages to find out their future fate. It is decreed that "The maiden who droppeth a pin into this well, and it floateth, a wife shall become, but, if it sinketh a spinster must she remain for four score and four years." My pin sunk ominously and decidedly to the bottom, a fact which makes me think that I may as well resign myself to single blessedness for good and all, as not living in the time of the patriarchs matrimony is infrequent at the age of one hundred, although history does relate that a certain Henry Grosvenor of Wexford (abstemious in diet and in disposition courtly and cheerful) married at that advanced period, and enjoyed fifteen years of wedded bliss.

(To be concluded.)





A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOING TO CHURCH.

"But having entered in we shall find there
Silence, and sudden dimness, and deep prayer,
And faces of crowned angels all about."
Rossetti.

ELSIE woke on Sunday morning with her thoughts full of the charms of Wayne's Court.

She pictured the place to herself in the silence of the early hours, the cool depths of shadow in the green aisles, the trimly-kept gardens, the first sunshine stealing along the grey terrace. Did Arnold Wayne care for her well enough to ask her to come and reign over his old home?

He liked her, she was sure of that. And his cousins detested her, of that she was sure also. No woman can ever endure the thought that she is disliked or despised by the relatives of the man she loves. And poor Elsie, against her own will, had fallen in love with Arnold Wayne.

Against her own will! And Elsie had always fancied that her will was so strong. She had had several strong likings, and had found out (before it was too late) that a strong liking is only a distant cousin to love. For the first time in her life she was beginning to feel that terrible self-distrust which is love's cruel companion. And it is a painful moment for a woman when she learns that the sound of one voice can set her heart throbbing and drive the colour out of her cheeks.

Mrs. Lennard stoutly affirmed that she was quite equal to walking to church and back again. Nobody should get pony-chaises out for her on a Sunday. So the two old ladies and the younger one came out into the lane, just in time to see the flutter of summer gowns on the meadow-path. The Danforths were ahead of them. Yes; and Mrs. Verdon, slim and cool and graceful in a dainty costume of blue-grey cashmere—a dress which wrung unwilling admiration even from the rector's wife.

"That straw-coloured woman dresses well," she said to Elsie. "What a miracle of self-worship she is!"

"But she has a kind heart," Elsie answered. "Think of her love for Jamie."

The boy, trotting by nurse's side, had gone on in front of Mrs. Verdon and the Danforths. They were moving so slowly along the path that the party from Willow Farm instinctively began to saunter. There was a consciousness among them that it would be best for Miss Kilner and the Danforths not to meet too often.

But if they were sauntering, someone behind them was coming on with rapid strides. Arnold Wayne joined them with a cheery greeting.

"You are early," he said. "Do you keep your clocks too fast at the Farm? Miss Kilner, isn't this pure air delicious after London?"

Mrs. Lennard allowed herself to be displaced, and he stepped close to Elsie's side. It was a sultry morning; but the odour of the grass, fresh with half-hidden streams, was in the air. The meadow was dotted with yellow-rayed flowers, and in the moist places the tall bulrush lifted its velvety head.

"Yes," Elsie answered with a sigh of satisfaction, "it makes it hard to think of going back to a 'long, unlovely street.'"

"You are not going back yet," he said quickly. And the earnest look which accompanied the words brought the colour into her face.

"Not yet," she responded, "but one's bright days always fly."

The tone touched his heart. It told him that her bright days had been few. What he would have said was never known; words were rising to his lips when Mary Danforth came running back to them at a girlish speed.

"Oh, Arnold, how you are loitering!" she said, panting. "You will be late at church, naughty boy! It's a dreadful thing for the Squire to set a bad example, Miss Kilner."

"Isn't it rather warm for such violent exercise, Mary?" he asked in a lazy voice. "A cool face is a blessing to its possessor and all beholders."

Mary had the complexion that flushes easily. The glow which overspread her face was not becoming, but she felt that she was a martyr in a good cause. She had run back to separate her cousin from the dangerous Miss Kilner. Lily, whose eyes were on Francis, was hastening after her.

As to Francis, he was beginning to be piqued by Elsie's gentle indifference, and he had a vague suspicion that Wayne was carrying on a flirtation with her instead of attending to Mrs. Verdon. Lily's light-grey eyes were not as beautiful as Elsie's brown orbs, but they were pretty enough when they glanced at him in mute reproach. He felt he had neglected Lily.

Mrs. Verdon did not follow the Danforths when they ran back to the Willow Farm people. She sauntered slowly on talking with their father; but, when the two parties came together and melted into one, her greetings were very gracious.

Elsie, who was somehow edged out of the group, found herself walking alone. The Danforths were breaking the quietness of the meadows with their laughing voices. She was glad to escape them and overtake nurse and Jamie.

The boy met her gladly, putting his little warm hand into hers. And only a woman with a heartache can understand

the comfort that she found in the clasp of that childish hand.

"We're going to church," said Jamie. "You shall sit by my side. It ain't a very pretty church."

"Oh, Master Jamie, 'ain't' again!" nurse murmured, in a tone of mild reproof.

"But there's nice things in it," continued Jamie, paying no attention to the good woman. "There's a man, cut out of stone, lying on his back, and he's lost his nose. He twies to put his hands together, but can't, not properly, 'cos some of his fingers has come off."

"I should like to see him," remarked Elsie, "very much."

"I'll show him to you, when the pweachin's done," Jamie promised. "Keep close to me."

She did keep close to him when they entered the little grey church and found a sense of peace and quietness there. She sat by his side, close to a massive pillar, near an open window set deep in the ancient wall. The breath of the warm summer wandered in, and she did not criticise the singing or the sermon. Through it all she could hear the distant bleating of flocks and the hum of bees.

If she could always live a simple country life with Jamie, it would be full of calm content. But the boy would grow up and demand more than her slender means could provide; and he belonged to Mrs. Verdon. She did not think she could endure a country life without Jamie. It would be better to go back to the London street, and care for the children of the poor, than live in rural solitude.

"Come and see the stone man," whispered Jamie, as soon as the service was over.

She let him lead her into a side aisle where a battered knightly figure lay on an altar-tomb. It was still and cool in this dim nook, and faint lights and shadows fell softly on the old warrior in his repose. The boy stood looking at him in silence.

"I wonder who he was?" Elsie said in a low voice.

"His name was Lionel de Wayne," replied Arnold at her elbow; "and he was one of the goodliest knights that ever bore shield. 'His soul is with the saints, I trust.'"

"I trust so," said Elsie gravely. Jamie looked up at both the speakers with big blue eyes.

"I have some records of him at the Court," Arnold went on. "You must come and turn them over some day; if you care about such things you will find a store."

"I do care," she answered. "Why do you not write a book about the Court, Mr. Wayne? England likes to know the histories of her stately old houses, and there is a great deal to tell."

"We will write it together," he said; and her heart gave a sudden throb.

"We had lost you!" Mary Danforth exclaimed, behind the pair. "Arnold, Mrs. Verdon has promised to lunch with us; won't you come too?"

"I'll think about it," he replied, relapsing into that lazy manner which his friends knew so well.

"There isn't much time to think of it," said Mary rather sharply. "You know father likes his luncheon punctually at half-past one."

"Don't let him wait for me. I was always a dawdling fellow."

Jamie held Elsie's hand as they walked home through the meadows. Miss Ryan asked Mrs. Verdon to let her keep him at Willow Farm for the rest of the day, and Elsie spent the long afternoon hours with the boy.

Seeing that Francis Ryan was prowling about in the garden, she carried Jamie off to her large, cool room upstairs, and told him stories to his heart's content. Then, too, she had discovered a pile of nursery books in a corner of the house, and had brought them up here for his benefit. Their hearts grew closer and closer together; they enjoyed each other's love and exchanged caresses like a couple of children. The child had a wonderfully freshening influence on Elsie's life, and when she brought him down to afternoon tea, the two old ladies rejoiced to see her looking so young and bright.

"Francis is gone to the Danforths," said Mrs. Lennard, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

The afternoon was deepening into evening when Arnold Wayne came up the garden path to the door. He found Elsie under the porch, with a mass of jessamine hanging over her head.

"There is to be a picnic next Thursday," he said; "I am dragged into it. The gathering-place will be in a meadow, under some trees near the river. I've got a little boat, and a man to row people to and from the island."

"I shall like that," remarked Jamie, who was listening. "Mammy will be sure to let me go!"

Elsie did not feel strongly inclined to go to the picnic. She had taken the quiet of the country into her heart, and wanted to escape from society. But Mrs. Lennard disapproved of this growing taste for solitude.

"You must mingle with the others, my dear, whether you like them or not," she said. "I shall come upstairs and turn over your dresses. You have a cool, brown holland-looking thing, trimmed with bands of scarlet silk and black lace. I think you shall wear that."

(*To be continued.*)

TABLES TURNED.

By ALFRED H. MILES.

II.—MULTIPLICATION.

TWICE one are two,
Twice two are four,
Twice any
(Few or many)
Once as many more.

Twice a pigeon is a pair,
Anywhen, anywhere.

Twice a pheasant is a brace,
Any time, any place.

Twice a turkey is a couple,
Old and tough or young and supple.

Twice a baby (bows and pins),
They be, may be, babie twins.

Multiply a boy by two,
Brothers trusty, tried and true.

Multiply a girl and see
Sisters sweet and sisterly.

Schoolboys doubled—Dicks and Hals,
Teds and Tommies—loving pals.

Schoolgirls doubled (bows and curls),
Gay companions, giddy girls.

Twice a student "green" or "yellow,"
Fellow-student or schoolfellow.

Twice acquaintance when it blends
Kindred natures, trusty friends.

Twice one in single life,
Dear old chums, but ne'er a wife.

Twice a merchant, trading free,
So-and-so and Company.

Twice a soldier, sea or land,
Sturdy comrades, hand in hand.

Twice a sailor, land or sea,
Jolly messmates, gay and free.

Twice childhood (when it's flown),
Second childhood—Darby, Joan.

Twice grandpa, grandma too,
Dear old cronies, ever true.

Twice father, hard to see;
Twice mother!—cannot be.

Twice odd, always even;
Twice love, always heaven!

HOW TO KEEP BLINDS AND CARPETS IN ORDER.

THE taste for amateur work of almost every description amongst girls has so largely increased during the last few years (and is likely still further to increase) that no apology need be offered for the present article.

In our towns and cities, when any of the household machinery gets out of order, it is quite an easy thing to call in a tradesman and have it put right; although it must be confessed that even here, from the incompetency of some men, and the loitering and exaggerated charges consequent on this, dissatisfaction is sometimes the result. But in many districts a competent man is quite unattainable, and when any repairs are wanted it is a question of either letting them alone, bringing a man from a distance—which means a considerable outlay—or executing the repairs at home.

Now it will be understood that matters connected with plumbing, for instance, and all such work where much technical skill is required, are excluded from our review; but, apart from these, many cases of "disorder" occur from time to time in every house that with a very little instruction and application might be undertaken by girls. To begin with, take one of the commonest,

THE BLINDS.

Those who have the misfortune to possess a number of Venetian blinds, and especially if these have a southern or western exposure, have a fruitful source of annoyance. Cords wear out, and tapes rot in the sun, and tradesmen's bills mount up. Now, nothing is easier than keeping these blinds in order, and if you favour me with your attention, girls, I will show you how.

First of all it is advisable, provided you are likely to be in the same house for some years, to lay in a gross of cord—say, No. 5 glace-line—the colour of blind, and perhaps a couple of dozen yards of ladder-web also to match. About this latter a word of warning is necessary. Be sure to get the correct size. There are six or seven sizes, each an eighth of an inch deeper than the other, and if the size is not correct the blind becomes either too long or too short.

The safest way is, when purchasing the web to take or send about half a yard of the old; if this is not quite convenient, measure the distance between the little cross-tapes.

Now we will assume that tapes and cord need renewing; should the cord only be done, the same process, minus the tape part, will have to be gone through.

Let the blind down to the bottom; cut off the knots on ends of cord and pull the cords out; before passing them aside measure off the new cord from the old, provided it is not too much broken up. Should the little tumbling-cords be all right, as frequently happens, pull them upwards and leave them attached to the top lath. Next pull all the laths out, have them taken away and thoroughly dusted, or, better still, washed and dried. Remove the hanging ladder-webs from the top lath, take one of them and cut all the little tapes through, so that it may be laid flat along the floor. Use the side that has been next the room for this, because it is usually entire, and it shows the position of the little hole for bringing out the tumbling-tape. Having laid this out on the floor, flat side downwards, take the new tape and lay as many lengths alongside as required, marking the hole referred to, also the top and bottom line and leaving a lay. Make sure that you have the same number of tapes; that is more important than having the exact length, as an inch here or there in a Venetian blind makes little difference. Sew the bottom ends as the old were done, leaving a pin-hole in the middle for the cord to pass through; sew the two side-holes already mentioned, and the tapes are ready for fixing to blind. In doing so, remember to have the two side pin-holes facing the room, and at the top have each of the tumbling-cords under the centre of the tape.

Now, before proceeding further, it will be necessary to go to the top and unscrew the two screws until there is a space of at least an inch between the topmost lath and window-frame, to admit of passing through the cord; do not risk any more, or the blind may fall before you are finished with it.

Next comes the placing in of the laths; these have to be put in a certain way, otherwise the blind will have a piebald appearance from the front. Pick out all the worst ones for "skying" at the top, and *vice versâ*.

Now pay particular attention, please. You will observe a difference in the sides of the laths; in every case put the worst side up, and the worst edge to the outside. This will insure uniformity and make the best appearance toward the room. In putting through the cords, do so from the side at which they pull, guide them along the top and bring them out downwards at each pulley.

Now greater care is required in leading the cord on its downward course than would be imagined. You will observe that the little cross-tapes alternate to right and left of the upright ones; even see that the cord passes down the centre, that is to say, to the left of one small tape and the right of the next, and so on. Having got to the bottom, and the cord through the tape, make a large double knot securely. Pass the small tumbling-cords through the same way.

Now the best way to insure that the blind will pull up squarely is to take a hold of the two cords at the sides, pull it to the top, and hold it there while you securely tie them together; after this, you must remember to screw it up at the top, and the blind is then finished.

If you call in a tradesman, who would most likely take away the blind, the cost per blind would be somewhere about 5s. You can buy the ladder-web for 3d. per yard, and the cord by the piece for at most 8d. per dozen. So the whole affair would cost you about 2s. or 2s. 3d., should the tumbling-cords require renewing.

The commonest of all blinds is that which is appropriately called the "common"—that is, a blind with a double cord fixed to the end of a roller, and a rack-pulley at the side. This is liable to go out of order in two ways: the bracket at the cord side wears out and the blind falls down, also the cord breaks. In the first case, the bracket must be renewed. Should you wish one that will not wear out, discard the little brass one, which, being made of thin, soft metal, will wear out very soon, and get an angle-bracket made of block-tin and busked with brass; these are practically everlasting.

In renewing the cord, see that you get the right kind for this blind; the plaited cord, such as used for Venetian blinds, is totally unsuitable; being a stretching cord, it would soon become too long, and then it comes and goes according to the state of the atmosphere, if dry it stretches, and if wet it contracts.

Here, again, the right thing is called "common" cord; that is, a kind with an unstretchable cord inside covered over with a thin surface. One of the causes that leads to the breaking of the cord is the way in which it is joined; even most tradesmen do it improperly. Look at any blind of this kind, and in nine cases out of ten, or most likely in the whole ten, you will find the cord overlapped at the join; the result is, that every time this passes the little pulley or over the end of the roller it not only sticks but it sustains such injury as leads to the wearing out.

If you follow out my plan, you will have a join as perfect as anything could be. You must use a linen thread, and instead of overlapping butt the two edges. Pass the thread through both ends about half-a-dozen times, taking half an inch of a hold, bringing the two edges of the cord close together; after this proceed to roll the thread closely and tightly round the inch of stitching, then sew it here and there all over to prevent the thread from slipping. Wet it slightly, lay it down on a table or any flat surface, take a flat piece of wood, and roll it back and forward until it is the same thickness as the rest of the cord, and, as before observed, you have as perfect a piece of work as can be had.

Another kind of blind is that known as the "patent;" that is, one with the cord festooned, from the right hand generally, to the centre of the bottom stick.

This blind, you will frequently find, runs down to the bottom; the reason of this is, that the spring behind the little notched wheel has lost the temper, and it can only be properly mended by a smith.

Sometimes the same effect is caused by the roller being improperly fixed, but you can easily tell if it is the spring, by turning the wheel round; if it goes round easily then the spring requires renewing; this should cost about sixpence.

To fix a new cord in this blind, take the roller down; this is done by pulling the square brass pin at the left-hand side inwards, and pressing the roller downwards. In fixing it be sure this pin springs back into its place, otherwise the blind would fall.

There are other kinds of blind-rollers, such as the "spring," but these are better left to tradesmen, as they are easily put wrong, and being somewhat expensive should not be tampered with.

Should the blind cloth require renewing this also is a very simple process.

Nothing looks worse either outside or inside a house than a badly hanging blind; after reading this article there will be no excuse for such.

Many girls contrive to get blind holland the exact width required, thereby saving side-hems; but this is quite a mistake, because the edge is always irregular, and moreover, being frequently stretched, it does not hang properly.

Procure the cloth at least two inches wider than the blind is to finish, and nine inches longer, it being advisable to have as much to spare as will admit of a fresh hem at bottom when the original one gets soiled.

Now the simplest way to square a blind is this, double it the long way, and fix it with a couple of tacks on the floor or a long table.

Mark off with a pointed bradawl or the sharp point of a pair of scissors from the double side half the width the blind is to finish, make another mark of about an inch beyond for the hem, impress two lines vigorously along these marks, cut off all outside of the outside one, then lay down the hem, the top half up, and the under one down.

Still keep the tacks in, and proceed thus to square it top and bottom.

Make a mark through with bradawl half an inch down from the top, the same at bottom, then at the last-named place make another about an inch and three quarters.

Now open the blind flat, draw lines across at the marks, fold up the hem and you have a perfectly square blind.

Should you wish to finish with a fringe, the neatest way is to make a bottom hem of three inches, put a row of stitching an inch and a quarter from the bottom, sew the fringe along the edge; the upper division is for the stick, the lower forms a nice little valance.

Next to blinds, perhaps the most frequent item of repairs in the house is the carpets.

Lifting and laying these is quite an easy matter, provided certain rules are observed.

It is a good plan to take as much of the furniture as possible out of the room; in the case of beds, wardrobes, sideboards, etc., of course this is impossible.

To lift a carpet from under a large piece of furniture, move the latter out from the wall as far as to get easily behind it, take out all the tacks along the carpet, behind and for some distance on the two adjacent sides.

Turn the piece of furniture over to the front sufficiently to admit of the carpet being folded underneath, having someone to hold it in position, next turn it over backwards, and pull the carpet out.

In laying, merely reverse this process before putting the carpet under, see that you have it spread out and folded in front of the article of furniture just sufficient to go to the wall.

Where it is impracticable to remove the furniture from the room, the best way is, to put it all to one side, lift half of the carpet, fold it over, move the furniture across, and lift the other half. In laying do ditto.

The beating of the carpets, at all events if they are heavy, must either be entrusted to professionals, or be undertaken by the men about the house.

In any case make sure that they are clean before putting them down. In my professional capacity, in one day I have laid carpets that were up and "beat" in one house actually dirtier than some I took up in another to beat.

The amusing part of it was that the lady to whom the first lot belonged, called in to beat her carpets men of such "light and leading" as the lamplighters of the district.

Before leaving the question of carpets, a hint about stretching them might be found useful.

A carpet loosely laid is neither nice to look at, nor comfortable to walk upon, and moreover when tightly laid it is not so liable to wear.

Now it cannot be expected that amateurs will make such a well-stretched carpet as professionals, unless they adopt my simple expedient.

Turn the carpet, if it be a Brussels or other stiff kind, wrong-side up and sprinkle about a bowl of water on it, then without losing any time, turn over the carpet and lay it as tightly as possible; the water will do no harm, and it will tighten the carpet beautifully. The reason you must hurry is that the water acts quickly, yet not so quickly, but that the carpet may easily be laid before the process of tightening begins.

Yet one other hint, in lifting the carpets, be sure you take all the tacks out of them, or sore hands in beating them will follow; and when laying, the chances are, that if the tacks are left in, they will get underneath causing much annoyance. Stair-carpets sometimes trouble even professionals in laying, yet when properly gone about nothing is easier.

Always have the carpet rolled up from the bottom, and where there are pads, the best way is after fixing a rod and pulling the carpet tightly, to turn it up on to the finished step, adjust the next pad, fix the next rod, and so on till finished. In the case of a turning stair, keep the pile of the carpet straight along the front of the step, fold downwards against the rod all the loose carpet, and where the stair is built of wood fix with a tack. If stone, the only proper way is to draw the carpet down through the rod till tight, make a chalk line along the rod, then draw the carpet up till the pile is as described; make another line, sew in the triangle thus made, and the carpet will take the shape of the stair and keep it. Nothing is more untidy-looking than to see a carpet on such a stair escaping from the rods.

Should your stair be new or an alteration be made where you are fixing the eyes, if a turning-stair, the only way in which the carpet will lie properly is to fix all the eyes equidistant from the railing or narrow end of the steps, all the way down.

If the stair is stone, a good plan is to make an easer on the top, pass the rod through, and fix in the eyes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MRS. SUSAN HENSLOW.—We thank you for your prospectus of the Guild of Aid in Home Duties, established at Zeals Rectory, Bath.

LIGHT.—1. The above-named Guild of Aid in Home Duties, at Zeals, trains women in every branch of such work and subsequent employment. We do not know of a similar institution in London; but there is one in Scotland.—2. We have had an article on "Waiting at Table," in our paper (see Vol. VIII., p. 483), and likewise on "Carving at Table." You would do well to study these (see Vol. IV., p. 403). If you could obtain a place under a butler, you would easily learn how to become a waitress or parlour-maid.

ROSALIE and ADA CHAMPNESS.—We must refer you to our answers on the subject of training as a hospital nurse. A small salary is given at first with board, lodging, laundry, and uniform, at the great hospitals. Write to the Matron or Secretary of any of them for special rules and terms of each severally. Rosalie does not write sufficiently well for a nurse.

MRS. COOKE.—We regret to say that we cannot give our readers the names and addresses of those of our staff who write anonymously.

MUSIC.

PITTY SING.—Begin your singing lessons at sixteen, half an hour at a time. The author of the line,

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,"

had better be anonymous. It is only doggerel. We know nothing of him.

MISS E. MACKENZIE requests us to give a notice of her Excelsior Society for music practice, as the new term commences in January. For the rules and all particulars, address to the care of Messrs. Roffey and Clarke, 38, High Street, Croydon.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—The violin is a very difficult instrument to learn, even with the aid of a master. You might succeed, but you are more likely to fail, and to acquire bad methods. Any music publisher would give you advice as to a book of instructions.

ROSALINDA QUEECHY.—It seems to us that your voice is not worth cultivation, and will not repay any expense in training. Perhaps you are physically weak all over, and were your general health improved, your voice might gain in strength.

MARIA.—The violin is a very difficult instrument for you to learn unaided by a master. You may be able to scrape a little, but not to play so as to give pleasure to others, unless you be a musical genius, and have a special gift for playing that instrument. It is against our rules to advertise shops, and we never give prices. You should make all inquiries at a music publishers and in an instrument shop. The prices of violins vary much. Common ones are cheap, and might suffice for the practising of a beginner. But the best, to which you refer, would, probably, be quite out of your power to buy. Those by Stradivari, of Cremona, now command from £200 to £600; made in the years between 1700 and 1730 A.D.

LENORE.—In reference to your query about "perfect 5ths," an "inverted major interval" leaves a minor, and an "augmented" leaves a "diminished"; but the inversion of a "perfect 4th" leaves a "perfect 5th"; and *vice versâ*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISABELLE.—Taking for granted that you are engaged to be married to the man with whom you correspond, you would be quite justified in asking for an explanation as to the change in his sentiments, evidenced in his letters. Do not try to bind him to his engagement if he acknowledge to such a change. If he says you have annoyed him, it will be time enough to express sorrow; but to "apologise" in the dark, before you know that you have erred, would be ridiculous as well as undignified.

IOTA.—1. Attend to your diet and digestion. Make your most important meal early in the day, and leave off wearing stays. For a substitute in warmth wear a thin elastic merino vest, and have your bodices carefully whale-boned, to prevent their wrinkling up.—2. Never read, nor hang your head down for an hour after your dinner.

FRANCIE BRAY.—1. See Zechariah ix. 12, and Psalm cxxvii. 2.—2. You should buy a "Concordance." We have published one, by Dr. John Eadie.

ROSA.—If your host or hostess insisted on paying for small excursions for you, it would be no breach of etiquette to permit them to do so; but you should kindly but firmly decline to allow any man not your host nor one of your nearest relatives to do so, unless engaged to him.

LOUISE, THOUGHTFUL ONE, and IDENA.—To send birthday presents to big lads and young men is by no means desirable. Why do so?

EMMIE.—The sobriquet given in the American Civil War—1862, 1863—to General Thomas J. Jackson, in the service of the insurgents. It had its origin in the expression used by the Confederate General Lee, who, trying to rally his men at the battle of "Bull's Run," August 30, 1862, said, "There is Jackson—standing like a stone wall!" From that day he was known as "Stonewall Jackson," and the men under his command as the "Stonewall Brigade."

MURIEL L.—Wear the engagement ring on any finger that it will fit. The choice is perfectly optional; there is no hard-and-fast rule to decide the question for you.

LESLIE.—1. See our own articles on Etiquette in Riding and Driving, vol. v., p. 474.—2. The word "trait" is pronounced as if spelt "tray," and the plural simply formed by pronouncing the final "s."

MARGUERITE has no right to leave her natural home, and the duties imposed on her by her mother, who is her divinely-appointed guardian and ruler during the years of her minority. A child of fourteen, who thinks herself free to leave home without her parents' express desire, is sadly ignorant of her duty both to God and her parents, and should be kept under a very firm hand. "Children, obey your parents in all things"—such is the Christian law; and it exactly corresponds with that of the old dispensation, as expressed in the first commandment with promise. You seem to forget to whom you owe all the instruction you have had, that your duty is to requite your parents in the way they may appoint.

MARY COKE HILL.—Of course an apostrophe is necessary in the word "yours," as denoting the genitive case.

B. E.—We recommend you to apply for information to the "Girls' Friendly Society," 2, Albany Buildings, or 39, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.; and also to the "Young Women's Christian Association," 16A, and 17, Old Cavendish Street, W. "The Scottish Female Domestic Servants' Benevolent Association" has funds from which members may receive grants in times of sickness, and annuities in old age. Secretary, Miss Johnston, of Alva, The Wyretoun, Menstrie, N.B. Also, with the same objects, "The Golden Eagle Friendly Society," 40, Union Street, Glasgow, N.B. Secretary, Mr. A. Levanson.

UNDINE and EDIN should make inquiries at a librarian's, who could inform them of the prices of the books they want, and also procure them.



"HER SWEET COMPANIONS."
(*From a picture by H. Corrodi.*)

CORSETTE.—There are about eighty-seven passages in the Holy Scriptures in which the people of God—under both covenants, Jewish and Christian—are denominated "Saints." Some thirty or upwards of these passages are to be found in the Old Testament. It is true that, as a distinctive prefix to the name, the term "saint" was not adopted till the early part of the Christian era of the Church, when, for the love of Christ, the early martyrs gave themselves up to torture and death, and the first teachers of the Faith were divinely inspired men. The Apostle, addressing the Roman converts, says, "To all that be at Rome called (to be) saints, grace to you" (Rom. i, 7). The term became a mark of distinction and of respect as specially applied to the inspired apostles, and to those who sealed their testimony with their blood; but it really applies to all the children of God, who are washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the spirit of our God. For we are washed from our sins in the blood of Christ, justified through His imputed merits, and sanctified by the work of the Holy Ghost in our hearts.

MARGUERITA.—We should recommend you to make a confidant of your mistress, as you are under her roof and guardianship, and she stands to some extent in the position of your mother.

NO NAME GIVEN.—October 31st, 1843, was a Tuesday; and October 17th, 1870, was a Monday.

GERANIUM.—1. You will have to study the rules of metrical composition before you attempt to write verses.—2. The 18th of July, 1879, was a Friday.

IRENE ALEXANDRA.—We sympathise sincerely with you, although we scarcely know what advice to give you. One thing, however, we think incumbent on you as a family, even though it be a sacrifice to be made. All stimulants should be banished from your house; and should your father require them (owing to his state of health), they should be locked up in some special place for him, not in the ordinary wine receptacle. If drink cannot be kept from her, she should be privately placed in a suitable Inebriates' Home for a time, and no one need be told where she has gone.

BARBARA.—1. You are suffering the punishment you deserve, for not having consulted your parents as to the man's proposal. It only now remains for you to confess your error to them; tell them you have changed your mind, and ask for their forgiveness and counsel. Certainly you cannot "take up with another" after a two years' engagement to a man who claims your promise, until your parents interfere, and he can be persuaded to give you up, on account of your ceasing to care for him. Of course, if only a minor, your parents can refuse their consent and prevent your marriage.—2. December 22, 1872, was a Sunday.

SILLY SIXTEEN has well selected her name. She inquires whether it be proper to be kissed by a young "gentleman" whom she has only met twice. We should say that she has not shown so much discernment in the title she has given this forward young man. We fear her own manner gave some excuse for his behaviour. There is a very popular song, which commences—

"Love not! The thing you love may die."

BAB.—The term "boss" is derived from Low Dutch, and means "master." It has come to this country from the States of America, where there is such an admixture of Dutch settlers with those of many other nations. "Mash" is derived from a gipsy word "masada," meaning to charm by the eye. We recommend you not to adopt the slang terms which your schoolboy brothers pick up outside home. The origin of the slang term "O. K." is traced back as far as a hundred years ago, when the best tobacco and rum came from Aux Cayes (so pronounced), and has meant the best in everything in subsequent times.

M. EDWARDS.—We think you could obtain the address of the society, called the "Shut-in Society," an institution specially inaugurated for the benefit of invalids confined to their homes or beds, by applying to Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow, N.B.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



NEW JACKET WITH BEADED YOKE—ARRANGEMENT IN LACE AND RIBBON FOR EVENING WEAR.

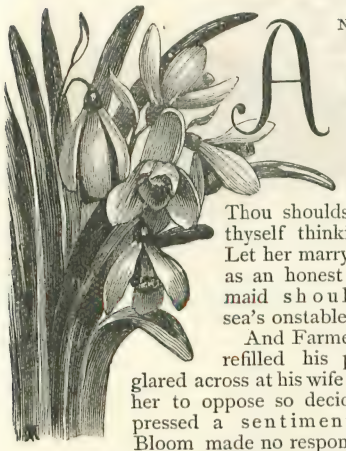
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PHŒBE BLOOM'S VALENTINE.

By M. RICHMOND.

"The wild hawk to the windswept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old."

Gipsy song.



"AND I tell thee, woman, I would not have it now more than then. Thou shouldst shame thyself thinking on't. Let her marry the land as an honest farmer's maid should. The sea's onstable like."

And Farmer Bloom refilled his pipe and glared across at his wife as daring her to oppose so decidedly expressed a sentiment. Mrs. Bloom made no response. She was putting a few finishing touches to her already beautifully clean kitchen; the maidens had gone to bed, and she would soon follow them, for early hours were kept at Crofthanger farm, the days in which the Blooms' lot fell being those good old days when agricultural depression was unknown, and bad harvests were put down as a visitation of Providence, or the blight of the evil one cast by some witch or warlock.

"What made thee think on't to-night?" pursued Bloom suspiciously.

"I don't know," she answered truthfully, "only I do think on strange things sometimes, and Phœbe's getting on now six and twenty, and she don't seem to find a man to her liking."

"He 'ill come, he 'ill come," growled Mr. Bloom, "and only too quick maybe."

"Well, don't ye be too long ere coming to bed, and bolt the door fast, there's more of them idle vagabonds about than one likes," said his wife, and with this, her nightly recommendation when she left him for his last smoke, she ascended the creaking stairs; on her way looking into the room where the maidens, including the Phœbe, who had been the subject of her colloquy with her husband, were sleeping the slumber of the weary and the just. Only Phœbe stirred slightly as her mother's light flashed across her eyes. And Mrs. Bloom, with a mental note that Molly the idle hussy hadn't mended her petticoat, and that Kitty's stockings were too fine for one of her degree, no good ever came of a girl being above her fellows, withdrew. But in her own room, the thought of Phœbe returned to her. Why should it to-night? Phœbe was well, and fairly cheery; they had no son, and only this one daughter, so that the question of whom she would marry was not a pressing one. Some one would come quick enough, maybe too quick, as Farmer Bloom said. Yet Mrs. Bloom was more than usually conscious of the fact that Phœbe had declared that if they would not let her marry Harry Stevens, she would marry no one, and her mother, secretly and half remorsefully, sided with her. Harry Stevens was a good youth, a tiny bit wild maybe, but of the wildness that has attraction for women. Mrs. Bloom never opposed her husband, and when he pronounced that a sailor should never marry his daughter, she had acquiesced, and though deep in her own heart she might sigh over Harry Stevens's bright face, and think that there was something more winning in him than in the thick-headed youths about her, outwardly really she fully agreed, and was quite sincere in her injunctions to Phœbe to think no more about him, and take someone more suitable. It was not often that the thought returned to her; occupied in daily life, she had not much time for such speculations, and she wondered at herself for having brought the subject up to-night, until she opened her big prayer-book to read the Psalms when she saw that it was the 13th of February. Ah, now it was explained. For many and many a year Harry had been Phœbe's valentine, and she remembered still the shock when one year Mr. Bloom had gone out and caught the young people and declared that he would have no more of it; that this folly must cease; that no seafaring lad should wed his daughter; that his money was not going down that pit. How Phœbe had cried, it had been so unexpected: her father had always seemed to have a liking for Harry, and how Harry had said that he would not be put upon, that he would have Phœbe some day, and how he had gone off, to make his fortune, he said; to go straight to his ruin, Mr. Bloom had pronounced. All this was years ago. Why, Phœbe was then nineteen; she was now six and twenty; seven valentine days had come and gone since then and she had never found any to replace Harry, and his name had never been mentioned, he had never been heard of. His old mother had died just before he went off the last time, and it seemed more probable that Farmer Bloom's prophecy had been fulfilled, than that Harry's own hopes had come anywhere near realisation. Why should she think of him this valentine time? Mrs. Bloom queried. Absorbed in her daily life, she had little time for such speculations. Phœbe too was well and emphatically a good girl. Suitors would come quick enough, maybe too quick father said. Why should she worry? She carefully took off and folded her apron, shook out and hung up her skirts, for she was a tidy body, and as soon as she heard the heavy step that told that her lord and master had finished his pipe and was coming up, without which he rarely dozed, she in her turn dropped into the slumber of the just and the weary.

Though Phœbe was thoroughly trustworthy, it rarely happened to Mrs. Bloom that she had not herself to be the rouser of her maids; they were all young, and needed more sleep, the good woman was wont to explain; perhaps also she was mentally inclined to believe that it was better that she should be first down; the young are giddy; the eye of the mistress makes all things flourish. There was one day, however, when there was an exception to the rule, when she paid no heed to the whispering and the giggling that went on at abnormal hours in the adjoining room, when she even turned over for an extra snooze, so that she might not disturb by her presence the peeping and the wondering that took place on this morning.

Of late years it had more than once happened that when she came out she had found her daughter still apparently wrapped in slumber, and she had taken no notice, asked no questions concerning the dreams that made the girl's cheeks so pale, her eyes so heavy.

Whether it were the conversation of last night that had prevented Farmer Bloom from sleeping, or whether it only were his anxiety concerning his stock, some of which was in a sickly state, it is certain that no sooner had the maids begun their whispering and their giggling than he started up.

"What for so early?" demanded his wife, with well-feigned sleepiness. "It's not the hour for rising yet, surely; it's not much over three of the clock."

"But the maids are moving," answered the farmer drowsily.

"But it's no time for the master," she answered, giving him a nudge with her elbow. "Whoever heard of the master stirring first thing Valentine's morning, and you a man with a wife; shame on you, Samuel Bloom, shame on you!" Thus adjured, and sufficiently wide awake now to know what he was talking about, the farmer suffered himself to be dragged back to bed.

"'Tis Cowslip, White Cowslip, about whom I'm oneasy," he said, in explanation; "but Phœbe can see to her as well as I. Here, Phœbe girl," he called in a tone loud enough to wake the seven sleepers, "go you down to the sheds and have an eye to White Cowslip: I didn't like her looks last night."

There was an immediate cessation of the gay chatter, followed by such exclamations as:

"'Tis master! Bees mistress up, too? Who heard the likes o' that, Valentine's morn?"

While Phœbe answered gently:

"All right, father; I 'ill go down."

"'Tis early yet, go thee to sleep, master, go thee to sleep," said Mrs. Bloom, as a broad hint that the accustomed license would not be withdrawn, and the farmer turned over. In addition to his anxiety concerning White Cowslip, he had some idea perhaps that Phœbe, thus abroad early, might meet some youth from the village, who would be sure to be on the look-out to be valentine to the rich farmer's daughter. Once break the spell, Mr. Bloom sleepily argued, and ere the chattering had well begun again, he was snoring loudly.

Phœbe rose and dressed silently. Her father's will was law. Cowslip must be attended to, though a modern damsel, with Phœbe's reasons for staying in, would have found twenty excuses for lingering. Cowslip was not so bad, none knew better, seeing she herself had given her her supper and watched her eat it greedily. One of the girls would look at her. It was full early to be stirring. But Phœbe, despite her twenty-six years, and the fact that the nods of the girls, who did not know her story, and who marvelled at her indifference as to her valentine, were positive pain to her, had no thought of loitering. She was as promptly obedient, or more so, than a child of six nowadays.

Perhaps she shrank a little as the first breath of the damp February air struck her cheek. She was naturally superstitious, and after carefully managing for so many years that her valentine should be the shepherd who was a grandfather, or the cowherd who had just celebrated his golden wedding, it seemed quite hazardous thus to trust wholly to chance. She felt like a gamester who is risking his last stake. However, no one met her in the dusk, and Cowslip seemed so restless and feverish this morning that her father's care was reasonable, and she busied herself over her, once calling to one of the maids to help her, but as might be expected, neither of those damsels was within hail. Neither were going to risk meeting old Bob, or decrepit Jim, by starting out too early, and they were finding fifty and one jobs to do in the house. So Phœbe worked on, and presently hearing a step, she thought it was Jim, and rather loudly, for he was "mighty deaf," she asked him to fetch something for the sick animal, when an arm

was flung over her from behind, and ere she could rise from her stooping posture the traditional kiss had been given.

"Jim!" she cried angrily.

"Jim!" it sounded like the echo of her own words as her assailant staggered back against the walls. Phœbe grew white as she caught up the horn lantern and flashed it on him.

"Harry Stevens! I thought you were dead," she cried solemnly.

"Ay, Harry Stevens," was the bitter reply. "Harry Stevens, who was thought dead, and who had better have been so than have come back and found his place taken by a Jim. Oh! sweetheart, I should never have thought it of you."

"Don't be an idiot," she said sharply. "Don't you know old Jim, the herd; no need for you to be jealous of him."

And, for so near are anger and laughter, they caught one another's hands and laughed till the tears ran down their faces at the idea of old Jim taking such an unheard-of liberty. Then, Cowslip forgotten, they plunged into the eager discussion of loving hearts over the time they had been separated, Harry telling of his wanderings, and hearing how she had carefully avoided the chance of a valentine all the years that he had been away, until her father sent her out this morning.

So absorbed were they that they noticed nothing of the passing of time, till Jim, coming to his work, stopped at the shed door, and, for the light was dim, and his sight not good, only distinguishing his mistress and another figure, toddled off to the house to announce triumphantly that the young mistress Phœbe had a smart valentine, and they were as sweet as two turtle-doves. He had been careful not to disturb them, not he; he minded the days when he and the missus were young.

Farmer Bloom's sleep had lasted longer than he expected, as second snoozes, when indulged in, often do, and he was only just down, to find work in full swing, and though a little inclined to be cross, another natural consequence of the late nap, this news about Phœbe delighted him. A smart valentine. He ran through the names of all the youths who were likely to venture to raise their eyes in her direction, and decided that it must be Farmer Smith's son. Farmer Smith was a sound man, and his son not otherwise than a satisfactory suitor for Phœbe. So off he set to the cowsheds, determined to give the young folks a fright before pronouncing his benediction upon a match that in his heart he considered exactly suited his daughter.

Judge then his horror, when, on putting his head into the shed with: "Here's a fine go, young folks; what do ye think your father will say, Jack?" he found himself in the presence, not of Jack Smith, son and heir to John Smith of Wideacres, whose land marched so well with his own, but of Harry Stevens, the sailor, Harry Stevens who, no longer ago than last night, he had declared to be the very last man he would accept for a son-in-law. Harry Stevens, whom in his secret soul he hoped to be what they all imagined him, dead, and who, instead, looking remarkably well and happy, was seated on a board in the corner, with his (Farmer Bloom's) girl upon his knee, she with a light in her face that had not been there for years, and which would have softened the heart of any but an angry father determined upon no softening.

The first expression of his wrath was given in language too vigorous to be repeated here, accompanied by an energetic waving of his knotted stick, for the good farmer was just a trifle rheumatic, round Harry's head, and a peremptory order to Phœbe, for a shameless hussy, to go back to her bed, or her work, he was not very sure which he meant. But the years that had gone by since last he interrupted these two had done much to ripen them both. Neither was as impulsive nor as easily frightened as when he had threatened them before. Harry quietly wound the old man's stick out of his hand and then returned it to him with the greatest politeness.

"No harm meant, Farmer Bloom, only I'm not used where I come from to be threatened like that, 'tis better not to try it on. And as for what I mean, without any of the ugly words that you used just now, why, you know very well that I always was Phœbe's valentine, and I've come back to be it now." While Phœbe herself, with a promptness that suggested they had not spent all their time together saying pretty nothings, exclaimed:

"Yes, father, you can't be angry. You know I've never had a valentine, nor a wish for one while he was away, and I shouldn't have come out this morn if you hadn't sent me down to the shed to look after Cowslip, little thinking who was awaiting me. Did you know he was there? You must ha' done, or you wouldn't ha' sent me, father, so you can't be angry."

It is doubtful how Farmer Bloom might have taken this turning of the tables and disarming of himself. He was beginning another tirade, not less energetic, when his wife appeared on the scene.

Jim, with the garrulousness of age, had repeated to each one he met that the young mistress Phœbe had a smart valentine out there in the cowshed, and Mrs. Bloom's quick wit had supplied her with the explanation. She knew that there was only one valentine for Phœbe (no thought of Jack Smith troubled her), and with his arrival she saw the explanation of her own unexpected thinking of him—an explanation wholly satisfactory to one of Mrs. Bloom's calibre, prone to anticipate misfortune from the unusual—and down she hurried to the cowshed, which she reached quite out of breath, just as her husband was beginning his second denunciation of his disobedient daughter, and to her the young people turned with their special pleading. Mrs. Bloom rarely opposed her husband, being in every sense an obedient wife, but there had been a few occasions upon which she had up and spoken, and this morning was one of them. Its being valentine's day, her unaccustomed reflections, and above all, the light in Phœbe's eyes, a light which no mother can see in her child and be indifferent to, if she be worthy the name of mother at all, all moved her, and she spoke out. And now, as before, Farmer Bloom listened to her. Perhaps he had learned that when she did break through so wholesome a rule, it was better to listen. Her harangue was well-nigh as long as his own, and though not so ornamental, well-nigh as vigorous. Farmer Bloom had quite a new view of his conduct presented to him. She told him that he was worse than the worst tyrant. What would be thought of a father who sent his daughter out to meet a valentine, and then stormed at her for being obedient; only answering with a contemptuous: "Fiddlesticks, don't tell me rubbish," when he tried to put in that he knew no more than the man in the moon who was there when he sent Phœbe out, and when Mrs. Bloom said "Fiddlesticks" and "rubbish" to her husband, she was a formidable person. Then she went on to speak of Phœbe, how it was plain to all but a tyrant's eye that she was going into a decline. Now Farmer Bloom's only sister, to whom he had been much attached, had died in this way, and it had more than once struck a chill to the father's heart to hear his girl called the "very moral" of her aunt, and as he was not really a man of powerful will, but only one of those obstinate creatures who usually get their own way in everyday life, to collapse at a crisis, by the time Phœbe and her lover returned from the stroll upon which Mrs. Bloom had considerately sent them, "while I talk to your father," he was ready to say "Yes." Phœbe, who had no idea of the sway her usually dependent mother could exert at times, believing that the consent was the result of a little discussion between her parents, flew to the arms of first one and then the other, while Harry, who had perhaps a truer appreciation of the state of affairs, warmly thanked Mrs. Bloom, and shook hands with the farmer; the latter, not quite able yet to get rid of the growl, could not help asking:

"And what bees you be going to live on, if I may ask, young folk?"

"That's easily settled," answered Harry, before Phœbe had time to give more than one startled look. Her father's tone seemed to intimate that things were not so smooth as she had imagined. "That's easily settled, Mr. Bloom. I've done as I said I would, and made my fortune, not a very big one, but still enough to keep us; and then godfather Robinson died a month ago, and since poor Hal, my namesake, was killed, he had no one to whom to leave his house and orchard but me, and we can live there well with what I've brought back, and what he's left me with it."

"'Twas only to try thee, lad, 'twas only to try thee," said Farmer Bloom, in a gratified tone. "Thee's a brave lad, and mayst have my Phœbe, and the girl won't leave her father's house a beggar neither. The orchard joins ours, and we could just throw them into one, and I could give the charge over to you. Cyder-making's most profitable just now, and I'm growing old and find it a burthen. And thy mother, Phœbe, will be glad to hand over the management to the young mistress. Eh, mother?"

It must be owned that this arrangement, which was distinctly profitable to the young folk, had shot up in Farmer Bloom's mind in a moment when he heard of godfather Robinson's opportune gift, and that as Harry Stevens was proving in every way capable of taking care of Phœbe himself, he was only following the time-honoured rule of helping those who can best help themselves. However, those who are happy do not question too closely into motives, and Farmer Bloom had given his consent and made a handsome provision for his daughter; none the less handsome because her lover was a man who did not need it, godfather Robinson's house and orchard being a quite sufficient maintenance, were even the fortune Harry had declared he had made to turn out to be mythical. Phœbe kissed her father again affectionately and gratefully, and Mrs. Bloom, the momentary energy which had led her to "speak up" vanished, once more the practical submissive woman of everyday life, was revolving plans for Phœbe's outfit, and was almost ready to cry at the thought of how much she should miss her. It was a happy party that, White Cowslip's wants at last being attended to, returned to the house, where Jim's news had aroused so much commotion, that the maids' unheard-of laxity at this hour in the morning were grouped in the entrance hall. Jim might not perhaps have been so much heeded in an ordinary way, as he was supposed to be "doited like," but the very persistence with which he repeated his intelligence forced a hearing, and then there was the confirmation of first the master, then the mistress going off. Oh, there must be something in it. And if Harry did not come up to the description of the "real gentleman in silks and satins," which of course he had by this time become, well, his honest face and manly figure were attractive. As for Phœbe, the girls had never thought her beautiful before, but they now considered her downright lovely with that look on her face. It was a real Valentine's day, one that would furnish matter for speculation and hope for many a month to come. Mrs. Bloom need have no fear of her maids oversleeping on at least one morning in the year.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART IV.

THE oak is the most favoured tree for the attack of the little gall fly. About fifty different species of this fly attack the two kinds of oak, which are found wild in this country, and the puncture of these fifty different species of insects cause the formation of fifty galls differing in shape, size, colour and other characteristics. So here is this wonderful fact that the puncture of each species of fly produces a different habitation for its young, for the gall, as I shall now show, is a house for its young. The insects pierce the young leaves or buds, and lay their eggs in the wound they have inflicted; the irritation thus set up causes the sap food to flow with greater speed than usual towards the punctured part, and this sap over-feeds the cells of the injured part, which in consequence swell and divide with abnormal rapidity, and thus is caused the unnatural growth of a gall. In like manner an oak-apple is formed by the puncture of a number of gall flies. These flies lay their eggs in the places punctured, a growth is then formed in the manner I have described, round each of the eggs, and these growths collectively form the apple. The egg, thus well protected in the gall, in due time turns into a grub (larva), which pierces its way out as a fly at the end of May or beginning of June. The galls are fully formed by the end of May, and having a certain beauty of their own, were formerly used as button-holes on the 29th of May —Restoration Day—whence their popular name of "King Charles's Apple." As the oak-apple gets older, it loses its juiciness, and becomes brown, dry, spongy, and very light, whereas an oak-apple is formed by an unnatural growth around the punctures of many insects.

The artichoke gall is formed by a most beautiful growth round the puncture of one insect. This gall is of a pale yellowish green colour, very like an artichoke flower in miniature, and is so symmetrical and regular, that until it is opened and the little grub seen inside, it is very difficult to believe that it is not a beautiful vegetable growth. Galls, of course, can only be regarded as vegetable disorders, tumours arising from overfed and deranged cells, yet in her derangements Nature cannot help being orderly, for the artichoke gall is a modified bud, but modified without distortion, the leafy scales of which overlap one another with perfect regularity, making a rather stumpy conical body, like the head of a thistle. On turning back these leaves, an oval object is seen standing erect, which is hollow, and is the home of the grub of the gall fly. About the end of August this hollow chamber falls to the ground, and remains there throughout the winter, the insect issuing from the gall during the next spring.



Artichoke Gall of Oak Tree.

Speculations of an Unscientific Age.

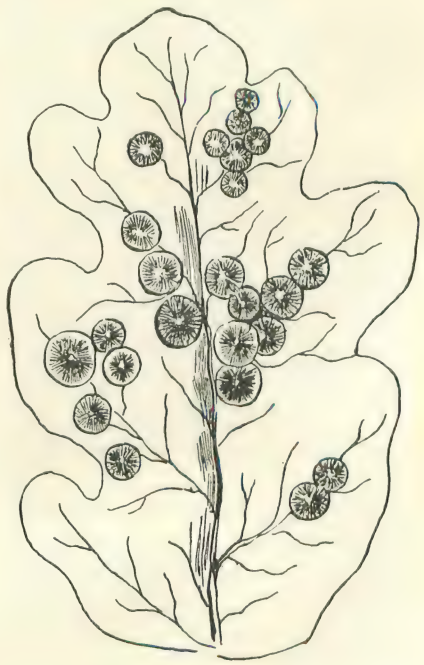
The speculations of our forefathers as to the cause of the formation of the gall is so amusing, that I am tempted to tell of a few of them. How an insect got inside a gall, without any apparent entrance, was naturally a matter of the deepest wonderment. Some said the eggs were taken from the ground, and carried by the sap to the gall, that was already prepared and waiting for it; others that the germs floating in the air got fixed to certain parts of the tree, and then the growth of the tree, growing around them naturally, enclosed them; others, that although the insect belonged to the animal kingdom, it was the result of vegetable growth, just as leaves, flowers, and fruit are. And then of course came in the explanation of spontaneous generation, an explanation that was always put forward when every other failed. It was all very mysterious, and so the little insect was made to foretell coming events. The unpierced gall was believed to contain a fly, a spider, a worm. If a fly was found—the fly of course was the fully matured insect and the worm its lava—it prophesied war, if a worm, the price of commodities might be expected to rise, and if the insect turned out to be a spider, then might be expected a terrible time of pestilence and death. It is not so easy to see what was meant by the spider, unless galls containing mites or beetles were referred to.

Birds do more Good than Harm.

I have long been under the impression that birds, by making away with more destructive insects and seeds of weeds, than they eat fruit or grain, do far more good than they do harm, and this opinion is, I am pleased to see, rapidly gaining ground, amongst all trained observers. I have heard lately of a celebrated fruit-grower who, for a time, killed birds that lived in his orchards, but after careful observation came to the conclusion that birds who were fed on the premises, although destroying a certain number of buds and eating a certain quantity of fruit, more than compensated for this damage by eating the enemies of the fruit-grower, through all the stages of their existence. At the same time he decided that it was unwise to grow fruit near a wood, as the birds swarm from the wood amongst the trees, when the fruit ripens, and by going back after their feast into the wood again do not destroy a sufficiency of insects as compensation at other times. It has been nearly universally thought that birds of prey do more harm than good, but this popular idea turns out to be false. A body of scientific men in America examined the stomachs of 2212 birds of prey, and it was found that fifty-six per cent. contained mice, twenty-seven per cent. insects, and only three and a half per cent. poultry or game-birds. The great enemy to many of our rapidly disappearing species of birds is the collector. Can any words be too strong to express the vile selfishness of the man who deliberately kills a rare bird whenever he gets a chance. A great living picture, a nobly executed work of art, a soul-elevating piece of music, an energising, deeply-penetrating thought, beautifully expressed in poetry or prose, may be replaced. Yes, and replaced by better, if there be any truth in human progress; but a species of birds, one of God's most perfect handiworks, once destroyed, is gone from the earth for ever; no time can repair the loss, and thousands of weary, city-encompassed human beings have missed the chance of having their dull eyes and pale cheeks brightened up by the sight of the lovely swift moving life. And then when it is in the collection it is no more like the living bird than the poor, still, pale body of the dead is like the moving emotional body of the friend who once walked by our side. Life that gave flush to the skin and colour to the bird, and makes all things beautiful, is gone. Let the birds go free then to enjoy the unhindered life for which they, of all living things, are most fitted. It is



Section of Oak apple, showing cells of Gall-flies.



Portion of Oak Leaf with Spangles

surely more pleasure to watch and observe them flying here and there as they will, than to see them, with dull plumage and unhappy movement, confined within the bars of a cage, or see them stuffed in a collection, a mockery of their real selves.

A DOE AND HER FAWN: A MOTHER'S INTELLIGENCE.

How often do we notice that the parental instinct develops unusual characteristics of bravery, endurance and intelligence. I once owned a little fox-terrier; she was an absolute little coward, and would not face the smallest mouse; but when this nervous, cowardly little creature had puppies, she became a perfect little fiend; no one could go near her, and she did not seem to fear man or beast; but directly she weaned her puppies, she became as cowardly as before. A partridge by shamming itself wounded, and flying just in front of the dog, will in this manner attract them away from its young. But one of the prettiest acts of great maternal intelligence that has been brought under my notice, is recorded by Mr. Hudson, in his delightful book, *Naturalist in La Plata.*

When hunters and dogs are in pursuit of the common deer and her little one, that are found on the Pampas of South America, the doe will remain quite still, with the fawn motionless by her side, then at a given signal, the fawn will rush some eight hundred or a thousand yards away, and with its little head stretched close to the earth, will hide itself amidst the long grass or uneven ground. The mother in the meantime stands without the slightest movement till the dogs come near her, and then she will start off, pretending to be lame, and by keeping just in front of the dogs, entice them in the opposite direction to her little one.

I do sincerely trust that this act of great intelligence is in most cases rewarded by doe and fawn escaping from the bloodthirsty hunters and his dogs, and rejoining each other again.

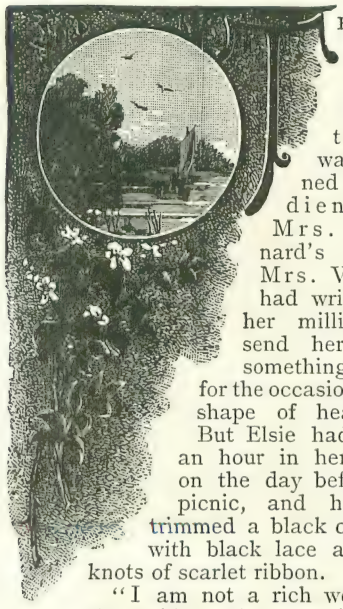
A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PICNIC.

"The chatterers chatter, here and there,
They chatter of they know not what."
Owen Meredith.



"THE cool, brown holland-looking thing" was donned in obedience to Mrs. Lennard's decree. Mrs. Verdon had written to her milliner to send her down something new for the occasion in the shape of headgear. But Elsie had spent an hour in her room, on the day before the picnic, and had retrimmed a black chip hat with black lace and soft knots of scarlet ribbon.

"I am not a rich woman," she said to the rector's wife. "And if I were, I should still like to use the gifts that have been given me. I think we should not let any gift get rusty for lack of use."

"You would have made an excellent wife for a poor man, my dear," Mrs. Lennard remarked.

"I shall never be any man's wife," said Elsie. "I mean to devote myself to the poor, and especially devote myself to children. That is my vocation; I see it plainly,"

"Indeed"—Mrs. Lennard leaned back in her chair with a satisfied little smile as she surveyed her favourite—"I don't think I would adopt that kind of dress just yet, if I were you. Black lace and a touch of scarlet are very becoming."

The day of the picnic was as balmy and blue as those that had gone before. The dew was still hanging on the clustered white roses which climbed to her latticed casement when Elsie looked out. The sweet, wet blossoms touched her face as she leaned forward into the pure morning air.

Her window overlooked that side of the garden nearest to the lane. And someone, strolling between the leafy hedges, looked up and saw a vision of a bright, yet delicate face, framed in a quantity of thick, dark, rumpled hair.

He stood still, well hidden by the screen of leaves, and gazed upward in silent delight The pretty picture only lasted half a minute; she vanished, and he, finding that the casement remained a blank, went back over a gate, and across dew-wet fields, to his solitary breakfast.

The picnic was exactly like other picnics. A space of level turf, under the shade of some fine beeches, had been chosen as the banqueting-place.

It was quite an aristocratic gathering; most of the important people of the county were there. There were white and rose-colour, violet and primrose, showing out amongst other indescribable tints. Frilled parasols were unfurled like great flowers; the place was filled with dainty fabrics, and soft hues, and laughter and ceaseless movement. All this flutter and commotion made Elsie feel intensely quiet. Somehow, although she was by no means unnoticed, she could not enter into the spirit of the hour.

Jamie did not care about the ladies and their pretty dresses; but he appreciated the good things to eat. Mrs. Verdon had said that he was too young to be of the party, but had ended by bringing him. Home was only a little way off, and nurse was among the other servants. Meanwhile the boy had stationed himself by Elsie's side, and she was keeping a careful watch over his plate.

Arnold saw them sitting together on the edge of the crowd, and longed to join them. But the party had assembled in his field, and he had a host's duties to perform. His father's friends came round him, glad to see that he had returned to the Court; elderly men proffered advice about this matter and that, taking it for granted that he would be a wanderer no more; matrons regarded him with motherly eyes. And Elsie silently thought that he looked like a prince upon his own borders, bidding them all welcome.

Lily Danforth, with two girl friends from the other side of the county, was sitting near her. The men moved about helping everybody, supplying their own needs in a rambling fashion. It was altogether a gay, informal kind of affair.

"I suppose it must be true," one of the girls said. "It was Henry who told us the news. He said that her horses bolted, and Mr. Wayne stopped them, and then it turned out that they had heard of each other for years. Such a story can have but one ending."

"I think the ending is pretty certain," Lily answered, with gay confidence. "In fact he has confessed as much to my father. We are all delighted. She is charming; and we were afraid he would settle down as a confirmed bachelor or not settle at all."

"She is really pretty, and so distinguished-looking," the other girl joined in. "I hope she'll give no end of balls at the Court. Just look at her now!"

Involuntarily following the direction of the speaker's glance, Elsie saw Mrs. Verdon and Arnold. He was putting something into her plate, and she was gazing up at him with eyes that seemed no longer wanting in colour and expression. Whether he returned that gaze or not, Elsie, at the moment, could not tell. But, being a woman in love, she jumped to the conclusion that he did.

Moreover, there were Lily's words to ring in her ears like a chime: "In fact he has confessed as much to my father."

A sudden heart-sinking made her inexpressibly weary of her surroundings, and then she rallied, angry with herself—rallied just in time to see Jamie taking a second plateful of cherry-tart.

"Not a bit more, little man," she said resolutely. "Everybody else has finished. You wouldn't like to sit here and eat all alone. I think we had better

get up and come away from the dishes."

"I want to go in the boat; Mr. Wayne said I might."

Jamie really felt that he had had enough, and the boat at this moment was better than the tart.

"Well, dear, you shall go. We'll walk down to the riverside."

There was an island on the river, which was, as Arnold had said, a wonderful place for wild-flowers. It was a very small islet, overgrown with lush vegetation; willow boughs drooped down into the water; rushes, sedges, and wild trailing things flourished in uncontrolled luxuriance. Sometimes men and boys landed on it when they went fishing in a leaky old boat, or pulled round it to get water-lilies; but it was rumoured that Mr. Wayne would make improvements there.

Already, instead of the old boat, there was a new one, dark green with a stripe of white, moored against the landing-stage at the end of the meadow. And old Giles, who had worked on the Wayne estate for years, was waiting to take anybody for a row.

Miss Kilner and Jamie were the first to come to the riverside. The other people were still lingering over the remains of the feast, making plans, proposing excursions, or chatting about nothing. Jamie had already made the old man's acquaintance, and hailed him as a friend.

"Now carefully, young master. Sit steady," said Giles, as he put his passengers in the stern.

The water under the banks was dark with shadows, but they floated out of the shade into a strange stillness and glory. The voices and laughter in the meadow grew fainter and fainter; they were going away from the turmoil into a world of peace.

Jamie sat still, resting one dimpled hand on Elsie's knee, enjoying it all in silence. It was a calm full river, running still and smooth even out in the middle current, but the sun shone down, and the oars struck out diamonds.

Giles pulled close to the island, where there was a landing-place, rotten and green with slippery water-weeds. Jamie asked to land, and search for the eggs of water-fowl; but Elsie reminded him that other people would be wanting the boat.

As they rowed back again, Giles described the habits of the birds which frequented this reedy spot. Jamie listened open-eyed to his accounts of the moor-hen, flapper, coot, water-rail, dab-chick, and sand-piper, to say nothing of rats in abundance, and an otter now and them. If you crept upon the islet very quietly, you could hear the rats before you saw them. Carefully listening to the sounds, you frequently discovered the rat himself, generally on the stump of some old tree, or on the bare part of the bank overhanging the water. There he would be, sitting upon his hind legs, holding in his fore-feet the root of a bulrush, and champing away with his sharp teeth so as to be heard at a considerable distance.

"They be a bad lot, the rats—a bad, destructive lot," said the old man solemnly. "I wonder why such vermin was made. You'd never believe the number of fish and young wild-ducks, and game of different sorts, which are eaten up every season by them slippery rascals."

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE HIEROGLYPHS.

PART I.



LIFE-STORY of a great nation told in a picture-puzzle, elaborate, ingenious, baffling; successfully defying throughout the centuries the efforts of Italian, French, German and English to read it, yet written across the open face of the country and from end to end of the long Nile Valley, so that he who runs may read; told in countless figures, which all things in heaven and earth and water have been laid under tribute to supply; many so conventionalised that they no longer bear any likeness to their originals; this picture-puzzle, the result of centuries of the ingenious thought of men who had attained to highest eminence in art, architecture and science; the figures not always representing mere letters, but in many instances, "concentrated poems," summing up a thought, perhaps a whole creed; cut in countless rocks or painted in brilliant pigments, on tomb-wall or temple-wall, on coffin-lid or perishable papyrus; the key to this great cryptogram hopelessly lost—to rediscover it; this was the problem which a great archæologist undertook to solve, when this silent language mutely appealed to him from out the long silent centuries, to give it voice again; this was the riddle to which Champollion, the French savant, did find an answer, when the mysterious hieroglyphs gave up their secrets at the touch of his magic wand.

Let us plunge at once into our romance.

Napoleon Buonaparte, with that keen eye to the glamour attached to intellectual as well as to physical conquest, which he exhibited in common with his great prototype Alexander, carried with him, on his expedition into Egypt in 1799, a body of savants who should act as connoisseurs to direct his artistic taste in his plunderous designs upon the treasures of the land. A member of this scientific corps, M. Boussard, discovered near the town of Rosetta a rough block of black granite, one side of which having been chiselled flat and polished, had been inscribed with a crowd of characters. Upon examination it was found that there were three distinct series; the upper portion of the stone being occupied by a mysterious record in Egyptian hieroglyphs, the lower by a Greek inscription, and the middle section by characters which eventually proved to be a cursive form of writing traceable to Phœnician and Greek influence, which had come into vogue about seven or eight hundred years before Christ; a style of caligraphy which proved to be quite as indecipherable as the hieroglyphs themselves, and to which scientific men agreed to give the name of demotic, and which we may call the popular style of writing. The Greek inscription was easily translated, and was found to be a solemn decree of the priests of Memphis in honour of the Greek ruler of Egypt, Ptolemy V. (B.C. 198), who had conferred great benefits upon their temples by consecrating, as it states, "revenues of money and provisions" to their service. In order to make his generosity and their gratitude more widely known, they directed that this manifesto should be engraven on tablets of hard stone, and set up in many temples throughout the land, in three forms of writing—hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek.

This particular stone, now known throughout the world as the Rosetta stone, appears to have been placed in a temple of Tmu (the Egyptian god of the setting sun), which had been erected by a king, familiar to Bible students, Pharoah Necho, who reigned in Egypt about 612 years before the Christian era, to whom we shall again have to refer in the course of our story. It was at once recognised that, after years of unrewarded effort, a key to the hieroglyphs had been discovered. Drawings of the stone and copies of the inscription were supplied to the chief scientific men of Europe, who however for nearly twenty years unsuccessfully expended on the problem much thought and acumen, except in the case of an Englishman, Young, who identified five characters, but was unable to turn this knowledge to further use. To the French belongs the high honour of an intellectual triumph fit to rank with the most marvellous revelations, scientific and literary, of the nineteenth century.

The name of Champollion le Jeune, who in 1818 began to devote his extraordinary critical powers, with such unexpected success, to the problem of deciphering the hieroglyphs, ought to be as familiar to us now as the names of the heroes of discovery of our century—the Leverriers, the Brewsters, the Stephensons, the Nasmyths, and the Edisons.

The subsequent history of the stone is shortly this. Upon the surrender of Alexandria it fell into the hands of General Hutchinson, and by George III. it was presented to the British Museum, where it now occupies a worthy and prominent position in the great Egyptian room, surrounded by that crowd of monuments which would have remained but so many sealed books, had not this insignificant-looking black object inspired them to preach their "sermons in stones" and yield up their marvellous historical treasures. Let us suppose that we are now standing in front of this truly precious stone, and let us see if we cannot follow Champollion in his investigations, and grasp in part at least what his discovery amounted to.

If we examine the hieroglyphic inscription in the upper section of the stone we shall find repeated five times, with slight variations, certain groups of little pictures, contained within an oval shield-like incision, now called a *cartouche*. It had been noticed by other

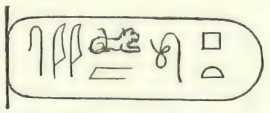


a Cartouche.

investigators who had directed their attention to the comparison of the demotic with the Greek inscription, that a group of characters, repeated fourteen times in the demotic inscription, probably corresponded with the name Ptolemy, which occurs eleven times in the Greek, and, as a rule, in the relative position in each inscription. It flashed on Champollion's mind that these *cartouches* contained *proper names*. He was assisted in verifying his inspiration by Belzoni's discovery of a small obelisk bearing an inscription, in hieroglyphs and Greek, in which the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra frequently occur. After careful comparison, and the application of a simple process of reasoning, he by means of these *cartouches* became master of no less than ten letters of this heretofore mysterious alphabet. Here was something tangible at last. Within the short space of eight years, by tremendous energy and industry, the gigantic problem of the interpretation of a new language in all its essential features, grammatical and orthographical, was worked out. When we remember that these inscriptions are not literal translations of each other, but paraphrases, and that the hieroglyphic alphabet boasts of over two thousand characters, our admiration of the discovery is by no means diminished.

Champollion had approached his task equipped with a special knowledge to which other investigators could not at that time lay claim; he was master of that language, the Coptic, which was then supposed, and rightly so, to be the lineal descendant of the spoken language of the old Egyptians; and wonderful use did he make of this knowledge.

Let us see now if we cannot follow Champollion in his interpretation of these strange characters within the *cartouches*. We shall examine, to begin with, the group within the first *cartouche* in the sixth line on the stone.

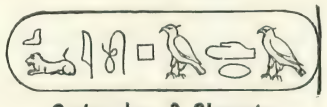


Cartouche of Ptolemy.

We find that, reading from right to left, it contains, in the following order, representations of the following objects; a square, a half-disc, a noose, a lion, a bent wire, two leaves of a water reed, and a hook. Utilising, as far as they went, the Coptic words for these objects, he found that the words *pu*, *tet*, *ua*, *laboi*, *maa*, *iu*, and *ses* named the objects. One step more, and by taking the first letter of each of these words he was in possession of

PTULMIS, a word sufficiently like the Greek name Ptolemaios or Ptolemy to guarantee accuracy.

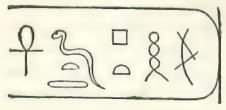
The *cartouche* on the stone discovered by Belzoni, which was supposed to contain the name of Cleopatra, was then attacked, and as the name in its Egyptian form contains *four* letters which occur in Ptulmis, it was argued that the intervening characters in the *cartouche* represented the other letters of the name. The



Cartouche of Cleopatra.

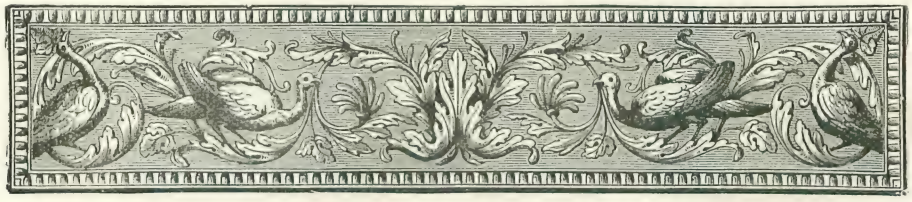
signs run thus—a knee (Coptic *Kne*), K; a lion (*laboi*), L; a reed (*aké*), A; a noose, U; a square, P; an eagle (*akhoom*), A; a hand (*toot*), T; an open mouth (*ro*), R, and an eagle, A; in all

KLAUPATRA. Now let us look at the third *cartouche* in the sixth line on the Rosetta stone, and we shall find it contains in addition to a repetition of the name of Ptolemy some characters which consist of a looped cross, a serpent with two small incisions beneath it, the two symbols (as before) for P and T, and finally a figure described as a hoe. From this



last group Champollion learned another remarkable fact about the hieroglyphs—namely, that besides being *phonetic*, *i.e.* suggesting the letter by the initial sound of the Coptic word, they were also *ideographic*, *i.e.* that they represented ideas; thus the looped cross (*ankh*) was found to mean "living;" the serpent and its accessories, "for ever;" the hoe "beloved," and the further group to spell the word Ptah (the presiding god of Memphis), or reading altogether, "Ever living, beloved of Ptah;"—which are the actual words of the Greek version of the inscription. Thus we are now in possession of *ten* letters, consisting of seven consonants and three vowels. Many other proper names supplied Champollion with additional letters, and enabled him to attack the rest of the text.

(*To be concluded.*)



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First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

31. What is the meaning of the name Ishmael? How is his mother's name employed in the New Testament?

32. What was the second name of Esau? Its meaning? Where was Edom? and by what other name was it known?

33. Draw a parallel between the events and circumstances of the respective lives and characteristics of the patriarch Isaac and our Lord, showing the former to have been a type of the latter.

34. Where was Beer-lahai-roi? and what two events took place there? What is the meaning of this compound word?

35. What do you know about Kirjath-arba, and by what other names is it designated in the Old Testament? and what was the name of the cave?

36. What do you know of the persons severally called "Asenath," "Mahalath," "Ashbel," "Keturah," and "Bethuel?"

37. What rite was instituted as a memorial of the protection of the Israelites from the tenth plague? Of what was it typical? and what month of our year corresponds with the time of its celebration?

38. When did the bondage of the Israelites begin? How long did it last? What was the nature of the work performed by them?

39. What difference of time was there between the first and second application of Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh? What were their respective ages when they left Egypt?

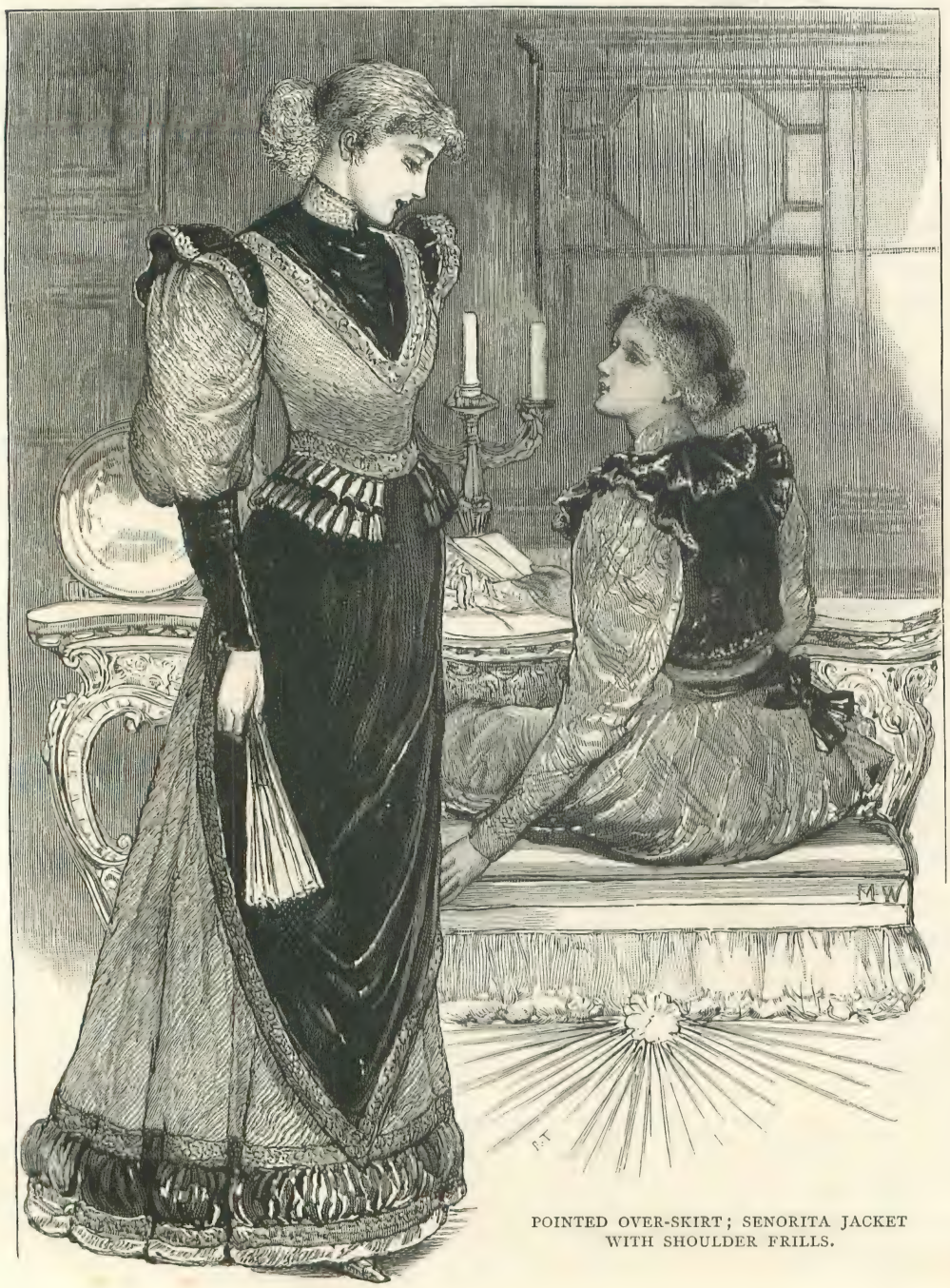
40. From what event is the "sojourning of the children of Israel" dated? Support your answer by references to the New Testament. Show how Abraham had been forewarned by God of the captivity in Egypt.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

If we may draw a conclusion from the many manufacturers competing for the patronage of the general public, and the enormous number of patterns they send out every season, we should say that we ought to be the best dressed of nations, and at the cheapest possible rate. The prices are something wonderful, and the quality of the materials excellent, while they are thoroughly "up to date" in the style of their manufacture. Alas, however, our troubles do not end here, for the making-up of the material is surrounded by difficulty, and we shall have to pay almost as much for that as we have done already for the stuff. To make up a plain, very plain gown, the price seems to vary between the print dress of the maid-servant, which may cost from 5s. to 7s. 6d., and the £2 2s., the usual charge of the first-class dressmaker, without any trimmings or extras being provided; 10s. to 15s. seems an ordinary price in town, the first being thought very inexpensive indeed. From £1 1s. to 23s. is the price demanded in our large shops for making the bodice to a ready-made skirt, as I believe, and thus it will be seen that if our dress material be cheap, the price of labour is not so; and if we happen to be poor, unless we can make up our own dress, we are badly off. However, this is the day of paper-patterns, and we are so much helped in this way that we ought to be able to manage the making of a plain gown for ourselves. Then, too, there has recently arisen a large trade in ready-made gowns, bodices, and blouses, and it is wonderful what we can obtain this year at a very moderate price. These ready-made gowns are very well made, and fashionable in cut and fit; and as they are made in good, sensible sizes, everyone should be suited.

The paper patterns and the ready-made gowns are the high lights of the subject; but, to my mind, with so much demand amongst us women for work and wages, there are great openings for a reform in the trade of dressmakers, and many more women might fit themselves for this opening than do enter it at the present time. In this way two classes would be benefited, the manufacturers and the women themselves, who would be provided then with a purely feminine occupation at which they might earn a sufficient living, even while working at a lower price than obtains at present. The demand for a good dressmaker is heard every day, and apparently the supply is very limited.



POINTED OVER-SKIRT; SENORITA JACKET WITH SHOULDER FRILLS.

Although crinoline was quite worsted by the bold face put on by the British public, still Dame Fashion inclines to a certain amount of stiffness in the dress skirt, and achieves this in several ways. First, by having rolls of horse-hair laid in the hems of our gowns, and next by making use of a lining more or less stiff. It is called canvas, and is put all round the hem to a depth of six or eight inches, and up to about three-quarters of a yard at the back breadth. In Paris, *crin* is used, which is a veritable horse-hair material, and the other day, being in the company of a fashionable dame, I was much astonished by the crackling of her gown, which sounded exactly as if she had one of the old very stiffly starched petticoats under it, as it positively crackled with the least movement. I was much exercised over it, and wondered what the material was which had been used for the lining of her frock. A day or two afterwards my curiosity was satisfied by the discovery that a dress which I was inspecting in one of our larger shops crackled in the same way; and I soon found out that the lining was a very highly-glazed linen, black in colour, and of such a stiff nature that it really made a sound like a stiffened petticoat. The cut of the new skirts conduces to their setting out round the lower edge, as they are tightened round the front, and hips, at the top, and flow outwards slightly from the knee. Almost all our walking dresses are short, to clear the ground, and I think every woman needs a reminder about the neatness of her feet. Shoes and boots are not expensive, and if we could dismiss the fashion in pointed

toes our poor feet might have a chance. But it is rare, under the present *régime*, to see a pretty foot, or a well-shod one, and the extreme length of the shoes caused by the pointed toes is fatal to their beauty of shape.

In the spring I have no doubt that we shall see skirts with more or less drapery; in fact, we see panels and tabliers, and in one well-known window a dress made with paniers may be seen to-day. Many of the more expensive dresses for day-wear are raised at one side, to show a petticoat below it, or have a hem at the edge of a contrasting colour, which has a very pretty effect. The double and triple skirts are still seen, and velvet pipings are now used to finish them off. They suit very tall people admirably, and so do the full basques that we have illustrated in our sketches, which are now more worn than ever. The most popular bodices are made with waistbands, whether basqued or not; but many of these, when made with basques, are pointed both at back and front. The basque and the sleeves are often made alike, while the bodice itself is of quite a different material and colour. Velvet—"shot mirror," or plain—seems to be a usual material for bodices, and for those designed for evening wear. The opening in front is either a wide round shape, or a square one; the V shape is quite gone out, and the square is cut to slant inwards at the sides, and to be smaller at the bottom than at the top.

The long pelisse shape is the most fashionable one of all. It is quite long, and very nearly reaches the edge of the gown, and the general shape of it is shown in the sketch of "An Afternoon Talk;" and the dress of the young girl shows how "*Mussline de Soie*," or lace, are put on as the trimming of a bodice. Young girls very generally adopt the low style of Greek *coiffure*, as shown in this picture, the hair being slightly curled in front, and the parting in the centre plainly shown.

The dressing of the hair is much higher, and the shape resembles a knob sticking out behind. It is dressed by very stylish people over a cage, or wire shape, which forms a support, and helps those who have not much hair, so as to show the amount they have to better advantage. In front, the effect aimed at is lightness, and the curls must be very fluffy. The "Royalties" all affect the pointed shape of the fringe in front; but for ordinary people this style is very difficult to keep in order.

The newest bonnet shape is the "Dutch," which looks like a close nurse's cap. There are several varieties of it, severally called the "Puritan," "Sister of Mercy," and "Holbein." The "Nuremberg boss" is much used on them, and is a round raised boss, or button of beads. On some of the Dutch bonnets two of these are placed at the top in front, on each side, and a large Alsatian bow at the back forming the entire trimming. The Puritan bonnets look best in black; when in colour they generally have black trimmings.

In our next sketch we show a cloth dress with velvet trimmings, epaulettes, pointed yoke-piece, and sleeves, and a pointed front. This is a very pretty pattern for a best gown, or it is a very good method of doing up an old one. The young girl with her back turned wears a very elegant "Senorita" jacket, with two frills at the shoulders. Being made of velvet it will be found to add just exactly the degree of heat requisite to a pretty brightly-hued silk blouse for the evening.

The black jacket with the full sleeves, and yoke, and elbow sleeves of jetted material is one of the prettiest of the winter models. It may be made in either plain or figured cloth, matelasse cloth, or velvet. In fact, more velvet is used for mantles and jackets this year than has been the case for years past. The pretty little *berthe* or arrangement in lace and



AN AFTERNOON TALK.

velvet ribbon exhibits a very useful and sensible idea for turning a low bodice into a high one, or for putting on when it is desirable to smarten up an ordinary afternoon gown and make it fit for evening wear. It is easily made, and not expensive as to the materials.

For our paper pattern of this month we have selected two of the most fashionable waistcoats for wearing under jacket bodices or open coats. All kinds of double and single-breasted



WAISTCOAT WITH LINEN SLEEVES, TATTERSALL FRONT.



WAISTCOAT, FOLDED FRONT.

(Paper patterns.)

waistcoats are to be found in the shops at present; but if we be sufficiently clever with our fingers to manufacture them at home, we can save almost half the money required to purchase them, for, like most fashionable trifles, they are expensive. The double-breasted waistcoat is made of Tattersall, tweed, hopsack, cashmere and coloured silks. The sleeves and back are of the lining, which is generally of black linen, and it is in five pieces, *i.e.*, front, sleeve, collar and two back pieces. Three quarters of a yard of Tattersall or other material is required, and a yard and a half of lining. The folded vest is in six pieces, back, front, and collar of lining, and two folded fronts, and band of the silk or other material. The two patterns are supplied together or separately, price 1s. for the two. Address, care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under-petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, and flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHY, it is—no, it cannot be—impossible—a thousand times impossible—yes, indeed, it is Hyacinthe Beaufoi," we all called out, in different tones of immense relief and satisfaction.

I suppose I shall give an indication that young girls are always a little silly when I record that, on second thoughts, I was considerably abashed and disconcerted. I was sure it was an old friend hastening to meet and greet us, yet I could not help feeling put out by his looking so handsome and smart. He was no longer in his uniform, which was one reason why we did not know him, at the first glance, in his green coat and kerseymere trousers. He had grown much taller since we saw him last, so that his head was now above Tom's, as well as far above Perry's. He had increased in breadth, too, and looked perfectly robust. His olive face was clear cut as ever. His friendly brown eyes had still that look of Jane's in them which, if we had ever resisted it would have been sufficient to melt our obduracy at this date. He had a dark moustache, silken as yet, helping to hide the sensitiveness of his mouth.

My rueful thought was that coming in this guise he should find me an utter scarecrow, as how could it be otherwise when I was in the same gown soiled with sea-water, and torn with scrambling, which I had worn when we left the *Sea Serpent*. My bonnet was battered with wind and wet, and burnt by the sun. Susie had sewed the crown and brim together more than once, but at this moment I was painfully conscious they were held together by a rusty hair-pin, while the bonnet-strings were in fringes. The face within the bonnet was as brown and weather-beaten as the bonnet itself, and it was worn to skin and bone, so that I felt as if the mouth grinned and the eyes were sunk in their sockets, as mouth and eyes are in the face of a skull. I could have cried with weakness and mortified pride as I turned aside my head; but I do not know that I was equally distressed when I caught a glimpse of Sally, and recognised that her appearance was as dilapidated as mine.

I do know, however, that there was nothing in the world to hurt me in what I could not help, nothing save the tenderest respect and regard, pity so reverent in its depth that I ought not to have shrunk from it, in Hyacinthe's gaze as it rested on me. I was ashamed of my folly presently, and forgot it all when he asked hesitatingly, with the slight foreign intonation with which he spoke English—

"And where is Miss Jane?"

When we told him she was gone from sorrow and suffering, he bent his head in acquiescence, but his eyes filled for a second. We loved him the better for it, because we knew how much true friendship and sympathy there had been between him in his dark days, which had speedily passed away, and Jane in the burden of

weakness and infirmity, which she had borne throughout her short life, and how he was fain to grieve as we did, though she was released from her cross, because the two friends would never meet again in this world.

In the few minutes we had to spare we went with Hyacinthe to the point from which her dear body had been consigned to the waves, and as he took off his hat and read the inscription which Tom had carved, he told us something which was both wonderful and comforting for us to hear. He said Captain Clerc, who had made a close inspection of our reef "Never Despair" some time before, and was familiar with its aspect, on approaching it that morning, with the intention of passing at some distance, had his hawk's eye caught by what looked like a pole of a needle's proportions rising from the greatest elevation in the reef. On turning his glass upon it, he was still more convinced that it was a recent erection, doubtless the work of men on the rock. Therefore he brought his ship within hail of us. Thus it was something in connection with our Jane, after all, which was the means, under Providence of delivering us from our strait. How pleased she would be if she were permitted to know it! What special sweetness it added to our rescue!

In Captain Clerc's ship, the *Guerrier*, we had the comfort of finding there was a stewardess, the wife of the steward, on board, for the purpose of looking after the table and bed-linen, and the wardrobes of the captain and his officers. She was a respectable, motherly woman who took us girls in charge, and lent us changes of clothes, which though they did not fit very well were a great improvement on our rags.

Hyacinthe Beaufoi, with all the will in the world to serve us, as we were fully convinced, could not do a great deal for us in Captain Clerc's ship, where father and all who were left of the officers and crew of the *Sea Serpent* were prisoners, while Sally and I and Susie were there on sufferance.

Hyacinthe was not one of the ship's officers; he was no longer even in the French navy. He had yielded to his mother's wishes that he should settle down at the Chateau Beaufoi and look after the *terre* and his people, his own and his neighbours' interests in the department. I had reason to know afterwards that, young as he was, discontent and dissatisfaction with the imperial government and with its naval and military expeditions, influenced him in making his choice. He loved France and he loved glory, while he was not old enough to understand its real signification, but he loved honour and righteousness still more. He was in the *Guerrier* as a passenger simply, Captain Clerc having granted him a passage to and from l'Isle de Bourbon, in which the Beaufois had for several generations held property which the owner, or a person armed with authority from him, had to see to personally at intervals.

When we reached France—and the *Guerrier* was homeward bound—we did not doubt that Hyacinthe would do his best for us. Even as it was, I am no sure that we were not indebted to his urgent representations more than we guessed. Captain Clerc was surly by nature, and he did not wax genial on the voyage, but his rudeness was kept within bounds by the pertinacity with which Hyacinthe insisted on the good treatment he had received when he was a prisoner in our hands, and on the disgrace which would be reflected on the whole French nation if we were repaid by acts of harshness dealt out to us. I suspect it was as a grumbling concession to Hyacinthe's representations that the *Guerrier* remained a day and a half just beyond the fire of the batteries commanding Table Bay, off which there was no English squadron lying, while we women were allowed a boat and a flag of truce under which we could proceed to Capetown, and supply ourselves with the necessaries of which we all stood sorely in need. We were also permitted to leave Susan where we had found her, since the conveying of a poor servant girl half round the world as a prisoner would have been a "game" which would certainly not have been worth the "candle." She was reluctant to part from us, as we were reluctant to part from her, after the terrible days and nights we had shared together. But she had friends in Capetown to whom she could go, and it was for the best.

We worked with the needle, and ate and slept in the surgeon's cabin which had been given over to us. It was a tiny dark hole, but it was a palace and a paradise after the reef "Never Despair." When any of the prisoners or Hyacinthe Beaufoi could pay us a call, we were wonderfully cheerful. Hyacinthe introduced some of the officers of the *Guerrier* to us, and we found them much pleasanter than their captain, especially when he was not by. I remember one of them played very melodiously on the French horn, the only musical instrument in the ship, since Captain Clerc naturally had no substitute for the excellent cottage pianoforte, poor Aunt Maria's parting gift to us, with the intention that it should take the place of her spinet, on which she had taught us girls our notes and scales.

If any of us trusted to encountering one or more of our ships between the Cape and Marseilles and of there being a tug of war before we were delivered over to French prisons, we were mistaken. We had favourable winds, too, all the way, and sped as on the wings of triumph and victory to our destination.

We reached Marseilles on a day in late summer. It was strange to see, close at hand the fertile coast which we had been so long accustomed to pass at arm's length, and to view as the shore at once of our nearest neighbour and our natural enemy. If we had any other associations with it, they had to do with the terrible stories of the Great Revolution, which was not so far away from us in time, as it is from our descendants, and we had received some of the tales from eye-witnesses of the outrages. It was almost with a shudder that we looked on the "fair" land which had been given over to the blood and fire of that ghastliest of ordeals when brothers turn and rend each other. We had to recall how interested Jane would have been in the scene; how she would have conjured up old Provençal romances, courts of love and song, with troubadours gaily touching their guitars, as they hied them home from the wars.

We had to face a sharp trial at Marseilles. We must part from father, Tom and Perry, with the rest of our poor men. They would be taken to the depôt for prisoners of war, from which they would probably be drafted into other prisons farther inland, till an exchange of prisoners, in which they were included, could be accomplished, or till the long-looked-for time should arrive when peace would be proclaimed between the two countries.

As for Sally and me we had never borne arms against the French, we had not even been taken prisoners on French soil. We might either look out for the first vessel trading with a neutral port, from which we could again take ship for England, or we might accept Hyacinthe Beaufoi's pressing invitation, in his mother's name, that we should repair to Chateau Beaufoi in Languedoc, and become Madame Beaufoi's guests for a time.

We accepted the last alternative, principally because it would still keep us comparatively near to our friends. It had also father's entire approval. "Go with Hyacinthe" (we could none of us call the boy we had known and sought to comfort in his troubles, "M. Beaufoi"), "I can trust you to him, and I am thankful to have the chance of knowing you to be in such good keeping, my dears. He will take care of you, and we may all meet again sooner than we think."

He ended a little wearily in the middle of the hopefulness of his words. He was getting up in years, but he did not so much mind imprisonment with its restrictions for himself, as he dreaded its cruelties for those lower in rank.

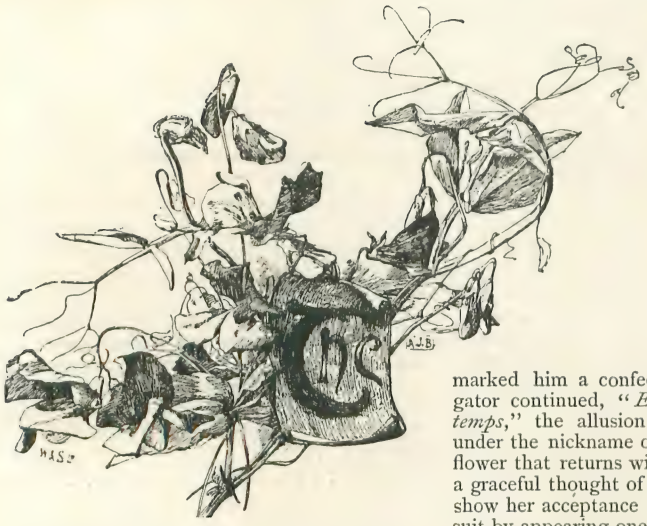
To those who lived in our days the very name of French prisons—with their dirt, squalor and innumerable indignities and hardships for English sailors and soldiers—was a terror. A man in father's position was treated with consideration, but we were full of apprehension for what would be the experience even of Tom, Perry, Captain Watkins and the other officers. Above all, we pitied what would be the wretchedness of our brave men stuffed like herrings in a barrel, or like slaves under the hatches of a slave ship, in cells and yards where the poison of the fœtid air was matched by the scantiness of the unwholesome fare.

We said our farewells after we had landed at the docks, amidst the yelling in a strange tongue of the half-naked dockmen, who paused in their operations to stare, some of them with scowls and curses, at the band of prisoners, a grey-haired old man conspicuous among them, as they were marched away to their prison. We, too, looked after them almost as sadly and yearningly as we had looked after Jane when we cast all that was mortal of her into the restless waves under a tropical sky.

(To be continued.)

VIOLETS, SWEET VIOLETS!

By FANNY L. GREEN.



cry of the flower-girl, "Vi'lets, sweet vi'lets!" is now heard nearly all the year in our streets, though it is only in the spring that we are greeted with its variation, "Sweet vi'lets, a penny a bunch."

This "choice flower of delight," as the herbalist, Parkinson, calls it in his *Garden of Pleasant Flowers*, can be made even in our climate to bloom through the autumn and spring by placing it in glass frames. From this source comes a part of the dark blue odorous violets of the market, the Czar, Victoria Regina and Marie Louise being favourite sorts. The delicate French grey blossoms of the Neapolitan violet, the "pale February violet" of Italy are also largely grown in this way for button-holes. A large part of the flower-girl's store comes to us, however, from afar, from Scilly and the Channel Islands, from Italy and the South of France.

The violet has always been a poet's flower. Herrick tells us that the March violets are the descendants of girls who brought defeat on Venus in a dispute with Cupid as to whether she or they surpassed in sweetness, and were forthwith beaten blue by the goddess in her jealous rage. In another place he tells us that Io was changed into a cow by Jove to escape Juno's wrath—

> "Wheresoe'er her lips she sets,
> Said Jove be breaths called violets."

There are three beautiful stanzas in Herrick's "To Violets"—

> "Welcome, maids of honour,
> You do bring
> In the spring,
> And wait upon her.
> She has Virgins many
> Fresh and fair;
> Yet you are
> More sweet than any.
> You're the maiden posies;
> And so graced
> To be placed
> 'Fore damask roses."

The violet has its associations with history. It was the badge of ancient Athens, and a golden violet was one of the prizes of the floral games. In modern times it has become inseparably associated with the Napoleonic dynasty. When the great Napoleon was exiled to Elba, he promised to return in the spring, and his partisans wore violet-coloured rings bearing the design, "*Elle reparaîtra au printemps.*" The flower too was made the test of political opinion. "*Aimez-vous la violette?*" was the question addressed to a suspected Buonapartist by adherents of the exile. If he were not a follower of Napoleon, he replied simply "*Oui.*" The reply "*Eh bien,*" marked him a confederate, and the interrogator continued, "*Elle reparaîtra au printemps,*" the allusion being to the Emperor under the nickname of "Caporal Violette, the flower that returns with the spring." It was a graceful thought of the Empress Eugénie to show her acceptance of the third Napoleon's suit by appearing one evening at the Spanish court with violets in her dress and hair, while in her hand was a large bouquet of the fragrant flower.

When household remedies were drawn from the still-room, the violet played quite a prominent part in the simpler's art. "They are a very fine pleasing plant of Venus of a mild nature, no way harmful," says a physician of the time of Charles II. "Violets comfort the brain and preserve against drunkenness; the syrup of them is very good against the falling sickness." This is how our great-grandmothers made syrups of their flowers. "Clip your flowers, and take their weight in sugar; then take a high gallipot and a row of flowers and a strowing of sugar till the pot is full; then put in two or three spoonfuls of the same syrup or still'd water; tie a cloth on the top of the pot, and put a tile on that, and set your gallipot in a kettle of water over a gentle fire and let it infuse till the strength is out of the flowers, which will be in four or five hours; then strain it through a flannel, and when 'tis cold, bottle it up." The green leaves of the violet were used in poultices for inflammation and swelling, and the powder of the dried and crushed purple petals was drunk in warm water to heal the quinsy. We are apt to think insomnia a modern disease, but in Culpeper's time a decoction of violet petals steeped in wine and water was resorted to in order to ease pain in the head caused through want of sleep.

Like the rose, it may be said of violets, "Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made." The demand for essence of violets is far in excess of the supply. The Parma violet is the variety grown for this purpose, and the finest flowers are grown in the neighbourhood of Nice, though there are large violet plantations in Italy.

In October or April the young plants are placed in long furrows in the olive-groves, where they are protected from the scorching sun of summer and the cold of winter. Formerly they used to form a second crop under the shade of orange and lemon plantations, but this practice is going out. If the plants are on very dry soil they must be irrigated every fortnight during the summer. The violets of Nice begin to bloom in November, and in December their heart-shaped leaves are completely overtopped by the fragrant purple blossoms. Every fifth or sixth year, the old plants are removed, their place being taken by young roots.

The flowers of the violet are gathered in the morning and taken at once to the flower factory, for if held over till the next day they would lose a large portion of their perfume. A much more delicate process than distillation is required in the case of such flowers as the violet and jasmine. A very pure and inodorous fat having been produced by pan rendering and repeated washings of beef-suet and corn-fed lard, the mixture is spread to the depth of about a quarter of an inch on both sides of panes of glass enclosed in wooden frames. These frames, which are about two feet wide and three feet long, are called *châssis-en-verre*. After the petals of the violet have been sprinkled on their upper surfaces, they are piled up in a stack, forming a series of wax-like compartments, the upper and lower surfaces of which are formed of grease. The flowers are changed every day for thirty or forty days till the fat is sufficiently impregnated with their odour, the grease, each time fresh petals are put on, being well furrowed with a palate-knife so as to present a new surface to their action. The odorous greasy mass produced by this process is violet pomade.

The scent of violets is also absorbed through the medium of the finest olive oil. *Châssis-en-fer* frames, with coarse wire gauze stretched between their four sides, take the place of *châssis-en-verre*. On the gauze of each frame is laid a soft thick fluffy cloth, not unlike a bath towel, which is called a *molleton*, and is saturated with pure olive oil. The violet petals are placed on the *molletons*, and after frequent renewal with fresh flowers the cloths are folded together and put under a powerful press in order that they may be deprived of the enflowered oil. In commerce this product is known as French oil of violet.

Extract of violet is of a beautiful green colour. It is sometimes obtained by a process called the nyrogene. The freshly gathered petals are placed in a kind of sieve with a receptacle beneath it. Prepared alcohol is then dropped on the flowers from a great height, and soaking through them falls into the receptacle. After this shower of alcohol has passed many times through fresh layers of petals it becomes extremely odorous. The more usual method of preparing violet extract is by the agitation of violet pomade or violet oil with strong spirit. The pomade is first passed through a macaroni press in order to bring it into a fine state of division and offer a large surface to be acted on by the alcohol. Then it is placed together with the spirit in a steam perfumery churn, a large drum-shaped copper cylinder provided with powerful stirrers revolving both ways after the fashion of an egg-whisk. The stirrers are set in motion for several hours, and the pomade and alcohol blended into a creamy mass. Then the contents of the churn are allowed to remain quiescent, the alcohol is drawn off and is freed from fat by being passed through tubes surrounded by iced water. The extract thus produced is extremely fragrant, and will neither stain nor injure the most delicate fabric.

The fragrant odour of violets, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath," is not confined to that plant. Several woods, as myall wood, have a distinct violet odour, and more than one species of orchid possesses this fragrance. Commercially, these members of the violet group of perfumes are unimportant, but the rhizomes of three species of iris, costus root, and the blossoms of the cassie tree, *Acacia Farnesiana*, supply a large proportion of the perfumes sold under the name of violet.

The iris is the plant chiefly cultivated on

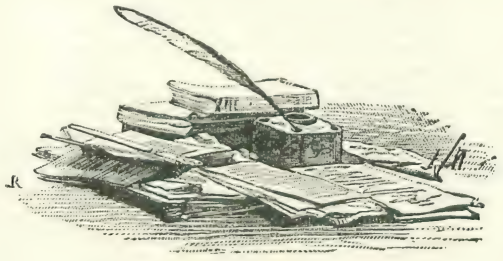
Tuscan flower farms, three species, *Iris Germanica*, the blue flag of our gardens, *Iris Pallida*, and *Iris Florentina*, being cultivated for the sake of the rhizomes. In the spring these flags are dug up and cut back, the top part of the rhizome with the clipped flag growing from it being replanted, while the remainder is spread out to dry in the sun. At first orris root has but an earthy smell. The violet odour develops gradually during the process of drying. Orris root is generally used in perfumery in the form of a tincture made by treating crushed orris roots with rectified spirits. When the rhizome is distilled with water, a crystalline odorous yellow brown mass is obtained which is called *beurre d'iris*, but its great price prevents its being much used. It is worth about thirty-two shillings an ounce.

Costus root, a product of *Aplotaxis Lappa*, comes to us from the slopes of the north-western Himalayas. In September and October, when the plant is approaching the resting-stage, the roots are dug up and chopped into pieces from two to six inches long. They have a rough, brown, furrowed surface, and are very brittle. More than two million pounds of this root are exported annually from India, but a large proportion of this quantity provides the Chinamen with violet-scented incense. Costus root is universally employed by the shawl merchants of Cashmere to protect their fabrics from the attacks of moths and insects. It is also smoked as a narcotic and stimulant.

The golden blossoms of the cassie tree form the most effective substitute for the more expensive blossoms of the violet, and it is cultivated in the neighbourhood of Grasse and Cannes entirely on this account. As in the case of most acacias the seeds must be steeped in water before they are sown, a process that must take place in heat. In their third year the young trees are grafted, but they do not flower for another three years. The harvest of cassie blossoms is from October to January or February, and the crop is a successive one; each full-grown tree will produce about two pounds weight of flowers, which are worth about threepence or fourpence a pound.

Huile de cassie is produced by enflowering olive oil as in the case of violets. Cassie pomade may be prepared by the cold process of *enfleurage*, but it is usually the result of the less delicate hot process known as maceration. Pure fat is put into clean *bainsmarie*, metal or porcelain pans, and melted by means of steam. The cassie flowers are then immersed in the liquid fat during a period of from twelve to forty-eight hours, when they are carefully skimmed out, and fresh flowers added till the grease has absorbed the required strength of perfume. Pure olive oil often takes the place of fat in the maceration process. Extract of cassie is derived from cassie pomade or oil, in the same way that extract of violet is obtained from violet pomade or oil. Like violet extract it is of a fine green colour.

The following beautiful thought of an old herbalist may fitly bring this paper to an end—"The blacke or purple violets, or March violets of the garden, have a great prerogative above others, not only because the minde conceiveth a certain pleasure and recreation by smelling and handling of these most odoriferous floures, but also for that very many by these violets receive ornament and comely grace; for there be made of them garlands for the head, nosegaies and poesies (posies), which are delightfull to looke on and pleasant to smelle to, speaking nothing of their appropriate vertues; yea gardens themselves receive by these the greatest ornament of all chiefest beautie and most gallant grace, and the recreation of the minde, which is taken thereby cannot but be very good and honest, for they admonish and stir up a man to that which is comely and honest, for floures through their beautie, variety of colour, and exquisite forme, do bring to a liberall minde the remembrance of honestie, comelinesse, and all kindes of vertues."



MUMPS.

By BUZZIE, Author of "Refining Fires," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

Friday, June 23rd.—Half my term of imprisonment is at an end. I have just received an anxious letter from home asking me for news of my illness, and an impertinent query from my sister as to whether mumps hurt much.

Well, here I am seated at my davenport, or escritoire, or secretaire as they call it here. What a delightful bit of furniture it is to be sure—full of little drawers and snug compartments, and tiny recesses, and miniature cupboards! Love for inanimate things is not generally permissible; if it were I should, without doubt, proclaim the fact that I love my davenport. I find an infinite pleasure in opening the little drawers one after another, peeping inside at their contents, and letting them shut again with a bang. My davenport has a secret—a most obnoxious secret, but still a secret—and I am proud of the fact! I should never have found out the existence of this secret had I not occasionally and very mysteriously lost a number of my copy-books, papers, and pens. This made me institute a search, when I discovered a little brass button, which on being heavily pressed opened a small door, which instantly sprung back again and shut on my fingers. This process always has to be undergone when I visit my secret, and I have never once been able to open it without being punished for my curiosity.

My davenport is of carved black oak like the rest of my furniture, and the slab on which I write is covered with red rep, so old, and tattered, and worm-eaten, that it has become the abode of quite a family of wood-lice and moths, who occasionally emerge from their ruby-coloured seclusion to have a peep at the world outside, and are immediately pounced upon and punished by me for their indiscretion. In one of the drawers of my davenport is my correspondence, and a bitter fund for sarcasm it might prove if I were at all of a pessimistic turn of mind.

My letters are divided into three groups. The one tied with red ribbon is my collection of *billets-doux*, the second my school friends' effusions, and the third an assortment. Nearly all my *billets-doux* are in the poetic style, and breathe of perfumed ringlets, rose-bud lips, etc., etc. This is no doubt accounted for by the fact that my particular friends mostly belong to the artistic or literary profession, and are in the habit of giving vent to their feelings by invoking the muse. Very good! There couldn't be a better way; it smacks of serenades, moonlight, rustic benches and the olden times, and whenever in all the history of love-making did it reach the heights of perfection as in those same famous "olden times."

To return to my poetry, it may interest the reader to know that the first lines of four different poems penned to me at different times by four amorous swains commence thus—

1. "If your black eyes were blue, dear!"
2. "Sweet are your eyes of hazel hue!"
3. "Brightest eyes of Heaven's own blue!"
4. "Your eyes of sunny ray shine o'er me!"

This is certainly rather alarming, and if I hadn't a mirror to reflect back upon me a pair of honest but uncompromisingly green eyes I might be led to suppose that, like the heroine of one of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, I was afflicted with four eyes, black, blue, brown, and yellow (for I suppose yellow matched closest to the colour of the sun's rays). If all the flowery flatteries which follow up these initial lines are as truthful as themselves I shall begin to think that that old cynic Voltaire was right when he apostrophised compliments as being a "bouquet of lies."

My prose love letters are exactly like every other girl's—effusions which seem to me more or less idiotic seen through the medium of an attack of mumps, but which at other times may have impressed me, and have received the same number of tears and smiles as are usually lavished on such precious documents. In fact, I am not quite sure whether I have not on the receipt of one or two of them brightened up and blushed, and like "Little Emmy" tripped off to my room with a beating heart to read them all unseen.

My school letters, alas, have little more sincerity and candour about them than my *billets-doux*. They are all very gushing, and generally begin with "My own dear old darling," or something similar, and finish up with "Yours for ever and ever till death do us part," and yet the writers have one and all married or otherwise been lost to me, and I no doubt have completely passed out of their life and thoughts.

I here give a fair specimen of one of these school-girlish effusions written to me by Hilda —— aged twelve.

"My own dearest, I do miss you so much, my dearest, you were such an orfuly jolly girl (Hilda's strong point was not spelling). Do give me a little pocket-book, please. Bessie said you wouldn't, but I knew you would, you are such an orfuly generous girl (the minx, practising her arts upon me even at that early age). We have got a new mistress, and a black cat came into the school-room the other day which we have kept (I wonder if she found a subtle affinity between the two, mentioning them in the same breath). I am wrighting this during class so you will excuse its being so short—my dear darling you were always such an orfuly jolly girl as I said before, and you won't forget the pocket-book will you dearest.

"Believe me my dearest,

"Yours for ever my sweetest,

"Hilda ——"

It is quite a relief to turn from these rather hollow demonstrations of affection to the more sincerely tender, more genuine, and more truly interesting letters which comprise my third packet. How delightful these epistolary intercourses are! Chatty descriptions of travels from my brothers, gentle solicitations and home news from my parents, charming remembrances from my friends. What a pleasure it is to read them over and over again—what a delicious sensation to feel oneself transported anew to those happy times long past and gone!

What a delightful bit of furniture is an arm-chair! How soothing to the nerves to find oneself surrounded on all sides by soft cushions—how favourable to meditation this half sitting, half reclining pose!

My arm-chair is not only comfortable, but it is also artistic, covered with a tapestry supposed to represent the "choice of Paris." Poor Venus is in a most dilapidated state; she has lost an eye, or rather the stitches that formed one of her eyes, and her robes (for she is dressed in a fashion that would bring joy to the heart of Mrs. Grundy) have got dreadfully out of order. Juno and her peacocks are still intact; but Minerva is beginning to lose her stitches like Venus, and is fingerless and toeless.

Maria has set me out a most tasty meal. I see a sole on which the red sauce has been dropped in a diagonal Greek pattern, mutton cutlets with green peas and mashed potatoes, and a delicious-looking blancmange with whipped cream. I let my gaze rest for a moment on my banquet, and then I lovingly eye Maria. Is it possible that it is the presence of these savoury viands that has summoned up that feeling of affection, and is there really some connection between the heart and the stomach that accounts for their being so subservient to each other? Surely not. Let me leave such dreadfully unromantic ideas and indulge in my meal which two of my senses have already enjoyed.

I have finished my repast and am looking meditatively towards my bed. "To be or not to be" immediately becomes the great question, whilst I weigh within my mind whether it is better to spend half-an-hour or so in that delicious semi-conscious, half-asleep half-awake state, comprehended in "forty winks," or conquer the feeling of lassitude which my meal has induced in me, and practice for once the wholesome virtue of self-denial.

I think the latter is the more commendable course, which decision does not however prevent me from stopping short for a moment to pass a eulogy on my bed.

"C'est un berceau garni de fleurs—c'est un sepulcre," * cries a French writer, and I tremble a little at this denouncement of a piece of furniture which I was about to imbue with all virtues, and describe with an effusion of complimentary adjectives.

It is a tomb too—a living tomb in which we lie utterly unconscious of the outer world and senseless of what is going on around us. Darkness falls on the earth, and tired out by the day's work we seek our bed for sleep and rest. Our senses one by one become inert. No longer cognisant of time or place, we lie there helpless and calm. How suggestive this of the last great sleep which sooner or later must come upon us all, when our eyes shall never more be opened to the sights of this world, our ears forever closed to its laughter and groans.

My bed is an old four-poster with balls, and figures, and rudely-carved griffins' heads, in strange contrast to which are my curtains on which a whole aviary of birds fly, and hop, and jump about in all directions. I like this gay design, it has the appearance of a perpetual summer, and if I follow up the trace of the birds' flights, it acts as a powerful soporific, for I can very seldom do this from the beginning to the end of the curtain, without being wrapped in the arms of "Nature's Sweet Restorer."

A writer in speaking of his bed hails it as "that delicious bit of furniture in which one forgets during one half of life the troubles of the other half." This sounds to me rather pessimistic; for my part I look upon life as an exceedingly happy state.

Saturday, June 24th.—I am almost restored to health to-day, and the doctor is coming to pay me a visit in half an hour. He sent me a bottle of physic at the beginning of the week which I have not yet unsealed; but no matter, I have had recourse to a physic far more efficacious, than any obnoxious mixtures the chemist could concoct.

My doctor is here. I have just ascertained that his Christian name is Herrison, which is the French for hedgehog. He looks at me with pleasure, though he finds me rather flushed.

He is very mild, my doctor, and as he looks at me with his watery blue eyes, and remarks that he thinks his medicine has worked wonders for me, I determine to give him a shock, and I do so most successfully, by informing him that I haven't opened his bottle, that my rapid recovery is due to the fact that I have been "on tour." My doctor ceases to blink at this, opens his eyes as wide as saucers, his fluffy yellow hair stands on end with astonishment, reminding me for the first time of the animal whose name his godfathers and godmothers have conferred upon him in baptism. Incoherently he gasps out, "How?" and "Where?"

"One question at a time, doctor," I say, delighted to see the effect of my announcement. "How, why very cheaply, and very comfortably indeed. Where? From Arcadia to Olympus."

My poor doctor relaxes his stare at this juncture, and eyes me furtively, evidently imagining that his future treatment will be one for insanity. Nor is he in the least reassured as to the normal state of my mental faculties, when, to relieve his anxiety, I tell him that the tour I have made is one round my room. He says a few words to me in a kind, subdued voice, anxiously looks me over from head to foot, limply feels my pulse for a moment, and then lets it drop suddenly; and he shakes his head ominously at the Countess who is smiling broadly, and then bolts out of the room.

I heard later that in descending the stairs he met Blanche, whom he cautioned to watch me closely, for though mumps, measles, and such-like are not in themselves dangerous, their after-effects are sometimes distressing.

Shortly after the doctor's departure my faithful Blanche comes to see me.

Sunday, June 25th.—I have spent a delicious night of sound and dreamless sleep, and as I lie in bed gazing at the blue sky and bright sun peeping through my blinds, a weight seems to have been suddenly lifted from me, and I feel a lightness and freshness which even in my most robust health I seldom experience. That twelve hours uninterrupted slumber has carried away with it the demon "mumps" with all its attendant satellites, feverishness, low spirits, watery eyes, furred tongue. All have disappeared like magic, and for the first time for the last week I regard with real pleasure the reflection that my looking-glass gives me of myself.

And here, I think, just for the sake of any girl who has been patient enough to skim my pages through to this point I will say a few words on the complexion.

What girl is there in all the world, I wonder, rich or poor, pretty or plain, wise or foolish, that does not take an interest in her complexion; and rightly so, for as the advertisment round somebody's soap justly remarks: "The plainest features are rendered pleasing by a fair skin."

No girl in Christendom has been more vulnerable on the subject of the complexion than myself. No one has tried more quack remedies, no one has been more easily duped by lying advertisements. I have spent a small fortune on washes, powders, blooms, and pomades, destined, according to their wrappers, to make my skin white as pearls and clear as morning roses newly wet with dew, but which in reality were very injurious. Time and experience have fortunately cured me of my mania, and pointed me out a remedy more efficacious than any Bloom of Roses or Poudre de Ninon. To all girls then, who value the possession of a clear skin free from blemish I would say, "Be occupied." Idleness breeds dissatisfaction and discontent. Dissatisfaction and discontent are the parents of indigestion, and indigestion is the cause of red noses, parched skin, and pallid cheeks. Occupation, on the contrary, is the parent of lightheartedness, self-forgetfulness, and contentment, which charming states of mind are mirrored in the eyes by their brightness, and the cheeks by their rosy hue.

As adjuncts to the great remedy and beautifier above named I should add a generous appreciation of fresh air and pure water, and a moderate amount of exercise.

Blanche comes into my room just as I have finished my toilette, and I rush into her arms and literally hug her, so exuberant are my spirits on my return to health. "And now," I say to her breathlessly, "come and sit by my side and have a chat."

Monday, June 29th.—My tour is finished. My eight days' term is at an end. No longer will my footsteps be confined to pacing to and fro the boards of my room; no longer will I have to drearily gaze at nature through a medium of plate glass. I am free now to enjoy the air of heaven, and to go where I will without condemnation, and without constraint.

I am going for a drive to-day to see the wonderful rocks at Trézien, which, I am informed, take the shape of ancient castles with turrets, façades, and gables all complete. Blanche has just come up and wrapped me in a very becoming Breton cloak with a hood, which is thoroughly air-tight and draught preventive.

The day is glorious, there is a clear blue sky and a sun smiling down upon everybody and everything with unparalleled brightness.

The carriage is waiting. "Good-bye, little room. Good-bye, dear and faithful companions. I shall no doubt return again to you shortly for your quiet sympathy and unchangable consolation."

[THE END.]

* It is a vault of flowers; it is a sepulchre.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GIRL OF TWENTY.—You should have proper medical advice for the numbness in one side of which you complain. We could not give an opinion, so could give you no better advice.

NANNY.—We do know of a Working-Girls' Home—*i.e.*, Garfield House, Brixton Road, S.W.; Victoria House, 135, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.; Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; Woodford House, 28, Duncan Terrace, Islington, N.; Lincoln House, 12, York Place, Baker Street, W.; Hyde House, 27, Somerset Street, W.; Domgay House, 11, Fitzroy Square, W., and Morley House, 14, in the same street. We should observe that Garfield House, Brixton Road, is to be, so to say, "transplanted" to 8, Fitzroy Square, W., as soon as the necessary funds permit of the preparations, at great expense, which are essential in the new house. You have a number of homes from which you can select the locality nearest to your daily work. Address, John Shrimpton, Esq., Westminster Chambers, 3, Victoria Street, S.W.

QUEENY.—Yes, there are English pearls, although there is no longer a pearl fishery in the river Conway, N. Wales, where it was once famous. It is said that Julius Cæsar dedicated a breastplate, set with British pearls, to Venus Génetrix, and placed it in the temple dedicated to her in Rome. We believe that a fine specimen is set in the Crown of England, which had been presented to Catherine, Queen of Charles II., by Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir.

PERPLEXED.—You are quite right in trying to arrange for a removal from a certain person's society. But we think you can only accomplish this by a partial confidence in the old lady with whom you live. Without naming the individual, you might tell her that you are in so great a difficulty, that, to escape quite away from the undesirable attentions, you fear you must leave your present place of residence, and that you are greatly troubled, as you fear this will necessitate your leaving her. She may then count the cost, and remove to a more distant place. You should obtain a good deal of information from your brother in Canada before you decide on going out there. Pray for guidance, and watch for indications, which are sure to come.

MARCUS WARD.—Call to inquire for the widow and family, leaving cards, and then write a letter of sympathy, offering to give your services in any friendly way, if called upon. Unless requested by the family to go in, for business or other purposes, you could not expect the widow to receive you, nor anyone, excepting the doctor or clergyman. The time for friends to call and be received as visitors is indicated by the sending out of cards of thanks for kind inquiries.

LAURIE and PARSON PLATT.—The phrase "Carissima mia" is the Italian for "My dearest one."

E. R. A.—We regret to say that we do not give information on the subject you name.

BLOSSOM.—An excellent plan to follow in the study of the Bible, is to write out a list of the principal doctrines of the Christian faith, such as the fall of man and need of an atonement, that atonement provided in the sacrifice of Christ; His willingness to save; His promises to prayer; the necessity for persevering prayer; the aid and sanctifying work of the Holy Ghost; salvation through faith, but good works meet for repentance essential as the fruit of a living faith; the various divine attributes, &c. We have no space to give more headings; but under each write all the passages which prove them, and learn them by heart. We advise you to obtain a "Concordance."

H. M. O'D.—Assuming that the somewhat malicious query, "Why are women slaves to fashion?" be not a mere "begging of the question" (assertion, not proved fact), the reason that we follow the styles of the season is that well-bred women have a natural objection to looking remarkable and attracting observation, especially in the street, by looking different from others. But this proper feeling in many may not be that of the more frivolous of our countrywomen, with whom a certain amount of personal vanity may be the less worthy motive. In any case, men are fully as much the "slaves of fashion"; for how many per cent. would be seen in an old-fashioned hat or suit? in a tight-sleeved, short-waisted coat, and a short waistcoat and "tights" buttoned up the ankle, and "pumps," crowning all with a high hat wider at the top than round the head?

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.—1. What a conceited little girl you seem to be, judging from the name you have assumed. Plait your hair, and loop it up with a bow at the back, that it may not soil your dress.—2. The 11th of February, 1879, was a Tuesday.

PHILIP SIDNEY.—There may be many things not specified by name in the Bible as being wrong, but which we may gather from inference may be so; or rendered evil and inexpedient through certain attendant circumstances. Nothing is said in prohibition of a girl's smoking, and in itself alone it might not be stigmatised as sinful. But if you smoke knowing that your parents disapprove of your so doing, then you commit a sin, as you are bound to obey them in all things. The question of such a practice being "ladylike," or otherwise, is an additional consideration, as well as the smell in the house and the tainting of your breath.

TWO GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.—1. In reference to smoking, read our answer as above given.—2. As to the odious, undignified practice of "flirting," we are surprised that you inquire our views on the subject. It is an unmaidenly, undignified diversion, and shows a lack of self-respect and high principle. Men are amused by girls addicted to it, but they do not respect them, but treat them in a free-and-easy and often very impertinent manner.

GRAVE MEG.—Feed your silkworms on mulberry leaves, and send your old postage-stamps to the Swiss House, Melbourne Square, London; for the Asile Billodes, Locle, Neuchatel, Switzerland.

A LITTLE MAID has written in very slangy style, and has behaved, by her own account, in a most unseemly and rash manner. There remains nothing to be done but to send a message through a friend or write to say she had acted on a hasty impulse, and had no right to say what she had without laying so serious a matter before her father, and obtaining his sanction. If the young man be lacking in honourable and gentlemanly feeling, and persists in trying to hold her to her promise, she must humble herself and confess her wrong-doing to her father, and ask his forgiveness. We wish our correspondents would leave off the use of the silly slang phrase "Awfully jolly," "Awfully pretty," etc. The word "awful" is a fine expressive term denoting "terrible," "alarm-inspiring," "solemnly dreadful." An earthquake, forked lightning and tremendously loud thunder, a conflagration, or the shrieks of agonised sufferers—these may be correctly termed "awful." A pretty pink-and-white girl or a plum-pudding cannot, in any degree or sense, be called "awful."

CHERRY.—The only colour that we know of not worn at a wedding is black. But elderly ladies may wear even that dismal colour if relieved by pearl-grey, peach-blossom, or violet in any shade.

R. L. H.—The lines you quote are in French, and mean, "It is Spain, beautiful Spain, my country, I love thee."

WHITE PRIMROSE and GRACE DARLING had better read our articles in reference to the skin and complexion by "Medicus," or else consult a skin-doctor. Read the articles on the care of the hair. The face should be well washed with a very mild soap at night, and if sensitive or chapped it may be anointed afterwards. In the morning use clean cold water, as soft as can be had. A little bran in it improves it for a delicate skin.

TOPSY.—1. You can get a paper-pattern of a coat for your "fat pug-dog" from "the Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Price 6d.—2. Your writing is good, but has the defect of sloping the wrong way.

E. M. M.—1. Your letter, thanking us for the spiritual advice we give our correspondents, is most gratifying.—2. We should recommend you to take in a boarder; being well assured of his or her respectability and solvency. A man would probably be out all day, and only need breakfast and supper.—3. Could not your father obtain a place in a shop at book-keeping?

ETIQUETTE.—If no one be at home leave two cards for your husband and one for yourself, unless there be two ladies to be called upon, in which case leave two. If the second be only a daughter, you may turn up one side of your card for her. Should the lady of the house be at home, go in, of course; and, if not accompanied by your husband, leave two cards for him on the hall table as you pass out after your visit. But, some time or other, your husband will have to call in person.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Jewellers keep a collection of little brass rings of graduated sizes for the measurement of fingers for rings. Your intended should desire the jeweller, from whom he is to purchase the engagement ring, to send you a set, that you may choose the size that will fit any finger on which you prefer to wear it.

PUDGY.—"I shall do that against you come" is a very vulgar mode of expression. You should say "before," or "by the time," etc.

YOUNG COLONIAL, NEW ZEALAND.—What ridiculous ideas you have about England! You speak of our having "a drought at present." We have had some eight months of magnificent sunshine, interrupted only by a day's rain, or thunderstorm, at intervals—even here, in the great Metropolis. It is a land of flower and fruit farms, not to say gardens only, and parasols are as essential as umbrellas. In one of our south-eastern counties it was stated that thirty tons of fruit had been sent away at one station alone. We are perfectly well-acquainted with the condition of New Zealand. That some ignorant persons thought a supply of revolvers essential for an immigrant, on account of danger from the natives, does not attach the stigma of ignorance to English people in general, and we do not charge New Zealanders in a similar way because one little girl imagines that we "hardly ever see the sun, except through a fog."

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—Your "step-brother" is no relation of yours, not being the son of either your father or mother. Thus there is no law to preclude marriage between such connexions.

C. LUSTAL.—You could not travel with your intended, passing a night out, on the journey, without a maid or lady-friend. You could be safely placed (alone) in the train, and be met on arrival.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—If you wish to accept the first visit with cordiality, return it proportionably quickly. In any case it would be polite to return it within a week's time.

IVY.—You are old enough to remain up till the family hour for retiring at night. Ten o'clock, or half-past ten, would be a reasonable time.

FLY-AWAY FLO.—The age at which a girl must leave home to be placed in some money-earning or training situation must depend on her parents' wishes and circumstances, and be decided by them according to her personal capabilities.

W. G. S., JOAN, and FAIR ONE.—February 23rd, 1875, was a Tuesday. January 15th, 1869, was a Friday. August 3rd, 1876, was a Thursday, and August 16th, 1876, was a Wednesday.

A HARASSED ONE should certainly have informed her mother of such an audacious act on the part of one of her visitors. So grossly forward a young man should be denied the *entrée* of the house.

PERSEVERANCE.—The initials "R. S. V. P." which are inscribed on letters and cards of invitation, are those of the French words, "Reply, if you please."

SOUTH WALIAN.—1. We are always answering your question. Why do you not read our replies? —2. Certainly not, at any age; but such conduct in a minor is specially improper. Have you neither mother nor guardian?

SAINT DELL.—A lady's-maid should be trained in dress-making, millinery, plain sewing, and hair-dressing. A shop-assistant should be quick, well-grounded in arithmetic, and understand book-keeping.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—If the young man has actually proposed to you and you have accepted the offer of marriage with the consent of your parents, there could be no objection to your correspondence.

A CONSTANT READER.—We think you must refer to an invalid's association called the "Shut-in Society," the address of which we believe is known to Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald and Co., Glasgow, publishers of *The Story of a King's Daughter*. We may also direct your attention to a society just set on foot by Miss Florence H. Lay, 82, Military Road, Northampton. The invalids composing this little guild are engaged to endow a "cot" in a children's hospital, to be called "The Sunshine Cot," by their combined efforts. The rules comprise a daily effort to perform some kind act towards a fellow-sufferer, besides doing work or collecting for the cot. The work of the "Ministering Children's League" is of the same character.

FLORENCE LAY'S society being named (as above), we will only say that she has our fullest sympathy in her work, as well as for her personal affliction, and pray God to prosper her endeavours in His service.

A. B. C.—The first land sighted by Columbus was the island of San Salvador. It is said that on setting foot on the shore he knelt in thanksgiving, and on rising he gave the name of San Salvador to the island, which he did not yet know to be such, or the mainland—as he said it should henceforth bear the name of the Holy Saviour, who had preserved him through so many perils. His mutinous crew had daily threatened to throw him overboard, for having deceived them with vain promises of land.

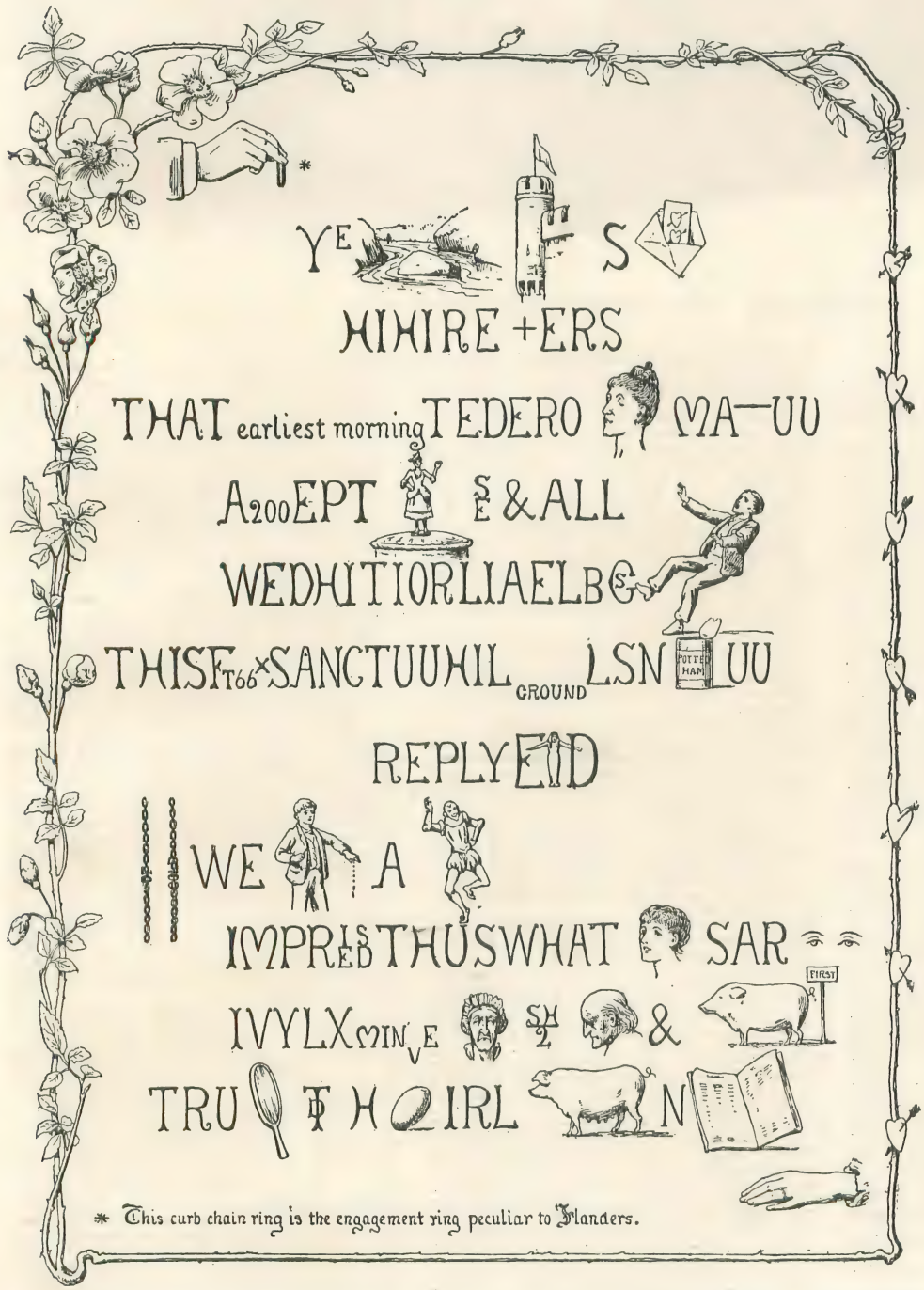
PIXIE.—Your handwriting is scarcely formed. A nursery governess should be able to set a copper-plate hand for her pupils to copy.

SISSEY.—Brush over the worm-eaten parts of the wood with turpentine, if not too far gone for repair. If the trouble be caused by "dry-rot" it is necessary to cut out all the infected parts and substitute what is sound.

ONE WHO HAS A HOBBY.—The origin of the name "guinea," as applied to an English coin, is merely to be found in the fact that the first which were coined (in 1663) were made of gold procured from the African coast of Guinea. It was intended to represent the value of twenty shillings —our "sovereign;" but owing to the great fineness of the gold, they commanded an "Agio" of an extra shilling. The dollar derives its name from the German "Thaler," which coin was named after the Thal, or Valley of Joachim, in Bohemia. The "Florin" was a coin first struck at Florence, and it bore the Florentine device—a lily. The "Mark" was also of Italian, or at least, of Venetian origin, and was stamped with the Winged Lion of St. Mark. Probably the Dutch "Guilder" was named after Gelderland. A small coin is mentioned by Chaucer and Spenser, which was Genoese, and called "Janua." A shilling (or "Skilling"), we believe, was so called after the shield (or schild) which it formerly bore. A penny seems to be taken from the Celtic "pen" or "head," which is struck upon it, and a "Ducat" is so called after a Duke who issued it, just as a sovereign indicates the king whose head is stamped upon it. A farthing or "fourthing" is the fourth part of a penny.

D. K. M.—Of course there is no harm in making a "pun," but few are clever enough to make a really good one.

OUR PUZZLE POEM.



* This curb chain ring is the engagement ring peculiar to Flanders.

*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be February 26, 1894; from abroad, April 9, 1894.
6. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

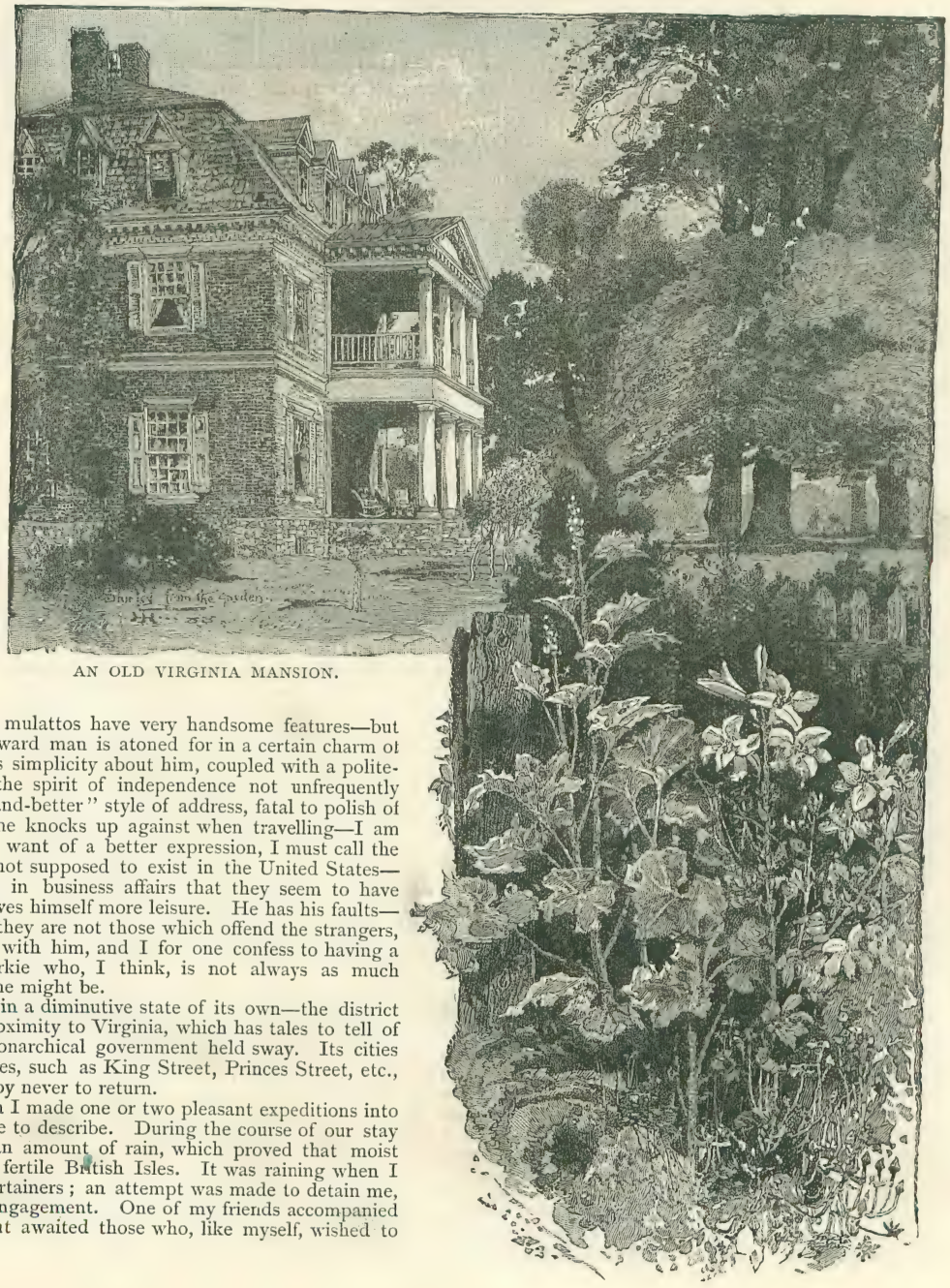


VOL. XV.—NO. 736.] FEBRUARY 3, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DAY'S EXPEDITION IN VIRGINIA.

BY THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

SOME few years ago Lord Meath and I were staying in Washington, then fast developing into one of the finest cities in the United States. Not only is it the seat of Government, but as it enjoys a milder winter climate than the more northern towns, its attractions are great during the cold season of the year. Rows of magnificent houses were springing up at the time of our visit, not unfrequently intercepted by the negro's wooden shanty, which somewhat spoiled the symmetrical appearance of fine streets; but the humbler abodes were fast disappearing beneath the builders' hand. However, the black man, as well as his habitation, added not inconsiderably to the interest of the city, in the eyes of a stranger. True it is that notwithstanding all the care which he is prepared to lavish upon his personal appearance — more especially on Sundays—the darkie cannot be considered as beautiful. His thick lips, far from aquiline nose and woolly hair are not conducive to satisfying our ideas of beauty of contenance—some of the mulattos have very handsome features—but what the negro may lack in his outward man is atoned for in a certain charm of manner. There is a childlike, joyous simplicity about him, coupled with a politeness refreshing in a country where the spirit of independence not unfrequently produces the "I-am-as-good-as-you-and-better" style of address, fatal to polish of manner. Moreover, the American one knocks up against when travelling—I am not now speaking of those whom, for want of a better expression, I must call the "upper" classes, though classes are not supposed to exist in the United States—are sometimes so deeply engrossed in business affairs that they seem to have no time to be polite. The darkie gives himself more leisure. He has his faults—what race is free from them?—but they are not those which offend the strangers, who do not come closely in contact with him, and I for one confess to having a decided liking for the despised darkie who, I think, is not always as much appreciated by his white brethren as he might be.

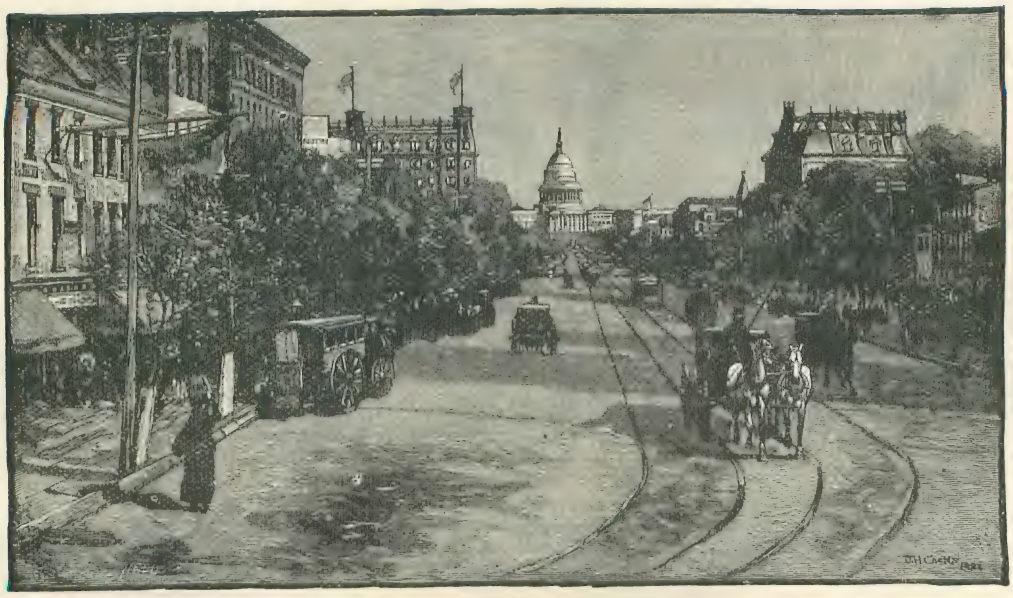


AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION.

Washington is a new city standing in a diminutive state of its own—the district of Columbia—and in the closest proximity to Virginia, which has tales to tell of days, now in the dim past, when a monarchical government held sway. Its cities still have thoroughfares bearing names, such as King Street, Princes Street, etc., to remind the stranger of years gone by never to return.

Whilst we remained in Washington I made one or two pleasant expeditions into Virginia. One of these I will venture to describe. During the course of our stay in the capital we had come in for an amount of rain, which proved that moist weather was not a monopoly of our fertile British Isles. It was raining when I left the house of the kindliest of entertainers; an attempt was made to detain me, but I was bound to go, having an engagement. One of my friends accompanied me to the river-side where a fine boat awaited those who, like myself, wished to

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PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.

steam down the yellow waters of the Potomac. The steamer was named the *Corcoran*, after a most liberal benefactor who had done much for Washington. The United States are rich in such men. Wealth is in many cases rapidly accumulated. The owners have no expensive properties to keep up. Families are small, whilst there is a feeling prevalent that, if sons are well educated and given a good start in life, no other provision for their future is necessary. There are consequently men of large means who have much superfluous wealth which they are willing to disburse generously. The American river-boats are much to be commended. The traveller, worn-out with the shaking and over-heating of railway-carriages, cannot do better than try the steamers as a means of transit. He will scarcely fail to find magnificent boats, and whilst on board he can enjoy a large measure of comfort for the most reasonable payment. The *Corcoran* being only destined to carry passengers a comparatively short way, was not one of the floating palaces, but yet it could boast of an amount of luxury which many of our steamers going far greater distances do not possess. For instance, instead of having to choose, on so wet a day, between sitting out under a dripping umbrella, or seeking refuge in a stuffy cabin, with small windows permitting of little of the view being enjoyed, I was able to sit comfortably up on deck. A part of this was glazed in so that I could write and take occasional glimpses of the green banks of Virginia. They are somewhat deserted, not having the life which is so attractive for us English when we boat up or down the Thames, for the former district is, in a measure, fever-stricken, and those who are allured by its fertility must run the risk of insidious attacks of malaria.

Our little steamer was making deep furrows in the muddy river water, as it ploughed its way to a spot, very sacred in the eyes of Americans, and full of interest to visitors in general. It was bound for Mount Vernon, the favourite habitation of George Washington; his tomb is to be seen near by.

Some time ago this historic house was falling into disrepair; its rooms, so intimately connected with the daily life of him who left a deep imprint in the sands of time, were partially dismantled. The ladies of America took the matter up, and, when this became the case, what might not be accomplished by such able and energetic women? Anyway, a great deal was done at Mount Vernon. Representatives of various States undertook the keeping-up, or, if necessary, the restoration of certain rooms. If the exact objects could not be obtained, which were thought to be in them in Washington's time, articles as similar as possible were substituted, and enough of the original furniture remained to render the house most interesting. Shoals of visitors take advantage of its being thrown open to the public to inspect rooms which are full of memories of the past.

The ladies appointed from each State—there are two for each, if I mistake not, have bestowed on them the proud name of "Regents,"—there is no lack of fondness for titles even in a Republican country—and they are treated with great respect when, on business intent, they make an expedition to Mount Vernon. On a former occasion we came across two of them and were presented in due form; we felt almost as highly honoured as when we shook hands with the President himself ruling over 60,000,000 souls!

That the work of restoration has been very judiciously carried out strikes the eye of a Britisher familiar with the look of old-fashioned English houses which have been left undisturbed by the hand of the modern upholsterer; indeed, these rooms with their stiff unæsthetic furniture, chairs made for people to sit upon in an upright posture, and four-post bedsteads reminded me of certain apartments in a country house in Scotland with which I was once very familiar. But to return to the *Corcoran*. It duly brought us to a little landing-place soon after we had sighted a long, white, wooden building, admirably situated on a hill overlooking the river. A bell begins to ring in solemn fashion as the boat approaches; whether this is to remind people that George Washington is no more, and that his tomb must not be lightly approached, I know not, but any way it serves to tell those on land of the arrival of the steamer and of expectant visitors. An individual who acts as guide receives them most courteously, and has plenty of valuable information to impart. On the occasion of this my second visit to Mount Vernon I was met by a clergyman who was to carry me off to his parish at some little distance, but I could not be close to the doors of so famous a dwelling, without looking in. On the way to it we passed the spot where the hero and his faithful wife lie side by side, and heads are bared when the tomb is approached. My visit to this historic house was a rapid one. I had seen Mount Vernon on a previous occasion, and so I was not wholly unacquainted with it. A long broad piazza is in front, where doubtless many an earnest conversation was held in the days when George Washington, his family and friends, sat out sheltered from the heat of the sun. There is one touching fact about one of the rooms in the house. A very small attic is pointed out as having been inhabited by Mrs. Washington after her husband's death. At first it seems strange that so humble an apartment should have been selected by her, until one learns that by the little window she is thought to have sat so that she could look down on the spot where all that remained of him who was dear to her lay buried, and where she too was one day to rest. If this be the fact, the angel of death was perhaps not unwelcome when he came to reunite her with him "whom she had loved and lost awhile." Before leaving Mount Vernon a few flowers were given me, a pleasant reminiscence of the garden in which George Washington took great interest.

The "buggy," a high-wheeled carriage capable of holding two persons, was ready to convey us to Accotink. It was well that this little trap was well adapted for the roads which we had to traverse, for a duly-appointed English carriage and pair, with a swell coachman and footman would have been at a discount for a drive in the wilds of Virginia, the roads might have puzzled both man and beast. Just as long as we were in the grounds of Mount Vernon all went smoothly. At the gates were two extra-sized sentry-boxes which were lodges. Out of one of them peered an array of funny little negro baby faces. Once this entrance was left well behind, driving was carried on under considerable difficulties. The angles which the carriage assumed were of a very acute nature, but nevertheless our little horse trotted bravely on through mire and marsh. Only once he paused, and this was in the bed of a small river. No wonder, it must have been pleasanter for our steed to rest than to drag a carriage along so deeply-rutted a road. The fear might have been that he could have wished to lie down and thus leave us in a very awkward predicament. Happily he was far too well-behaved a beast not to answer to his master's remonstrances, and so on he went, master and horse seeming to understand one another. The weather was not favourable for admiring scenery; but in spite of the drizzling

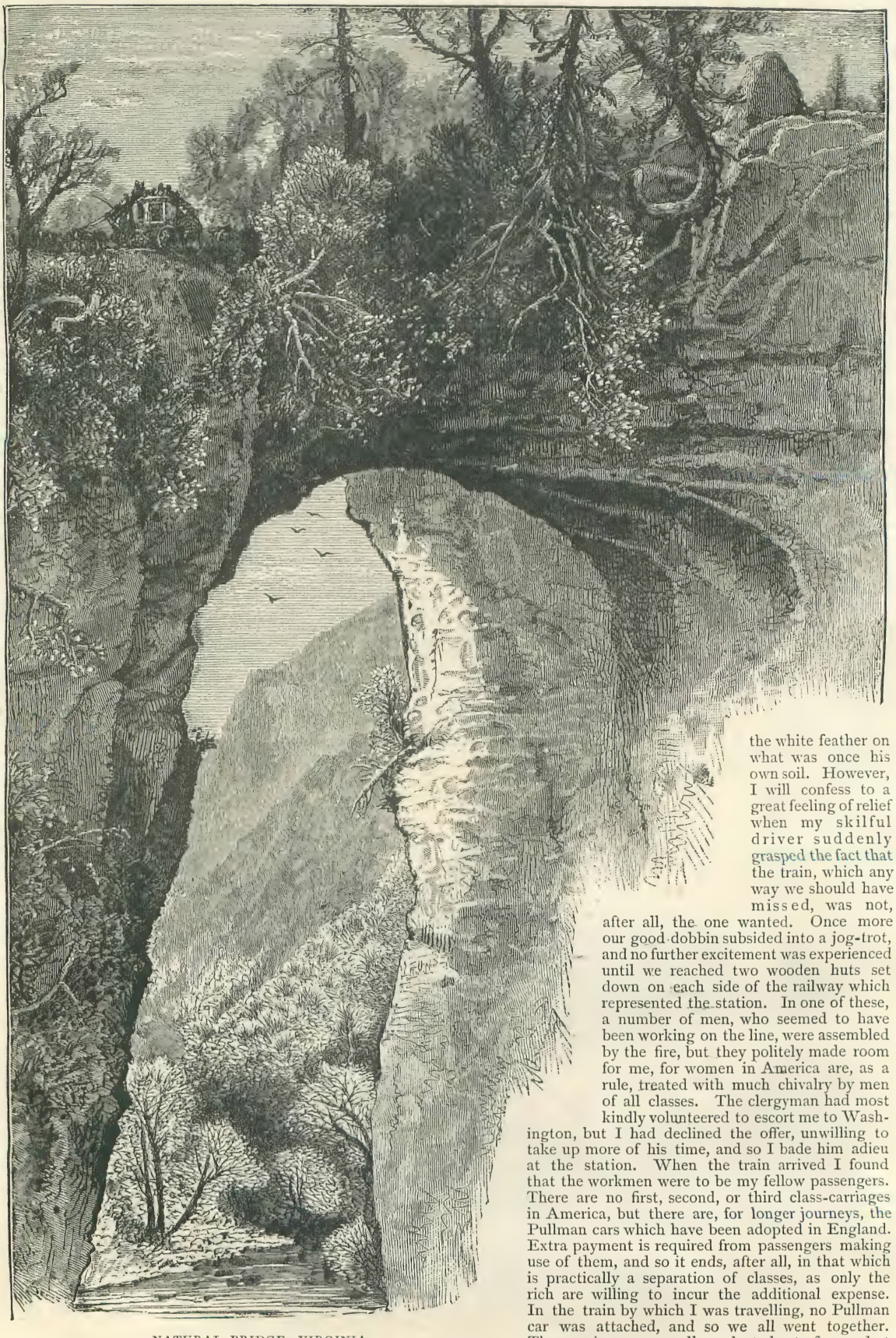
misty rain there was much that was to be appreciated, and I was quite sorry when our drive came to an end, the village of Accotink having been reached. We alighted at a plainly-constructed wooden house where hospitality was to be offered us. We received a friendly welcome from both host and hostess. Accustomed as I had been to the luxury of American city houses, the simplicity of this rural abode struck me forcibly. The apartment which did duty as drawing-room—parlour it would probably have been termed—was not overladen with furniture. A large iron stove caught the eye on entering. There were a few rocking-chairs and a sofa standing straight up against the wall, which certainly would not have tempted luxurious loungers to recline on it. At first I wondered what might be the social standing of my entertainers, a most difficult point to ascertain in a country where the village carpenter may chance to live in greater style than the parson, and where the labouring man of ten or twenty years ago may, in the meanwhile, have amassed a fortune and be receiving his guests not without some grace of bearing. Our host was evidently a man of culture; eventually I discovered that he was the local medical man. We had some pleasant talk before luncheon was served.

We were waited on by a black parlour-maid, at least a negress was acting in that capacity, though I daresay other duties fell to her share. As I had expressed a wish to rest before the actual business of my day commenced, I was allowed to go up by a narrow steep staircase to a room where I could be quite undisturbed. It was equally plainly furnished. There is a charm all its own about simplicity, and men and women brought up under its influence must in many ways needs be better fitted to face the hard struggles of life than they to whom luxury has been all too familiar from their cradle. There are wise people who hold that a rock ahead of the American nation is the enormous wealth which is accumulating in the hands of the few. The friendly doctor was himself my charioteer when it was time to set out for a meeting which was to be held on behalf of the "Ministering Children's League," the cause of my visit to Accotink. We had not a very great distance to go before a large square building came to view, which I was told was Pohick church. Washington's talents were doubtless many and great, but after seeing this ecclesiastical pile designed by him, I should scarcely be inclined to reckon architecture as his *forte*. Anyway it is a capacious church, and answers the purpose for which it was erected, to shelter many earnest worshippers, during the hours of service, from the inclemencies of the weather.

The building, moreover, is regarded with much veneration on account of its history, and many would be willing to give money to support this church, who would not give anything towards one far more perfect in design, for was it not here that their beloved George Washington bowed his honoured head in prayer? Outside the church door was a strange sight to my unaccustomed eye. After the heavy rains the roads were simply impassable to all those who were not content to wade ankle-deep in mire, and so all the "buggys" and "wagons" of the neighbourhood seemed to have been in request, and their respective horses were left pretty well to their own sweet will, their drivers having alighted and hitched them up to weights carried for the purpose in the vehicles. It would have been rather a dangerous experiment to leave some of our English horses in such independence, but American steeds seem to behave admirably under these circumstances. In the United States churches are used for meetings of a charitable and religious character, and the Ministering Children's League, a union for work and prayer for the young, was of this nature, and thus it came that the gathering was held in church. I cannot say that I think this custom, except in rare cases, is a good one, but in the wild tracts of woodland in Virginia there must be few places where a meeting could be held, and I hope I did nothing amiss in addressing the children assembled in Pohick Church on this occasion. It was prettily decorated with flowers, and I found amongst the young folks most attentive listeners. There were a good many elders present, for the "Ministering Children's League" had won favour in Accotink, where it had been the means of effecting much good. Moreover, the advent of an English lady was probably an event in the lives of the country people. Almost before I had done speaking a dear little maiden had brought me a lovely bouquet of flowers, and then, in American fashion, nearly everybody came to shake hands with me. There is something very friendly about the custom, especially when a stranger comes from a distance, not knowing whether he or she may ever chance to meet those assembled again. I am glad I received the grasp of strong honest hands accustomed to labour as well as that of the "Ministering Children," who, through the bonds of our association, were already linked to me. I carried away a happy impression of our gathering. The darkness outside was intense when it was time to leave, and it was a wonder that we found our way safely to the Rectory, where refreshing tea was provided, and there once more the carriage was in requisition to take me to the station. It was as well that I had been assured beforehand that the road that we were to travel that evening was superior to that which we had come by in the morning, otherwise it is very doubtful if I should have discovered it for myself. A lantern had, however, been loosely hung on to the "buggy," and this was of material assistance in helping to safely surmount the difficulties of the road. My peace of mind was, however, destined to be greatly disturbed by the shriek of an approaching engine, and by the information that my train was arriving. Our good steady horse was urged, in consequence, into what might be termed, under the circumstances, a break-neck speed. What the bumping became my pen cannot describe, suffice it to say that with one of the first lurches out went our lantern. I felt many inward tremors, but it would not have done for a representative of the British Lion to show



A COTTON FIELD.



NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

the white feather on what was once his own soil. However, I will confess to a great feeling of relief when my skilful driver suddenly grasped the fact that the train, which any way we should have missed, was not, after all, the one wanted. Once more our good dobbin subsided into a jog-trot, and no further excitement was experienced until we reached two wooden huts set down on each side of the railway which represented the station. In one of these, a number of men, who seemed to have been working on the line, were assembled by the fire, but they politely made room for me, for women in America are, as a rule, treated with much chivalry by men of all classes. The clergyman had most kindly volunteered to escort me to Washington, but I had declined the offer, unwilling to take up more of his time, and so I bade him adieu at the station. When the train arrived I found that the workmen were to be my fellow passengers. There are no first, second, or third class-carriages in America, but there are, for longer journeys, the Pullman cars which have been adopted in England. Extra payment is required from passengers making use of them, and so it ends, after all, in that which is practically a separation of classes, as only the rich are willing to incur the additional expense. In the train by which I was travelling, no Pullman car was attached, and so we all went together. The navvies were a well-conducted set of men, but

we chanced to pick up, on the way to Washington, an individual whose behaviour was anything but satisfactory, for he began by using bad language on entering the carriage. I soon suspected that which afterwards proved to be true, that he was the worse for drink. However, he did not molest me in any way, and if his conduct had been obnoxious to me personally, no doubt the other travellers would have gallantly interfered on my behalf, and there was a conductor close at hand. The offender was decently clad, and was probably a victim of the drinking-saloons, which in America must often prove as much of a curse as the public-houses do in our own land. In justice to the United States I ought perhaps to add that I do not think that drunkenness is nearly as prevalent as in the British Isles, but then it must be remembered that the temptation to drink in a bright exhilarating climate is not the same as in our more depressing atmosphere. Those who, in America, do succumb to the hateful vice are said to suffer terribly from its effects, and delirium tremens with all its attendant horrors often brings its victim's life to a miserable end. In the meantime my train had been speeding on its way to Washington. This city by daylight can be sighted from afar, its high-domed Capitol and towering monument, raised in memory of the man after whom the town was named, form landmarks visible from a considerable distance. Soon we have arrived, once again a kind friend meets me, and ere long I am in a cosy drawing-room, and we are having a merry chat about the adventures of a happy day spent in Virginia.

M. J. MEATH.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

HYACINTHE BEAUFOI took us first to some old friends of his mother's in Marseilles. They were kind old ladies who could not speak English, while our French was still of a limited description. Our scholar who had dearly loved knowledge for its own sake was gone. But kindness has a language of its own, and demands no learned vocabulary to express it. The old demoiselles carried their kindness the length of one of them accompanying us all the way to Languedoc, in order that our journey might be pleasanter and more according to their sense of propriety.

You will laugh when you hear that our only source of information with regard to the scenery of the South of France was Mrs. Radcliffe's novel of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which everybody read with breathless interest and admiration when I was young. I must say Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of France and Italy are not only eloquent, they are wonderfully graphic considering that when she wrote them she had never set her foot out of England. Lovely Languedoc, where the vintage was now going on busily, would in any circumstances have been novel and delightful to us. Its fruits—melons, almonds, figs, etc., were well-nigh as luxuriant as those of the tropics. Its flowers, myrtles, jasmines, oleanders, roses in infinite profusion, wild lavender and caper plants were sweeter if less gorgeous. Its chestnut groves afforded an exquisite green shade. Its rivers sparkled in their coolness. The Cevennes mountains rose up like dim blue ramparts against the deeper blue of the cloudless sky. As a change after life on ship-board, after our exposure on the reef, it was like heaven on earth. Château Beaufoi was the old traditional manor-house of France at one end of the old traditional village, with its mill, its auberge, its little church—at Beaufoi it was a Huguenot temple—its priest's or pastor's dwelling. Such a little bit of landscape is familiar to most of us in those later years when sister-countries long closed are thrown open to us. It includes a meadow in which a tree of liberty—a full-grown tree—was planted, a slip of a thing, during the Revolution. Sheep are grazing peacefully beneath the tree's shadow. There is a babbling brook in which the same sheep are duly washed, a bosky group of chestnuts, a stretch of high rocky ground from which the brook comes down singing and dancing, where the village goats and kids pasture within an acacia-fence, which carefully protects from their nibbling teeth a fringe of quince and plum trees, pink and white in their spring blossom, russet and purple when bending under their autumn fruit. The *coup d'œil* is so daintily homely, so gaily picturesque that it is not without a touch of the prettiness of genteel comedy and of operatic effect. It is very charming, nevertheless, to all gentle, graceful, home-loving natures, and it was on this model that the most pathetic of toys, poor Marie Antoinette's "Petit Trianon," was built.

The French manor-house, even when dignified with the name of castle, was always less pretentious than the English manor-house, while it was in its earlier days still more patriarchal. It still had its stateliness as well as its homeliness—a stateliness which gave it a distinct character apart from the most prosperous abodes of its humbler neighbours. Its courtyard with its fountain, on the old stone brim of which white, blue, and cinnamon-coloured pigeons were constantly strutting and cooing, its terraced gardens, its *tourelles* or little turrets rising above the steep roof—all belonged to the native gentry of the provinces.

In the case of Château Beaufoi there had been no awful convulsion rending masters and servants apart. The Beaufois with their peasant retainers, no less than their household, had been rebels in the cause of the old Albigenses. They had held the same Protestant faith, and were united by the memories of the bitter persecutions which they had endured in common. Hyacinthe Beaufoi's remote ancestors had followed the leadership of the gallant Counts of Toulouse, and all but perished with them before the swords of the De Montforts. In more recent years the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had fallen with an almost equally crushing force on *gentilhomme* and peasant-proprietor. But while they had been alike repeatedly exiled and impoverished, the bonds between them had been knit together with a strength which no mad fury of revolution had been able to weaken or destroy. Whatever changes had come, whatever causes of complaint had arisen, for the village of Beaufoi—loyal as it was among the disloyal—was not an Eden of meek saints, it belonged to a race stiff-necked and pragmatical throughout the classes, as I think even good men are apt to be when hunted down, branded, and wronged for long centuries. In addition the Huguenots had the fiery Gallic blood in their veins. Yet the small had spared the great who had been one with them in tempests, little short of the whirlwind, which swept the country of king and nobles, and the great were not likely to forget the fidelity which had stood by them in the evil day of their class in France. Thus Beaufoi, château and village, retained unaltered many of the better features of the feudal system in the old *régime*, such as one seldom sees after the first empire has succeeded the republic and the Orleans monarchy the first empire.

Sally and I were surprised and entertained with all we saw. The old people were not like even the more old-fashioned country people at home. The men had long coats as well as knee-breeches. The women wore white caps without borders, blue or white *fichus* and tight short gowns. The *sabots* of both were more uncouth than our heaviest clogs. Men and women sat in the evenings on the door-steps, or on a bench round a half-shattered sycamore on the village green. The women stitched and darned, made lace and gossiped. The men smoked, and whittled wood, the scholars among them read newspapers to themselves or to each other. The young folks went up among the rocks and the bracken to milk the goats or to prevent them from straying and committing mischief. The girls wore demure adaptations of their mothers' caps. Some of the girls even had wild marigolds stuck in the dark hair clustering behind their ears. They had trim bodices and gay aprons. The lads wore bunches of ribands at their knees and at the sides of their caps, and had scarlet or green vests. Lads and lasses tripped lightly enough up the steep winding path among the rocks and the broom, in spite of the *sabots* which were no incumbrance even to the merry little children with their close white cowls like comical imitations of the caps of their mothers and grand-

mothers. As the young company formed groups here and there, they would break out into singing—sometimes of old Huguenot hymns, the clear full voices ringing melodiously in the distance.

The château was old-fashioned, like everything else, which was more or less new to us. Such were the parqueted floors, which we thought so chill and bare at first, and found afterwards to be delightfully cool in summer, and, with the addition of rugs of dressed lamb-skins, warm enough in winter; the suites of rooms, with their alcoves and verandahs; the old oak and ebony and enamelled furniture, older than any we were accustomed to in England.

It was an astonishment to us when we were received by madame in her bedroom, with madame herself stretched on the top of a huge bed in an alcove, the bed piled up with mattresses, so that its occupant appeared not far from the ceiling. Madame was not an invalid or lazy by any means: she was a particularly hale, active woman, in middle life, and took a lively personal interest in her housekeeping, her orchard, poultry-yard and dairy. But she had been always accustomed to receive guests in her bedroom, and there would have been something derogatory to her dignity, something which was verging on impropriety in her eyes, for her to welcome two young strangers, Englishwomen, elsewhere than from her couch. At the same time madame was very desirous to give us a cordial reception. She was a kind-hearted woman under a little outward brusqueness and sharpness, partly due to her having managed Hyacinthe's property for him till he grew up, in addition to looking after what had been her own considerable *dot*, so that she was a good business woman. She had not forgotten what we had tried to do for her son, and she sympathised with us sincerely in our recent trials. She clasped her hands, raised herself up, and insisted on embracing us (under difficulties) in response to our curtseys.

She told us that she was very happy, altogether enchanted to see us; that she would have been quite desolate if we had gone elsewhere. It was a necessary obligation for us to put ourselves under the protection and care of the mother of her son. We must be at home; we must do what we liked best, and earn her eternal gratitude by our obliging compliance with her and her son's dearest wishes.

All this Madame Beaufoi said in her rapid, liquid, southern French, of which Sally and I could only catch a word here and there. She said it raised on her elbow, from which the silk and lace sleeve fell back, disclosing a bony brown arm. She had no covering save her hair on her gaunt head, and that hair—raven-black originally, iron-grey at its present stage—was drawn back and twisted into a tight wisp at the back of her head, on which the little ears were placed so high as to be almost on a level with the bright black eyes. There was no trace of age or ill-health about the face, but it was sallower than even Aunt Maria's had been. The features were marked, the nose tremendous—twice as big as Hyacinthe's, which was big enough—and the chin long and peaked.

Madame was dressed handsomely, so far as material went, in black silk and lace; but her clothes were quite out of date as to fashion—even we could see that—and were unblushingly the worse for the wear, while they looked to us singularly out of place on a broad-shouldered little woman, hoisted on the top of a high bed, and displayed against a background of embroidered pillows. We knew Madame Beaufoi to be perfectly sane and perfectly respectable, but she and her surroundings were, at first sight, passing strange to roving eyes which had yet never ceased to be insular in their standards and prejudices.

We found on experience that madame's request for us to do what we liked best had to be taken with a pinch of salt, for the laws of Château Beaufoi, though they were simple and few in number, were rigid, and would not have been relaxed for king or kaiser. Besides, madame would not have thought it becoming in the circumstances to suffer young unmarried women—guests or no guests—to interfere with her established arrangements. The family hours for meals had to be scrupulously attended to. If Hyacinthe, who was the *sieur*, neglected them, he must either go without a meal, or he must be surreptitiously supplied with a substitute by Ma'mzelle Ducros, the elderly housekeeper, in her short skirts and high cap, or by Battiste, the old serving-man, in his grey livery, which looked as if it had been made for him when he was a boy, while he had been growing away from it ever since.

We had our crust of bread and cup of chocolate or coffee in private before we left our bedrooms. Our second breakfast, both ample and dainty, in public in the dining-room at eleven, our dinner at one, our supper at six. It went without saying that the hours and form of family prayer, morning and evening, were without variation; but it was a discovery to us, though we had been brought up to the discipline of a King's ship, that we were called upon to have regulation toilets for morning and for evening, to drive and walk at stated times, in stated places, for stated intervals. There were rules for visits and the reception of visits upon particular lines and sliding scales. When the visits were those of ceremony and importance, they took place in madame's bedroom. When persons and conditions were of less consequence, the visitors were entertained in the arbour on the second terrace, or by the stove in madame's boudoir if the weather happened to be inclement. When it was familiar friends, such as the Huguenot pastor and his wife, or the neighbouring doctor, who appeared on the scene, we saw them in the music-room or at the supper-table in the evenings. Playing on madame's spinet and singing, games of *les Graces* on the terrace, battledore and shuttlecock in the *entre-sol*, and *bouts rimés* and piquet in madame's room, all went by clockwork at Château Beaufoi. I believe we even chatted and sewed to the swing of the pendulum. It was well for Sally and I that we were used to the naval service, accustomed to count the striking of the different "bells," like the ringing of church bells, as so many summons to the serious work of life claiming our attention and never to be dismissed unheeded. We had always been taught to look upon punctuality as a cardinal virtue. To this day I cannot help suspecting the principles of people who are wilfully and habitually unpunctual. What! waste time by the half-hour and the hour, not only your own time but other people's time, without warrant, try the patience of your neighbours, show yourself utterly inconsiderate of their comfort and convenience—can ill-breeding and rudeness go farther? There is only one explanation of the offence. The offender is either pitiably ignorant of the first laws of good society—which are the laws of good taste, and if they are also those of good feeling, have to do with God's ordinances as well as man's—or he or she is malcontent, defiant, taking a mean and malicious pleasure in trampling on what is due to his or her guardians or leaders for the time. Thus there is inflicted on them a deliberate and wanton injury in loss of leisure, comfort, and temper, from which they might have been saved.

One of the lessons we learnt at Beaufoi was drawn from Hyacinthe's bearing to his mother. I need not say he was courteous to her with a grace which struck me as almost courtly. She was quite independent of him, having been an heiress, with her fortune settled largely on herself, when she married Hyacinthe's father. She was perfectly able to take care of herself, and did so effectually; but he never approached her, she never appealed to him, without an inference on both sides—of manly protection on his part, and womanly dependence on hers. He greeted her every morning, and took leave of her every night, by kissing her hand, while she kissed his forehead, which was less familiar and tender than kissing him on both ckeeks, as she did when he left for a couple of days or a week. He handed her to her place at table, carved for her, and poured out her wine. She never walked out with him without taking his arm and leaning on it, though at other times she ran about as lightly as a girl, in spite of her mature years.

The nature of the Beaufois' intercourse did not, however, as in the case of many French mothers and sons, sap and overthrow the young man's independence. I think Madame Beaufoi was too sensible, too just, to infringe his free will. I am sure, too, that they were helped by their Protestant form of Christianity, which of all forms is the best calculated to teach a man to stand alone, to render him self-reliant and self-respecting, resolute to answer in the main for himself and his doings to his Maker alone. Hyacinthe consulted his mother, like the dutiful son he was, on most points; but though he gave weight to her opinions he did not, as a matter of course, follow them. She did not expect him to do so, and she did not resent,

however she might regret, his differing from her in his views. For example, madame, in spite of her Huguenot faith, with its long catalogue of wrongs, was decidedly royalist in her proclivities. She was of gentle birth like her husband, though her immediate predecessors had been reduced by a severe course of fines and disabilities to hold any place or office under government, to take up the trade of silk-weavers in Lyons, in which they had prospered. Hence her fortune; hence, too, such a business capacity as is easily developed in a quick-witted intelligent Frenchwoman.

Hyacinthe, on the contrary, inclined to republicanism in his principles. He had wished to serve France, though her head was no longer a consul but an emperor, and had entered the navy, a step to which his mother had given a reluctant consent. He had been disappointed, and his moral sense aggrieved, by the conditions of unprovoked hostility and unscrupulous aggression under which the two services were compelled to act according to the decrees of the first emperor.

Hyacinthe was now content to be an upright and useful, if obscure, country gentleman. He was biding his time till France should acknowledge larger and truer obligations to the nations of Europe and the world; when she would prefer to maintain her honesty and integrity even though it should be at the expense of her martial glory.

Another phase of the intercourse between mother and son which was not impaired by Hyacinthe's deference to his mother, was the amount of drollery and badinage which passed freely between them. Both possessed considerable funds of dry humour, and the two had endless good-humoured jests at each other's expense—jests which never impaired their mutual respect and well-bred courtesy.

I had been told before we knew the Beaufois, and the assertion was often made in my hearing afterwards, that the tenets of the Huguenots were stern and austere beyond those of other Protestants, and that the sect was distinguished by its gloom and moroseness in public and private. I can only say its members may have seemed so to the more frivolous and light-minded of their Roman Catholic neighbours, to whom all gravity and earnestness signified gloom; but what then became of that delightful dry humour which spiced the gravity and earnestness, and was so much wittier and more diverting than idle trifling or noisy merriment? I can believe that the noble English Puritans, to whose ranks John Milton, Andrew Marvell, and Colonel Hutchinson belonged, had just such a quiet, racy safety-valve for thoughts which might have gone too deep and cares which might have pressed too heavily otherwise; but the opponents of the Puritans were, for the most part, too shallow and riotous to understand and value such hidden sunshine.

Sally and I—apart from our concern for father, Perry, and Tom—were very happy at Château Beaufoi, to begin with at least. We felt so secure in the good offices and good faith of madame, we were so friendly with Hyacinthe, who was unwearied in his efforts to benefit and please us. It was not his fault that his urgent intercessions and representations on behalf of father and his companions were of little avail. Hyacinthe's having left the naval service early was an offence in itself, and his political creed was doubtful, which was a far greater offence in the days of the First Empire.

To me and to Sally too, though her heart was with Perry Hood, there was great rest in the orderliness and the perfect organisation of life at Château Beaufoi. We soon learnt what to do and when to do it, and madame was gratified by our attention to her arrangements, which, in her gratification, she manipulated and adapted as well as she could, without letting them go, to our requirements. The time passed quickly with our well-filled, well-contrasted hours of work and play, which corresponded with Hyacinthe's hours in his business room, in the vineyards, coppices and maize fields, and to madame's hours in her store-room in which she distilled essences and drugs, like an old châtelaine, in her dairy, orchard, herb garden and poultry-yard, or among her numerous clients in the village.

Madame used to tell us thrilling tales of the great Revolution, of which she had a vivid recollection, and of the poor aristocrats hiding away in holes and corners, and betraying their hiding-places by sending humble hosts and hostesses into the towns to buy the chocolate, without which the poor ladies and gentlemen could not exist, as Marie Antoinette could not flee for her life without her dressing-case! At other times madame would occupy us with graphic but more ordinary biographies of scenes and people belonging to the neighbourhood, while we sat together over our embroidery or our drawing, or the French music madame made us welcome to copy.

It was not French etiquette for Sally and I to walk out unchaperoned with Hyacinthe beyond the grounds of the château, and madame never walked except to the temple for Sunday services and week-day meetings, though she incurred as much fatigue as a six miles walk would have represented in trotting in and out, up and down, in pursuance of her own devices. Luckily for us the château gardens were extensive, and the meadow and little chestnut wood were included in the grounds.

Indoors Hyacinthe would read aloud to us for hours. He would ride as far as Toulouse and Nismes to procure English books or an English newspaper to enliven our retirement. Before and after supper we used to go to the music room and practice playing and singing together Languedoc *chansons* and *rondes*, or we would venture to sing any of Dibdin's songs which did not denounce the French as the scum of the earth, some of Moore's Irish melodies, and Aunt Maria's old English ballads. Hyacinthe furnished us with a bass and turned over our music for us, and madame sat and nodded time while she worked at her lace-making, in which she was an adept. Before we retired for rest the servants assembled for the simple solemn Huguenot worship with which to close the day's cares and joys.

These servants interested and amused us very much. In spite of madame's autocratic ways and Hyacinthe's involuntary masterfulness, the men and maid-servants, especially the elder ones like Battiste and Ma'mzelle, were the privileged familiar friends of the family. They joined in the conversation without rebuke. They called their master and mistress back, and corrected them for small mistakes, without hesitation. Their master and mistress acted as if they were the obliged persons, received the correction with the greatest indulgence, and heard all the arguments for and against the domestic dicta with the utmost candour and patience. The result was that the servants were as fully to be trusted with the credit and welfare of the family as if each had been a Beaufoi in his or her own person, and were as strongly attached to the whole house of Beaufoi as to the members of their own families.

At first Ma'amzelle Ducros, Battiste and the rest of the staff regarded Sally and me with some doubt and suspicion, for did we not belong to *perfide Albion*? were we not their hereditary enemies though we shared their Protestantism and were their master and mistress's friends, and had been good friends in our turn to M. Hyacinthe when he was by the untoward fate of war a prisoner in England? But soon the last considerations outweighed the first with the well-informed servants of the family, though the sturdy villagers still looked askance at us. We were adopted as it were by powerful members of the household, who took to petting and patronising us as if we were nieces and cousins, at the very least, of the august Beaufois.

Yes, after all our losses and misfortunes, Château Beaufoi was a peaceful haven, and these were happy days and nights in the mellow autumn sunshine, the soft warm sunsets, the lustrous moonlight and starlight of Languedoc. The all-pervading fragrance of late roses, magnolias, myrtles, jasmines, filled the air with a subtle sweetness, such as we never know in the heavy damp air, the sense of decay, the chill white mists, the first blighting frosts, the tingling cold of an English autumn. Whatever age I reach I shall never forget that late summer and early autumn at Château Beaufoi.

(To be continued.)





"WHEN WILT THOU COME,
AND CHANGE MY SIGH TO SONG?"

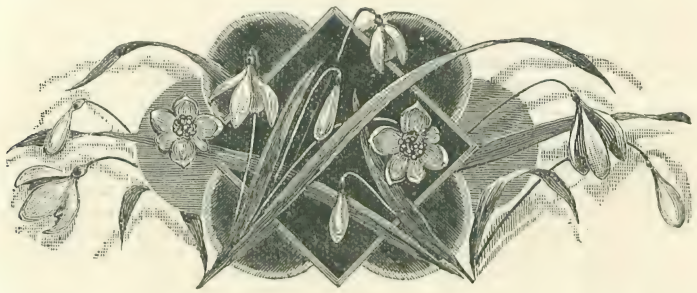
"WHEN WILT THOU COME?"

SONG.

By CLARA THWAITES.

WHEN wilt thou come,
  And change my sigh to song,
And be the sunshine of my every day?
Toil will be sweet,
  No labour will be long,
Each morrow good, if thou pass not away.
Why should'st thou tarry
  Far from Love's own home?
When wilt thou come?

When wilt thou come?
  The waves, with rippling feet,
Seek the warm bosom of the golden shore;
The dove flies home
  On pinions soft and fleet,
Each to his own is turning evermore,
As fly the swallows
  Over ocean's foam.
Come home! come home!



LITTLE-KNOWN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, AND THE METHODS OF COOKING THEM.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART I.

THE present influx of new fruits and vegetables into England is a very remarkable sign of the times, and evinces, in the most practical way, how the "ends of the earth" are being brought into communication with each other. The land and ocean highways are made safe and easy, and the means of transporting goods swift and cheap. It will be needful to add many new instructions to our old cookery books, for in some of them we find no mention even of "salsify," called very generally in America the "vegetable oyster," and of the agreeable varieties, now familiar to us, in chestnut cookery they are quite innocent. So when in the window of a Kensington greengrocer's shop we find "cardoons," "mangoes," "alligator pears," and "aubergines," we feel the want of some friendly guide to tell us the uses of these things.

The first article on my list is one that may really be termed a delicacy, in the roll of our table vegetables, but few be the cooks that know its merits, or how easy it is to master the secrets of its cookery. "Salsify" and "Scorzonera" should be mentioned together, for they are very nearly the same thing, the chief difference consisting in the colour, the first-named being white, and the last black. They are in season at the same time, from October to May, and the same methods of preparation will serve for both. Wash and lightly brush the roots, till quite clean, and then scrape them with a knife; cut into pieces of a finger's length; put them into plenty of boiling water with some salt and a little lemon-juice, or a spoonful of vinegar. If old, they will take nearly an hour's boiling before they are tender, and you must try them with a fork, which will easily go through them if they be perfectly done. Drain carefully and serve with white sauce. They may also be served like fritters, by dipping round pieces into a batter and then lightly frying them; or they may be cut into round pieces, and fried without the batter, when they will be found equally good. In France, I have seen them served as a salad, and dressed only with vinegar and oil when cold. But, to my mind, they are never so good as when served after the manner of the real oyster, i.e., scolloped in a pie dish. For this they are boiled as above, and cut into small-sized rounds. Butter the dish and place the contents in layers, first the salsify, then a layer of bread crumbs and small bits of butter, and repeat the process till the dish is full, the last layer being of the bread-crumbs and the butter. Pour in at the side about a teacupful of water in which the roots were boiled: which will be found to have quite a strong flavour, and to be a very good foundation for any vegetable soup. Another method is to beat the roots, when boiled and tender, to a paste, season with salt and pepper, a lump of butter and a little milk; and if too thin, thicken with a little flour. Then to fry in flat round cakes, or fritters; dropping the paste into the hot fat in spoonfuls. These may be served on toast.

A very simple Canadian recipe is as follows. Wash and scrape the roots thoroughly, throw them, when well washed, into a bowl of clean cold water. This is to avoid the possibility of their turning black, which they will do, if no precautions be taken. In England, salt, lemon juice, or vinegar, are all used for the same purpose. Cut them into pieces of about two inches long, and boil for three-quarters of an hour, pour off all the water; add a seasoning of pepper and salt, a lump of butter, and nearly cover with milk. Thicken with flour, and serve in a vegetable dish.

Those of my girl-readers who are students of botany will probably agree with me that "chestnuts," the next name on the printed list, are out of place; and that we should proceed with our culinary vegetables, which belong to the great order *Compositæ*, and which are allied closely in every characteristic one to another. Endive, dandelion, chicory (or succory), and the cardoon, as well as lettuce, all belong to it, and are all to be considered. So we will proceed with them first. Endive is most generally used as a salad in England, and it is one of our most valued winter supplies. It is thought to be a native of China or Japan, and arrived in England as long ago as the year 1548, when Edward VI. was king. As a vegetable it is delicious when stewed, and to dress it thus you must begin by cutting off the root and the outer leaves, and washing it thoroughly well in several waters, so that all the insects and gravel may be got out. Then throw it into boiling water, and boil it rapidly for a quarter of an hour, drain it off, and press all the water carefully from it. Lastly, put it into a saucepan, and add one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, and a cupful of either new milk or cream. Stir it round quickly, and when thoroughly mixed, serve very hot, garnished with fried bread. In France, both endive, lettuce and sorrel, are rubbed through a coarse wire sieve, after having been boiled, and before being put into the saucepan, and, of course, this is the best way. But it would not be possible, in many houses, to take so much trouble, and by taking a little extra care in cutting them up finely, both before and after boiling, it can be avoided, but the dish will not be a smooth *purée*, as the stalks will remain in.

Now this recipe will answer for lettuces, watercresses, nettles, sorrel, spinach, greens, and any kind of kale. With reference to the green kinds, you must not forget to keep the saucepan uncovered, and the more water employed, and the faster they are boiled, the better they will be, and the greener they will look. As a rule, when they sink in the water, they are done, and they must be taken up immediately, or they will lose their colour. Now it is exactly here that English cookery is at fault, and it seems as if the watery messes our cooks send up, under the name of vegetables, were much complained of sixty years ago, so we do not seem to have progressed, in that way, at least. In no country in the world are better vegetables grown, or more pains

taken with them than in England; yet, alas, nowhere is so little knowledge exhibited of how they should be cooked.

The lettuce is one of the most ancient of our vegetables, and is said by some botanists not to exist in a wild state; from which we may gather that it belongs to some species so much changed by cultivation as to be no longer recognisable. We first hear of it in history, in Herodotus, who says it was served at the table of Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, in its natural state, B.C. 550. Pliny mentions several kinds, as well known and used in Rome, and in the reign of our Henry VIII. the gardener at York Place, was rewarded for introducing lettuces and cherries into the garden at Hampton Court in 1530; while in 1597, the botanist Guard mentions eight kinds of lettuce as being cultivated in England. There are now more than thirty varieties cultivated near London for the market, including the "Cos lettuce," which hails from the island of that name.

The dandelion and the chicory plants are like each other in their uses; the young green leaves of both are used as salad, the older leaves are boiled as a vegetable; the water in both cases should be twice changed during the boiling, and the recipe followed as already given, and in the roots of both great virtue of a medicinal character exists.

Taraxacum, which is a peculiar crystallizable principle, discovered by M. Dollox, and of great value in some liver complaints, was found in the dandelion, and the roasted roots form an excellent substitute for coffee. It is on record that during the last century in the island of Minorca, the locusts having destroyed the harvest, the people subsisted on this root entirely.

The dandelion was formerly planted in gardens, and the leaves blanched in the same manner as endive, in order to be used as salad, but the young leaves are easily procured in the spring, and form a delicious salad, just in the same way as the leaves of the endive and the chicory. Some people, however, do not like the slight bitterness, and it is to reduce this as much as possible that the water must be changed during boiling.

The cardoon is a native of Candia, and it was introduced into England about 1650. It is now beginning to appear again at our tables, and is quite worthy of any attention paid to it. The whiter the cardoon heads the better, and the more delicate they are. Cut off all the stalks that are tough and fibrous, or hollow, and cut the others into pieces about six inches long; cleanse them well from the prickles, throw them into boiling water, and boil for ten minutes. Then throw them into cold water to take off the slime, which should come off easily by rubbing with the fingers. Lastly, put them on to stew with some rich gravy, and thicken it with a little butter and flour mixed together. They should stew for about half an hour till quite tender. They can also be served with white sauce.

I was about to go on to the subject of chestnuts, when it suddenly struck me that it would be better to deal with the aubergine, or "egg-plant," as they are now in season; and I am sure that all our girls have noticed their purple, egg-like forms in the greengrocer's shops. The "egg-plant" is a native, I believe, of the East Indies; but it is grown in great quantities in America; and much used and liked there, and in Canada likewise, as a vegetable. This fruit may be either of a violet hue, or white; and both are seen in our markets. They belong, like the potato and the tomato, to the family *Solanaceæ*, the nightshades, and to the same belongs the tobacco plant. It seems so strange to owe such a "staff of life" as the potato to such a poisonous class of plants. In addition to its French name, "aubergine," it has been called "mad apple," or "Jew's apple"; but in India it is best known by the natives under the name of "Brinjal," or "Binegun"; and there are, at least, four different varieties, and they form one of the best-known vegetables in the Indian dietary. They are dressed in various ways, and as vegetable-marrows are done—they must be peeled, boiled, and served on toast with drawn butter; or they may be curried, or cut in slices of about half an inch thick, after being peeled for frying. In this case, you must sprinkle a little salt on the slices and press down under a clean plate for an hour; then rinse the salt off in clean cold water; dry each slice in a clean towel; dip them in a well-beaten egg, and then in fine crumbs of bread; fry to a light brown, and season with pepper, either white or red. They are also roasted whole in their skins in the oven, with a little water in the pan, and served with a small piece of butter on each slice.

One of the best ways of cooking them is (I think) as follows:—Take a large-sized fruit and cut it in two, lengthwise. Take out the inside, leaving about half an inch of the peel. Chop the inside finely, and mix with an equal quantity of bread crumbs. Salt and pepper it, and add a little sugar; put the mixture into a hot frying-pan with a little butter, or good oil, and fry for ten minutes, stirring it carefully to keep it from burning. Then fill the shells with it, tie them together with a fine string, bake in the oven for half an hour, and serve very hot.

Another method is, to make fritters, by boiling the egg-plant till tender, cutting it in two pieces and taking out the pulp. Season with salt and pepper; dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard, using a tablespoon as the measure.

The subject of chestnut cookery is a very large one, and the tree itself, though a native of Asia Minor, seems to have been grown in Europe from time immemorial. There are many wonderful instances of its longevity, and of its great size, notably the great chestnut at Tartworth Park, in Gloucestershire, which was called the "great chestnut" in King Stephen's reign, and was already a large tree in King John's. But our own chestnuts are but small, and we are indebted to the south of Europe for the large specimens that are used for cookery. In their native lands they are used for bread, and take the place of wheat, in mountainous parts, where wheat cannot be grown; as in Auvergne and Limousin, in the Apennines, and in Naples and Sicily. In France and Italy it is largely used in cookery, and it is very good as forcemeat-stuffing for a turkey, and for stews and hashes.

The following is a Jewish receipe for beef stewed with chestnuts: take a rather lean piece of beef of two or three pounds' weight, and put it in a stew-pan, with pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and half a pint of water. Simmer it gently for two hours. Boil separately one pound of chestnuts for half an hour, take them out of the water, peel them whole; and half an hour before the meat be done put the chestnuts in with it to finish their cooking. Thicken the beef-gravy by putting into it a teaspoonful of flour, rubbed into the juice of half a lemon; and be very careful not to break the chestnuts when you put in the thickening. Dish the meat up first, and arrange the chestnuts round it, then pour the gravy round the meat.

Chestnut soup is made very easily by boiling half a pound of them till the rinds and skin come off easily. About half an hour should be enough, and then mash them carefully with a "potato-masher" in a bowl, put them in a saucepan with a large stick of celery, and one small onion cut into pieces, and a pint of water; and boil for half an hour, till the onion and celery be soft. Then add half a pint of milk, and a little finely chopped parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Rub through rather a coarse sieve, and serve very hot,.

A Dutch cook of ours used to make chestnut cream, or *compôte*, a most delicious supper dish, as follows:—Take off the outer rind and the inner skin of fifty chestnuts, and simmer gently in a quart of milk and water, till done like a flowery potato. Drain them, and bruise in a basin with a little powdered sugar and some vanilla flavouring, and rub through a coarse sieve. Put into the bottom of a glass dish, and cover with half a pint of firmly whipped cream, and strew over the top some "hundreds and thousands," as a finish. Chestnut pudding is very generally made with chestnut flour, or farina, which is a great saving of trouble. Any good recipe for a semolina, or tapioca pudding, made with eggs, will answer for it.

I find the following recipe for a chestnut pudding iced, which is almost "too good to be true!" in an American cookery book, and it has very nearly its duplicate in an English one. So I daresay it really is of French ancestry after all. Boil half a pint of new milk with a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar and some thick vanilla; moisten a quarter of a pound of chestnuts boiled and pounded to flour with a gill of new milk, strain the boiled milk over, and put into a saucepan, and stir till quite smooth, then add the yolks of seven eggs, well beaten, and continue to stir for a few minutes. Take off the fire, and when nearly cold, add half a pint of thick cream. Beat-up for ten minutes, and put into a mould; and stand on ice for two hours till quite firm.

Chestnuts in France are served with coffee-sauce, with thick meat-gravy, with celery sauce, and are often used as a *purée* under pheasants or partridges.

VARIETIES.

A Useless Dispute.

Two men found a book in the street, and began to dispute as to the ownership of it.

A third arrived on the scene and asked—

"Which of you can read?"

"Neither of us."

"Then why do you want the book? Your quarrel reminds me of two men who fought for possession of a comb, when neither had any hair on his head."

Russian Proverbs.

Truth is straight, but judges are crooked.
Your elbow is near, but you cannot bite it.
An untried friend is like an uncracked nut.
When money speaks the truth is silent.

Indolence and Laziness.—There is this difference between indolence and laziness:—Indolence is a disease of the soul, laziness of the body.

She Smiled Again.

"The biscuits my mother made weren't like these—"
The young wife burst into tears—
"For these are as light as the froth of the seas,
And the best I have tasted for years."

Answer to Charade I. (p. 247).
Bedford.

ONLY A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

By "MEDICUS."

"Child of the year, that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the days begun,
As morning leveret.
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,
Dear shalt thou be to future men
As in old time—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite."
Wordsworth



the time your bright eyes, readers mine, shall glance along these lines, gloomy winter will have almost gone and gentle spring returning. The snowdrops will have ceased to blow, although crocuses, orange and blue, may still be opening wide their bonnie petals to woo the sweet sunshine and the soft westering winds.

Primroses, too, will be peeping through the grass at many a hedgerow foot and on many a mossy bank, and filling the air with their delicious odours. The birds will have begun to build their nests, the bees will be out, and early leaves on many a shrub and tree.

And the daisies, the flowers that every true poet of Nature loves and sings about, will be covering field and brae. But as Wordsworth says, the daisy is "Child of the year."

"When winter decks his few grey hairs,
Thee in the scanty wreath he wears,
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee.
Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And autumn—melancholy bright
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee."

But although spring may be on the wing or winter on the wane, the hoary king is still with us while I write, and the new year only just begun. And walking down my garden this morning on my way to the wigwam, I found a mountain daisy, its petals frozen in the snow. Alas! hardy though this wee flower be, it had to succumb before the hard and biting frosts that came in with the new year. It lies there on my table as I write—dead. It had hoped to the very last, however. Ah! there is one lesson already we can learn from this "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," as Burns calls it—the lesson of hope.

Mind you, our hopes are not always fulfilled, but it is none the less our duty to be hopeful. This little blossom must have been born in the mild and balmy weather that we had in early and even mid-December, when cock-robin was singing loudly and cheerily on our garden-gate, and the thrush high up among the apple trees. The daisy felt certain it would not be left very long to bloom all alone, that the fleecy cloud and the balmy winds and bright sunshine were not all meant for it only, and that soon it would have companions not a few. If the thrush thought that spring had come, it was no wonder the daisy was also mistaken. Many beautiful moths came into my wigwam labouring under the same delusion, and once, just before the frost commenced, a large wasp. My wigwam is not large enough for wasps, but I was not going to kill this one, so I gathered him up in the folds of my handkerchief, and shook him off out of doors. He flew high over the starlings' cherry tree, and I trust got safely home.

Now, reader, before now I have told you about the value of hope as a medicine. It is one that there is seldom if ever any danger in prescribing. All medical men now recognise its power, and the doctor who would dash it from the lips of his patient might be taking from him his last chance of life.

But I should tell you that hope is just one of those medicines which must be administered to an invalid with some degree of tact and judgment. There is an old adage to the effect that "Hope can kill or hope can cure." This sounds paradoxical certainly, but it is nevertheless true. Hope will lose all its charm and all its good effects if given in too large doses. And, moreover, there is a spurious kind of hope which some people attempt to administer to the sick that does more harm than good. I mean that sort of it that does not come straight away from the heart of the giver, who is attempting a feat which is just as absurd as it is impossible, namely, the giving away of something he himself is not possessed of. Never attempt, therefore, to administer spurious hope. If you want to cheer your friend or patient up, and have not a deal of hope yourself that she will be early convalescent, just settle down for a bit and think the case out. Ten to one you will get hold of some salient point thereof on which you can build expectations. Lay hold on that and all will be well, for you will not have to dissemble. I have known the mental medicine hope to be administered sometimes in rather a rough, but none the less effective way. Up north in Aberdeenshire for example, effusive sentiment of any sort is looked upon as a kind of weakness that people ought to be ashamed of. But the hearts of the inhabitants are none the less warm and soft for all that.

"Do you think I'll get better?" I've heard a poor patient ask anxiously of the medical man at the bedside.

"Better!" the doctor said. "Man, you hae a hantle mair (a deal more) ill to do yet."

A reply which was certainly more straightforward than complimentary.

Again, a nervous and somewhat despondent patient found himself one day suffering from a slight pain in his chest, which of course his fears magnified into something very serious.

"Pooh, man!" said the doctor, "there's naething in that."

"But don't you think it is inflammation coming on?" said the patient.

Then the physician felt a little angry at the persistence of the sufferer.

"Inflammation!" he repeated scornfully. "You may as weel tell me that an auld stane dyke (old stone wall) would tak' fire. Losh, man! there's no enough blood in the hale (whole) body o' ye as would mak' a decent inflammation. 'Guid mornin'!"

And away went the doctor; yet, somehow, he had left hope behind nevertheless.

But while administering hope to a sick friend whom you may happen to be nursing, you must not leave a stone unturned to bring about the desired result. Mind you that Providence will not turn the stones for us. Our Saviour raised Lazarus, but he did not roll away the stone. That the friends could do, and had to do. When, therefore, we give the mental medicine hope, we must not neglect to add the *ter die* mixture in that bottle which the druggist has made up from the physician's prescription. We may pray for the blessing with good expectations of getting it, but we must also use the means.

That was a good answer Mohammed the Great gave to his servant in the desert one evening.

"I shall set my camel free," said the servant, "and trust to Allah."

"Take my advice," said Mohammed. "Peg the end of the camel's rope to the ground first, and then trust to Allah."

"What was the use of praying at all?" some scoffer might say.

"Quite a deal," I answer. "A camel is liable to a hundred mishaps in the desert, which even a kind master cannot guard against."

"But you cannot alter the laws of nature," says another.

"I do not pretend to," I reply; "but if I am steering a row-boat against cross rolling seas out to my ship, that is swinging away at her anchorage yonder in the bay, I am going to keep her head to the heaviest waves, even if it seems a bit out of my course. If I turn the helm the other way she will broach to, fill and capsize, and we may all be drowned. You see the laws of nature may work in more than one way, and so while steering your bark of life my advice is this: Keep Hope amidships, let Providence be at the wheel, but place Prayer at the prow."

* * * *

I am not sure, reader, that the daisy, or "gowan," was not Wordsworth's favourite among all the flowers that he loved so well and sang so sweetly of. He used to sit alone in wood or wild and give the wee flower many a fond and idle name. It was—

"A nun demure of lowly port;
A sprightly maiden of love's court;
A queen in crown of rubies dressed;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

That last is a very pretty little conceit—

"Sweet flower! for by that name at last
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!"

"A nun demure of lowly port," or carriage, you know. Well, certainly, the daisy is as lowly as lowly can be. We never find it flaunting its beauties high in air; it is at home in the fields and woodlands, and in all humble places it none the less does good. It makes many a poor child happy throughout the long, long summer days; and as yonder wee lass sits out on the sunny lea stringing the daisies into beautiful garlands, to hang, perhaps, around the neck of some pet animal—a dog or a goat, or even a calf—who shall say that her mind may not be (unknown even to herself) in communion with the Good and Invisible, or that germs of thought may not be sown in her mind, while she works and sings, that shall bear rich ripe fruit another day?

Only a mountain daisy! Yet what divine though sad thoughts well up from the heart of the poet Burns as he gazes on its modest beauty and comeliness. The April morning is balmy and bright; the sky is blue; the clouds, against which the larks are soaring and singing, are like snow-drifts; while green and soft grows the grass in the field he is ploughing. But it is not upwards or skywards he is looking, but down at that turf already half turned over by the plough, where, with its snowy bosom sun-

ward spread, still hangs the tiny flower. See, he has taken the bonnet off his head as if the ground he stood on were holy ground, and the tears roll down his cheeks as he addresses it—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To save thee now is past my power—
Thou bonnie gem!"

If this heavenly ode, which doubtless many of my readers know by heart, does not teach the beauty of humility—aye, and the strength and power of humility too—I know not what can.

But to hie us back to Wordsworth. The poet tells us that the mountain daisy teaches one—

. . . . . "how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season."

Well, we know for a fact that the daisy turns its back to the stormy winds in March and April, and from over-much rain as well. I think girls would do well to take a lesson from the wee flower even in this respect. Cold winds and rain spoil the beauty of the daisy, put its petals all awry, and break its heart. Cold wind and rain have not only spoiled the beauty of many a fair girl, but broken her health irretrievably as well.

Yet I know scores of girls who will refuse to wrap up well before going out of an evening, because they think it looks "dowdy." Yes, that is the very reason. They will wear thin things, even at the risk of catching cold, because they want to look natty and nice. How utterly nonsensical! For to expose yourself to cold and high winds, and rain, is to spoil your complexion and your beauty. Not look nice? Why, if you are good-looking, anything you wear around your pretty head will become you, if it should even be the dish-cloth. And if you are not very good-looking, why the more plainly and cosily you dress, the better.

The feet should be extra well seen to in winter. Do you want to keep them hardy, and free from chilblains and corns, and all these sort of disagreeablenesses, that tend to spoil your temper on evenings that would otherwise be happy? Well, here is the plan: Wash them every night in cold water before going to bed, and dry them most thoroughly, rubbing well between the toes. The towel should be pretty rough. It is permitting hardened skin to accumulate between the toes that gives rise to soft corns, but the towel does away with the danger. In winter and spring wear soft woollen stockings, changing them twice a week at least.

Cold is very easily caught through the feet, but the cold-water treatment inures them to it. Beware of getting the uppers of your boots or shoes soaked. Mind this; it is not only cold on the chest to which damp feet subject you, but neuralgia, and liver complaint, and if your liver is disturbed, you know well how your eyes and complexion will be.

Bronchitis is a serious and sometimes even a terrible complaint, and no delicate girl should expose herself to the risk of taking it, by going out of doors in cold spring weather, unprotected against its inclemency. If you once have this illness you will never forget it, and never refuse good advice again. The worst of it is, that it is very difficult for the chest to thoroughly recover from an attack of bronchitis. There is nearly always some degree of thickening of the mucous membrane left behind, and this it is that predisposes to further mischief, the very least of which may be a chronic winter cough.

* * * *

The mountain daisy is an early riser, and its daily bath is the morning dew, after which it is quite ready to turn its sweet face skyward, when the sun begins to blink over the trees.

Oh, there is many and many a lesson we might learn from the wild flowers; but now I must bring my paper to a close, trusting it may do some little good, and as I began with a quotation from Wordsworth, so let me end. He is still speaking of his favourite flower when he writes as follows—

"Thou wanderest the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride, or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical,
In peace fulfilling."



A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ISLAND.

"What hath life been? What will it be?
How have I lived without thee? How
Is life both lost and found in thee?
Feel'st thou For ever in this Now?"
Owen Meredith.

PEOPLE were coming down to the river when the boat touched the bank again; there was a large group gathered at the landing-place. Two men started forward to help Miss Kilner to step on shore.

Elsie's good angel must surely have taken wing at that moment. With a bright smile, and a sudden flashing look from her dark eyes, she gave her hand to Francis Ryan, and then, chancing to make a false step, she nearly fell into his arms.

He was charmed, puzzled, delighted. Brown eyes sometimes say more than they mean, and Elsie never knew how much seemed to be conveyed in that flashing look. Had she awakened all at once to the knowledge that Francis (with a very little encouragement) was willing to lay himself and all his worldly goods at her feet?

Arnold Wayne was puzzled, too, and a sharp pain smote him to the heart.

Was this the woman who had spoken to him in the little London room, with a voice like that of an angel? Then they had seemed to stand on the threshold of a beautiful life to be. There had been the unuttered consciousness of a comfort that each could give—a feeling of need and longing that each could fill.

And that golden hour had gone by. She was only a flirt, after all; more clever and more refined than the other flirts he had known, but just as unreal and unscrupulous as the rest.

She did not know what she had done. It seems to be a long way down from the mountain top to the common earth at its base; but a woman can accomplish the descent in a moment.

She was very beautiful certainly; he had not discovered until this instant what a power of witchery lurked in those dark eyes. He had gazed into their brown depths as a man who looks deep into a crystal pool, thinking that he sees all that is there.

She had not looked at him when she rejected his aid, and sprang out with the help of Francis. She did not look at him when she turned, and took Jamie by the hand.

"Are you not tired of the boy yet?" asked Mrs. Verdon's silvery voice. "You are very kind, dear Miss Kilner; but pray send him to nurse if he wearies you"

"He does not weary me in the least," Elsie answered, looking smilingly into Katherine's face. She could smile unflinchingly, although she saw that Arnold was staying by the "fair ladye's" side.

"Let them go their way together," she thought. "After all, what right have I to care?"

As to Francis Ryan he forgot that Lily Danforth was looking after him with glances full of the deepest reproach. He had never been thoroughly in love with Lily; he had only felt for her that spurious kind of love which grows out of proximity. But she, poor girl, had set all her hopes upon him, and was very miserable when she saw what Elsie had done. She began to think that she had made an enemy of Miss Kilner.

"It was Mary's fault," she thought, bitterly. "Mary decided that we should give her the cold shoulder. 'We don't know who she is,' she said. Absurd! It would have been better to have been civil."

Elsie, too, had forgotten Lily. The hint which Arnold had given her about the old attachment between his cousin and Ryan had slipped out of her mind. She was intent on wearing a brave face before the world, and hiding all the outward and visible signs of heartache.

Yet there was no need to hide a pain which no one suspected her of enduring. No one, save Mrs. Lennard, had discovered that Elsie had a secret, and the old lady could keep her own counsel.

"I have scarcely had a word from you all day," said Francis, not caring to conceal his delight as he walked up the meadow by her side.

"I did not know that my words were of any value," Elsie answered.

The flush was still warm on her cheek, and the dangerous light still shone in her eyes. Under the shade of her black lace hat the face glowed like a rich flower.

"Is that quite true, Miss Kilner?" asked Francis, looking down at her with undisguised admiration. "I think you must know that any word of yours—even the lightest—is of value to me."

"I'm afraid I say a great many foolish words," she replied lightly. "And they are best forgotten. What a glorious day we are having! This is Jamie's first picnic, and he will look back on it in years to come as a joy for ever. Rushbrook is certainly a charming place."

"Could you be content to live in Rushbrook?" Ryan suddenly asked.

"Always? I don't know."

"Try, and see if you get tired of it, Miss Kilner."

"I am not tired of it yet," she said, hurriedly, half afraid that he would go too far. "It is a place to remember and dream of on a November day in London."

"Do you realise that we are not very far from November?" Francis said. "We are only divided from that dreaded month by September and October. And they will go by like a dream; they always do. 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.'"

"I've been gathering them ever since I came here, Mr. Ryan. Don't talk of November now; I hate it."

"I should not hate it," he murmured. "if we could spend it together."

"Here is Mrs. Lennard looking for me," exclaimed Elsie hastily. "I have lost sight of her too long."

She went quickly towards her old friend, who received her with questioning eyes.

"You are getting too warm, my dear," Mrs. Lennard said. "Come and sit down in a cool spot. Mrs. Appleby has been wanting to chat with you; she knew your mother years ago."

Elsie found Mrs. Appleby on a camp-stool under the beeches, and sank down on the grass by her side. Mrs. Lennard took possession of Jamie, and kept him quiet by telling him an enchanting story.

The talk about old days soothed Elsie, and brought her, unawares, into a better state of mind. Mrs. Appleby knew nothing of the storm that she was helping to still. She chatted on, pleasantly and calmly, about those who had done with all storms for ever and ever. And by-and-by the young woman beside her began to remember that the struggle is short, and the rest long.

They were drinking tea under the trees when the wanderers came dropping in, by twos and threes, from all points of the compass. Among the latest were Arnold and Mrs. Verdon—a goodly pair.

People smiled furtively, and exchanged meaning glances when these two arrived. Arnold's eyes sought for the person who still interested him above all others, in spite of the shock she had given him. His heart was comforted when he saw her sitting quietly under a gigantic beech by an old lady's side.

"Dear Elsie," Jamie whispered, "I've had enough tea. It'll soon be my bed-time. Take me down to the boat, and let me have just one row more, and then give me to nurse."

At the same moment Mrs. Lennard was addressing Francis in her most persuasive voice.

"Dear Mr. Ryan, you are doing nothing, and we are all so comfortably idle here in the shade. It will be most kind if you will hold my skein of yarn."

The young man held out his hands with ready obedience. Elsie was only two or three yards away, and he was content.

A few moments later Miss Kilner rose, and took Jamie by the hand. And at the same instant Mrs. Verdon gave a sudden exclamation.

"I have left my little white shawl in the boat!" she cried. "It's a dear little shawl. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"I will get it for you," Elsie said readily. "Jamie and I are going down to the boat before he says 'Good-night.'"

"Oh, thanks," Mrs. Verdon responded gratefully. And then she glanced at Arnold as if she expected him to sit down beside her on the grass.

But he remained standing bolt upright for a second. Then he took a stride in Elsie's direction. "I think I'll look after the shawl myself," he was heard to say. "Giles's old brain is apt to get confused after any kind of excitement."

Francis Ryan made an uneasy movement, but he was tied and bound with the skein of yarn; and Mrs. Lennard, winding steadily, was smiling into his eyes.

The hand which held Jamie unconsciously tightened its grasp, and the boy looked up in surprise.

"Why do you squeeze me so hard, Elsie?" he asked. "I ain't going to run away."

She did not reply; her heart was throbbing fast, and Arnold found that even the most commonplace remark stuck in his throat somehow. They walked for some yards together in silence.

"I hope you have had a pleasant day," he said at last.

"Very pleasant," she answered, "and Jamie has been the best of good boys."

"Yes, I've been very good indeed," remarked that gentleman in a tone of self-congratulation. "And I didn't eat too much, did I?"

"Well, there was the cherry tart; I had to take away your second plateful."

Arnold laughed, and the laugh seemed to set them at ease again.

They walked on quickly over the starry yellow flowers in the grass. The bright day would have a golden ending; already there were amber lights shining calmly on the river.

Giles, half asleep at the landing-stage, looked up as they approached, and drew the back of his hand across his tired old eyes. Arnold seemed to be moved by a sudden impulse.

"There's a white shawl left in the boat," he said. "Take it back to Mrs. Verdon, Giles, at once. You'll find her somewhere under the beeches. Now, Jamie, I'll pull across to the island myself. Step in, Miss Kilner."

It did not occur to Elsie to disobey him. A minute after, when they were floating out upon the water, she thought that she had been too submissive. But he was pulling away with long, steady strokes, right away into the middle of the golden light.

There was very little said just then. They glided on in a delicious stillness. And presently the boat ran close to some old worn steps that were half hidden by tall, coarse grass, and was made fast. Arnold had determined to land on the island.

"Come," he said, almost imperiously.

"I didn't think of this," Elsie answered, her colour coming and going, "and we shall be missed. It is time for Jamie to go home."

"No, it isn't," said Jamie gaily, as Arnold lifted him out upon the decayed little pier.

A path led from the pier through a thicket of wild foliage, and then they came to a clear space and a little thatched hut shaped like a beehive. There was nothing in it save an old pair of oars and a broken basket, but the place had been kept in pretty good repair.

Right in front of the hut the underwood had been cleared away, and the ground sloped down gently to the water. The slow, full, golden river was flowing on, and they stood silently watching the tide.

(To be continued.)

MARY CARMICHAEL.

By J. A. Owen, Author of "Candelaria," West Dene Manor," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"BLUE PETER" IS RUN UP.



"HERE is a letter for you, Auntie Mary," cried Johnnie Scott, running in from the "buggy" in which he had ridden up from the town of Honolulu, where his father's offices were, to their beautiful home up Kinuanu Valley.

Mary Carmichael was, in point of fact, no relation to the boy; she was a lonely young English lady whom Mrs. Scott, when returning from a visit to England, had brought back with her as a companion, for as her children all went to school they needed no governess.

"It's a real fat one," continued Johnnie, "with lots of stamps on it. Give me the stamps, auntie, please, for my new stamp-album. They are not half so pretty though as our Hawaiian ones, with the little pictures of Diamond Head and Honolulu Harbour and old Kamehameha in his feather-cloak—and then all those other queens and princes and princesses. I guess they ain't got so many of them in England, for there's always just the same queen's head on all of yours."

On Johnny rattled, little heeded by Mary, who was filled with wonderment as to whom the truly bulky epistle might be from, until she tore it open and read the signature, "Alethea Harrison."

This was an aunt of her dead mother's. Mary had no nearer relation; her mother had died many years before my story begins, and her father about twelve months ago. It was an affectionate letter; Mary's heart seemed to warm towards the writer as she read it.

"Go now, Johnnie," she said, "you shall have all the stamps by-and-by; tell mother I have had a long letter from England, and that I should like to be alone for a little while." The letter contained a pressing invitation to Mary to come home to England and to make her home with her at Southsea.

"I am a lonely old woman," the writer said, "and my home is a very dull one, but you shall be to me as my own daughter in all respects." She went on to say that through some mistake in the address she had only had the intimation of Mr. Carmichael's death a few days previous to writing. "Your grandfather and I disagreed about some family matters when your mother was a child," she went on to say; "consequently I knew little of your father, and as I always believed him to be a rich man I never dreamed that I could be of any service or any comfort to you when I heard that he and his motherless girl had settled in London. Now, if you do not fear the long journey alone—and I hear that you have had so much experience in travelling that I should scarcely think you need do so—I should be glad if you will make up your mind to come to me at once. I am very old and infirm and will frankly say that I need a companion and should be truly glad to have one of my own blood near me at the last. I have four sons, but they are now in as many different countries abroad, and I never had a daughter."

Mrs. Harrison also wrote that in case Mary would come to her at once, she would receive in San Francisco an ample sum of money for her journey from a banking firm there. "It is for my benefit you are coming," were her great-aunt's words, "and although I am thankful to hear that you are not left without means, it is only right that I should defray the expenses of your long journey."

Mary knew very little of her aunt, but this letter showed that she was at any rate just and even generously inclined. Here too was some one who was lonely and who needed her; besides which, now duty seemed to point that way, she felt that England was her home more than any other land could ever be. There had been at first the feeling that the place where all that was left of her dear father lay was more precious to her than any other spot on earth; but Mary had any amount of physical force and energy in her healthy nature, and she felt that her father would have been the last to wish her to repress and cripple herself in any way. In these islands, where it seemed "always afternoon" to her, she could never live out her life fully, she felt.

She sat after reading her long letter lost in thought for a time. Folding it up, presently intending to show it to Mr. and Mrs. Scott when they came in, she noticed a postscript on another side of the paper. Truly for Mary the gist of the letter lay in that postscript, although it contained only a few words which ran as follows:

"I was lately staying for a few weeks in a lodging in town in North Audley Street. Whilst there I made the acquaintance of a friend of yours, a Mrs. Johnstone. She promised she would visit me soon in my house at Southsea."

Mary was only human, and her woman's heart craved for love as the flower seeks the sun. Her thoughts flashed quickly to the idea of Gerald Holt, a friend of Mrs. Johnstone's who had once seemed as more than a friend to herself. If she went to her aunt she would be where she might hear of him, and probably see him again. She decided at once to go as soon as she could make all the necessary arrangements, give up her school, and make farewell visits to those families, who, during their stay in Honolulu, had been always kind to her and her father.

Parting with the Scotts was a sorrow to her, a very great one, for they had been truly as brother and sister to her. But she had reason to hope they would ultimately settle in England, or at any rate go over there in a few years' time to make a long stay.

Two months later she was on her way across the continent of America, travelling for seven days and nights over the Great Pacific Railroad. I shall be accused of relating what is unlikely, perhaps, when I tell what actually did take place the first hour she was alone in that long carriage in which some friends placed her.* In the next seat to her sat two gentlemen, unmistakably English in dress and manner. One, a pleasant-looking elderly figure clad in grey—who had listened to her voice as she bade her friends "Good-bye"—said to her soon after they started—

"Pardon me, but your voice is so exactly like that of a young English lady whom I knew well years ago, who went abroad; and your face and figure are so like hers that I cannot resist the wish to speak to you. I see you are travelling alone; if I can be of any service to you I shall be glad. This is my name"—handing Mary a card. "My friend and I are on our way from Australia to England."

* A fact.

Mary was surprised and delighted to find that her travelling companion was actually one of a firm of solicitors whose names were well-known to her, for they had been old family and business friends of her grandfather's, and her father had often mentioned them to her.

Mr. Matheson was equally delighted to find who Mary was. "You are very like your mother," he remarked often; "and she was much loved and admired by all who had the pleasure of knowing her."

It was an inestimable comfort and advantage on the long railway journey to the lonely traveller to have this kind old gentleman at hand. In New York she stayed with a friend of Mr. Scott's; but she crossed the Atlantic with Mr. Matheson and his companion; and they only left her when she was met by a relative of Mrs. Harrison's at Euston.

CHAPTER II.

BECALMED.

How rarely in this life do events which we have anticipated turn out as we have expected them to do.

Mrs. Harrison's letter in which she spoke of her stay in London, and her meeting with Mrs. Johnstone, had furnished enough materials for Mary to build innumerable castles in the air of pleasant visits there, of happy afternoons at her old friend's house, when she could talk to a dear, sympathetic companion about her father, their experiences together, and of his last days with her. She pictured to herself Gerald coming in, as he used in the twilight, from his studio, which was only a short distance away, and how happy she should be in listening to his talk of the pictures and books of the day, especially of his own work. And perhaps after all her old dream of books they were to bring out together might still be realised, for she could not be very busy in her aunt's well-ordered home, she imagined.

Instead of this she found Mrs. Harrison suffering from bronchitis; older than she imagined, not likely to go to town for at least nine months, and, saddest of all, Mrs. Johnstone, who had recently paid a visit to Dover, had gone to the South of France for the winter, and it was now only early in October.

"I fear you will find your life a very dull one, after all your travels, Mary," said her aunt, the first evening of her arrival, noting a look of sadness and abstraction that had settled on her niece's face. "I would not have sent for you to come to me had I anticipated being confined to my room all the winter, as my doctor tells me I must be."

Mary felt that her aunt meant what she said, and the unselfishness it showed touched her. "Life need never be dull, dear aunt," she answered brightly. "If I am quiet and absent sometimes, forgive me. Perhaps everything will seem a little strange to me at first. I have been so much out of England, you know."

"I expect her father spoilt her a good deal, too, being his only child," Mrs. Harrison thought to herself; "but she has a sweet, intelligent face, and I think we shall get along together."

The first night in her new home poor Mary slept very little. The household was always naturally a quiet one, and after all the excitement of the long journey from the Sandwich Islands, with all its attendant excitements and constant change of surroundings, this place seemed appallingly silent. She was disappointed, too, in what she had so fondly looked

forward to. She tried, as the monotonous days went by—days of the sort which are so long to live through yet so short to look back upon, marked with few events—to rouse herself and to be cheerful in her aunt's room, but it was a very difficult matter; she began to lose her appetite, and the brightness left her eyes and her brown hair.

"This will never do, my child," said Mrs. Harrison, who was growing fond of her, and felt sad to see her not looking well. "You must walk out more, and I must try and find a little distraction and amusement for you."

"I really do not want any, aunt," and Mary exerted herself more to appear happy. She walked out frequently, but always accompanied by a maid, as the old lady deemed was fitting—an intolerable worry to Mary, who had always been able to take care of herself, and who felt the uncongenial companion to be a clog on her thoughts, which wandered out seawards to the islands where her last home had been, and the countries she and her father had travelled in together.

Since her childhood she had always been used to the stimulus which daily contact with a masculine mind gives. Invalid though her father was, yet his mind had always been clear and vigorous, and wherever they journeyed or sojourned other men had sought his society, and Mary had enjoyed listening to their conversation as she plied her needle, seated at his side, ready to jump up at any moment to supply all his needs. Truly, she seemed now to be in the doldrums, without so much as a catspaw of wind to stir the idle sails.

With the sense of humour with which she was happily gifted, she likened herself to the little old woman in the old children's story, who wakened up on the wayside to find her petticoats had been "cut all round about," and who thought "surely this cannot be I." The life that lay behind her seemed as though it could not be fitted on to the present by any means. She must rouse herself, or she would get ill, she felt. So she asked her aunt if she could not visit the Sailor's Home, which she had often passed in her walks? She might find an interest in reading to them and in helping some poor stranger there from foreign parts.

"It would be extremely unsuitable for you, my dear," was the reply. "I should not like you to be sitting amongst those rough, outlandish-looking men I have seen go in and out there."

"But you know, dear aunt, I have been so much amongst men of that sort—I have had to be often—and I have never experienced anything but consideration and gentleness from them. Why, dear father's kind nurse in his last illness had been mate of a whaling vessel, and the only servant we had at all was a Japanese cook!"

"You have had an exceptional, strange life certainly, Mary; but in England young ladies cannot be so unconventional without suffering for it."

Mary did not admit the truth of what the old lady, with her old-world notions of propriety, asserted; but she did not think it right to urge the point. And she felt thankful she had not grieved her by insisting on following her own ideas of what was fitting and right when the doctor who came every day told her one evening that her aunt might possibly not live out the following spring.

(To be concluded.)



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

For the Voice.

Love and Summer (Enoch and Sons), a song for mezzo-soprano or contralto voices by F. H. Cowen, is simple and effective.

Two new songs by Chaminade (Enoch), with French and English words, the latter by Eugene Oudin, will give great pleasure to the singer. The titles are *Captive Love* and *Berceuse*. *Angelus*, a duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone by the same lady-composer, will be very welcome. There is such a dearth of good duets for these voices.

Solfeggi, by the late Samuel Webbe (Forsyth Brothers), have been added to, arranged, and transposed by W. Henry Thomas for the students of the Guildhall School. They will prove useful in many ways to school classes.

The Silent Land (Forsyth), a sympathetic setting by Nicolai P. Thamsen of Longfellow's well-known poem. The copy before us is greatly marred by misprints.

Drawing-room Operas (Wickins), *The Bohemian Girl* by Balfe. This is an ingenious way of introducing opera music, by means of the most popular excerpts and a narrator, to the notice of hundreds who either cannot afford or do not think it desirable to visit the theatre. In many cases the narrator will prove infinitely more interesting and sensible than the original libretto.

For the Piano.

Mazurka in B minor (Forsyth), by H. Whitehead, and *Berceuse* and *Scherzo* by Dr. Horton Allison, are two teaching pieces above the average in grace and novelty.

Favourite Pieces (Hammond), by Henselt, form volume 35 of the Academic Edition. Our old friends, the Frühlingslied and Wiegenlied, will be found amongst them.

We have received some numbers of *Progressive Studies* (Novello), collected and edited by Franklin Taylor. Each number deals with a separate part of pianoforte technique, and is illustrated by the studies, rare and well-known, of the world's greatest teachers.

Five Miniatures, by S. B. Schlesinger (Novello), will appeal to those who prefer music to display, and warm expression to cold execution.

For Stringed Instruments.

Practical Violin School (Forsyth), a good, practical work from first lessons onwards, by Edgar Haddock. Instructions are clear and to the point.

Romance for Violin and Pianoforte (Hammond), is a charming, musicianly work by Albert W. Ketelbey.

Albums for Pianoforte and Stringed Instruments (Novello). No. 1. Pieces by Dolmetsch, the editor of the series; No. 2. Pieces by Purcell, commence what promises to be an interesting collection.

Ten Sketches (Novello) *for Violin and Pianoforte*, by J. B. Poznanski, are attractive and by no means difficult little pieces. The same remark applies to six pieces by J. L. Roeckel for violin and piano.

For the Organ.

Organ Studies (Hammond), No. 38 of the Academic Edition. These excellent books containing studies by old English and foreign masters at the instrument are collected and edited by Dr. Pearce, who also contributes a few good specimens of his own work. The studies are divided into three books—Preparatory, Intermediate, and Advanced, and will be found suitable preparation for examination upon the king of instruments.

Benedictus, by Dr. Mackenzie (Novello), arranged by J. B. Lott and C. C. Palmer. This beautiful violin piece will doubtless be effective as a voluntary, but is naturally best, as originally written, for violin.

Organ Arrangements (Novello), by Dr. G. C. Martin. The organist of our cathedral has arranged many fine movements from the great composers' works in a masterly way, and without presenting unsurmountable difficulties to the amateur organist.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAISY.—If, as is usual, your father has given you your *trousseau*, your linen should be marked in your own name; but latterly it has been customary to leave the marking undone until after the marriage has taken place, in which case, of course, your newly-adopted name must supersede your own.

A WORRIED ONE.—There are many homes for the treatment of intemperate people of all classes in London and the Provinces. There is one at Manchester, *i.e.*, The Grove, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, which is licensed under the "Habitual Drunkard's Act." Application to be made to the Matron. We know nothing of the terms. At Liverpool there is the Vergmont Sanatorium, 2, Mill Bank, West Derby, Liverpool. All conditions of women are received there, and the third-class accommodation supplied at 7s. a week. Applications to be made to Miss Hocking, Lady-Superintendent. We do not think that board, lodging, attendance and treatment—physical and moral—is given "free" anywhere.

PUZZLED had better read our articles on "New Employments for Girls," vol. xiii. We have nothing further to suggest.

NOLI ME TANGERE.—The sobriquet "John Bull," as applied to Englishmen, had its origin in a satire of which Dr. Arbuthnot was the author. In it he calls the Dutchman "Nicholas Frog," in allusion to all the water which divides up his country, and the swarms of those amphibious reptiles, which have been called the "Dutch Nightingales." The Frenchman he nicknames "Lewis Baboon,"—from impressions of his own, and "John Bull" was the name selected for his own countrymen, as being brave, uncompromising, and bluff in manner, with nothing feeble or effeminate about them. Frenchmen have also been nicknamed "Frogs," on account of that creature having originally supplied the device on the national escutcheon, subsequently replaced by *Fleurs de Lys*.

TOWN COUNCILLOR'S DAUGHTER.—It seems to us that you had better advertise for a situation as "Wardrobe Superintendent" in a boys' school. Your age —25—does not stand in your way, we should suppose, if quiet in manner and dress. But this remains to be seen. The amount of salary you would be likely to receive we cannot tell; advertisements of such a nature are but few.

M. C. A., L. W.—You seem to think that we keep a registry office. You are not sufficiently educated to take a place as nursery governess. You cannot write; and do not express yourself properly.

AURORA.—You do not say what your age is. It is not necessary that you should rise from your chair when boys or men speak to you, and you should not say, "How are you" when any one says "How do you do." But you might ask after some member of their family, especially if ailing, and say, "I hope Mrs. (So-and-So) is better?" or some such polite remark, according to circumstances.

A. C. E. H.—Certainly, the Competition dolls may be dressed in the fashions of the present day as children.

SAPERE ANDE.—All the ladies at the table should be served before the gentlemen, beginning with the lady who occupies the place at the master's right hand.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—You should not have looked at the man, and it was a disadvantage to you to be seen in company with a girl who could so far forget herself as to wave her handkerchief to him. As to your question whether this man "meant anything," of course he meant gross impertinence.

STELLA.—The man is only playing with you, and showing you much indignity. Have nothing more to do with him. Five years is a long time to trifle with you!

MARIONI.—We do not understand how such a feat could be accomplished as to "shift your moustache." Besides, to "shift it" on to any other place would be more unnatural than to leave it where it is—if "shifted" on to your nose, for instance.

SKIPPER'S DAUGHTER.—1. There is no mountain promontory at Cape Horn which gives the locality its name. The Dutchman who first rounded it, one Schouten, a mariner, happened to have been born at Hoorn, in North Holland, and he called the Cape after his native town.—2. In reply to your second query—"Who were the 'Lake Poets'?"—they were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who lived in Cumberland, in the neighbourhood of the Lakes. The sobriquet "Lakers" was given to the writers Lamb, Lloyd, and Wilson.

"BIRTHDAY."—1. It seems very strange for loving daughters to inquire, "What month would it be etiquette for us to go to a dance, our dear mother having died very early in February?" Seven months only had elapsed (when writing in September) since that "dear mother" was laid in her grave; and you are eager to go to a dance the first month that mere "etiquette" would permit. What has "etiquette" to do with the love and respect you should feel for your mother, and the sense of an irreparable loss? You ought to wear the deepest mourning for a year; and how soon, after that, you would like to go to that kind of entertainment, it is for you to decide. How would your father like it? Would he consider it both loving and respectful?—2. The second Saturday in September, 1878, was the 14th day of the month.

FANNY CHANDLER.—1. We can only give you the same advice as we offer to multitudes in trouble about their hair, to read the articles by "Medicus" on its treatment.—2. The 16th of June, 1876, was a Friday.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—See "Mozart as a Musical Prodigy," vol. vii., 494, also vol. xiii., 91.

THE OBOE.—1. August 27th, 1878, was a Tuesday. April 23rd, 1878, was a Tuesday.—2. Your handwriting is poor and unfinished. Letters misshapen or omitted.

ZINFANDEL.—There is a work entitled, *The London Charities*, which might assist you. Also you might select from a number of Homes one which would take in the "deformed imbecile woman" you name, given in the *Englishwoman's Year Book*, 1s. But most of them admit by election, which seems to offer, too often, a hopeless waiting.

VIKE.—We cannot prescribe any remedy. There is no harm in using a few drops of Eau de Cologne in water.

E. J. T.—Read our articles on Sun-dials, which served as our earliest indications of time before our modern clocks and watches were invented. See "G. O. P." vol. xiii, pages 573 and 680; these will give you the whole history.

MISS M. OXLEY.—We cannot undertake to publish "original poetry." We have such a quantity sent to us that we have not space for criticisms of all that is so-called. We are sorry to decline.

ADA.—We recommend you to obtain a popular illustrated work on architecture. The style known as the "Perpendicular" English, of which we have so many fine examples, belongs to the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century, and what is called "Debased English" succeeded it at the latter end of that century and early part of the next. The styles may be regarded as seven in number. The "Anglo-Saxon" prevailed from the close of the sixth century to the middle of the eleventh century; next followed the "Anglo-Norman," and prevailed to the latter part of the twelfth century. The "Transition," or "Semi-Norman," superseded it for the half century succeeding; but the "Early English" came in with the thirteenth century, and the fourteenth century saw the advent of the "Decorated English." Then followed the "Perpendicular" (or "Florid"), already named.

LITTLE DORRIT.—There is a working, as well as reading, and practising society, inaugurated on behalf of the Mission to the Deep-sea Fishermen, which you might prefer to join. Address the Secretary, Kentmere, Woodstock Road, Redland Green, Bristol.

HICKLE might have a riding-belt instead of the ordinary stays. Or, to supply the missing warmth, she might wear a slight elastic bodice and no belt; but have the bodice of her dress well supplied with whalebone, or steels, to prevent any wrinkling up.

MONICA.—Of course it is very unwholesome to breathe the bad breath of any one else; and if that person be consumptive, it is dangerous. A representation should be made to your friend's employer by all the assistants unitedly, and they should say that they made it with much regret, but that they must give up their engagements if obliged to work in the same room any longer.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.—1. Veils with spots are injurious to the eyes.—2. You should go to bed at about ten o'clock; but your mother's wishes and convenience, and the habits of the house, must over-rule any wishes or convenience of your own.

NO NAME GIVEN.—The children of first cousins are second cousins to each other respectively.

TROUBLED.—1. If ever, henceforth, you have any doubts as to the genuineness of any money you receive, show it to your employer before placing it in the till.—2. Humble yourself before God for any misdoings, real or imaginary; ask His pardon for the merits' sake of your Saviour, and His grace, and aid to do better, and then go to the Lord's Table in peace.

MARY E. CUBBERLEY.—We thank you on behalf of our correspondent, "A District Visitor," for your valuable information. If her missing son be supposed to be in North America, the Illinois Humane Society might assist her. Address T. G. Shortall, Esq., President of the Illinois Humane Society, 1600, Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. Supposing the missing son were in any other part of America, Mr. Shortall might give other addresses of Humane Societies.

A. J. L.—"*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*," is a French proverb; translated into English is, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

GERANIUM.—The sooner you overcome your fancies about food the better. Until you can take what other people are glad to get, you had better not go out to luncheon or dinner. It is very ill-bred to decline what is set before you. Fish is seldom served as the only dish, and thus you might decline taking it. But poultry and rabbits form the one dish besides vegetables; so begin at once to conquer so objectionable a dislike. If you can only take a small help of anything, say so to the person who carves.

BELLA.—See the article by "Medicus" in our last monthly number on "Nervous girls." Try to think of other people, and no longer of yourself; and do not spell "nervousness" "nerversness"; nor "whether" "weather," for what you wish to say has nothing to do with the state of the atmosphere, sunshine, rain, or fog. And leave out the unnecessary "d" in the word "oblige."

BOBBINS.—We cannot recommend a shop where you can sell common already used penny stamps; but they would be accepted, gratis, at Swiss House, 13, Melbourne Square, for the Asile des Billods, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



CHAPTER XIX.

WHOM SALLY ENCOUNTERED AMONG THE CHESTNUT TREES.

MADAME was fully occupied in superintending the storage of her chestnuts—the chestnut trees had been beaten in the beginning of the week—her quinces, medlars, and capers for the winter. Hyacinthe was gone to Toulouse to attend a meeting of the country gentlemen of the district, who legislated as far as the government suffered them on such provincial questions as road-making and mending, local taxes, etc.

Sally and I were left to our own pursuits. I was writing to father one of these letters of whose delivery we were not at all certain, even after we had made the most strenuous efforts to secure their admission into the prison of Saint Orme, which was at a distance of forty leagues.

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Sally had proposed to stroll with her drawing-book into the meadow and sit down on the bench under the nearest chestnut trees, in order to finish a sketch of the sheep and goats with their herds in which she had been engaged lately. She could not draw as Jane had drawn, but in those days of embryo and amateur art, girls in our class could mostly draw a little, as well as play on the spinet or piano and sing a little.

Sally did not take so kindly to Château Beaufoi as I did. She acknowledged the Beaufois' kindness; but she said French ways were not English ways, and she felt stifled and cramped in a French atmosphere. She could not help noticing and resenting the smothered enmity with which the country people looked upon us, though, indeed, French ladies and gentlemen would have fared no better in the rustic England of that day. The long wars which had impoverished the two countries in their men and their commerce were in everybody's mouth, and rude and ignorant people were not particular as to whom they blamed for the calamity. They indemnified themselves by visiting it indiscriminately on the innocent and the guilty. It irked Sally, too, not to be able to go where she liked, and to be confined to the château grounds for her exercise and recreation, as if we were the Beaufois' prisoners! Yet when it came to that, the gardens and meadow were a great deal larger than His Majesty's frigate the *Sea Serpent*, in which she had been brought up, only a frigate is not stationary as a house is. But Sally need not have bemoaned herself so much. The Englishwomen who were our contemporaries did not do so much walking, or go far afield in their exercise. The country roads were bad, and were not so safe as they are to-day. It was thought hoydenish and unfeminine in girls to stray far beyond the home boundaries, to tire themselves and spoil their clothes and complexions by tramping through fields, crossing brooks by stepping-stones, climbing over stiles and getting into panics at young horses, horned cattle and dogs without masters.

I had ended my letter, in which I had chronicled carefully, for the benefit of the poor prisoners, every detail of our life at Château Beaufoi which could divert their minds for the briefest space of time from their own troubles. I had also looked persistently at the brightest side of the picture, dwelling on the comforts we enjoyed at the Beaufois', and at the certainty of a speedy exchange of prisoners, which would deliver those in whom we had the deepest interest from the hardships of incarceration, and from what I knew they would rebel against still more, the dreary stagnation of enforced idleness.

I had written myself into good spirits. I remember I was humming a little tune which had been a favourite of Jane's as I folded and sealed my letter, and proceeded to fulfil a self-appointed task. It was to clean and arrange the large cage in which madame had a small aviary. I took great pride and pleasure in this duty. I used to tell the occupants of the cage, in spirit, if not in so many words, "You are prisoners, in your turn, poor birdies, and you set us an example to follow. You sing to us as if you liked us, and did not bear us a single grudge for shutting you up. Well, you shall not suffer any of the privations of imprisonment if I can help it," and I would take care they had an abundance of clean seed, clear water and greenery, while I coaxed madame out of pebbles of sugar and balls of suet for the birds' delectation. I swept and garnished the cage, and hung it over with green boughs to shelter it from sun and wind before I carried it into the verandah.

Sally would laugh at me for being so much of a child still in my ways; madame would shake her head in good-humoured remonstrance and say I was spoiling her feathered family, and accustoming them to indulgences which would certainly fail when I was no longer there to bestow them. But Hyacinthe would extend his morning walk to the fields and woods by a good half-mile, just to be able to fetch me millet for the birds that liked millet, and thistle-seed for the birds that liked thistle-seed.

This morning when I had completed my operations and looked at my watch, I was startled to see how late it was. The hour for *goûter*, at which madame and Hyacinthe could not always appear, was long past, and the noon dinner was close at hand. What on earth could be keeping Sally? Why had not her healthy young appetite, stimulated by the open air, sent her back to the house long before now? She was not in general so absorbed in her drawing, which, to tell the truth, was but a stiff and school-girlish performance. I had some fear that she might have had an unpleasant encounter with a native of Beaufoi. She would not speak the villagers fair as I sought to do, and her tongue was an unruly member; it would not pick up the French accent and idioms which I was acquiring with little trouble. The very sound of her voice and the expressions she used were a blazoning forth of her nationality.

I must hurry out in search of Sally, and quite as I had expected, when I was descending the steps of the first terrace—the terrace which was all "mantled" with the ivory-veined French honeysuckle, and where the blue and scarlet salvias grew to such a size, I caught a glimpse of the delinquent still seated on the bench which she had mentioned as her destination. The bench was half hidden by the branches of the chestnut-trees, the long, pointed, olive-green leaves of which were growing tawny, and beginning to shrivel under the autumn sun. I could distinguish Sally's figure, nevertheless, and she was not alone, at least another figure which had been seated beside her on the bench, got up and hurried away at the first stir of my approach, without waiting to see who was coming. But of what could Sally have been thinking, she who was chary of her favours to the villagers and inclined to be haughty and petulant in return for their sulkiness? Of what could she have been thinking to encourage, by staying still where she was, such a scarecrow and ragamuffin as was then making a hasty retreat from the spot, without one glance backwards? How could she keep a seat close by his? The villagers in their French thriftiness wore clothes patched and mended in every direction, but not one of them, however poor, was in rags and tatters like the miserable under-sized man with the rolling gait, limping painfully away, as if he was foot-sore and weary.

The man might have robbed and murdered Sally, well-nigh within sight of the manor-house, after she was rash enough to let him sit down by her. Had he indeed gagged and plundered her? She sat so white and motionless, with all her drawing materials fallen to the ground and scattered about her feet.

I hurried forward and was in time for her to catch me by the arm, and cry in an unsteady whisper, "Oh, Car!" half under her breath, as if she were in terror of being heard, before she burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

This from Sally, who since she was a mere girl had been remarkable for her maidenly dignity and self-control!

"What is it, my dear Sally!" I asked, almost as much distressed as she was. "Tell me at once! Has any savage scamp dared to insult you? Why did you suffer him to come near and to stay with you? Why did you not call for help? No honest villager, however glum and distrustful of us because we were English girls, would permit guests at the château, friends of the Beaufois, to be ill-treated. Get up and walk back with me. Hyacinthe will see to it. He will call the villain to account!"

"Hush, Car!" entreated Sally, making a tremendous effort to recover her composure, and partially succeeding as she raised her blonde head from my shoulder, rearranged her dress and forced back the tears which had been streaming from her blue eyes. "Do not speak so loudly. For mercy's sake do not attract attention to us!"

"Why not?" I cried, still indignant and angry. "It is high time to make a noise if you cannot walk in the meadow belonging to the château and sit down under the chestnuts here, without being attacked and frightened out of your wits by a low scoundrel. I knew he was one of the worst of the *canaille* the moment I set eyes on him—a hulking, lurching, stunted——"

"He was nothing of the kind!" Sally interrupted me wrathfully, to my amazement. "I wonder what you will say next, Car; but you don't know what you are saying! You know nothing at all about it! I was not attacked." Still she kept glancing round her, wringing her hands and cowering with apprehension—Sally who was famous for her high spirit! "It was not an enemy who was here, it was my dearest friend, the person I care for most in the whole world!" and gain poor Sally gave way and burst into tears. "It was Perry Hood—my own dear, dear Perry!"

I did think Sally had taken leave of her senses. "Impossible!" I argued incredulously. "How could he get out of prison and come here any more than father and Tom could? I don't suppose," I went on with an attempt at irony,

"that you mean all three were here, for in that case I wish you had sent for me to see them, and hear what they had to say."

If Sally was off her head with the moping and fretting to which she had given way lately, and with all she had gone through before, I felt, in the middle of my fright, that I must at once be very firm and stern in combating her delusions.

"No, no," she protested impatiently, "he is not like father and Tom, he never gave his parole as they gave theirs. He says it was right in Tom, for he ought not to leave father, but that he, Perry, had always meant to try and make his escape. He knew from the first how hard the imprisonment would be, and I declare, Car,"—Sally broke off her story to give vent to her anger and grief—"they have treated my poor boy worse than a dog. He has not an ounce of flesh on his poor bones. He is as thin as a weasel (it was difficult to think of Perry as thinner than we had always known him). He has not slept in a bed since he went to Saint Orme, but only among damp filthy straw as the common sailors do. Of course Tom has fared a great deal better, and has been more his own master within the bounds of his parole; but even Tom and father, with all the concessions made to father's rank, are in a sorry plight. Perry says Saint Orme is a damp, unhealthy hole. The whole prison is in the worst condition, with a governor only in name who leaves all his duties to incapable, ill-conditioned subordinates. Perry is sure father's constitution is breaking up, and that he will not survive a lengthened imprisonment in such a miserable place."

"But where has Perry gone, and what does he mean to do, and how is he serving father by making his escape, which will only draw down the resentment of the governor on the rest of the prisoners and their friends," I said in my bewilderment and distress.

"Perry managed to linger behind the rest of the prisoners in the yard where discipline is laxer." Sally took up her tale where she had left it off. "He scaled a half-ruinous portion of the wall before he was detected. A warder had taken pity on him and told him where he could find the cast-off blouse and breeches of some *vaurien*. Perry is convinced that if he can reach England and make the proper representations, remonstrance from high quarters may be addressed to the French Government on the horrible state of some of their prisons, or better still, an exchange of prisoners may be effected in time to save father. Perry is making his way to the coast, but first he thought it would set our minds at rest, supposing we should hear anything of his escape, if he could communicate with us."

I listened breathlessly, only making a mental note which, perhaps, it was mean of me to make, that when cousin Perry incurred the additional danger of the *détour* to Château Beaufoi it was not to communicate with me or to relieve my mind that he took the trouble. Poor Perry and Sally! I might have made greater allowance for them! But the risk was awful. If he were taken in his flight he would be shot down on the spot. He would be treated as a spy, though spying formed a small item in his programme. How could he, with his English-French (which no doubt in the old days had been better than ours, but that was saying little) hope to impose on the natives as a French workman out of work? How could he dream of defying detection with the hue and cry after an escaped prisoner of war from the Saint Orme prison dogging his steps? His only chance lay in the comparatively unsettled state of the country, and in the slowness with which provincial news travelled. Sally was still trembling with the agitation of the encounter, but she was gradually recovering her composure.

"We must not breathe a word, Car, of what has happened. We must guard our tongues and our very looks in order to keep my dear Perry's secret. We must back him and shield him, though it were with our lives. The Beaufois are good people, but they are French. They have their obligations to their authorities."

"Oh, it was cruel of Perry to come here!" I broke in upon her speech, as a new light flashed upon me in connection with the affair. "What right had he or you to compromise the Beaufois? It is a poor return for their hospitality. I believe Hyacinthe is already not in too good odour with the prefect and the deputies. If he gets into trouble through Perry's imprudence and want of consideration—I know Hyacinthe would not turn informer or give anybody up to save himself—we could never forgive ourselves."

"And I wonder to hear you, Car," exclaimed Sally, opening her great blue eyes wide with astonishment, and flushing hotly. "How can you blame Perry when he is doing his best, risking his life ten times over in fact, for father? How have you the heart to blame Perry when he has to skulk and hide and starve, to sleep under a hedge or in a ditch like a runaway and vagabond? How dare you blame him to me, who am engaged to him and the next thing to married to him? I wish that we were man and wife already, so that I could insist on sharing his dangers and privations, so that I could beg with him and die with him!"

"It is all very well to speak, Sally," I represented in what, I am afraid, was an exasperatingly judicial manner. "It is easy to say Perry is doing it for father; I daresay he thinks he is, and I won't pretend that he is not acting for the best, but though he is not so hot-headed and hasty as Tom, who, poor fellow, is being good and patient enough when he sees it will serve no purpose to be otherwise, Perry always was full of schemes and enterprises. He ought to have avoided every risk of incriminating the Beaufois."

"Your friends the Beaufois shall not be incriminated," cried Sally passionately. "Have no fear of that complication, Miss Caroline, unless you should choose, in your zeal for their interests, to put them in possession of a piece of information which they would not know what to do with, which it would be the most awkward thing in the world for them to have weighing on their consciences."

It was the first serious quarrel Sally and I ever had, and in the excitement and pain of the moment we behaved like a pair of foolish school-girls. Presently we looked ruefully in each other's tear-stained faces, took each other's trembling hands, kissed each other furtively and made it up after a fashion.

If we two should become alienated, away in a foreign country, with father and Tom in their wretched, doubtless prolonged durance, and Perry wandering about begging his bread, in danger of his life every moment, then we were forlorn indeed.

But though we made up our "difference" in a measure, the recollection of it rankled in our breasts. We were conscious of the first introduction of the wedge which should cause the rift—the beginning of a division of interests where we two were concerned. We grew involuntarily shy and reserved towards each other. We kept out of each other's way as much as possible. We did not go so far as to refrain from discussing anxiously Perry's critical position, and the desperate chance of his reaching the coast and getting off, somehow to England; but our discussions were very guarded, and we were scrupulous in keeping the Beaufois' names out of them.

The cloud between Sally and me increased the perturbation of these calm sunshiny autumn days—so great a contrast to the peaceful days which had preceded them—when we dared hardly breathe in anticipation of the tidings the next moment might bring; we strove to mask the tumult of our feelings and to look and speak exactly as we had looked and spoken the week, the day before. But Hyacinthe never returned from any of his rides to town, or from his daily interviews with his steward and inspection of his work-people, madame never came in from a visit to a neighbour or a stroll through the village without our casting agonised glances into their unconscious faces, to ascertain if our entertainers had heard anything—if they had been told of the escape of a prisoner from Saint Orme, with all the particulars down to his name, which would, of course, betray to Hyacinthe our intimate connection with the culprit.

The Beaufois suspected nothing. If they remarked any flutter of spirits in us, or any relapse into the dejection which had been our mood on our arrival at the château, they attributed the sign, naturally, to the strain of the suspense we were enduring with regard to father and our other friends, and to the pain of the prohibition which, let Hyacinthe strive as he would to get it set aside, still forbade us from paying a visit to Saint Orme.

Mother and son simply redoubled their efforts to cheer and amuse us. With this intention the Beaufois saw more company than was usual with them at the château.

The guests came in the shape of madame's contemporaries, with their daughters, young *ingenues* fresh from Huguenot schools—substitutes for convents, brought, not without ulterior motives, to be presented to madame and her son. These ladies grew to be on cautious bowing and speaking terms with such dubious, rather objectionable strangers as English girls. The Beaufois were so left to themselves as to harbour a pair for an indefinite period at the château, in repayment of some ancient kindness shown to Hyacinthe when he was a prisoner-of-war in England.

Hyacinthe also brought his fellow-landowners and gentlemen who had been fellow-officers with him in the navy, or had been soldiers serving on land while he was serving at sea. These representatives of young and old France offered for our admiration wasp-waists and cropped hair worn in queues—the high-buttoned vests and the buckled black "stocks" which replaced the lingering frilled shirts and cravats of the Revolution, still to be seen on the older men in the company.

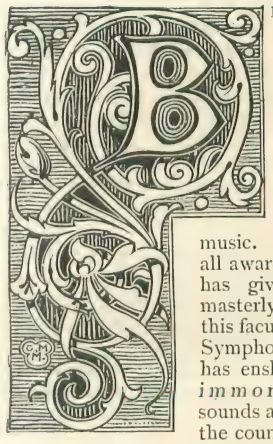
The manners of these *messieurs* were either suave with the pleasant national suavity, or gruff in an affectation of republican austerity which the splendours of the Empire had not lasted long enough to efface. Just as the women talked domestic annals, interchanged remarks on the heads of the last sermon by the last favourite preacher at the temple, and touched on Paris fashions, the men talked national and provincial politics; men and women with wagging heads, gleaming eyes and waving hands.

I should have relished making acquaintance with these new specimens of humanity if it had not been for the gnawing dread at my heart—the dread which was causing poor Sally to look worn and haggard before her time, because of her interest in another person's too audacious attempt. I suffered an additional pang with every fresh proof of friendly regard and unbounded faith in us which the Beaufois displayed. For were we not, in truth, ingrates and traitresses, threatening the prosperity, the very safety of our unsuspecting host and hostess?

(To be continued.)

MENDELSSOHN.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."



BEYOND all composers, Mendelssohn preserved the peculiar faculty of receiving impressions from Nature and transferring these impressions to his music. Of course we are all aware that Beethoven has given the world a masterly illustration of this faculty in his Pastoral Symphony, in which he has enshrined for ever in immortal music the sounds and impressions of the country. Among the sounds we must not forget the voices of birds, of which a whole chorus is introduced into one portion of his symphony.

But Beethoven has only done this occasionally; Mendelssohn makes a frequent practice of it. He would go into a wood, hear the trees rustling, and come home and write a piece of music which would exactly reproduce the sound. He would hear a girl at her spinning-wheel, and would embalm the pretty whirring of the axle in a lovely piece of music destined to be immortal. Wherever he went, whatever he saw, whatever he heard, he had his eyes and ears open, and was ever ready to transform the impressions he received from without into musical tones.

In this way he took a tour into the Hebrides of Scotland, and passed through a panorama of scenery very different from the scenes which had met him during his Italian tour. He spent days and weeks amid a picturesque pageantry of lake, glen, woodland stream, moor, hill, and mountain. The heather bloomed around him, and sent up its scent to heaven. The glorious Scotch sun, which beats down in such soft rays through the vanishing mists of the moorland, played around his path and filled him with the divinest inspirations. Romance was around him, picturesque nature was on every hand, and can we wonder that he embraced the opportunity gladly of transforming these impressions and sights into a tapestry of gorgeous sound?

Such were the scenes he moved among, and as a result of them he produced two noble and celebrated works—the first an overture, the second a symphony. The overture, which is always known as "The Hebrides," is full of sweet and weird beauty of tone, which recalls in an amazing manner the scenes which suggested it.

The symphony is popularly known as "The Scotch," and among musicians it is spoken of as the Symphony in A minor. The first conception of it was formed and written down at Edinburgh, where the composer stayed for a few days on his return from the Hebrides. The symphony therefore is most justly called "The Scotch," for it was suggested by Scotland and partly written in Scotland.

We hear the bagpipe in some parts, but the effect of that most grating of instruments is modified by the music being assigned to the clarionet. In other parts we listen to the echoes of a Highland reel; but the natural uncouthness of this dance is toned down by the use of sweet, harmonious, and pleasing modulations. Now and then we have touches of those tender melodies such as breathe through the songs of Burns, and all the romance and supreme poetry of Scotch song seems to burst into being until each strain of melody has ceased.

Suddenly towards the conclusion of the symphony we are surprised at hearing all reminiscences of Scotland fade away from the music, and instead thereof a fine old German chorale rings out clear and distinct. The meaning of this abrupt transition is that Mendelssohn, much against his will, tears himself away from the land which has feasted him with so many sights of beauty, and looks back with eyes of faithful allegiance to his native land Germany, which, though he loves it not with such ardour as most of his countrymen, still claims his fidelity and remembrance.

But what constitutes Mendelssohn's most abiding title to remembrance are the great oratorios which he has written, and which as we said before have raised him almost to the level of Handel himself. Of these "St. Paul" was the earliest work, "Elijah" not having been composed until ten years later. We in England are apt to reckon "Elijah" as the greater work of the two. Not so in Germany. Opinion seems to point quite the other way there, principally, it should seem, because "St. Paul" is a much more national work than "Elijah." It has far more character and a far more German cast in the manner and the matter of its music. On the contrary, it is precisely because "Elijah" is the less German of the two that we English rank it as the prime favourite. There is much more originality in "Elijah," more individuality, and the work has therefore been all the more heartily welcomed by a public which places originality above all things.

"St. Paul" was produced at Düsseldorf in 1836, and the circumstances attending its production were greatly in keeping with the character and temperament of Mendelssohn himself. To begin with, the month was May, "the season was pleasant," sunlight laughed over the gardens of Düsseldorf, and the sweet smell of flowers was rising in the air from the newly-awakening buds and the trim hedges round the town. The place which was fixed upon for the performance of "St Paul" was a concert-room of good proportions, though with a ceiling too low, and with a space somewhat confined for the hundreds of people who either took part in the oratorio or crowded in to hear. Five hundred and odd performers assisted in the delivery of the oratorio. Of these, three hundred constituted the vocal, and the remainder the instrumental portion of the performers, and all were stationed on a high platform with seats mounting above one another. Over a thousand listeners filled the auditorium, and many hundreds more who were unable to gain admission climbed up to the windows, whilst others, more placid of temperament, quietly listened to the music in the gardens outside.

The concert-room stood in the midst of a large and well-kept garden full of waving trees and branches just budding into bloom. This, and the draught through the windows, kept the air in the hall fresh, despite the large assemblage of people who were crowded into the building. In front of the orchestra was the conductor's desk, which was tenanted by Mendelssohn himself, and was decorated with a golden lyre. The performance of the great oratorio created the wildest enthusiasm, and after the work had been brought to a conclusion, all the young ladies in the hall brought baskets of flowers and showered them in prodigal profusion on the successful composer, who had thus added one more immortal work to the gallery of classical music. So flattering a reception seldom falls to the lot of any composer to obtain, and Mendelssohn in this as in so many other instances was a favourite of fortune.

How very different was the occasion of the

production of the "Elijah!" There could be no greater contrast than between the first performances of these two oratorios. "St. Paul" was performed amid the laughing sunlight of a German garden, with verdure waving around and the birds making soft music in the trees. "Elijah" was performed in smoky Birmingham in the great dingy Town Hall, and with thousands crammed into the auditorium instead of the few hundreds who assisted at the production of the earlier oratorio. The conductor's desk was a much plainer affair—no longer crowned with a golden lyre; but then Mendelssohn no longer needed such a compliment or token of recognition of his genius. He was now the most celebrated musician in Europe, and his name was known in every civilised country in the world.

When he was seen to be approaching the conductor's seat, the immense audience of so many thousands rose to their feet *en masse*, and sent up one of the most deafening cheers which the ear of man has ever heard. A similar compliment, though not quite such an uproarious one, was paid the composer at the end of each number in the oratorio. It is not often that in an oratorio—a work so grave and so severe—any number is encored. But on the first performance of the "Elijah" numerous demands were made for repetition. In some cases Mendelssohn acceded to these requests. Others he was compelled to refuse, and it is on record that he said he never had such a hard task in his life as when he refused the encores in the "Elijah."

Whoever has heard—and who has not?—this sublime and magnificent work must have been powerfully struck by the ever fresh stream of melody that runs through it, never ceasing, and always sweet and pure. There is nothing hard and severe in the "Elijah," such as we find in so much of the "St. Paul," but beauty and grace breathe triumphant throughout the former work, the characteristics, it may be added, of Mendelssohn's music in general. When has there ever been a chorus written of such touching truth and loveliness of expression as "He watches over Israel?" When has an air ever been penned so sublimely melodious, so full of Christian resignation, as "O rest in the Lord?" These two numbers may be taken as types of the oratorio at large. They show in epitome its main features, and both exhibit different sides of its character. The latter air, it may be mentioned, was expressly inserted by Mendelssohn for the purpose of introducing Miss Dolby's beautiful voice into the oratorio, and like so many after-thoughts it proved a very valuable idea. The soprano on the day of the first performance was Madame Caradori Allen, and the baritone who assumed the *rôle* of the prophet was Herr Standigl, one of the finest oratorio singers who has ever been heard in England.

Having thus touched briefly on the two great works with which Mendelssohn's name and fame will for ever be identified, we may say a few words in conclusion as to his habits of work and his amusements in private life. To speak of the latter first, one of his most favourite diversions of an evening was to invent charades and get his friends to perform them. Whenever there was a large party at Mendelssohn's, there was generally the chance of a charade being acted, if the composer was in a good vein for such a diversion, and if the company approved of it. An interesting account remains to us in the diary of Ignaz Moscheles, the celebrated pianist, and a great friend of Mendelssohn's, who describes a charade which the composer invented, and at which he assisted along with his wife and some other amateur actors.

The word selected as the basis of the charade was Gewandhaus, which was the name of the great concert-hall at Leipsic, where so many of the master's works were performed, and which now was to serve as the text for a very merry interlude. Taking the syllables apart, we find they resolve themselves into Ge-wand-haus, which thus gives three syllables and one word—four scenes in all. To represent the first syllable and to mystify the audience as to what it was, Herr Joachim, the violinist, who was one of the party, came in and played a fantasia à la Paganini on the "Ge," or as we should say in English, the "G" string. This strange performance elicited many remarks of surprise, but no one seemed very well to comprehend what the syllable was when the great violinist had finished.

The next syllable "wand" means in German "a wall," and to illustrate this, there was a very neat reproduction in all its drollery of the scene between Pyramus and Thisbe, where the two lovers whisper though the chinks of a wall. Nothing better than this could have been desired, for Wall, as students of Shakespeare will remember, is one of the prominent characters in the scene, and the ridiculous sight of him holding up his fingers is sufficient to provoke the most melancholy spectator to laughter. While this scene was going on, Mendelssohn sat at the piano, and played a short selection from his own music to Shakespeare's play.

The third syllable "haus," which we may translate by its English equivalent as "home," was pourtrayed by a little domestic picture, in which the celebrated pianist Moscheles and his wife were the main figures. Mrs. Moscheles sat on a chair when the curtain drew up darning a blue stocking, while from her talk and the various actions she performed with unspeakable gravity and sedateness, there was not much difficulty in seeing that she was indeed a *bas bleu* in the true sense of the word. After a while the more practical things of life seemed to claim possession of her, and she relinquished the pursuits of a blue-stocking so far as to ring the bell and ask about dinner. Her husband in the attire of a cook attended, and the two together began to discuss the *menu* for the following day in a very humorous manner, and to the great mirth of the spectators.

Finally the complete word was reached, and then the secret was very soon let out, for the scene consisted of nothing less, when the curtain was drawn up, than an orchestra of youngsters, among whom Mendelssohn's children were conspicuous. They were furnished with toy instruments—toy flutes, toy drums, and last not least, toy violins, on the latter of which some of them could play very well. Their leader was Herr Joachim in person, who was provided with a toy violin as diminutive as that of the rest of the company, and with a bow about as long as an ordinary carving-knife. Yet he stood to his work gallantly, and placing himself in front of the youngsters, he waved his bow as a *bâton* and they all started off. He naturally played his tiny violin better than any urchin there; and entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing.

At the spectacle of this orchestra, twanging, scraping, and too-toing away, some of the audience saw light at last, and there were shouts in the room of "Gewandhaus! Gewandhaus!" Although this was a very sorry copy of the celebrated Gewandhaus orchestra, at any rate it was an amusing one, and much laughter was evoked when the youngsters, despite the discovery of the word, determined on finishing their piece before they stopped playing.

Such were some of the innocent diversions which furnished Mendelssohn with relaxation after his hours of toil were over. For although so simple-minded and universally happy a man, he was a great toiler, a great worker. Few men ever excelled him in that particular; but he would work by fits and starts—not as some composers have done, who have turned out a definite and stated amount of music every day. Mendelssohn would sit for days and days at a stretch at his writings, when the mood was on him; but then as suddenly he would break off his labours and indulge in the luxury of a holiday.

He was a great letter-writer, and over and above his writing of music carried on a voluminous correspondence with friends and even with strangers, often devoting many a precious hour which might more profitably have been employed on his compositions in penning some epistle to utter strangers, from whom he could expect no thanks and scarcely even sympathy as a return for his kindness, in answering importunate questions or in explaining things which needed no explanation. Yet he himself attached the greatest possible importance to his correspondence, and would as soon have thought of neglecting his composition as his letter-writing. The best hours of the day—that is to say, the first ones—were devoted to his letters, and only the later ones to his composition.

But when he at last commenced his composition he became like someone inspired. He would walk up and down the room in ecstasy, snap his fingers, smile, raise his eyes to heaven, and talk frequently to himself. Then he would suddenly sit down at the table and become absorbed in his work; nor would he rise till he had finished a considerable portion of the score.

It was his habit, as we said, to work for hours and days together, when in the mood. At the end of these long spells of exertion he suffered cruelly from the reaction, and would often fall into a state of torpor or lethargy, which would pass into a deep sleep, from whence nothing would rouse him for twenty hours and more. Such a habit was indeed a sign of physical weakness, and in one of these lethargic sleeps he passed away, being a comparatively young man at the time, and only thirty-eight years of age on the day of his death.

VARIETIES.

"It makes us proud when our love of a girl is returned; it ought to make us prouder still when we can love her for herself alone, without the aid of any such selfish reflection."
Hazlitt.

"It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of woman, because the works of their genius are all works of love."—*Lamartine.*

"Tell me a thing she cannot dress—
Soups, hashes, pickles, pudding, pies;
Nought comes amiss—she is so wise."
Lloyd.

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."—*Milton.*

"I am prejudiced in favour of her who can ask with a loving confidence, yet without rudeness: she has faith in humanity, she has faith in herself. No one who is not accustomed to give generously, can ask nobly and with all faith."—*Lavater.*

"Women are never so amiable as when they are useful."—*Cobbett.*



"FROM OVER THE SEA."

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

Oh, gull, with the white, white breast,
And the tireless storm-beat wing,
Have you come afar from an English strand,
And straight from an English spring?

Are the buttercup meadows bright
With the gold and the green I love?
Do the trout still leap in the cool brown stream,
And the blackbird nest above?

Are the orchards sheeted in snow,
That waves in the balmy breeze?
Do the bells still chime as they used to chime?
Does the cushat sigh in the trees?

I dream of an English strand,
Oh, gull, with the soft white breast,
Where the waves, at play on a grey rock shore,
Are lulling the land to rest.

Blue as a sapphire ring
That girts this milk-white isle,
The waveless sea, 'neath the cloudless sky,
Turns in a glittering smile.

The scent of the orange grove,
The arums stately white,
The moonflower's trumpets of perfume sweet,
Are clouding my soul to-night.

The maidenhair's tender green,
The palm with feathery crown,
Dusty with promise of golden fruit,
And the locust yellow and brown.

All these in my garden grow,
Oh, gull, with the pinions grey;
But for one sweet breath of an English lawn
I would barter them all away.

The path of the rising moon
Across the harbour bar,
Is marked by a tremulous track of light
That leads to my home afar.

I would I could sail to-night,
In this dainty gondola bark,
With the dusky rhythm of beating oars
Far into the night and the dark.

With a lamp at the gondola's prow,
Oh, gull, could you show the way,
That when daylight breaks, I may wake to greet,
On an English shore, the day?

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"We are out of the world here," Arnold said at last. "One could fancy that Father Time sometimes comes to this forgotten island and sits down to rest. Nothing has changed here since I was a boy; the trees have grown thicker and taller, that is all."

"Somebody said that you were going to improve the island," Elsie remarked. "I hardly see how that can be done."

"I merely thought of making it more habitable," he replied. "It would be possible to establish Giles and his wife very comfortably here. They are living now in a disreputable old cottage which ought to have been pulled down years ago."

"Then you think of building a nice little house instead of that bee-hive hut?"

"Yes; the house can be made as picturesque as the hut, you know. One can look forward to pleasant parties here—children's picnics, and that kind of thing."

Elsie thought she knew what he was thinking of at that moment. He was going to settle down at the Court with Katherine, and she would play the part of Lady Bountiful to perfection; children's picnics were quite in her line, and perhaps she had already suggested that the island was the very spot for such gatherings. It was all right, of course; everyone would say that he had chosen wisely. But, as he had chosen, why was he standing here with another woman by his side?

"Let us go now," she said suddenly, conscious of an unnatural tone in her voice. "The light is fading, it is time to join the others."

He looked at her, but she was still watching the flow of the river and did not meet his eyes.

"Is there any need for such haste?" he asked. "I haven't said many words to you to-day. Old friends have been crowding round me, and——"

"Naturally," she broke in coldly; "but you can talk as well anywhere else. And Jamie must be sent to bed."

She turned sharply away towards the path by which they had come to the

clearing. Then all at once she spoke in another tone—

"What has become of the child?"

"He was standing close to you a moment ago," Arnold answered quickly. "Jamie, where are you? Jamie!" he called, in a loud, ringing voice.

Elsie went flying along the path with the speed of some hunted wild creature. All else was forgotten in her intense anxiety. She had been absorbed in her own foolish feelings, she thought bitterly, and had left the boy to his own devices. How wrong it was to have lost sight of him for an instant, in such a perilous spot! Oh, that she had never brought him here!

She seemed to have suffered hours of misery in those few seconds of suspense. The path turned abruptly, opening out upon the little pier, and just at the turn she was confronted by Jamie himself. He met her with a very red face.

"I done it," he began confusedly. "No, I never done it exactly, but it's gone. It come untied. I gived it one tug, and I nearly tumbled in."

"Oh, you naughty boy, to go close to the edge of the water!" sobbed Elsie, catching him in her arms and kissing him. "I won't let you leave me for an instant till I put you into nurse's hands. My own, dear, troublesome darling! If anything had happened to you I should have died!" She was not conscious of Arnold's presence just then. Words poured fast from her lips as she held the boy to her heart in an ecstacy of relief. She was still on her knees upon the path, still trembling like a leaf, when Mr. Wayne's voice fell upon her ear.

"Well, of all the young rascals I ever met, he's the biggest! Why, you scamp, what made you do such a thing?"

"I never done it exactly. I—I—just gived it one tug. I—I——" Jamie's quivering lips failed to complete the sentence. His face worked like a queer gutta-percha visage for a moment, and then he burst into a hearty roar which must have startled every living thing on the island.

Arnold muttered something which was luckily drowned by Jamie's noise. The boat was gone; the burning glory of sunset was slowly dying out, and across the river came the first faint breath of the night. He was here on a desolate island, with a woman who did not care for him, and he had cared for her so much that his love was the very crown of his life. Her indifference would not make any outward change in him. He was not the kind of man to believe that his heart was broken, but he knew that he should feel the want of her as long as he lived; he felt that he might have risen to a higher level if she had put her hand in his and walked by his side. At first he had not for a moment doubted that she could be won. He had believed that she was meant for him; he had triumphed in anticipation, but some nameless barrier had risen between them and baffled him, and now it was all over. If the boat had not got loose and drifted away, he would have rowed her back in a sullen silence which would never have been broken again.

But there was no boat, and Elsie, still crooning over Jamie, did not yet understand what had happened. When the boy had ceased bellowing for very weariness, she suggested that they should all go home as quickly as they could. The child had been over-excited and over-tired with his long day.

"It is not wise to kneel on the damp earth," said Arnold, with cold tranquillity. "Let me advise you to get up and take Jamie into the hut. The dew is beginning to fall."

"Into the hut?" repeated Elsie, rising from her knees, and turning her pale face towards him.

"Yes. The boat is gone."

"Gone! Then how shall we go back? What can we do?"

"I must think." His voice was still very quiet. "You had better take him into the hut."

She obeyed in silence, half-stupefied and bewildered after the agitation she had undergone. The boy had sobbed himself into a drowsy state, and staggered along the path supported by her arm. When they entered the hut, she laid him on the seat, and made a pillow of the old basket, covered with her handkerchief. In a moment he was fast asleep.

When she came out of the little building, Arnold was standing in the clearing, looking out across the water. The last of the sunset had vanished, and the river and its banks looked like a picture in delicate grey tints. A light suddenly twinkled on the opposite shore, where one could just discern the outlines of a farm-house, fading fast into the mist of twilight.

"Can we not make a signal?" Elsie asked.

"We can gather sticks and light a fire," he answered gravely. "There's nothing else to be done."

"There's plenty of wood," she said, "and you have some matches, I suppose? I'll help you to collect the boughs and twigs." She made a movement towards the underwood, but he stopped her, and their hands touched.

"You are cold," he said, "and you had a great fright. I wish I could have prevented all this."

"I think," she replied, "that it is quite as unpleasant for you as for me."

"Not half as unpleasant," he returned abruptly. "You must hate me for bringing you here. "You do hate me, don't you?"

He was holding the little cold hand in his and chafing it gently.

"No," she answered, pulling her hand away; "but we are wasting time. Mrs. Lennard will be anxious about me, and——"

"And what?"

She faltered; her voice fell and broke. Then she looked up proudly, and her eyes met his with a defiant glance.

"And Mrs. Verdon will be inconsolable without you."

When she had spoken she turned from him and began breaking off the boughs which hung low enough for her to reach. He looked down at her slender, graceful figure and a great tremor passed over him. The next instant she felt him close at her side.

"You must not do that," he said. "Elsie, listen! Someone has been telling falsehoods. Mrs. Verdon is nothing more to me than a pleasant acquaintance. I am grateful to her for taking care of Jamie; but you know I always feel that Waring meant to leave the boy to me. Perhaps I was wrong to bring you here; I wanted a few quiet words—I wanted to get you all to myself for five minutes."

She did not speak, and her head was drooping. The bough that she had held was released, and sprang back, rustling its foliage. The stillness, the grey light, the heavy shadows of the trees gave a strange unreality to the moment. She felt as if she were part of some bewildering dream.

"I have thought of you every hour of the day," he went on. "I have been thinking of you ever since I saw you first. When we talked together in your London room, I hoped that you were beginning to be interested in me."

She stirred a little, and then lifted her face. She looked as he remembered her looking when he had first known her, only that she was very pale now.

"I was—interested," she said.

All the ordinary conventional barriers had fallen away between them. He found himself face to face with the beloved woman he had fancied lost for ever.

"Elsie," he whispered, "Elsie, won't you try to care for me? Won't you come to me and help me to live my life in the right way? I want a wife's help and a wife's love. Elsie, come!"

She made a slight movement towards him. His arms were round her in an instant, his warm lips pressed to hers; and in the supreme felicity of that moment, time, place, circumstances were all forgotten. They had passed together into that earthly paradise whose gates are still opened to some favoured mortals in this vale of tears.

"Hilloo! Hilloo!"

It was old Giles's voice, hoarse as a raven's; and although it startled them rudely, it was a welcome sound. Elsie went into the hut to rouse Jamie as gently as she could, and Arnold listened to Giles's explanation of his arrival.

He had been at the landing-stage waiting for his master's return, when a couple of lads came rowing in with the empty boat. They were fishing on the river, and had found it adrift and captured it. So Giles, guessing what had happened, had pulled off to the island without a moment's delay.

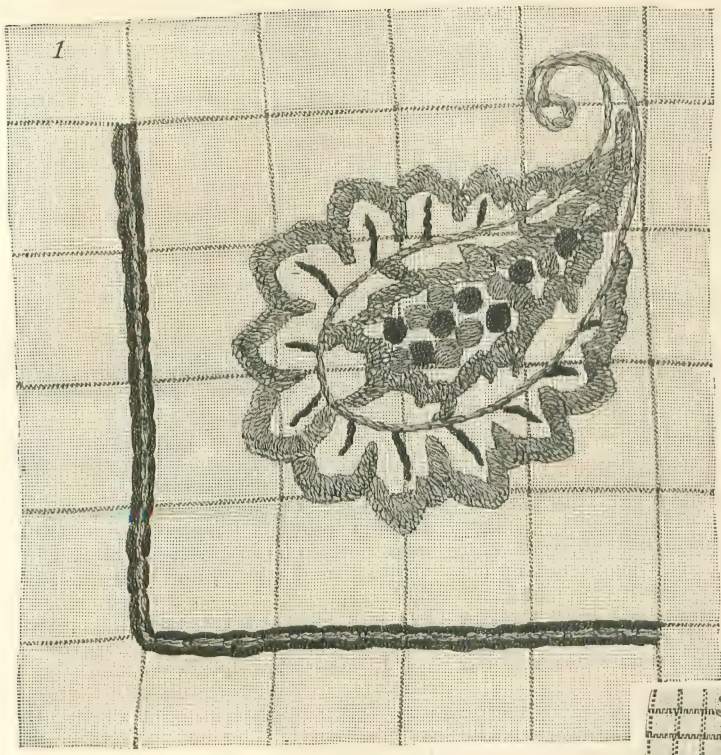
Jamie, a little cross and very sleepy, was taken home to his bed at the Cedars in a half-awake condition; and afterwards Elsie and Arnold strolled along Miss Ryan's garden in the gloaming, the happiest pair of lovers that ever saw the moon rise over Rushbrook in silent peace.

"Something told me that the day would have a good ending," said Mrs. Lennard, as she wished Elsie good-night.

(To be concluded.)

EMBROIDERY ON GLASS CLOTH.

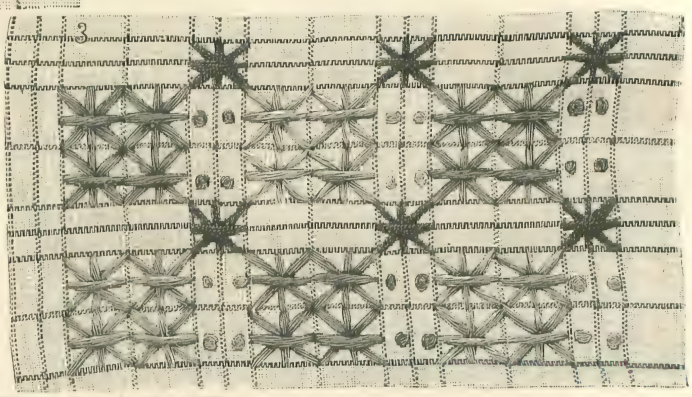
By JOSEPHA CRANE.

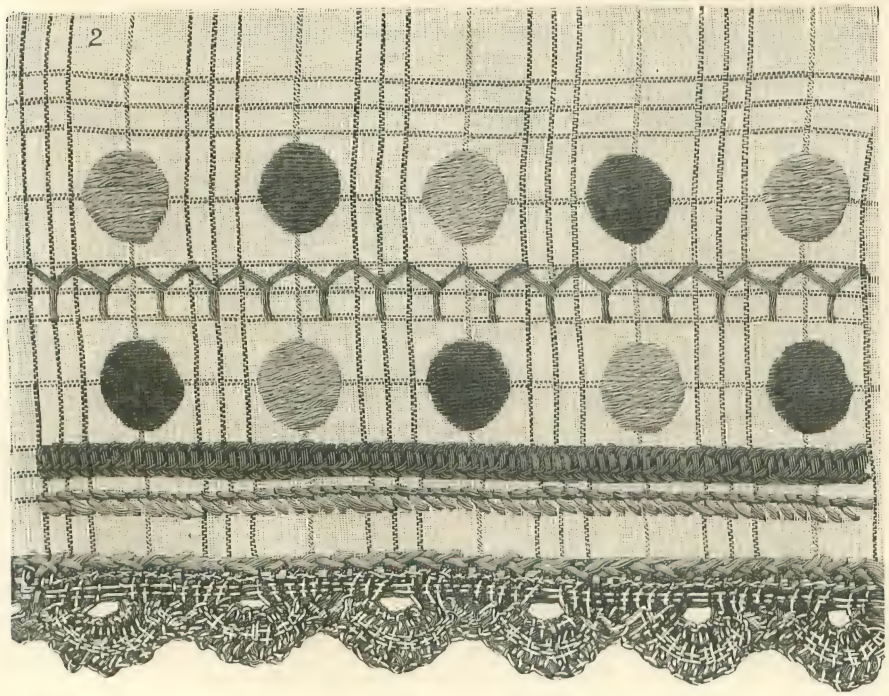


GLASS cloth, or as it is sometimes called tea cloth, is a soft linen material which has red or blue lines crossing it in single, double, or treble rows. It offers a very good foundation for embroidery, as the lines being woven straight in the best quality of linen, they can form accurate guides for symmetrical patterns. It is never worth while, by the way, getting the common and cheaper quality of glass cloth, as it is so thin that the work never looks well upon it, and you cannot be at all certain of getting it with the squares quite accurate. You may begin a piece of work on it and then find that some of the squares are not square but oblong, and consequently it cannot be used. The best glass cloth is very inexpensive, and costs but a few pence a yard. As it is procurable almost anywhere, it makes it easy for those who live out of the reach of fancy-work shops to do very charming articles for use or ornament with it. Another recommendation is that the work is very inexpensive, and a third thing I can say in its favour is that it washes and wears well.

In working the linen you must be careful not to pucker it, as if you do your work will never look well. Do not pull your stitches too tightly, as the work usually shrinks a little when washed or cleaned.

The objects for which this embroidery is suitable are numerous. Tea and side-board cloths, doyleys and mats, sachets of all descriptions, bed-spreads, cushion covers, etc. For bed-spreads it is particularly suitable, as it can be done in a number of small sections, which when embroidered can be all joined together into one. Many people do not care to venture on a bed-spread or *couvre-pied* because of the large size, which makes it inconvenient to work comfortably, and not at all tidy when in process of working. A big bundle such as it forms is not ornamental in a sitting or drawing-room, and is very much in the way. Whereas a small section can be taken up at any moment and taken out when you are spending the afternoon or evening with your friends, and in such odd times a very large amount of work can be accomplished. The squares can be joined together in a variety of ways. One way would be to tack them together lightly, and then work thick feather or coral stitch down the lines and across them. Another way would be to place an insertion of Russian or Torchon lace round each square. The lining then of the bed-spread could match or contrast with one of the colours used in the embroidery, and look very well showing through the lace. A bed-spread for example done in two or three shades of blue, with blue and white Russian lace insertion, and edging lined with blue linen or sateen would be extremely pretty, and if desired the rest of a bedroom set could be made to match. Curtains look well in glass cloth, and the over-towel, night-dress and brush and comb sachet, laundry bag and dressing-table cover and mats could all be done *en suite*.

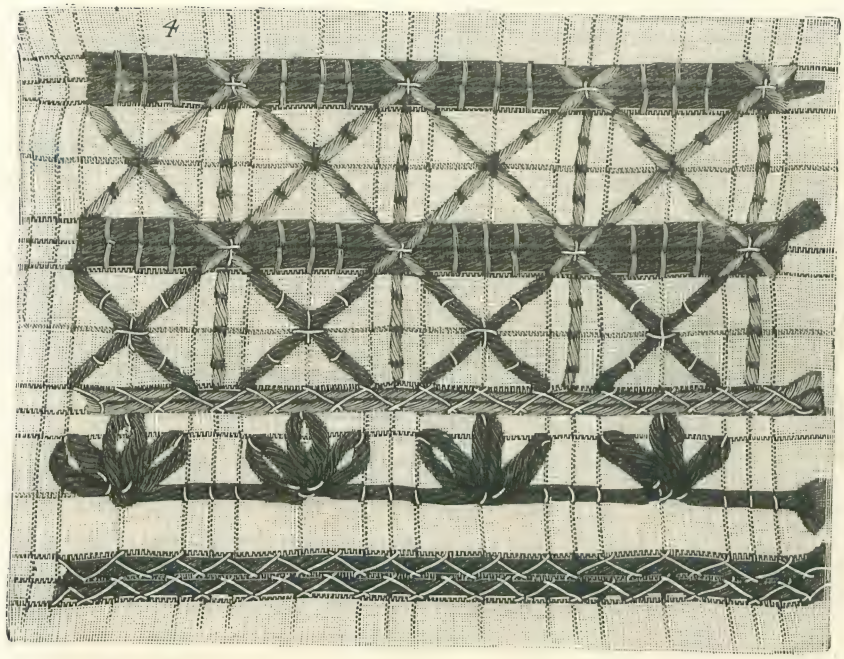




Another very useful article which can be made in glass cloth is one which curiously enough is very little known and used. Dresses of course, and skirts generally are hung up when removed for the night, and tidy people fold up the rest of their clothing and generally lay it on a chair or ottoman in their room. Now this pile of clothing is very much more orderly and ornamental if covered with an embroidered square of some kind, and one done in glass cloth would be very suitable and pretty. The owner's initial can be placed in a corner, and any pattern selected worked round or all over the cloth itself.

In Fig. 1 you will see how pretty a palm looks worked in a corner. This, as will be seen, is done quite independently of the squares, which are not taken into consideration at all excepting in the treble row of cable-stitch round the border. This, like the palm, is done in two shades of blue *coton à repriser*, which is very good to work with on glass cloth, as it is soft and washes well.

The palm is simply done in button-hole





stitch worked closely all round, stem stitch being used for the inner line and spikes, and satin stitch for the small balls. This would look well as a section for a bed-spread or the corner of a tea-cloth.

Fig. 2 is worked upon glass cloth which is woven in treble rows of blue crossed with single lines of red.

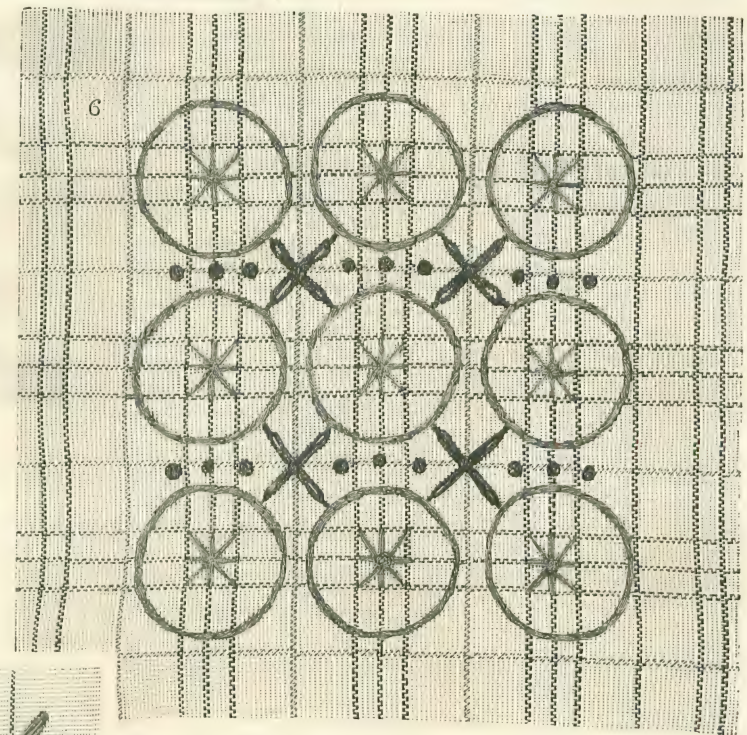
The balls are done in two shades of blue *coton à repriser* —D. M. C. make is the best, and to be had in many shades of various colours.

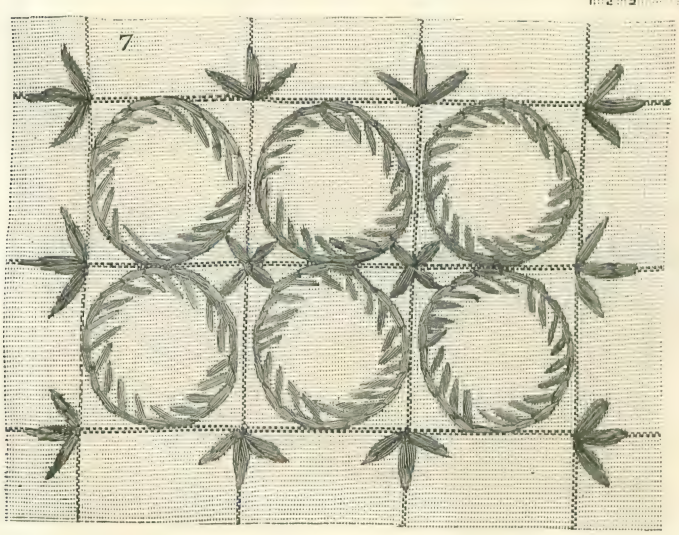
Between the two rows of balls is a red stitch done in coarse embroidery cotton. Cable-plait stitch is done in a row immediately beneath the balls, and a row of blue cording stitch under that. The border is finished off with red and white Russian lace sewn on in blue herring-bone stitching, done rather far apart.

The same pattern of glass cloth is used for Fig. 3. Long stitches taken across some of the squares and French knots in other parts of the design are the only stitches used. A careful examination of the illustration will show you how they are used. The cotton here is *coton à repriser* in blue, ochre, and red, three colours used in old Hungarian work, and which go wonderfully well together.

Fig. 4 has the same kind of glass cloth used in another way altogether.

This is worked entirely in very coarse embroidery cotton, rouge turc, and *bleue lapis*, sewn down with yellow cotton. The crosses are formed by threading this cotton into a large-eyed tapestry needle and taking the lines with it across in the way they are intended to go. These are then kept in their place by the small yellow stitches done in a very much finer cotton. In some of the lines, as will be seen, the coarse cotton is sewn down in herring-bone stitch. This is a very quick way of working glass cloth, and with a little ingenuity all kinds of patterns and devices can be made. It must be remembered that the cotton must lie very evenly, as if allowed to be loose it looks very ugly,



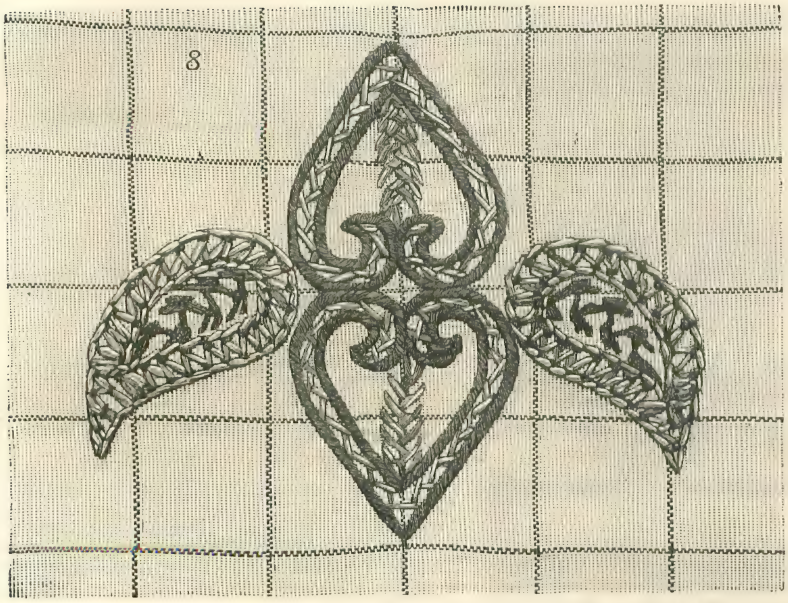


and there should be always enough stitches to keep it in its place.

Fig. 5 is a crescent worked in pink plait stitch on single line glass cloth. An explanation of the method of working this and other stitches will be given further on. As will be seen, all kinds of stitches can be employed. It may be as well to say here that as the glass cloth washes well and consequently is suitable for all articles which have to be washed or cleaned, it is best to embroider only with that which will wash well. Washing silks, D. M. C. embroidery and *coton à repriser*, flax threads and fine washing crewels are the best for this purpose.

The circles on Fig. 6 are very easily marked out by pencilling round a florin or some coin of the size desired. These circles are worked in yellow, snail-trail stitch with wheels in the centre of each circle. The red crosses are made in loop stitch and the French knots are done in the same colour and cotton.

Fig. 7 is another pattern chiefly composed of circles. These are done in button-hole stitch all the way round, the straight edge of which rests against the outer line. These circles are in pink, and the crosses done in loop-stitch are in blue. As will be seen this latter pattern is worked on single-line glass cloth.



The latter kind of cloth is also used for Fig. 8. This very pretty and effective pattern is worked in two shades of pink *coton à repriser*. The centre hearts are outlined in rope-stitch with herring-bone between and coral-stitch down the centre. The side palms are done in lattice-stitch sewn down on each side, with coral-stitch worked rather differently in the middle.

Fig. 9 has two stars done in red, blue, and yellow satin-stitch; one being entirely outlined in blue stem-stitch and the other in yellow. A border of these stars would be very effective round a tea-cloth or sideboard scarf.

Before going on further I must remind you that embroidery on glass cloth is very pretty when used for articles of dress, such as children's pinafores and aprons. An apron made entirely of glass cloth can be effectively embroidered on the bib and pockets as well as a band of work decorating the edge.

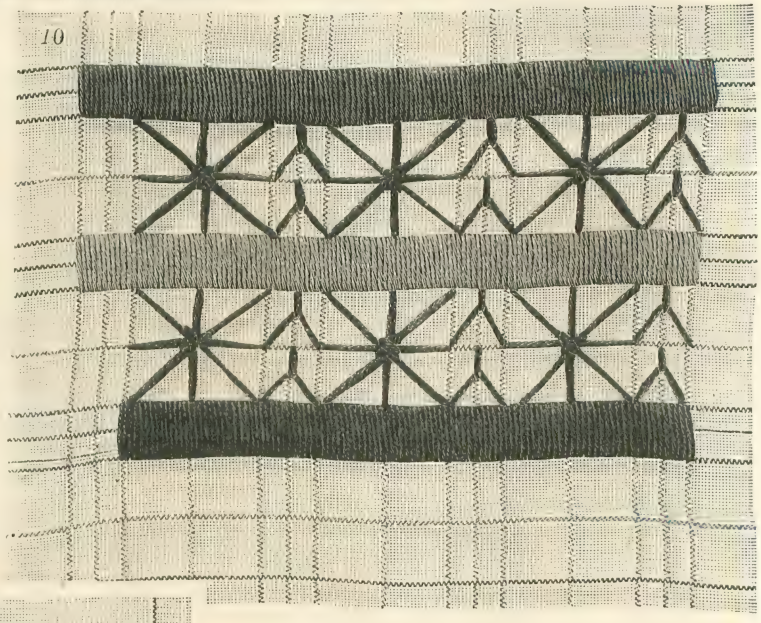
Fig. 10 is a very pretty border done also in red, blue, and yellow. A deep satin stitching is done in all these colours, the lines of the cloth forming a good guide for the width. Wheels are made in blue, just long stitches taken across and secured in the middle, and loop-stitch is placed between them, a space being left between each side of the loop.

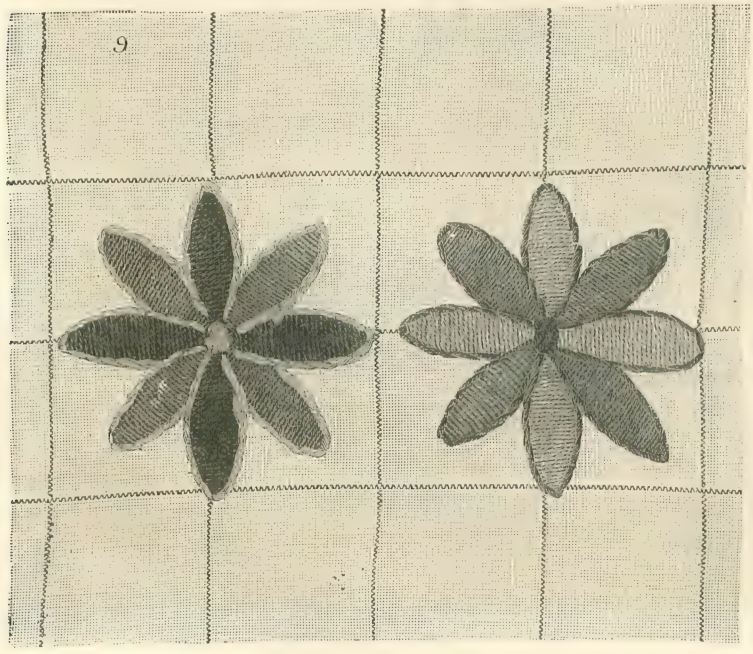
Fig. 11 is done in yellow and blue. The large crosses are done in loop-stitch with French knots between, and the small stars are in yellow.

Fig. 12 is done in red and blue, only satin-stitch and coral-stitch being used. The points are done in halves of each colour, the diagonal stitches being done very evenly and closely.

Fig. 13 is a laundry-bag, which is an article obtaining very much among tidy people nowadays. In most bedrooms certainly, a basket for soiled linen is usually found, but still it is not always part of the bedroom furniture, and in travelling its not being there is often felt to be very inconvenient. Now the laundry-bag takes little room, and if hung up on a peg in a bedroom it looks pretty and is very useful as well. This bag is made, as you will see, of glass cloth with two bands of blue linen *appliquéd* on to it with red cotton, the pattern between the bands being done in the same way. Up the centre of each palm-like section is a fancy stitching in coarse red cotton. This work is very effective and washes well if you get good linen. In turkey twill it would also look very well, and a pattern of leaves laid all along artistically would be very pretty and effective.

Fig. 14 shows loop-stitch. Make a loop as if for chain and secure with one straight stitch. If you like to make it somewhat different, instead of placing your needle into the same place from which you withdrew





it in making the loop, you put it in about an eighth of a quarter of an inch on a line apart from it, you get a stitch very much resembling that seen in Fig. 17.

Fig. 15 shows the button-hole done in circles. This needs a little care and practice so as to make the spokes of the buttonhole go sufficiently towards the centre. In Fig. 16 the wheel is made with cross-stitches, the last being worked in and out before taking the last half of its crossing.

Fig. 17 can be best learnt by a careful examination of the illustration, in which it is clearly seen how the needle is placed.

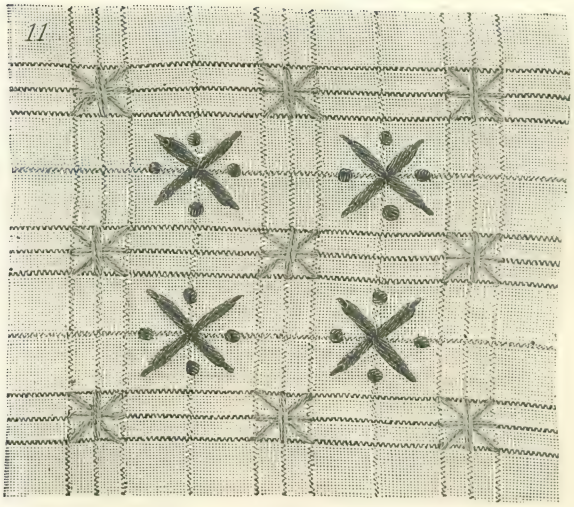
Fig. 18 shows trellis-stitch. Work as if for coral-stitch, only placing your needle into the last stitch.

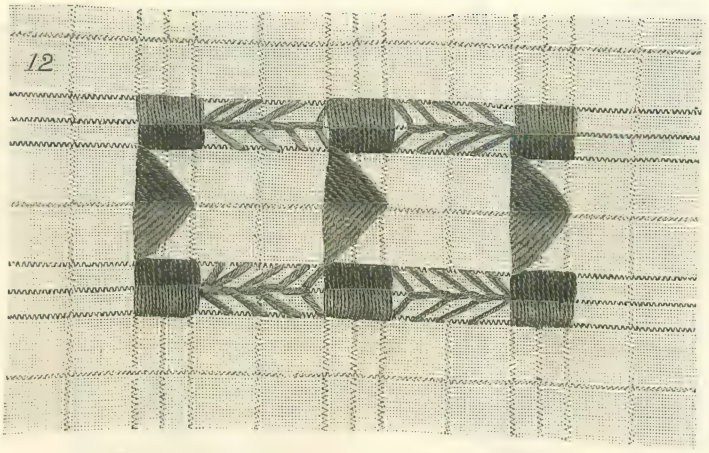
In Fig. 19 you see how it is sewn down in two places, with a single back stitch in each. This should always be done in a contrasting colour, or darker or lighter shade of that used in the trellis.

Fig. 20 is the very coarse cotton, couched down in double rows. The space between each stitch should always be the same, as if this stitch is unevenly done it is exceedingly ugly.

Fig. 21 is cable-plait stitch which, as I have found not very easy to do, I will quote some excellent directions, which are the clearest I have come across, as to the manner in which it can be worked.

"To work, trace two even parallel lines about a quarter of an inch distant the one from the other, and begin on the left-hand side to work from left to right; bring up the needle





and cotton on the lower tracing line, hold the cotton down under the left-hand thumb and pass the needle from right to left under the cotton so held, and draw up till the cotton still held under the thumb is brought to the size of a small loop; put the point of the needle under the small loop, raising the loop level with the top tracing line, where insert the needle, bringing out the point straight below on the bottom tracing line; release the loop from under the thumb, and draw it round the top of the needle, and pass the cotton thence from left to right under the point of the needle, and draw through; every stitch is formed in the same way, and the result produces a raised thick plait on the right side of the material and a series of small perpendicular stitches on the wrong side. A little practice will render the stitch quite easy of accomplishment, but as a small knot is formed in the cotton by the process of working, it is almost impossible to undo when once the stitch is drawn in position, and therefore great attention must be paid to the twisting of the cotton rightly round the needle, and to keeping the stitches the same even width all along the line of embroidery."

Of course in the glass cloth, where several lines come together as in Fig. 21, this is quite easy.

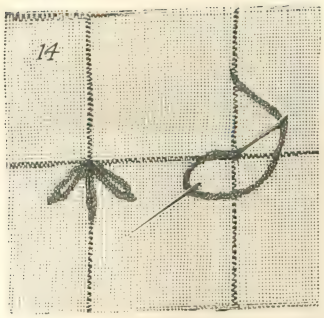
Fig. 22 shows a ball worked in satin-stitch. If you have a row of balls work them all the same way, not one in one way, and one in another.

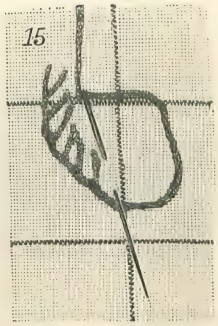
Fig. 23 shows the buttonholing done closely as in the palm shown in Fig. 1.

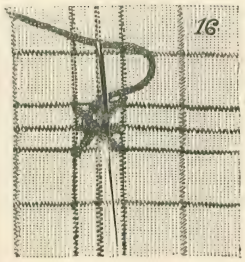
In Figs. 24 and 25 you see how the applied pattern is made as in the laundry bag. Draw a palm or any device you like, cut it out in cardboard, taking care to have the edges true and neat, and then pencil round it upon your linen, then cut out the pattern in the linen and tack it in position upon the glass-cloth. Next take a contrasting colour, red for blue and *vice versâ*, and buttonhole it all round, going into the blue linen about an eighth of an inch from the edge. The buttonhole is not worked closely together, please observe, and also note that the spaces between the stitches are all the same size, and that the outer edge of the buttonhole lies closely to the edge of the linen. Of course in coming to the point of the palm or the apex of any like pattern you must coax your stitches into good order, and they then must often lie closer together.

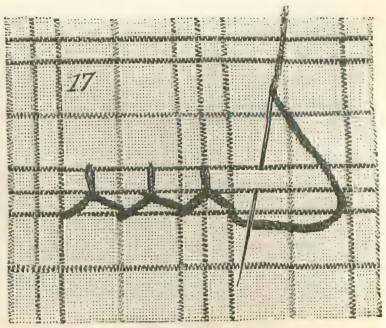


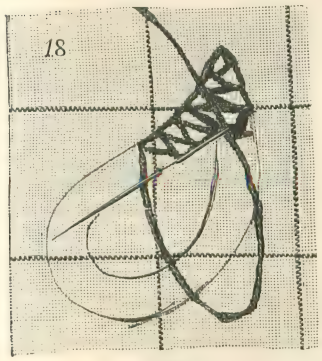
FIG. 13.

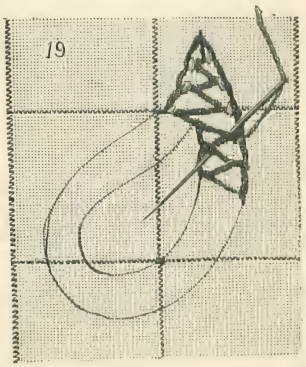

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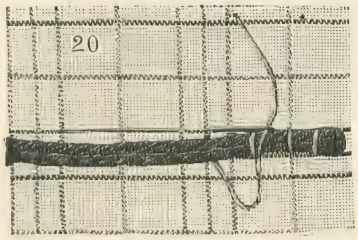

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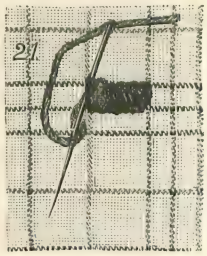

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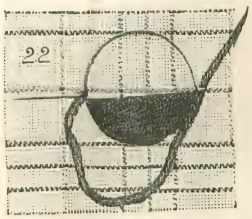

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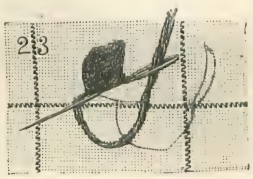

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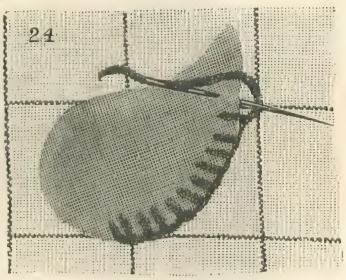

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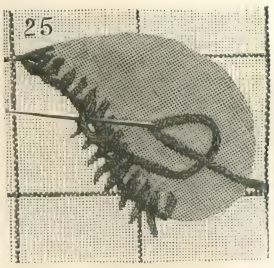

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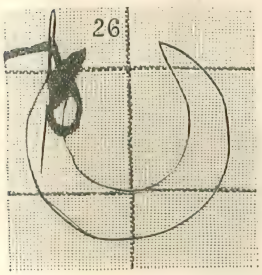

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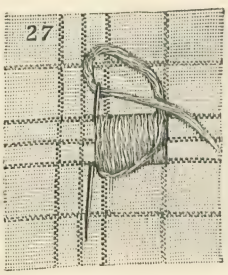

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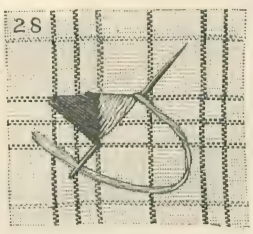

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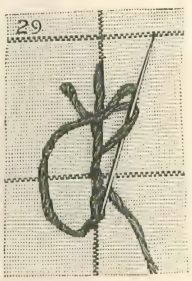

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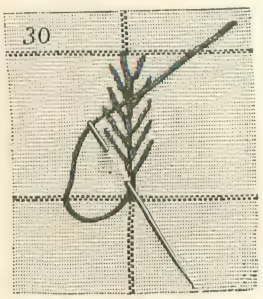

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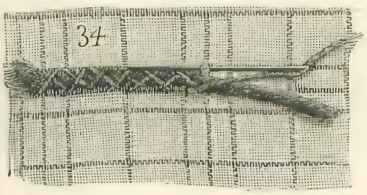

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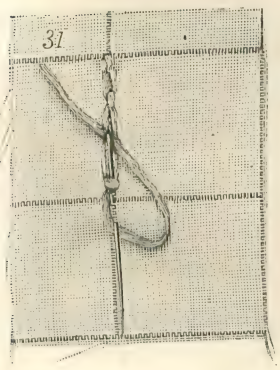

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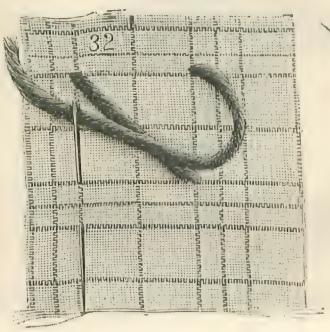

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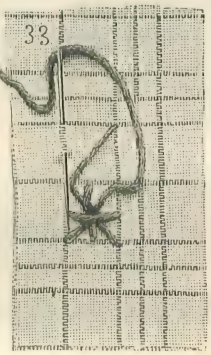

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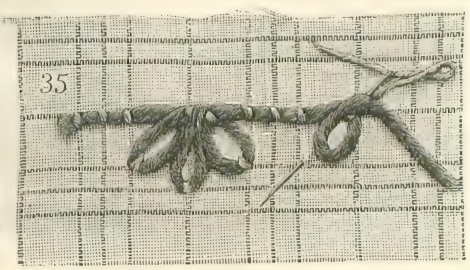

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32


33


35

In Fig. 25 you will see how the stitch is worked which forms a tiny stitch lying close to the buttonhole on the linen, and a spike on the glass cloth itself. The latter is crossed over by a single straight stitch, the way of working which is clearly seen in the illustration.

Fig. 26 is a crescent worked in feather-stitch. In working this stitch always place your needle a little to the side of the preceding stitch.

Fig. 27 is plain satin-stitch done without any preliminary tracing. This done in various widths, guides for which are found in the stripes themselves, can be used as a border or insertion in one, two, or more rows.

Fig. 28 is the same satin-stitch done diagonally.

Fig. 29 is snail-trail stitch done in spikes.

Fig. 30 is feather-stitch which, as will be seen, is done by holding the cotton under the needle and taking stitches of equal length first at one side, and then at the other.

Fig. 31 is cable-stitch, and from a reliable authority I will quote directions for doing it. The stitch is not easy and these directions are very clear.

"Bring up the needle and cotton on the right side of the material, hold the cotton straight down under the thumb of the left hand, pass the needle from right to left under the cotton so held down, and draw it up till the cotton so held down under the thumb is brought to a small loop, then keeping the thumb in the same position, insert the point of the needle in the material below the cotton and just underneath where you before brought it out, bring the point of the needle up in a straight line a quarter of an inch below, but not to pass through the loop of cotton that still is held under the thumb; release the thumb and draw the loop of cotton closely round the top of the needle, and pass the cotton from left to right under the point of the needle, and draw the needle at once through the little circular loop at top of the needle and through this present loop which resembles a chain-stitch loop, and the stitch is accomplished; all the stitches are worked in the same manner, and the effect is as of a small knot of cotton linking one chain-stitch to another. Be careful always to pull the cotton closely round the top of the needle, and to loop it under the point of the needle before drawing the needle out, as if this is forgotten the stitch cannot be rightly formed, and it being a tiresome stitch to undo, great pains must be taken to work it correctly."

Fig. 32 shows how the thick cotton is taken across when threaded into a large-eyed needle.

Fig. 33 shows a star and the way in which the lines are taken across.

Fig. 34. Here the line of thick red cotton is kept in place by herringbone done in yellow cotton. The red shows under the trellis formed by the cotton, and is very effective.

Fig. 35. Here is seen how the thick cotton is fastened down in loops.

As will be understood now, all kinds of various effects can be obtained by anyone who has taste and can choose their colours and stitches carefully. Glass-cloth work is very interesting, and as there is plenty of variety in it there is no chance of getting tired of it. Small flowers, buds, etc., are sold in Brigg's transfer papers, and these can be ironed off. Some of these are just large enough for the little square in the glass cloth which has single lines only. A tea-cloth with different designs in the squares would be very pretty.

Narrow soutache can also be used, and is very effective when the colours are good and pretty patterns are chosen.



MARY CARMICHAEL.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "West Dene Manor," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"TWO ANCHORS—A LARGE AND A SMALL."

ONE morning late in January, when everything outside was covered with a white mantle of snow, and ice was thick on all the ponds, Mary, who had been feeling more than usually depressed, suddenly roused herself, dressed herself warmly, and with her skates slung over her arm, turned out to face the keen, biting blast.

"If I sit here all the day," she said to herself, "I shall lose all heart."

She had contrived for once to get out and away some distance over the downs beyond the Castle Hill without the inevitable maid, who happened to be somewhat indisposed, and for whom Mary had begged a rest.

The keen wind stirred her hair and brought the colour to her cheeks; and it seemed to lift the weight which had lain at her heart as she walked briskly over the frozen snow. The sky was blue above—such a blue as is often seen in frosty weather—the sea below was covered with the foam-crested waves. In spite of the losses and disappointments of her life, she felt that it was, after all, good to be alive. Somewhere there would still be a way for her, where the forces she knew were within her, though now dormant and disused, would one day find an outlet. Until then she would go through the "daily round" which she found so wearisome and tame, trusting in the love of Him who had given her those powers and desires, and who had brought her through so many changing scenes.

In the far distance she saw the daily steamboat from Calais making its way to the Dover pier; and an impulse seized her to hurry down the white cliffs and along the esplanade to the landing-place. It was an unusual thing for Mary to do, for her aunt never encouraged her to walk on the pier.

She arrived there just as the *Calais-Douvres* was nearing, and in a few minutes she was watching the passengers bustling on shore with their wraps and packages.

Suddenly her heart gave a bound, her knees seemed to grow suddenly weak, and a feeling of faintness came over her.

"How like that tall, active figure is to Gerald!" she thought; and then Mary, who seemed to be rooted to the ground, saw it was really her friend. But he was moving away quickly, and soon he would be lost to her again. She felt choking, almost as though speech and movement had left her.

Ah! he is turning round again—he has forgotten something on board—and as he comes back, his eyes glance upward to the place where Mary stands, grasping the rail in front of her. He utters a cry of gladness, and forgets what he turned to seek. A few more moments and he stands beside her, with her hands in his and his eyes, moist with a reflection from her own, gazing down upon her.

Without one spoken word Mary knows that he loves her.

"How strange! How did you come to be here?" he asks first. "I knew you had left Honolulu, but I could not find out where you were."

"How did you know I had left Honolulu?" she said.

"I will tell you some day."

"And have you been to see Mrs. Somerville now?" she asked next.

She could not trust herself to speak of her father, and she thought their friend might have told him what had happened to her.

"No, I have only had a few days' holiday, and I have been in Paris. I have not heard from Mrs. Somerville since she left London, but she told me then of your loss; I grieved much for you. But now, where are you staying? Let me walk with you, and tell me all about yourself."

By the time they reached Mrs. Harrison's house, which was some distance beyond the busy part of the town, Mary had told Gerald all that had happened to her since they parted. He said little, but the pressure of his arm on her hand, which he had taken possession of, told her of his sympathy.

"But how came you to be watching on the pier when our boat came in, Mary? Do you often go down there? You were in my thoughts as we neared the land, but it seemed like a miracle when I saw you standing there."

"It was very strange; I never went down to see the steamer come in before. Perhaps the angel led me," she added to herself, softly.

"What's that about the angel, Mary?"

"I will tell you some other day, as you said just now, that is if you are good. Here we are at my aunt's door. What shall I do? I cannot ask you in until I have told her all about you."

"No, that would not do, especially as she is ill. I will go down to the Lord Warden; I shall not go to town to-day, and in a few hours' time I will come back again."

How quickly the heart opens to happiness again; and when the love of our life comes how strange it is that we seem to have known and been looking for it so long.

Mary ran up to her room before going to her aunt, and there she knelt down and thanked God for this great happiness which had come into her life.

"Why, Mary, my child! what a bright colour you have? You look quite altered. The long walk has done you good to-day," said the invalid, taking hold of her hand and gazing at her.

The changing expressions which flitted across Mary's sensitive face told her aunt more than the words of her story, as well as the tones of her voice and the trembling hand which was still held fast.

"I must see this Mr. Holt who will, I feel, want to rob me of my daughter, the only one I have had," she added, somewhat sadly; "and, if I like him, I will not be selfish, dear."

She insisted next on being dressed and sitting up in her room to receive Gerald when he came.

"I can read his character in his face, Mary," she said, after he left, "and I think I can trust you to him. But stay with me a little longer, dear; I shall not need you very long."

* * * *

Before the autumn came Mrs. Harrison was taken home to God, whom she had served faithfully in her quiet way. Mrs. Somerville was in London again, and with her Mary found a home until her marriage.

Gerald furnished a pleasant little home for her in Kensington, to which she went early in the following year. A generous legacy from her aunt made her income larger, so that Gerald was able to follow his own ideal in art more closely. They brought out several charming little books together. Mary's husband was wise enough to recognise the fact that her nature, especially after the life of constant change she had had, would be happier for some engrossing occupation, and he encouraged her to write, drawing on her past experiences for "copy." Nor did he prevent her from going into the East End and visiting the "Sailors' Homes" whenever she pleased. Indeed, their favourite pleasure on the days when he allowed himself a holiday was to go down to Gravesend in a steamboat to watch the ships, large and small, coming and going to all parts of the world.

"How do you happen to know so much about the Hawaiian Islands, Gerald?" Mary asked one day. "You always seem to know much more than I tell you. And I have never yet understood how you came to hear that I was in England, for Mrs. Johnstone did not know that I should come before she left for France that last time, and you say she did not write to you."

"Ah! that is a mystery, Mary!"

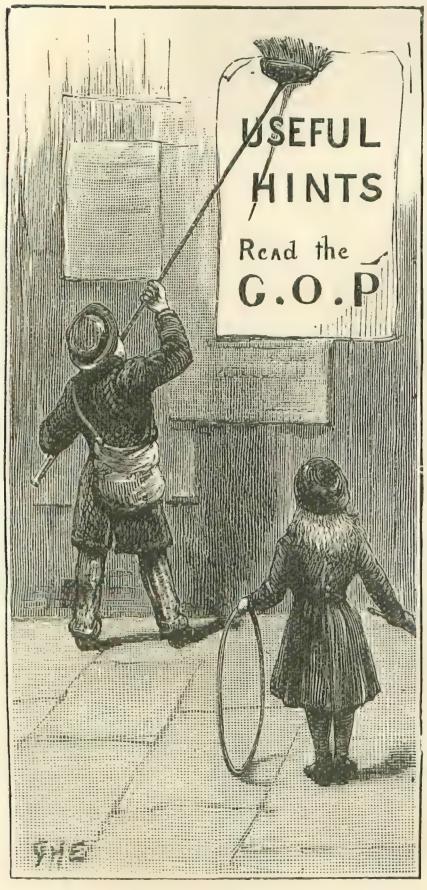
"Nonsense, Gerald! Do tell me at once!"

"When you went away from me, Mary, although you were unkind enough not to leave even the smallest message for me, I made up my mind that I would never lose track of you, and would some day go in search of you if you did not return to England. So I inquired carefully in certain quarters as to the whereabouts and the natural history of those islands of which I was very ignorant. I found they boasted of a king and a constitution, and also of a representative in London—a very obliging individual, from whom I obtained newspapers from time to time, in which I actually read of you and your father's doings occasionally amongst those personalities in which some papers delight. They interested me, I can assure you."

Mary remembered Mr. Falconer of San Francisco and their "card" in his paper, and laughed.

"It is to be hoped they were more accurate in their personalities than some I have known," she said.

In the course of time God sent a little daughter to be a joy in their home. They called her Theodora, "A gift of God."



A Good Griddle Cake.—The Scotch are quite famous for their excellent griddle cakes. The griddle is a similar pan to our frying-pan, with this difference—there is a handle over the top and the bottom is slightly thicker. For the cake the materials required are quite a pint of sour milk, two breakfastcupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of green treacle, and half a teaspoonful of salt. If the treacle is rather thick it can be made more liquid by putting it in a cup and standing it on the stove for two or three minutes; then mix it with the milk. Put the salt and flour in a baking bowl and mix them well. Make a hole in the middle and stir in the milk carefully, so there shall be no lumps. Beat it for five minutes and then add the soda dissolved in boiling water. Turn into the greased griddle and bake for about a quarter of an hour.

Soda Cakes.—Sift a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into a pound of flour, put in a pinch of salt, and make it into a stiff dough with sour milk; divide into three portions, roll out and make each into a round cake an inch thick. Bake in a fairly hot oven, giving them ten minutes to rise, and bake one side, and then turn them over. When baked split each one, put on plenty of butter, and let them be eaten at once. These cakes suit dyspeptic persons who cannot eat a hot cake made with shortening. The following cakes are suitable for either breakfast or tea, and may be baked on a gas ring when the kitchen fire has been let out on a sultry day. If intended for breakfast it is a saving of time to mix up the batter over night, adding the soda in the morning.

Cream Cakes are also baked on a griddle, but instead of being baked in one large cake the batter is baked a cupful at a time. The materials required are—a pint of slightly sour milk and same quantity of cream; four eggs, yolks and whites whipped separately; a teaspoonful of soda, a saltspoonful of salt, and sufficient flour to make a good batter.

Put about two cups of flour in a bowl, and mix it smoothly with the cream and milk (mixed together) into a batter, of course adding more flour if the batter is not thick enough; then stir in the eggs, and lastly the salt and soda, the latter dissolved in just sufficient hot water to cover it. Beat all well up three or four minutes before baking. As they are baked lay them in the folds of a clean cloth to keep hot; they are best then. There are many other recipes I might enumerate, but will close with the German dish that does not require much preparation. Let the milk stand in the jug or bowl until it is quite stiff and resembles a blancmange, then put it in rather a deep dish and let powdered sugar be eaten with it. This is delicious, if liked; but the taste for it is mostly an acquired one.

Pigeons de Bordeaux à la Bourgeoise.—Procure as many Bordeaux pigeons as you require, and cut each one into four; have ready a saucepan with as much butter as you think necessary to brown them. When they are nicely browned lift them out gently, and fry one dozen small quenelles, which are very nice made of forcemeat and shaped with two teaspoons; when these are brown, take them out carefully so as not to break them, then rub into the butter one good heaped-up tablespoonful of flour, and let this fry till brown, then add not quite a pint of thin stock, or water will do, with the addition of a small quantity of Liebig's Extract. Stir till it boils, then add one wineglassful of port or sherry, and pepper and salt to taste. Now put in your pigeons, quenelles, and one dozen mushrooms and eight French olives which have been previously stoned, and let all stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. In a separate saucepan boil one dozen of carrots and turnips cut as near the shape of quenelles as possible, and serve the pigeons in the centre and the quenelles, mushrooms, carrots, turnips and olives placed alternately round with one dozen fried croûtons cut kite shape.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. D. L.—We think the Guild of Aid in Home Duties, of which the warden is the Bishop of Salisbury, would be the very place for the young lady to be trained, so as to be able to earn her living. Girls in her position are received as pupils, and, when capable, transferred to the most suitable sphere of Colonial work, under the protection of the Church Emigration Society, or provided with posts, independent of the Guild, in this country. Non-associates must forward a donation of 2s. 6d. before the application can be entertained. Letters of inquiry will be answered, if enclosing three stamps and a clerical reference, and should be addressed to Mrs. Henslow (organising secretary), Zeals Rectory, Bath.

"Nancy Lee."—The City Guilds of London grant certificates of proficiency in dressmaking to those who have passed an exam. But to be eligible the candidates must have received some twenty lessons from a teacher approved of by the Guild. If you desire to obtain such a certificate you must write to the Secretary of the exam. department, City and Guilds Institute, Exhibition Road, S.W. To outside students the fee is 7s. per class, for inside, 3s. 6d.

Anna.—1. There is a morning class held exclusively for ladies from 10.30 A.M. to 1 P.M., at the University Tutorial College, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C. In this class special attention will be paid to the science and mathematical portion of the syllabus. The fees for the full course, comprising all subjects, amount to eight guineas; but if you only require teaching in one, they will not amount to more than £2 12s. 6d. An afternoon class for matriculation began on the first Monday in September for the January exam., and will recommence on the last Monday in January for the exam. in June, from 2.15 P.M. to 4.45. There are "recapitulation classes," held daily, during the four weeks preceding each exam. Private tuition may also be obtained in this college on all subjects required for the University of London and other exams. —2. At the office of the Secretary you may see a list of lodgings suitable for students.

G. A.—Certainly, you may send in your answers for the first and second months together, as a member of the "Scripture Reading Guild."

Poppy.—From the constant repetitions of questions we think our girls must, many of them, have heads like sieves. See our articles on "How to converse agreeably," "Good breeding in daily converse." We have done all we could to educate our girls in these matters, and cannot continue to repeat ourselves. See, also, our answers to such questions as yours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Elsie.—We have answered your questions already. It is perfectly obvious that persons engaged in cleaning and dusting and sweeping a house, must necessarily need a cap, unless they wish to have a head like a dusty mop, on which question the opinion of her employer would certainly have to be consulted. It is equally obvious that a cook, or kitchenmaid, must wear a cap likewise, as it serves as a safeguard against the dropping of hairs into the dishes she makes, a fact always recognised by men-cooks and bakers, although their hair is short. It is equally obvious that an apron is required to preserve the dress which you wear, and likewise to make it look cleaner and fresher, as well as, most certainly, more becoming. Aprons can be changed much oftener than gowns, their washing being a matter of less expense. Why do milkmaids, and butchers, and grocers, all wear specially suitable and uniform dress? Why do nurses follow suit? Your question shows great want of thought; and the tone of your letter, like the writing, does you no credit.

Hilda.—1. We have given all the recipes and advice we can supply for the alleviation or cure of chilblains. Consult our indexes.—2. We do not recommend any chemical acids to change the colour of the hair. It is natural for it to grow darker after early childhood.

Syrrah Dlihc.—1. Dividing a sixpence with a lover is a little superstitious fancy, from which no real benefit can be derived. It is a matter of sentiment and a cheap "keepsake."—2. We are very glad that you find so much comfort and advantage in reading our paper.

A. M.—It is scarcely safe to speak positively in reply to your question, but we understand that Rider Haggard heads the list of our writers of fiction, being credited with making an income of £5000 per annum by his writings, and Miss Braddon £3000. From the same source we are given to understand that Rudyard Kipling is receiving a "fabulous income" by means of his pen.

Dot.—If a wasp be stuck in the throat, instantly swallow a spoonful of common table-salt, which will kill the wasp and heal the sting. We extract this from a receipt-book by G. W. Francis.

Constant Reader.—We could not tell you whether you need spectacles. Bathe your eyes in weak vinegar and water, cold, to strengthen them; and read with your back to the light. Gas-light is bad; occupy yourself in some other way when artificial light has to be employed, unless night be your only time for reading; and never read small print.

Ginger Lily.—1. "Sherlock Holmes" is a character founded on one that exists, and we believe most of the stories connected with him, if not all, are from the life.—2. Wash alabaster with soap-and-water, and polish with "shave grass." Grease-spots may be removed by rubbing powered French chalk on them with the finger. Always remember the softness of alabaster, and that the sharp edges of the carvings upon it are easily rubbed off.

May Flower.—Judging from your own account you were not altogether to blame; but the familiarity began by small degrees, and it seems that you offered no objection to them, and thus he felt encouraged to proceed further. But what is passed is over, and if he has left for years we should think no more about it.

Arnoline and Gardinia (Cape Colony).—1. There is neither propriety nor impropriety in using scent; but young girls are not in the habit of making the purchase of scent a regular expense, and we do not think they should.—2. There is no reason why you should not use a white silk pocket-handkerchief.

Curly-Wig.—1. Dreams are caused by events which have occupied the thoughts in the day. The memory and imagination are at work, but the judgment does not exercise any control, and the dreamer is irresponsible.—2. There are certain grave faults which demand corporal punishment; but all such training should have been completed by four years old. The faults to which we refer are those of rebellion against authority and any exhibition of cruelty. It would be very sad indeed were there a necessity for corporal correction at a later age.

George Walker, Esq.—We have pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the Highland Orphanage in Culduthel Road, Inverness, of which you are the Secretary. Food, such as flour, meal, peas, and beans, potatoes, groceries, and clothing, may be easily transmitted by express companies, or by parcels-post. Articles in knitting or crochet are also welcome. There are sixty children in the Homes, thirty-six being girls; and a new school-building is in course of construction. This appears to be an institution which has very little assured income, and as the writer of the thirteenth annual report says, "We are, generally speaking, living from hand to mouth, and yet we are ever provided for." Any of our Scotch readers, more especially, who would like to send anything in aid of the work, should write to Miss Macmaster, Orphanage, Culduthel Road, or to Mr. Elliot, 2, Drummond Street, Inverness.

Cyanide.—There are two or three Homes for students in London, and elsewhere. College Hall, Byng Place, W.C., for women students of University College, and the London School of Medicine for Women; Principal, Miss Grove, Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C.; Principal, Miss Cail; and the Royal Alexandra Home for art and musical students, South Kensington.

M. A. Beatson.—We do not require any translating work on account of our paper, and we could not tell you of anyone who does.

Stella.—You ought not to be out of the schoolroom at sixteen—supposing your parents had the means to keep you at school till your education be finished. You are far too young to be thinking of any man but a father or brother, and you ought to be ashamed to speak of it.

Unitarian.—There is no reason why you should not become a member of the guild. All are welcome provided that they agree to read the Holy Bible daily for half an hour.

Marta.—The "four" so-called "perfect women" were only so styled by Mahomet; and he was so gallant as to say that there had been many perfect men, but not more than four of our sex who had merited such a verdict! The first of his selection was the wife of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, Asiah, who forsook the religion of her fathers, and suffered much cruelty from his hands as the consequence. The second was the Blessed Virgin. The third was his own first wife, Khadijah; and Fatima, his daughter, the fourth.

Ella.—The word "humbug" had its origin in the very base metal of which James II. coined money in Dublin; so bad was it—composed as it was of lead and pewter, mixed with copper and brass—that William III., a few days after the battle of the Boyne, commanded that the crown and half-crown should be taken to represent one penny and a half-penny respectively. The Irish words *Uim bog*, meaning "worthless money," or "soft copper," and pronounced *Oombug*, was used to designate the worthless imposition, and adopted for application to any sort of deception.

Mary Renoops.—1. See our many answers on the subject of old postage stamps.—2. Hand not formed.

Scribbler.—1. Yes, two sisters may dress a doll between them; but it must go in under one name.—2. The reason that St. Valentine was adopted as the patron saint of lovers, was partly the coincidence of the meaning of his name—Valentine being a corruption of the French *Galantin*, or "gallant," otherwise "lover" or "dangler," sometimes substituted in lower classes by the term "follower." St. Valentine was a martyr of the third century. He was first beaten with clubs, and then beheaded; and it is said that a part of his remains was preserved in the church of St. Praxedes, Rome, where he suffered, and where a gate—now known as the *Porta del Popolo*—was called the *Porta Valentini*—in commemoration of him. Certain days used to be observed as festivals by the pagans, and the Christians of those early times—anxious to get rid of all vestiges of pagan superstitions—changed the names of the festivals to those of Christian martyrs, whose testimony was sealed with their blood. The feasts held in February, called the *Lupercalia*, in honour of Pan and Juno, were the occasion for putting the names of young women into a box, to be drawn for by men—as in a lottery—and thus, the holy martyr, St. Valentine, having been put to death during these particular feasts, it is easy to trace the origin of the modern and frivolous observance of the day.

Connie inquires, "which are the most numerous, Protestants or Roman Catholics?" The latter, we believe, number about one-fifth more than the former; but Protestantism is advancing, and since the end of the last century has nearly quadrupled its numbers.—2. If you wish to ensure good singing, you should place the young bird in the same room with some good singer, where it will be out of hearing of other sounds. A good canary, goldfinch, nightingale, skylark, or woodlark would answer the purpose satisfactorily.

Janie.—We think that in Cornwall you would get cheaper houses, and with little gardens, than almost any other place in England. Perhaps at Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, the rents are exceptionally low; and we may include the village of Ipstone, Staffordshire, as a marvellously cheap place for houses of very fair size. We recommend you to go and see what may be had in these counties—being guided by the respective climates, and the comparative nearness to members of your family or friends. A small house, of merely four rooms, with a garden, might be found in the neighbourhood of Callington or Liskeard (Cornwall) at as low a rent as £5 per annum.

Letty Cullen.—Write direct to the office of the Insurance Company which you name. We could not tell you on what terms they would receive a lady-clerk, nor whether they have a vacancy for one, without writing direct ourselves. We do not write private answers—our correspondence in the magazine is so great.

Miss A. B. (Cookham).—The great swelling of your hands is symptomatic of a state of the general health and constitution, which should be carefully examined into by an experienced doctor. It is certainly not the right method to pursue to deal with a local effect instead of the cause; and putting your hands under pressure of any kind could not act as a cure of the cause, but only serve to stop the circulation, and produce congestion. We cannot send private replies, being against our published rules.

Vergiss mein-nicht and a Competitor.—1. Dolls classed under "IV." are dressed as grown-up people. Send what you have made for the Deep Sea Fishermen to Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Write to the secretary, Francis H. Wood, Esq. Their monthly magazine, illustrated, *The Toilers of the Deep*, gives a list of the ways in which work may be done for them (price 3d.), and is most interesting.—2. As you have been a member of the "College by post," we must draw your attention to our own "Guild of Scripture-reading and Study," just commenced.

Grannie.—You must offer your "buried names" and riddles to some child's magazine. You cannot dispose of anything you write, or manufacture, without trouble and sometimes expense. It is impossible for us to say what merit there is in what you have written, nor who would care to take your riddles and stories. Judging from your writing we should suppose you to be quite a little girl.

Bee.—Take the book to some shop where very old books are sold. There is one, very well known, in Piccadilly. We could not pronounce an opinion upon it.

Mrs. Hooker.—We do not keep books published by other firms. The R.T.S. only disposes of its own works. The subject of etiquette, as well as of simple good breeding, have been very fully discussed in a long series of articles. See vol. ii., pp. 42, 73, 314, 675; vol. iii., pp. 90, 162, 278; vol. iv., pp. 74, 403; and vol. v., pp. 38, 98, 262, 363, including "Dinners in Society;" "Giving and Receiving Hospitality;" "Etiquette in Driving, Riding, and Walking;" and "The Habits of Polite Society," with other subjects.



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A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.



"HER THOUGHTS WENT STRAYING BACK."

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CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

"And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where past and present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart."
Tennyson.

It was the evening of the day after the picnic, and all Rushbrook had already heard the news. The Danforths had heard it in the morning from Arnold himself, and Mrs. Verdon had heard it in the afternoon from the Danforths.

Katherine Verdon was an unemotional woman. She did not feel in the least inclined to go into hysterics or make bitter speeches. Mrs. Tell, who watched her narrowly, could not detect the slightest change in her demeanour. She remarked that Miss Kilner was very pretty—really quite beautiful, and no one could be surprised at the turn that things had taken.

"I don't know," replied her sister-in-law; "I confess I am surprised. He ought to have married somebody in a better position."

"Oh, her position is good enough," Mrs. Verdon answered, "and she will suit him exactly. He is a man who will demand a great deal of devotion from his wife, and she will give him all he needs. It would have been bad for him if he had married a woman whose supply was not equal to the demand."

"What do you suppose would have happened in that case?" Mrs. Tell asked.

"She would have been bored, and he would have been disappointed and restless. I think he would have taken to wandering again; but there is no fear of that now. You will see that this will be an ideal marriage."

Having said this, Katherine went quietly out of the room and took her way upstairs to the side of Jamie's bed. He was asleep; but the heat had flushed him, and he tossed the bed-clothes away from his rosy limbs and murmured in his sleep. Nurse had gone down to her supper; there was no one to see Katherine as she bent over the child with a look of tenderness in her eyes.

"My life is in my own hands," she thought. "I have not given up myself to anyone else, and it is better as it is. I love the boy; he is the only thing I really care for."

Just then he gave another toss, and opened his eyes with a fretful little wail. Seeing Katherine, he put out his arms and said, "Mammy!"

She soothed him with her sweet voice and soft touch, gave him a draught of lemonade, and then laid him down again, calmed and refreshed, to fall into a deep slumber. Yes, it was all well, she repeated to herself; she had her own life, her own pleasures, her own ways; to give up anything that was hers, to change any of her plans, would have cost her more than it costs most women. She was not fond of making sacrifices; she had never loved well enough to know the sweetness of self-surrender.

Arnold Wayne had taken her fancy, but he had never won her heart. It is true that he had not tried to win it, and Katherine did not care to ask herself whether he would have succeeded if he had tried. She had felt one slight pang of jealousy when she had been told of his engagement, and that was all. This quiet half-hour spent by Jamie's bed had set everything right in her life. She understood herself now, and could even think of something pretty to give Miss Kilner for a wedding present.

"Jamie shall give her something from himself," she decided. "He is very fond of her, and she is really a nice woman. I wish them well—yes, in all sincerity I wish them well."

If there were others who did not feel as kindly as Katherine did, there was no manifestation of ill-will. The Danforths had expected Mrs. Verdon to join them in bewailing the foolish match, but she had quietly and cleverly disappointed them. They had left her with the impression that they must have been mistaken in her from the first. She had never thought as seriously of Arnold as they had supposed; she had amused herself with their schemes and hopes, and that was all.

"I was never sure of her from the beginning," said Mr. Danforth to his daughters. "She has been always perfectly contented with her position. There were no signs of restlessness about her at all. But you girls are dead sure of everything; when you take a notion into your heads you can't listen to reason."

He had been very cross all day, finding fault with everything that "the girls" said and did, until he had driven them both to the verge of desperation. And Lily, when she went upstairs to dress for dinner, was wondering how she should get through that miserable meal without bursting into a great fit of crying?

She thought how happy Elsie Kilner must be at that moment with Arnold as her declared lover. No doubt Francis Ryan was moping about Willow Farm in a state of unacknowledged wretchedness. She was sure that Francis had really liked that girl; she had seen his feelings plainly on the day of the picnic. Perhaps he would go away altogether from Rushbrook, unable to bear the sight of his rival's happiness. And this was to be the ending of Lily's dream!

But it is best not to be too certain about endings and beginnings; they look so like each other sometimes, and are apt to be so oddly mixed up in our lives.

When you are thoroughly heartsick and hopeless, dress is quite an unimportant thing. Lily put on a cream-white cashmere gown which had seen its best days, noticed that the skirt was soiled, and said with Mr. Toots that it was of no consequence. There were some clusters of pink geranium in a glass on her table, and she pinned them on her bodice in a dejected fashion. Then she went downstairs slowly, with her bright cheeks paler than usual and all her sprightliness gone.

The lights were golden on the lawn, and the great cedar was casting velvety shadows there. Her father was standing under the old tree, looking so jovial and radiant that she marvelled at the sudden change in his mood. Someone, who stood with his back towards the house, was in close conversation with Mr. Danforth.

"Here she is, Ryan!" her father said, as he saw her through the open door. "Here she is! Let her come out and answer for herself."

Francis Ryan turned, and Lily, shy and trembling, went out in obedience to Mr. Danforth's call. Perhaps her hesitation and timidity became her better than self-confidence; anyhow, Francis thought that he had never seen her look so pretty as she did at this moment, when she came bashfully towards him under the old cedar with a pensive look on her young face.

"He has come to ask me for you, Lily," said Mr. Danforth, glowing with satisfaction. "He has my consent, and now you must give him your answer."

Then the head of the family went off to find Mary and tell her the joyful news, and Francis and Lily stood under the dark cedar-boughs together hand in hand. She was too happy to know exactly what he was saying; she only knew that she had managed to say what was required of her, and that life had suddenly changed from gloom to glory.

September had set in, and only a few stragglers had come back to London. Most people were still lingering on the sea-shore or among the breezy hills; but one young woman, standing at the window of a back room in All Saints Street, was looking as happy as if she loved the view of chimney-pots and smoky tiles.

It was the last day of Elsie's single life. The bell was just beginning to chime for five o'clock service; in the next room Mrs. Lennard and Miss Saxon were closing the lids of the boxes and looking round to see that nothing had been forgotten or left out. And Elsie, standing alone in her old place, was watching the sunset shining on these crowded house-roofs for the last time. Meta's manuscript, carefully tied up, was lying on the little table near. As Elsie's fingers rested on the roll, her thoughts went straying back to that evening in the early spring when she had stood here to fight her battle in silence.

It was not until that battle had been fought and won that she had known the guidance of the vanished hand; and now, in the golden quietness of this hour, she recalled some lines from "In Memoriam" which seemed to come with new freshness of meaning to her mind:—

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

Robert and Bertha were forgiven, although the old home had passed into the hands of strangers, and the old haunts would know her footsteps no more. Mr. Lennard, too, had given up

the living in Sussex, and would come, later on, to settle in Rushbrook, near Wayne's Court. Mrs. Lennard had declared that it was impossible for her to live far away from her adopted daughter, and Elsie longed to have this faithful friend always by her side. And Miss Saxon, also, had promised to say good-bye to London, and follow Elsie into her quiet world of meadows and streams. Another summer would bring Mrs. Beaton and her son into that pastoral country, just to refresh themselves with a glimpse of its sweetness and light. How Elsie would welcome the sight of those friendly faces which had gladdened her lonesome days!

To-night for musings; to-morrow for the beginning of the new life. To-night for memories; to-morrow for the clasp of wedded hands and the solemn troth, plighted "till death do us part."

"But there will never be a parting," said Elsie, taking a last look at the fading light of the sunset. "Did not Harold and Meta walk together to the very brink of the river? And is not the vanished hand still pointing to the home of rest upon the other side?"

[THE END.]



SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

SUCCESS and failure are two very important words in everybody's life, and are two of the most important elements in the world's history. Paradoxical though the saying may be, "Success may be failure, failure may be success!" it nevertheless expresses a striking and world-wide truth. Failures in innumerable instances have been the means of success, whilst on the other hand success has often and often been followed by complete failure. Many instances of apparent failure proving to be success find their counterpart in the story of the young men digging over their inheritance to find their treasure, thinking it was in the form of buried gold, whereas the treasure lay in the fertility of the land resulting from their search. They seemed at first to fail because the treasure was not in the form they expected it to be. The pathetic story of Telemachus comes under the heading of apparent failures. Throwing himself into the arena, to stop the gladiators' fight, he was stabbed to death by command of the enraged onlookers; but his was the last human blood which ever stained the white floor of the Colosseum. Take again the defeat of Judas Maccabeus and his eight hundred followers at Eleasah, which brought about the freedom of down-trodden Judah, and the sacrifice of the heroes at Thermopylæ, the noble three-hundred, who were the salvation of Greece.

The noblest work and the best of causes have to be fought through a long succession of failures, and many of the assailants die before the battle which achieves the triumph is won. The names of the illustrious who have suffered in the cause of religion, of science, of truth, and for great reforms for the benefit of their country, have seemed to fail, yet eventually their efforts have been crowned with success. These are the men whose memories are held in the greatest esteem and reverence by mankind. They perished but their work survived.

We have only to glance at Ireland to obtain a forcible illustration of success proving to be failure; we were successful in the conquest, but the means—conquest—were unsuitable to the attainment of the end, union. Every victory won in our sister isle has but widened the breach and made the hope of the longed-for consummation recede farther into the background.

The first failures of great men have been numerous. Richard Cobden, when he first appeared as a speaker at a public meeting in Manchester, broke down, and his failure had to be apologised for by the chairman. Mr. Disraeli failed at first, but by dint of perseverance he became one of the most graceful and impressive of orators. Boileau, the poet, was educated for the bar, but when he came to plead his first cause, he broke down; he then tried the pulpit, but also failed, and finally devoted himself to poetry, and with what success is well known. Goldsmith failed in passing as a surgeon; but he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*. Joseph Addison failed as a speaker but succeeded in writing *Sir Roger de Coverley* and his famous papers in the *Spectator*.

Failure is one of those objectionable practical lessons which has to be faced boldly in the battle of life, although it is hard to do so. The courage of some people is roused by failure, and they are stimulated to renewed efforts. Lacordaire, one of the most eminent preachers of modern times, only acquired celebrity after repeated failures. Talma, the great actor, was hissed off the stage when he first appeared on it.

Such precedents teach us not to fear apparent failure, for it may be on that dark foundation alone that the golden palace of our dreams may be reared, or that whilst we are vainly looking for success in her wonted garb she is already close to us wearing another form and different garments. Absolute failure, of course, cannot be success, but apparent failure may be, and often is. Appearances are often fallacious, and it may be that what is a necessary part of the workings of the laws of success may look like failure, as when the seed falls into the ground and dies, and lo, its death is the birth of a higher life. The preachers of various forms of truth perished unheeded at the stake or on the scaffold, but the truths they planted sprang from their resting-places, and grew unceasingly. Bruno was burnt alive at Rome because of his exposure of the fashionable, but false philosophy of his time. Galileo was denounced by the priests from the pulpit, because of the views he taught as to the motion of the earth. He was imprisoned by the Inquisition, and was pursued by persecution even when dead, the Pope refusing a tomb for his body. Even the pure and simple-minded Newton was accused of "dethroning the Deity" by his great and sublime discovery of the law of gravitation. This phase of apparent failure is an essential part of the success of certain of the highest projects, which are undoubtedly successful judged by the ultimate results.

There are instances of workers looking for one thing and finding another, as we have already shown; but when seeking only to do good happiness is found, such a result can hardly be said to come within the category of success. Again, there are instances of failure proving to be the greatest of blessings, simply because success would have proved a curse. The defeat we suffered at Bannockburn comes among such examples. The point aimed at in 1314 was not accomplished till many years after, and then by other men and other means.

Afflictions, like failures, often prove blessings in disguise. Much of the best and most useful work has been done by men and women in the midst of affliction. Milton used to say that, "Who best can suffer best can do." Beethoven produced his greatest works amidst gloomy sorrow, when oppressed by almost total deafness. It was to a domestic affliction that we owe the beautiful writings of Mrs. Gaskell. Pain and sorrow in many cases appear to be indispensable conditions to the success of some people, just as cheerfulness and courage are to others. Success in life is not looked upon by the wise man as an end, but as a means of happiness. The greatest and most continued favours of fortune cannot in themselves make us happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and a well constituted mind. The great Goethe put the question: "What is it that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation?" and he answered it thus truly: "It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions that enjoyment steals away from their hands, that the wished for comes too late, and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate."

If success crowned our efforts straight off, where would be the great success of the hereafter? It is the brave resolution to be better next time that lays the substratum of all real greatness, and paves the way to real success.

EMIL LIEB.

VOCAL STUDIES FOR GIRLS.

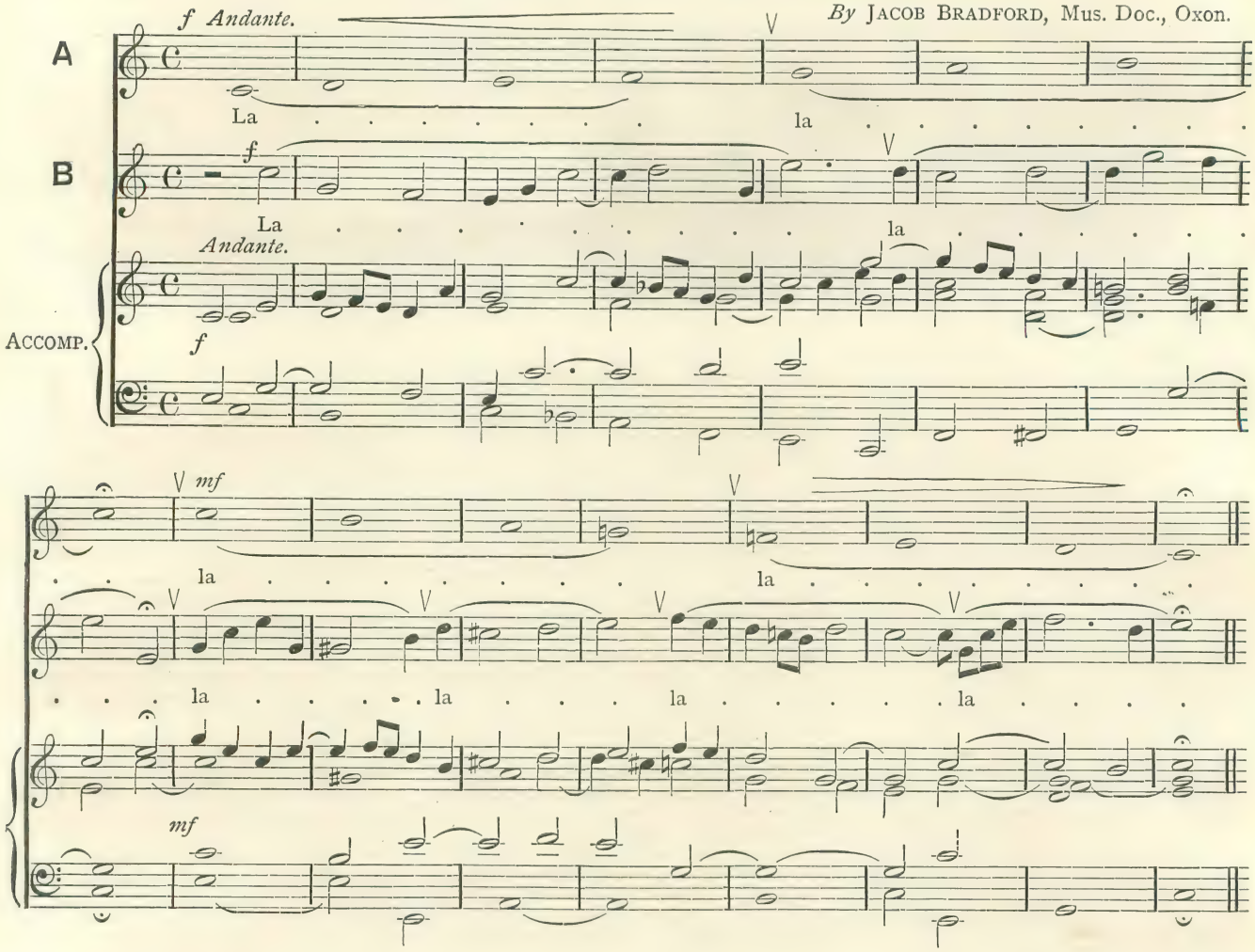
FOR SOLO, DUET, AND CLASS PRACTICE.

FIRST SERIES: SCALES AND OTHER INTERVALS OF SECONDS.

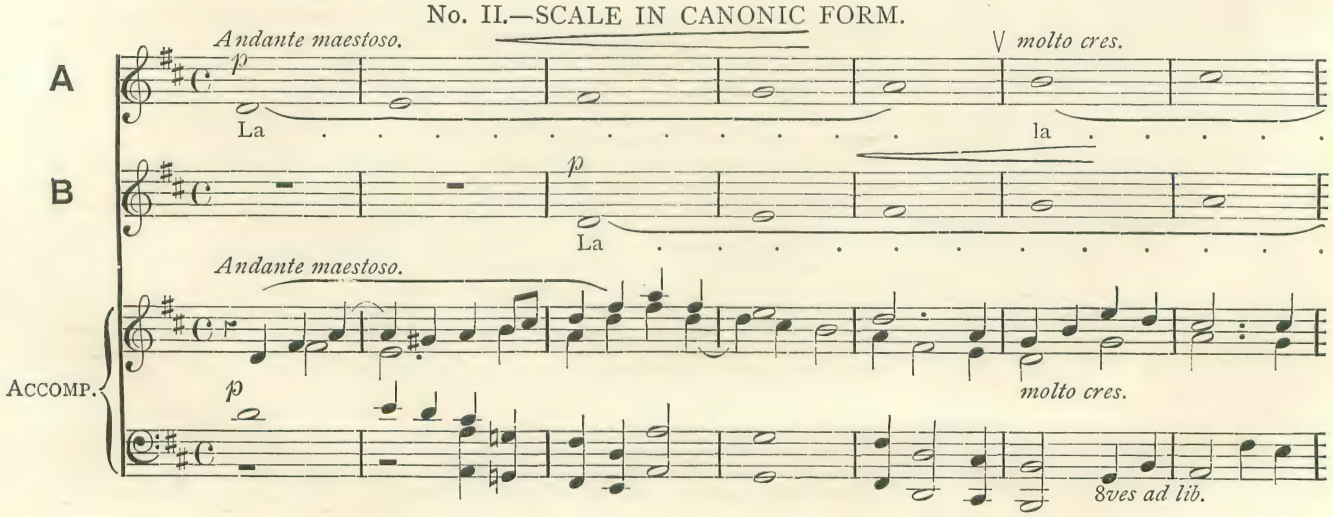
N.B.—Either of the following Studies (A, B) may be sung separately or in combination.

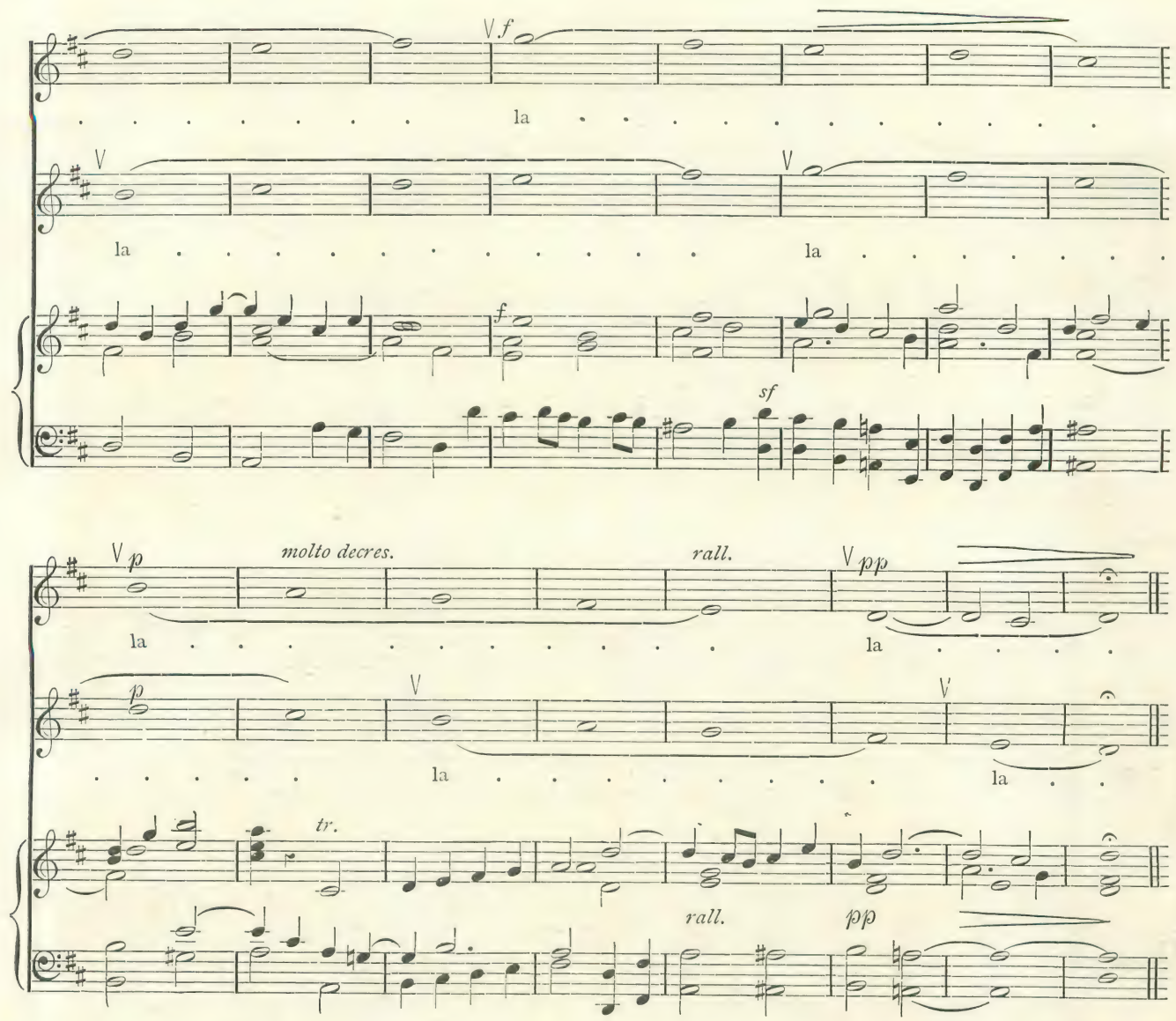
No. I.—SCALE WITH FLORID COUNTERPOINT.

By JACOB BRADFORD, Mus. Doc., Oxon.

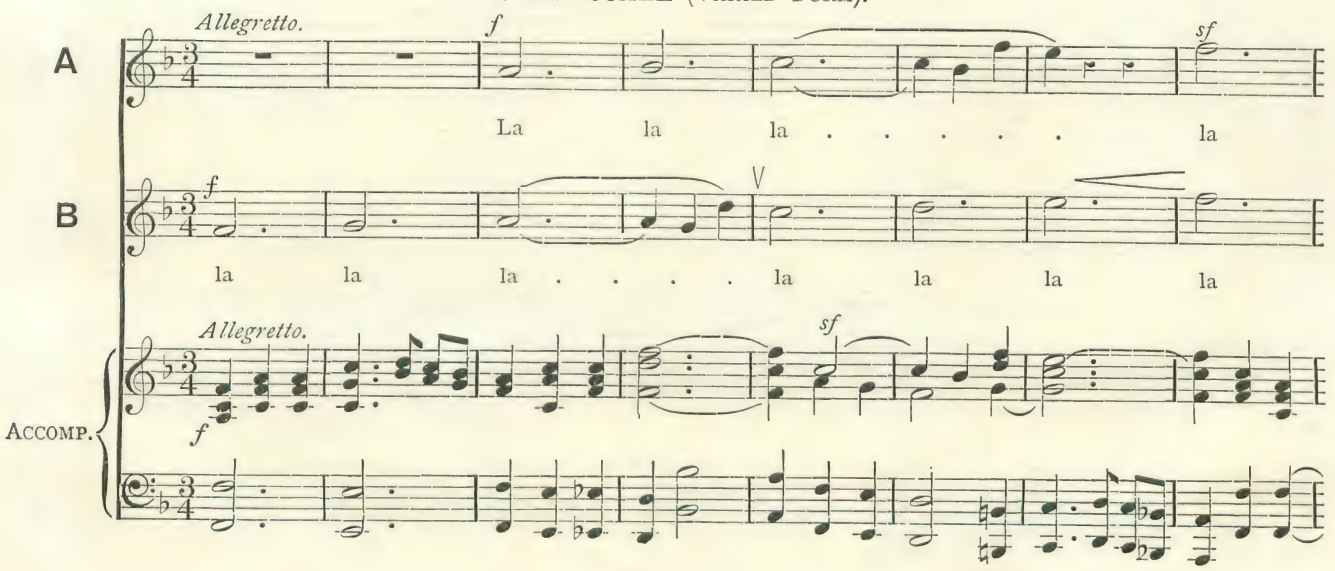


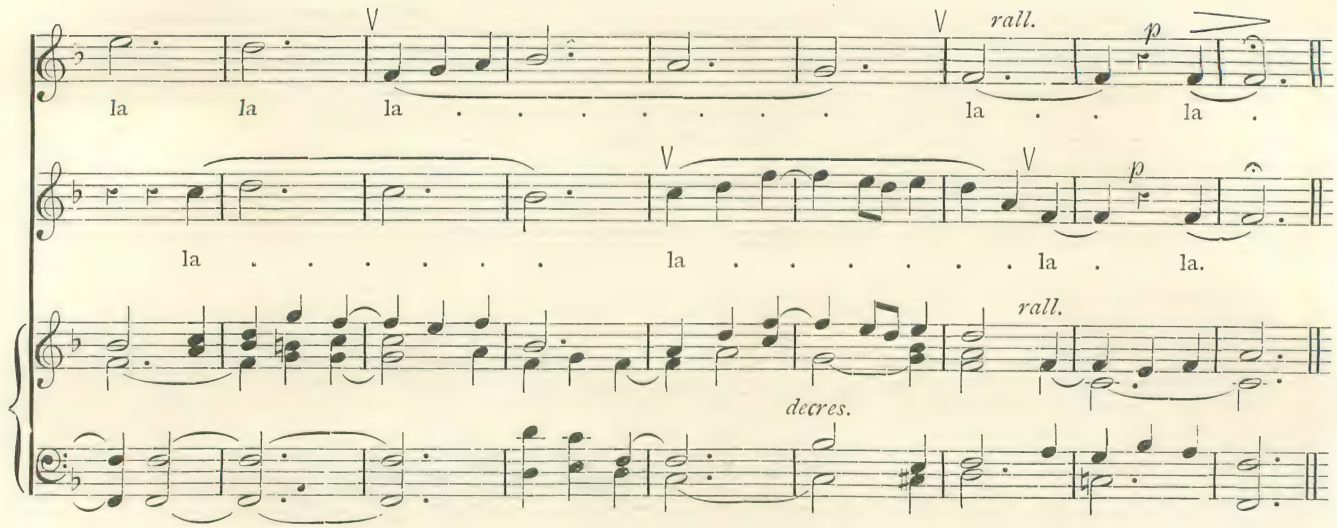
No. II.—SCALE IN CANONIC FORM.





No. III.—SCALE (Varied Form).





No. IV.—INTERVALS OF SECONDS.



IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART III.

THE doom of the domestic cook is sealed, according to those who are looking ahead of the times, and who prophesy for us a complete revolution in domestic arrangements. For the majority of people, however, it will be many years before central kitchens and professional caterers will do away with the need of our houseplace; in the meantime we are going to recreate the latter.

Housekeepers and cooks, unlike poets, are made, not born. Some girls have greater natural liking for cooking and domestic work than others, and when properly trained these may become real proficients. But it is part of the necessary education of every girl that she be taught and trained to some degree at least; she is not "educated" at all, in the best sense of the word, without it. If what Americans call the "faculty" be not in her already, let her lay to it all the more strength of will—resolution, born of the just sense of the importance of the subject she is going to acquire. Once learned, the rudiments are never really forgotten, and she is mistress of herself in whatever position she may henceforward be placed.

As in learning anything else, the principle is the first thing to grasp. A cook who has mastered principles, when given the taste of a new dish should be able to form a fairly correct idea of its composition, and to reproduce, if not exactly that, something which shall at least resemble it.

We want, in our typical houseplace, to rise above the drudgery of our work, and look upon it in the light of science, art, and craft in one; also, we are going to follow the example of the precocious child, who is continually asking "why?" at every new thing; because there is a reason why for all we do, if we will only trouble ourselves to look for it.

How bright you girls do look this morning! Rose, that neat blouse looks quite workmanlike! I am glad to see you can turn the cuffs back; don't be afraid of showing your wrists.

What a splendid apron, Ethel! Why, it covers your skirt entirely, and has long sleeves too, and a pocket!

But, really, Margery's print gown, so plain, simple, and well-fitting, suits my taste best of all. Wilt lend me the pattern of it, Margie? Do you say you will follow my example and wear a little cap while at work? Well, you would find it kept your hair much nicer; there is always a deal of fine dust flying about, scarcely visible to the eye, which is quickly seen on dark hair.

Who said something about a "badge of servitude?" A badge of honour, if you please! What soldier, what nurse, or official of any kind, is ashamed to wear uniform? To be suitably dressed on every occasion is another sign of the true lady. I would not alter my attire if expecting the Queen to visit my houseplace.

Now let us see what work is awaiting us this morning. There is this leg of mutton to boil; from it and these vegetables we are to make both broth and joint. This fruit will require an accompaniment, and we must arrange something for supper besides finding time to polish those spoons and forks and clean up whatever mess we may make. And all before twelve o'clock, dears; we can't linger here all day!

So first let us grasp the principle of boiling a leg of mutton.

You know that when we desire to retain all the juices of meat, we endeavour to form a coating of the albumen near the surface as quickly as it is possible to do so. (The albumen in meat corresponds to the white part of an egg.) We accomplish this by plunging the meat into boiling water, or in roasting by putting it into a well-heated oven and maintaining it at the same temperature all the time. If we, on the contrary, wished to extract all the goodness from it and draw it out into the broth (or for beef-tea), we should cut the meat across several times, score it, and set it on in cold water, only allowing it to come to a boil by very slow degrees—in course of hours, in fact.

To day we have to unite the two processes.

First of all fill this pan three parts full of filtered water, please, then set it on the stove to boil. When it quite boils I shall put in the joint, let it boil again rapidly for three minutes, then draw the pan aside, add a cupful of cold water, cover it up close and only let it simmer until we add the vegetables. After then it must boil that they may be cooked through, but by no means fast. By this means we ensure the joint being full of gravy, and yet extract sufficient goodness to flavour the broth and make it acceptable.

While the water boils we will wash and prepare the vegetables. Oh, don't pare them so thickly, Ethel dear. Don't you know that the most nutritious part of all root vegetables lies just underneath the skin? A very inconvenient arrangement perhaps, but so it is. It is the same with potatoes also, that is why they are so much better when boiled in their "jackets" and skinned afterwards.

Pare those turnips as thinly as possible, scrape carrots and parsnips, take the outer skin off the leeks and tie them together in small bunches, split that small head of celery in two, and also tie together a sprig each of parsley, thyme, tarragon or chervil, and mint. Those are for the "bouquet," and give flavour and aroma to the broth.

Leave all the vegetables whole, if you please. They will cook more quickly (because they retain their own steam), and will have more flavour. We will trim them into shapes when ready to dish them up, and the turnips will require to be served in white sauce. A little finely-chopped parsley will be added to the broth at the last (after it has been skimmed). We must remember to season it well, too; the best soup tastes poor if the seasoning be not well-attended to. The poor man, when his soup was praised, said it was only the "seasoning wot did it."

What fruit have we here—bottled cherries? Stop, Margery; don't pour them all out in that indiscriminate way. Take this enamelled saucepan, weigh out a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, pour over that rather more than half the liquor in the bottle; let that boil quite five minutes, then strain the cherries, put them into your syrup and let them boil one minute more. Now you have a *compôte* instead of "stewed fruit," and you will see how much the flavour is improved. When cooking fresh fruit I always make the syrup first, putting the fruit in when that has well boiled, and letting the fruit cook only until it shows signs of breaking. This way is more economical too, as no more sugar is needed at the table.

What are we going to eat with this *compôte*? Pastry! No, not to-day. To-morrow we have cake to make, bread to bake, and a good fire will be needed for heating the oven. We must economise both time and fuel, so must have something simple to accompany this dish to-day.

Here is a quart of milk. Now I am going to manufacture three different things from that. You see this fine ground rice? Well, I shall stir four tablespoonfuls of that into the milk, and the same quantity of powdered sugar with half a teaspoonful of salt. Put this into an enamelled saucepan, and one of you stir it continuously until it boils. Then I shall fill this little mould with a portion of it that will turn out and be a "mange"; another portion will be mixed with a beaten egg and a little spice, then poured into a buttered baking dish and baked until a brown tinge forms on the top. These two dishes will be served with the fruit.

To the remainder of the rice I shall add a little cream and pour it into small teacups (we might colour half of it with a drop of cochineal and so have some of the cups a pretty pink); the cups will be put away in the cellar. At supper-time they will be emptied of their contents, the little shapes turned out on to a glass dish, surrounded with bright jelly and served with fancy biscuits. A pretty dish, made with very little extra trouble and less time, you see.

A few sandwiches made from that dry crust of cheese when it is grated, and some of the oaten biscuits will be all we shall require besides this dish for supper, so we can now set to polishing the silver and then clean up the pots and pans we have been using.

If one of the qualities of a good cook is shown in her ability to make as few utensils serve her purpose as possible, another is seen in her endeavour to clear them away as soon as done with.

Saucepans are easily cleaned if not allowed to become dry. Always remember to fill these enamelled saucepans with water the instant you have emptied them of their contents. Reason why, because the enamel retains heat longer than any other material, and anything left sticking to them hardens very quickly. Rub them inside and out with a little cloth dipped in rough sand; don't scratch them with a knife.

Wash your wooden spoons well in scalding water, rub your egg whisk thoroughly dry, and put everything back in its place again. Sweep up any bits, wash the table in clean soap and water, wipe the floor with the damp floor-cloth (it isn't cleaning day remember), then put on the table-cloth, fold up your aprons, I will doff my cap, give a final peep to see that the pan is boiling gently, and now we have done. We are ladies again, if we have ever been anything else; you can go to your music or tennis, I to my study. We have a good hour yet before we need lay the table and dish-up the dinner.

LUCY H. YATES.



NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST

"Daffodils that come before
the swallows dare
To take the winds of March
with beauty."

TENNYSON'S epithet of "The Roaring noon of Daffodil and Crocus," as applied to March, is both literal and poetical, for these two flowers are as characteristic of the month as any found blowing. The wild daffodil, or Lent-lily, is found in woods in certain localities, and Wordsworth speaks of it as—

"Beside the lake, beneath trees;
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

The garden variety, which is a deeper-coloured double flower, is often naturalised in woods, for bulbous plants seem able to hold their own against those that are wild; whereas a good many cultivated plants, if not cared for, become choked and killed by the more sturdy-growing wild ones. I know an orchard in Norfolk, attached to an old vicarage, in which bulbs were planted many years ago, and have gone on increasing year by year, until now many thousands of blooms could be picked in the spring. The daffodil is a plant which has had a great deal of attention bestowed on it by florists, and by hybridising an immense number of varieties have been raised. Some of these florists' flowers are twice the size of the Lent-lily, though very similar in appearance, having the yellow cup and the whitish-yellow perianth, as the six petals which form a collar at the base of the cup are called. Bulbous plants of grass-like foliage, like the daffodil and crocus, are much more beautiful when grown in grass than in borders, and in many of the London parks this plan has been adopted the last few years with most excellent effect, and in lawns in private gardens it is well worth planting snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils. When the flowers are over, the leaves must not be cut down for a month or more, as the bulb is ripened through the leaves; whereas, if these are cut off too soon, the chances are that the plants will fail to bloom the next year. Having to leave portions of the lawn unmown is a drawback, but under trees and at the edges of lawns this is less of an eyesore than might be imagined.

The crocus is said to be naturalised at Saffron Walden, in Essex, where the stigmas of the flower are used for making the dye called saffron. The flowers are purple, the leaves appearing after the bloom; but it is a doubtful native, while the meadow-saffron, or mauve autumn crocus which I have seen growing in large patches in meadows in Norfolk, is truly a wild flower. *Narcissus biflorus*, with its two creamy white flowers and pale-yellow eye, grows in some orchards here, and, if given a chance, would soon increase.

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out over the grassy lea.
* * *
Now blooms the lily of the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae."

are familiar lines of Burns, and they could only have been written by one very intimate with Nature. There is no generalisation here, but the particular which comes of observation, though only a poet could get the very spirit of early spring—the soul of the matter—as Burns has done. To go out, note-book in hand, to Nature in the spirit of an auctioneer, as though all you had to do were to divide her into lots, seems to me the fault of much naturalistic writing of the present day. I agree with Biglow, when he asks—

"But I don't love your cat'logue style—do you?
Ez ef to sell off Nature by vendoo."

It is the happy mean between the particular, as seen by the eye of a close and constant observer of Nature, and the generalisation of a great poet like Tennyson, who notes each particular instance and gives it a wide-reaching application, that natural description is seen at its best. Below I give Thompson's description of spring as he opens his poem of the "Seasons," and some lines of Lowell's, to show how the eighteenth century poet described Nature in the hackneyed similes and images, the common property of all writers in his day; while Lowell, true to the spirit of our own time, is actual, whatever else he may be:—

"And see where surly Winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts.
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest and the ravag'd vale."

This is Thompson, and might have been written by one who had never lived out of Fleet-Street.

"Fust come the blackbirds, chatt'rin' on tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,
* * *
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,
The maple crimsons to a coral reef;
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers,
So plump they look like yellow catterpillars.
Then gray hoss-ches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old:
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows:
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house."

This is Lowell, in the *Biglow Papers*, written in the Yankee dialect; true poetry for all that, and could only have been penned by one as observant as a naturalist as imaginative as a poet.

I have given a drawing of willow in flower. These blooms are known as "Catkins," and consist of pollen-bearing flowers; the female, or seed-bearing, flowers being of a greenish colour, and of the form as shown in sketch.



PRIMULA, DOG-TOOTH VIOLET, AND PERIWINKLE.

The Catkin is a common form of inflorescence, and is found in the hazel, poplar, arbele, and other trees. The reddish flowers, called by children "pussy-cat's tails," fall from the poplar, and I well remember picking them up, as a child, by the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, and wondering what they were.

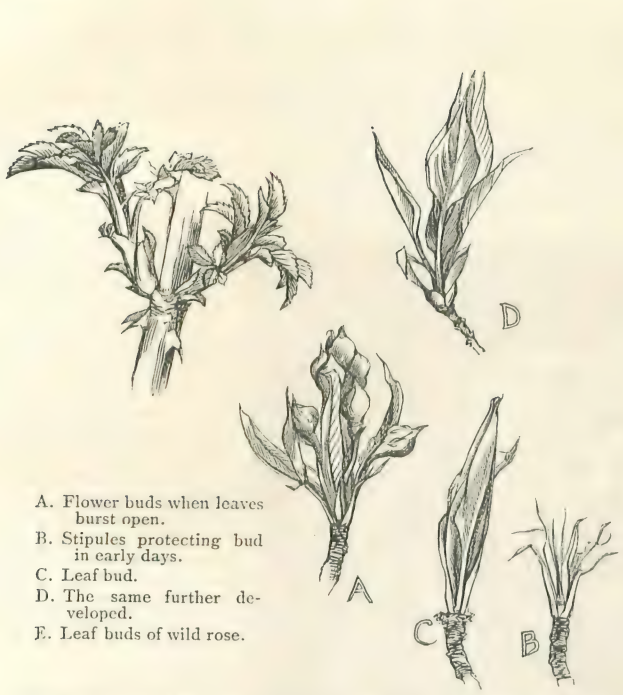
The elm flowers before it leafs, and appears to consist of dense clusters of reddish stamens growing out of a cup of bracts, which soon fall away. The flowers are succeeded by flat, thin, leaf-like or winged seeds. The wych-elm, of which we have a fine specimen in the middle of the village, has its twigs thickly encircled with these winged seeds, which make a conspicuous feature and quite carpet the ground when they blow down. A good many people never think of such trees as the elm flowering, and yet in March the colour of the flowers make the topmost branches of the trees look quite crimson, especially when the sun shines on them.

The birds that stay with us through the year are all busy building this month, and the gardens are filled with the songs of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, chaffinches, and wrens. Two thrushes built in a yew-tree just in front of the house, and I could watch them hard at work as I dressed in the morning. My walnut-tree, which is thickly covered with moss, is visited a good deal just now by birds to obtain material for their nests. Where there is a rookery, the birds may be seen busily engaged in repairing old nests or laying the foundations of new ones; for during high gales in the winter some of the old nests are sure to fall out of the fork in which they are placed. It is always a marvel to me that their nests stand the wind as they do, for the twigs composing them are very loosely put together. When the young ones are hatched, a good many get blown out during rough weather, and last year some rookeries were considerably thinned in this way, owing to the high winds we had in April. Tennyson, in the "May Queen," alludes to this bird:—

"The building rook caws from the windy, tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipes along the fallow lea."

It is well known that birds will frequent the same trees for years; while, on the other hand, they will avoid building in certain trees which, to our eyes, appear every whit as suitable as those they select. Indeed, when some birds begin building in certain trees, the other members of the colony at once set to work to pull their nests to pieces and compel these innovators to abandon their intention of using fresh trees to build in.

It is often forgotten that a large number of birds which are very familiar to us only visit us for the spring and summer. The swallow tribe come in the following order:—Sand-martin, swallow, and martin, while the largest of the tribe—the swift—does not come much before the end of April or even May. The wryneck, or cuckoo's mate, as it is called in country places, arrives towards the end of March (White gives the date March 5th as





THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUDS OF PEAR AND WILD ROSE.

the earliest time of seeing it), and its marked note, somewhat like the sawing of wood, distinguishes it from all other birds. The willow-wren, which I have drawn perched on the willow, is another early visitor. It is a small bird of a dull greenish hue. I have had it build in some old fagots in my garden, its nest being spherical, with a hole in the side to admit the bird. Many of the warblers, like the blackcap, sedge, and reed warblers, are also migratory; the first of these, known as the mock-nightingale and but little inferior to it, may be seen towards the end of the month. The grey plover or lapwing, with its mournful whistling cry, is a conspicuous bird in the fields in spring. It lays its eggs on the bare ground, in rough grass, or ploughed fields; and if a dog happen to go near its nest it will fly about the dog, almost touching it with its wings, to call the dog off from its nest to itself, in order that it may lure the intruder to a safe distance. All birds are in their gayest plumage in the spring, and the brilliancy of such a bird as the yellowhammer or chaffinch is very striking to those who have not seen these birds outside a cage or museum. One recalls those well-known lines in "Locksley Hall":—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton * lapwing gets himself another crest."

March is very dependent upon the weather, a cold, frosty month, such as we get some years keeping vegetation very much in check. Wild flowers are not numerous. The "wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;" the cuckoo-flowers, or lady-smocks, are to be seen here and there, though April is really the month for them; the wind-flower, or anemone, and primrose and violet, may be found in the woods, but, like the cuckoo-flower, April sees them in perfection. In the gardens, the snowdrops are nearly over, while the crocuses and daffodils are in full splendour. In a note I made on March 14th, 1890, I found the following in bloom in the Oxford Botanic Garden:—

Iris reticulata, a dwarf-growing variety, with purple flowers; the earliest to bloom.

Crocuses. There are several varieties of each of the three colours—yellow, purple, and white.

Squill, the white and blue; always an early bloomer. A wild variety is found near Bath.

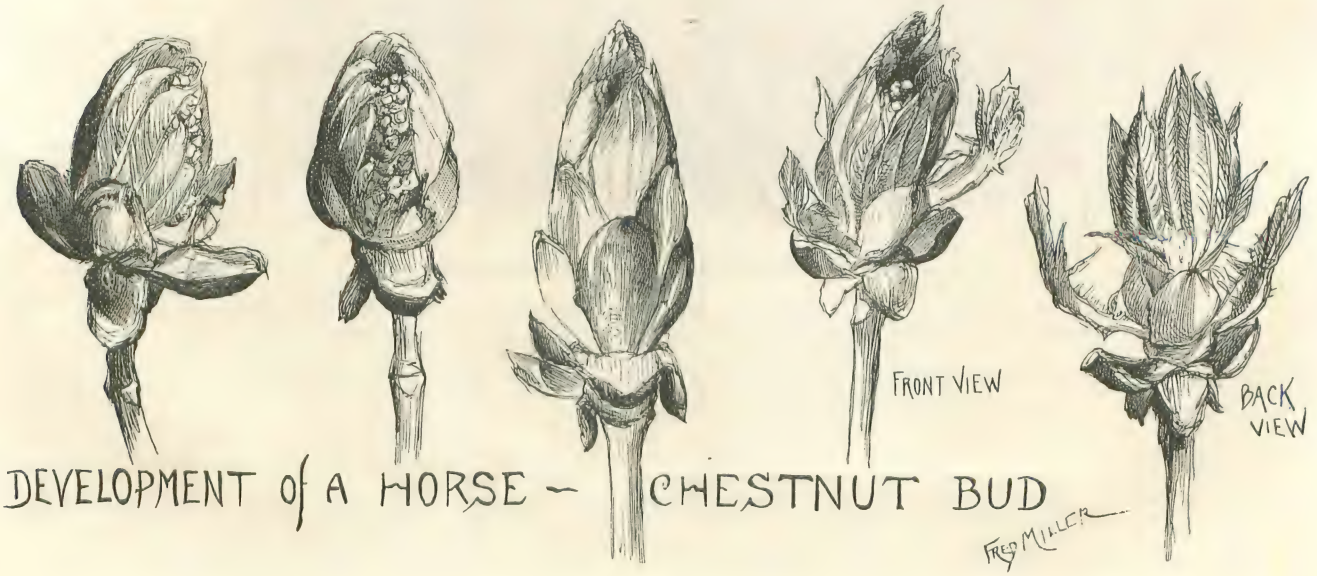
The Snowdrop. There is, besides the ordinary single and double kinds, one with large leaves and larger flowers.

Hellebore, or Christmas rose.

Erica Carmina and the blue anemone Hepatica, besides polyanthus and wallflowers.

Among the primulas, the one I have drawn

* This alludes to the bird's strange wayward flight, as it will apparently go away and then return a few moments afterwards.



(known as Pulchellum) is a beautiful variety, having mauvish-white flowers. The flower at the back—the dog-tooth violet, as it is called—is an early bloomer. Its flowers are pinkish, and its leaves strikingly marked with purple brown. The flower in front is the small periwinkle, found growing wild in hedgerows; there is a larger variety which flowers later in the year. I have introduced the peacock and sulphur butterflies, these being the two that are seen earliest in the year. I have noticed the sulphur as early as February on a warm day, and very cheering it is to see it flitting about like primroses on the wing. These butterflies are hybernated specimens, remnants of late autumn broods, which lie dormant during the winter in some hole or crevice, out of reach of the frosts and which are tempted out by the first sunny day. Most of these early butterflies are more or less damaged, their wings often torn and the feathers rubbed off; some, indeed, being quite dilapidated.

The spring of 1893 was so exceptional that it is worth making a note about it. With the exception of a few hours' rain we had one day towards the end of April, our spell of continuous sunny weather has lasted since the beginning of March; a spell of dry warmth the like of which has not been seen for over forty years. As I write this June the 16th, the weather is intensely hot—nearly 90° in the shade—and all the meadows are burnt up. Farmers have not had enough grass to cut, and have turned their cattle into the fields instead of mowing them. What little hay there is, is mostly stacked; the wheat is in flower and apples are quite large. Cherries and pears were blooming the beginning of April, while apple-trees were over before April was out. Hawthorn was out in April, and all over by the middle of May, while chestnuts were in bloom in April, which makes the season quite four weeks earlier than usual. The drought has continued now for so long, and the sun has been shining continuously for so many weeks, that the ground is as parched as it is in August, and on the Chiltern Hills water is being bought at 2d. per pailful. There is a great scarcity of food for cattle, and no prospect of any, as the clover is quite burnt up. My gooseberry-trees are completely stripped of every leaf by caterpillars, and the fruit has had to be picked to prevent them falling off. A few thunder-showers have occurred around us, but none have visited this particular locality, and rain, to judge by the glass, seems as far off as ever. The limes are in flower, and the leaves so thickly covered with honey-dew that it drops on to the plants below, and I have seen it in the sunlight falling through the air.

Towards the end of the month the wild cherry, or gean, and the pear should be looked for, as in mild seasons both these are to be found in bloom about this time. The wild cherry is plentiful in Burnham Beeches, and on Whittenham Clumps there is a very fine specimen of the bird-cherry growing in the ancient earthworks of the camp; the fruit is small, bright scarlet, and quite bitter. The wild pear is not so common as the cherry; there is a fine specimen in the Oxford Botanic Gardens, which is covered with brown top-shaped fruit later in the summer. These pears seem to dry the mouth, and are to the cultivated pear what the crab is to the apple. I give a drawing of the buds of the pear, showing how leaves are wrapped around the flower-buds. The leaf-bud, as it expands, presents a very symmetrical form, as do those of the wild rose. The leaves of all shrubs are protected by bracts of brownish leaves, which fall away as the leaves expand; and in the pear we have stipules in addition—elongated greenish filaments, which seem to protect the joints in the harness, so to say. The flowers again are protected by the leaves which are wrapped around them. Nature is most careful to pack her treasures so as to keep them out of harm as far as possible, though late frosts play sad havoc with such trees as the horse-chestnut. A frost one night in May killed every shoot on the walnut just as they were expanding; while last year we had 10° of frost on the 17th of June, which killed the potatoes in many places. I have given a series of sketches of the buds of this tree, showing the gradual opening of the bracts and unfolding of the leaves; the flowers themselves are not seen till May. The leaves, it will be noticed, are at first protected by bracts, which are covered with a gummy substance, evidently a non-conductor of cold. Many buds have this varnish, but in none is it seen so plentifully as in the chestnut, which is one of the first trees to break bud. The young leaves, which form a sort of pouch to the flowers, are very downy at first, though this peculiarity is quite absent in the full-grown leaves.

Another of the lowly flowers of March is the smaller celandine, which Wordsworth celebrated in song. I had occasion to look into *Culpepper's Herbal*, and it may interest my readers to see his notes on this plant. Culpepper was a herbalist and astrologer, and after each plant described by him he gives its "government and virtues":—"This is an herb of the sun, and under the celestial Lion, and is one of the best cures for the eyes; for all that know anything in astrology know that the eyes are subject to the luminaries. Let it be gathered when the sun is Leo, and the moon Aries, applying to this time; let Leo arise, and then may you make it into an oil or ointment, which you please, to anoint your sore eyes with. I can prove it doth—both my own experience and the experience of those to whom I have taught it—that most desperate sore ones have been cured by this only medecine. Also I have read (and it seems somewhat probable) that the herb being gathered as I shewed before, and the elements drawn apart from it by the art of the alchymist, and after they are drawn apart rectified, the earthy quality still in rectifying them added to the Terra Demnata (as alchymists call it), or Terra Sacratissima (as some philosophers call it), the elements so rectified are sufficient for the cure of all diseases, the humours offending being known and the contrary elements given. It is an experiment worth the trying and can do no harm."

The coltsfoot, which flowers before the leaves appear, somewhat resembling a dandelion, and this latter flower—both old-fashioned country remedies—are in bloom in the fields in March. Patent medicines have driven out most of the old herbal remedies, which were at one time made in every village by some old dame, whose lore on such matters had come down from a remote past. Many of these herbal medicines were useful, but there was a good deal of the superstitious, more suited to the times of old Culpepper than these enlightened days, about these cures for all diseases; though it cannot be said we have made much progress in such matters, seeing the implicit belief we place in someone's pills or the other one's balsam.





JOE'S CHOICE.

By the Author of "Paradise Gardens," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"THINKING OF THE PIGS."

BRIAR-WOOD FARM, a small, unpretending-looking dwelling, standing on the further side of the meadow that divided it from the country road beyond, was the home of old Isaac Gunter and his son Joe.

It was many years since the farmer lost his wife, and though his domestic affairs would have been all the better for a woman's management, he had never sought another help-meet.

"I don't want to see anyone in your mother's place, lad," he would say to Joe, "unless, indeed, it's a wife of your own; and when that day comes, and you bring one home to the farm, I'll give her a hearty welcome and try my best to love her."

But the old man's kind, thoughtful, blue eyes would rest wistfully on young Joe's face, and, at such times, it was with difficulty that he repressed a sigh.

He was not anxious for Joe to marry; but he knew the ways of young people, and he felt sure that some day he would be taking unto himself a wife. He and Joe were happy and comfortable enough; the latter, to his thinking, was one of the best of sons. They had jogged along for many a year, bound together, not alone by the sacred ties of kindred, but in a mutual and common interest.

The care and well-being of their small farm, with its varied and numerous live-stock, was to them both an ever-absorbing topic.

The cows, the calves, the sheep, the lambs, the cackling hens with their innumerable broods of fluffy chickens, were each and all an endless source of delight; truly, all living creatures had a good and happy time at Briar-wood Farm.

Yes, all was peace and contentment there, and yet old Isaac Gunter, who was one of the dearest and most unselfish of men, and who would sooner have sacrificed his own happiness than his son's, at times had sad misgivings. These assailed him most when he contemplated the bare possibility of Joe's marriage.

One evening he sat in the leafy porch, calmly and happily smoking his pipe. Joe was on a seat just opposite; his straw hat was tilted back, and he displayed a broad brow, curly hair, and a pair of kind and merry blue eyes.

"Of what are you thinking, dad?" he asked.

"Of you, my boy."

Joe smiled, and in so doing he showed two beautiful rows of strong white teeth.

"I don't think that is an uncommon occurrence," he said.

"You are right, lad," and Isaac laughed; "you see, you are about all I've got to think of."

Joe nodded.

"It's the same with me, father."

"Ha, lad! Yes, now; but it will be a different matter by-and-by. I don't expect to keep you to myself always; you will be seeing some nice lass and marrying her."

"Not yet, dad; I'm o'er young to marry;" then he added earnestly, "though when I do, you may make quite sure that she'll be someone that you can love too."

"Not a fine lady, Joe?"

"A fine lady wouldn't have me," was the laughing answer.

"But I'm not sure of that," returned the farmer, "though I say it, as perhaps shouldn't, you are a personable-looking young fellow, and would be no mean match for anyone; for when I'm dead, this old place will be yours, and there's many a girl, from Nellie Davis downwards, who would be glad to have you."

"Nellie Davis, dad! What makes you think of her?"

And it might have been the sunlight, or it might have proceeded from other causes, but a very rosy hue overspread Joe's face.

"Well, lad, I have thought of her, and there's no knowing who your wife may be."

But old Isaac's voice was by no means genial, while his eyes looked sad and wistful.

Joe glanced quickly at him.

"You don't like her, dad?"

"I've no right to say that, lad," he answered mildly; "in some respects she would be a good and suitable match for you. She's a farmer's daughter, and you're a farmer's son, and the worth of the farms are about equal; but still—yes, I must confess it—I don't greatly take to Miss Nellie."

"And why not, father?" pertinaciously asked this vigorous young son. And as Joe would have an explanation, and there was never any withstanding him, Isaac was compelled to answer.

But he was a charitable old man, living in love and kindness with his neighbours, and with a heart overflowing with good-will to all. And though it was in confidence to his own boy, Joe, he stammered and hesitated, while the ruddy colour deepened on his cheeks.

"Well then, lad, if you will have it," he said, "she doesn't to my mind seem a kind girl. She has a sharp, bitter, rasping tongue, and I've heard her say disagreeable things even to her parents, and it strikes me that the girl or person, or whoever she may be, who laughs at and ridicules her elders must be wanting in good taste, to say the least of it."

"And so say I," coincided Joe stoutly.

"And there's another thing, lad," added Farmer Gunter, "if you are keen to notice such things. There's neither a cat nor a dog that cares to go near her. These are little matters, but none the less important, and I would as soon trust an animal's sagacity as a human being's."

"So would I," assented Joe; then, ruefully, "but I didn't know Nellie Davis was like that."

"Ha! but I am afraid she is, lad."

And after this there was *silence*, and young Joe sat thoughtfully staring into space, while old Isaac, with a feeling that he had been backbiting and slandering his neighbours, smoked his pipe with a rather less serene expression on his countenance than usual.

The sun was sinking; a cart of hay came slowly down the road, and at that moment a young girl was seen entering the farm-yard by the wicket-gate.

"Who's that?" asked Isaac.

"I don't know," replied Joe, adding, "I wonder what she wants?"

"You had better go and see, lad. I don't rightly make her out from this distance."

And obeying the behest, Joe rose and walked quickly towards the maid. She was a short, dark girl, in a neat brown dress, and she wore a modest-looking hat to match.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Joe.

"Yes; I want some new-laid eggs, if you would be so kind as to let me have some. I've come from Mrs. Lauriston's, at White Lodge there;" and she pointed over the road, across the sweet-scented hedge, to a large double-fronted dwelling. "Mrs. Larder, the housekeeper, has sent me, and she says she

would be much obliged if you would let her have a dozen."

"I'll see," said Joe; "I daresay there are plenty in the hen-yard." And as he moved off in that direction the young girl's eyes wistfully followed him, as she wished that she might go too and take a look around. From her bedroom window at White Lodge she could see the farm-yard, and as her affections were greatly given to lambs, calves, cows, horses, hens, chickens, and every sort and description of animal and feathered fowl, the prospect afforded her unbounded delight.

"Mrs. Larder," she would say, "I am happy here! It's my first place, and I couldn't wish for a better, and you are so kind and patient in teaching me what I ought to know."

And Mrs. Larder, who was one of the best of women, would nod her head approvingly and say, "You go on as well as you've begun, and you'll be a credit to yourself and to those who teach you."

With this encouragement the new little maid at White Lodge strove to do her duty. And now Mrs. Larder had sent her on a most agreeable errand—an errand to the farm. How very greatly she would have liked to explore it! But she was too retiring and timid to make any advance, and though nothing would have pleased her better than to take a walk round those charmed precincts, she never moved from the gate where Joe had left her. In a short time he returned, and with the dozen eggs, and soon she was carefully carrying them back to Mrs. Larder.

"Did you get them, Katie?" asked that comely dame, as she met her at the door.

"Yes, Mrs. Larder, and I was so pleased to go for them. What a lovely farm it is!"

"Ah, child, that's nothing of a farm!" answered Mrs. Larder loftily. "A little, poking hole, compared with some of the places that I've seen."

But Katie was aghast. "Oh, I think it's just beautiful, Mrs. Larder! There's cows, and horses, and rabbits, and pigs, and I saw the dearest and most lovely little broods of chicks that you ever did see!"

"Yes, I daresay there's all that," replied the housekeeper; "but it isn't much of a place, my dear. Pretty enough, no doubt; and I must say that old Isaac Gunter and his son are honest, worthy, straightforward folks, and you can quite depend on all they sell you. Who served you, child?"

"I don't know," answered Katie; "a young man—most likely the son; but I didn't notice him much. I was thinking of the pigs."

"Thinking of the pigs!" said Mrs. Larder, with a smile. "A pity you didn't see them."

"Oh, I should so have liked to see them! I was wishing that he would let me have a look into the sty. I could hear them grunting and making such a fuss!"

"Well, I daresay he would have been pleased enough to show them, if you had asked him. Old Gunter and his son are proud enough of their creatures."

"But I didn't like to ask him." And young Kate Rennie glanced shyly up at the housekeeper, as though she wondered how she could make so outrageous a proposition. Then she added gently, "But I should so like to see over that farm, Mrs. Larder."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you shall some day. I don't suppose it would be a very difficult matter. We must see if it can be managed."

And then Mrs. Larder hastened Katie off to attend to her duties, and, putting aside all thought of the farm and other distractions, she gave her mind to her work and accomplished it to the satisfaction of herself and all interested therein.

It was her first place; and though, when the proposal that she should go into service was made by her parents, she had not taken kindly to the thought, she had never regretted so doing; but great was the wonder and astonishment of her friends and acquaintances.

"Surely," they said, "the Rennies could have done better than that for their daughter! She might have been a nursery governess or an assistant in a shop. A dressmaker, a milliner, or any other calling would have been more genteel!"

So they ran on, in pity for poor Katie as also for her brothers, who instead of pushing into the already over-crowded market of City clerks were apprenticed to trades, and dressed in fustian instead of broad-cloth.

It was so different from what might have been expected, and many were the lugubrious shakes of the head as these sympathisers contemplated the young Rennies' future, more especially that of dark-eyed, merry-faced Katie.

But Katie minded none of these remarks; she just asked God to be with her, and went forth with a brave heart to do the work marked out for her. In consequence she eventually found herself in service at Swanbaston, at a house named White Lodge, where, under the tuition of Mrs. Larder the housekeeper, a bonny-faced, kind-hearted dame, she learnt to be useful.

This was the position of affairs when Katie paid her first visit to Briar-wood Farm; and the only one who showed her any unkindness at this period was one, Nellie Davis, who for some reason or other took a dislike to Katie. And though Mrs. Larder wished them to be friends, Miss Nellie tossed her head and said she could not acquaint with a servant.

It was a week later; a lovely spring evening with a delicious breeze gently stirring boughs and leaves. The cows were lowing, the birds were singing, and the white fleecy lambs were skipping hither and thither.

Kate Rennie had on her hat, and with smiling face ran down to Mrs. Larder's little parlour; the latter in bonnet and cloak awaited her.

"A walk will do us both good," she said, "and I can just spare an hour."

And off they started.

Their way lay down the road in the direction of the farm. Katie's eyes looked wistfully over the hedge. There seemed to be a commotion in the farm-yard. The dogs were barking, the little fat pigs were squealing, and the fowls were crowing.

"What a riot them creatures do make!" said Mrs. Larder.

"I like it," answered Katie. "Doesn't it sound nice?"

"Bless the girl!" And with this remark Mrs. Larder plodded on.

And then a little bantam hen crossed their path, and Katie was in ecstasies.

"I hope it won't get lost, Mrs. Larder," she said; "but fowls do run about alone in the country, don't they?"

"Or anywhere else, my dear; a fowl is no uncommon sight."

They were passing the farm, and just at that moment the gate opened and old Isaac stood in the way. Mrs. Larder wished him "good evening," and then, remembering that a certain young girl of her acquaintance was longing to inspect his premises, she asked with a good-natured smile if he would allow her to do so.

"My young friend is from London," she added, "and she thinks a mighty deal of country life."

And with an appreciative smile at the "young friend's" good taste, Farmer Gunter answered that he would be very pleased to show them all he had.

Then to Katie's joy they entered the farm-yard, and soon in a rapture of delight she was bending over the styes listening to the grunting sow and squealing little ones, and wondering how anyone in the world could object to their noise. And then away from these to the cow-sheds; and the cows had just come home, and Katie was not afraid to pat the sleek gentle creatures, and fondle their beautiful soft ears as she spoke to them words of affection. Then there were the cocks and hens with their fluffy broods, and when these and all the other live-stock had been seen and admired, and both Kate and Mrs. Larder thought there was nothing more for them to look at, there came bounding towards them a most lovely St. Bernard dog, which, in her joy and pleasure at being free, bounced against Mrs. Larder and nearly upset her.

But a voice instantly called her away, and a few paces off stood young Joe. He apologised for his dog's rough behaviour.

"But she wouldn't hurt you," he said, "it's all play, and she's as gentle as a lamb."

"Oh, I don't mind," gasped Mrs. Larder, "but it's taken my breath a bit. Anyhow, she's a great beauty."

"That she is," assented Farmer Gunter; "and she has one of the finest litter of pups that you ever did see."

"Little puppies?" asked Katie.

"Ha, little puppies. Would you like to see them?"

There was no doubt about the answer, and while Mrs. Larder, with a view to regaining her usual placid unruffled composure was accommodated with a seat in the shady porch with old Joe Gunter to keep her company, Joe escorted Katie to the kennels.

"A nice little girl," said the farmer, as he watched them depart.

"Indeed she is," answered Mrs. Larder, "and one of the right sort. She's a far better and kinder-disposed girl than many who think themselves her betters—Miss Nellie Davis, for instance, who looks down on her because she is a servant; but Katie doesn't mind that, and I tell her it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, indeed," acquiesced Farmer Gunter; "no, indeed."

But at that moment Katie and Joe came in sight, and a few moments later, with many thanks for the kindness shown them, Mrs. Larder and Katie took leave of the farmer and his son.

Time passed, and four years rolled swiftly by. Again it was spring, unusually hot for the time of year. London was looking its best, and fashionable localities were thronged with gaily-dressed persons. In contrast to these, there strolled along Piccadilly an old, white-haired countryman. Away, in the sweet quiet of rural life, he got on well enough, could rise at five in the morning, and in many respects considered himself still a young man. But London, with its din and bustle, was another experience, and the traffic and turmoil confused him.

The business which had brought him to the Metropolis was safely accomplished, and he would now have been on his homeward journey but for a promise to a friend. A neighbouring farmer—one Giles Davis—had asked him, as a favour, to call and see his girl Nellie, who, tired of country life, had come to London to learn the millinery. "That's her address," he said, pressing it into his old friend's hand, "and mayhap you will find her. She's living at her aunt's, and I'm sure she will be pleased to see you." And the old countryman was now in quest of this damsel.

Turning out of the main thoroughfare, he was within a few yards of his destination, when two showily-dressed, fashionably-attired young women passed him; they were laughing and talking loudly, and in one he recognised the very girl of whom he was in search.

"Nellie!" he called, "Nellie, I hardly knew you! But you know me, my dear,

don't you? I'm Isaac Gunter, and I've brought you news of your father."

But it was with a frown instead of a smile that Nellie regarded the old man, and with a most uncomfortable look on her face she said frigidly, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Gunter. I didn't know you."

"Oh, no need to beg my pardon, my dear," he answered; "you've done nothing wrong; I'm not offended." And he took her hand and gave it a hearty shake, and while her companion tittered Nellie coloured and accorded her father's old neighbour but a formal greeting.

A look of disappointment overspread old Isaac's countenance. He saw how annoyed and angry this smartly-dressed girl was at his claiming acquaintance with her, and this fact hurt his feelings. A flush suffused his brow, and with dignity born of wounded pride he briefly gave her tidings of her parents. But, caring more for the opinion of her finely-dressed friend than for anything else, Miss Nellie listened in a fever of impatience, and at the earliest moment possible ended the interview and sped away, and Farmer Gunter looked after her and shook his head.

"I'm afraid that's but a heartless lassie," he mused, "and I trust my Joe won't come nigh her. Perhaps if she had known that he was here in London with me she would have been more amiable and obliging; but she isn't aware of that, nor of what a handsome young fellow he's grown." And with the thought that few girls would be able to resist the attractions of this very personable-looking young man, the partial old father turned to retrace his steps.

He felt hurt and wounded, and the little pleasures that he had planned for that afternoon were ruthlessly scattered by a silly girl's pride. For the farmer had quite made up his mind that he would have his tea with Nellie, and in the basket that he carried he had a home-made loaf, some new-laid eggs, and a nice little punnet of butter, and it pleased him to think how welcome the country produce would be to the country girl. But his kind intentions were all frustrated, and with a weary yawn he plodded on.

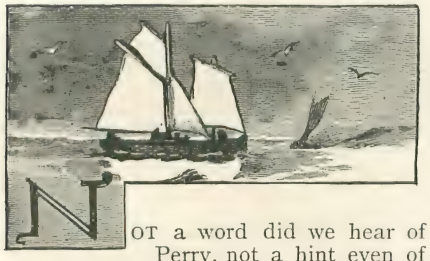
(To be concluded.)

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid, etc."

CHAPTER XX.

MY LAST BATTLE.



NOT a word did we hear of Perry, not a hint even of the escape of one of the prisoners from Saint Orme, though we guessed we might be spared the last report from motives of delicacy and consideration for our feelings. I confess I was full of vexation while I watched Sally's fading colour and the growing thinness in which she seemed desirous of emulating her lover. If remonstrated with on her rejection of the incomparable soups, fricassées and omelettes with which madame and Ma'mzelle Ducros plied us, all the reply I could get from my sister in private was, "Hold your tongue, Car, don't take any notice of me. How can I swallow the food? I tell you I feel as if it would choke me, when I think that he may be without bite and sup."

I asked myself unreasonably, what right had Perry, who used to be so thoughtful for us all, but was spoilt, I suppose, when Sally came into question, to lay such a burden upon us? Why, it was not even kind to Sally? If he must make his escape from the motives he asserted, why need he come to us, thus running the risk of implicating the Beaufois in the affair, should he be traced and caught? Then I told myself how he must have longed to see Sally once again before his enterprise came to its probably fatal conclusion, and when I proceeded to recall that brief piteous meeting and parting of the two who had known each other so long and were so much to each other, I broke down in my righteous condemnation and cried as if my heart would break for them both, till I feared my swollen face and reddened eyes would betray me. The next instant I was ready to ask peevishly—so inconsistent are we—why Perry, if he were still alive and had reached the coast, did not contrive to let us know of his safety as he had managed to make us acquainted with his danger? Did he prefer that his future wife should fret herself to fiddle-strings over his uncertain fate, or had he a jealous, envious satisfaction in poisoning our stay at Château Beaufoi, which but for him was becoming always pleasanter?

Then the event happened which served to make all the perils and hardships Perry had faced appear needless and useless. The exchange of prisoners which he had desired to bring about was accomplished unexpectedly, without any doing of his or any thanks to him. Father and Tom were among the exchanged officers, and Sally and I had a sudden summons—which was in itself a great favour, procured by the diplomatic machinery which Hyacinthe had done his best to set agoing—to repair to Marseilles, rejoin our relations, and return with them to England.

If anybody had told us beforehand that we should not be wild with joy at father's honourable release, and at our family's being happily re-united, nothing on earth would have made us believe it; yet here was Sally heart-sick to quit France before she had received tidings of Perry, while he might be lying hidden in some remote corner of Languedoc or Provence, counting at least that we should be near him if the worst befell him. And here was I loth to know that in all human probability I should never set eyes on Languedoc and Château Beaufoi again. The scenes and objects which had grown familiar, home-like, dear, would thenceforth be like a dream to me, as were the dreary tropical sea and the sun-beaten reef of "Never Despair."

I had not even the consolation of recognising by unmistakable signs, that the people I was leaving behind me sympathised with me in my poignant regret. Certainly Ma'amzelle Ducros, Battiste, and several, both of the old and the young servants, were sorry to see us go. They had liked us for ourselves, and had felt that our stay at the Château brought more of young life into it, recalled something of old times when madame herself was young, and monsieur her husband still alive—to the house which had been very quiet when young monsieur was absent. Madame, too, in the middle of her multifarious engagements, was honestly grieved, and loaded us with last obligations and remembrances. Nevertheless, in the case of madame, I could not help perceiving that in the middle of her grief at parting from us, she felt a sense of relief. She would have her château and her son to herself again. Her avocations would not suffer from even the slightest interruption. Above all, she would cease to be teased by the comments and speculations of her kindred and friends on the prolonged visit of the English girls. Madame was a woman of a very independent cast of mind, but like many strong characters, she was not without a susceptibility to be preyed upon, and gradually won over from her own larger-minded conclusions, by the wearing opposition and irksome pertinacity of weaker, less candid individuals.

And Hyacinthe? Alas, he was from home for two days! We had not the opportunity of saying good-bye to him, and thanking him with full hearts for all his faithful, untiring efforts to help us. Yet only the night before he left he had said something to me when we stood by the great myrtle on the lowest terrace, to which I could make no reply at the time. Would he think me ungrateful and heartless for neither giving him an answer, nor leaving one behind me for him? What could I do? It was impossible for us to wait for Hyacinthe's return; we dared not tarry a moment. As for writing to Hyacinthe, how could I do it, when everything seemed changed in a minute, when his very wishes might have undergone a transformation by this turn of fortune?

Do not call Sally and me unnatural daughters because our whole hearts were not in the conveyance which was to take us to father—father at liberty once more. We were no Gonerils and Regans, we were only two unhappy young girls torn

different ways by the force of our affections.

We felt more as we ought to have felt when we met father and Tom at Marseilles, both looking better than we had ventured to hope under the exhilaration of their deliverance. In an incredibly short time, as it appeared to me, we were with due form put on board the English ship of the line, the *Araminta*, which lay-to off the harbour for the purpose, and were on our way to England.

The *Araminta* was quite a small ship of its class, and as Captain Haynes had his young wife with her baby and nurse on board, we women were in crowded quarters; but we seemed at home again on board one of His Majesty's frigates, among the familiar blue-jackets, hearing our mother-tongue on every side of us, only we had left the better part of our hearts behind us. Sally as well as I looked back with wistful yearning at that "French land," which held not Hyacinthe Beaufoi alone, but Perry Hood, alive or dead. Well, her distracting suspense would soon come to an end, and if it were the worst end, resignation doubtless would follow in time. But there could be no end to my struggle; I should continue to be dragged in different directions — my devotion to my colours would be thenceforth but half-hearted, unfortunate girl that I was! so I argued in my youthful vehemence.

When the first excitement was over, father looked very old and ill, as if Perry had not after all exaggerated the terrible disadvantages of St. Orme, even where he was concerned. Tom had as little flesh on him as a bony race-horse, or a half-famished greyhound, and Perry had been like a weasel. But there was the immense rallying power of Tom's years, and his huge appetite under the circumstances to set him right in no time, while we could only trust to the sea voyage and the air of England for recovering father.

Leaving father and Tom out of the question, neither Captain Haynes nor any of his officers, though they had had access to newspapers, while the ship was waiting for us to be put on board, had a scrap of news of cousin Perry, beyond the first intelligence that he had broken out of St. Orme. If he had been successful in his attempt, he ought to have reached friendly allies and been heard of before now. The absence of tidings, even after Tom had cross-questioned every man who was likely to have picked up anything—the inference that Perry had perished in his daring endeavour, was the finishing blow to Sally's forlorn hopes. She lost all heart, she would not believe in the most distant possibility of his being still alive (in concealment, among humane people of whatever nation, who had taken pity on his misery), though he had been prevented from carrying out his intention, or from communicating with his friends. She counted herself a widow before she had been a wife, and bewailed her lost lover and husband with all the intensity of a nature at once passionate and conservative, whose passion was not a thing of yesterday, but had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, till it was part of her very being. Sally and I could not continue estranged, and she plunged in this great sorrow — we made up the contention which had arisen between us—to its last lingering remnant; indeed, I believe Sally could talk to me better, could put more faith in my sympathy, because she had divined for herself that I was no longer the light-hearted girl she had known me, who would have been a painful contrast to her in her dejection, but that I had troubles of my own which must remain unspoken.

When I said the *Araminta* was to carry us home to England, I did not mean that she was to take us straight there, that would have been a rare occurrence not to be expected by reasonable people; she had first to make a cruise in the Baltic, and if possible to overtake the fleet which was holding the key to the European situation in the north, then she was to carry their despatches to the lords of the Admiralty. It was thus that I became mixed up in another naval engagement, not with the French this time—I was secretly glad of that, poor chameleon and turn-coat as sharp tongues might have called me!—but with the Danish, who were then in alliance with the French, and affording considerable work for England. It was not a great engagement, rather a mere brush with the enemy, and the *Araminta* was only, as it were, on the outskirts of it, while sufficiently concerned in the matter to be sought out, chased and engaged in single combat by a Danish vessel of the same calibre as ours. Everybody said we got off with flying colours, though we did not make a prize of our antagonist, but simply disabled her from farther mischief that day, and slipped out of her clutches. But our encounter cost us Mashams dear, dearer than all the battles in which any of our race had figured before. Father and Tom had, of course, joined Captain Haynes and the other officers in the defence of the *Araminta*, father lending his juniors the advantage of his prestige and experience; and I have heard Captain Haynes say afterwards how much he and his officers had profited by Admiral Masham's opportune presence among them.

Sally and I were in Mrs. Haynes's cabin doing our best to encourage and support her, since she had not been in a battle before, and to soothe the baby, who screamed and hid his face at the flash and the report of each gun, as some children will scream at thunder and lightning. Mrs. Haynes had held somewhat aloof from us before. What she had heard of our adventures had put it into her head that we were Amazons as well as mermaidens; and, to be sure, my lack of liveliness and Sally's lowness of spirits were hardly calculated to recommend us, on first acquaintance, to a young woman who, though she was already a wife and mother, was still a year my junior. But she was thankful for our company while the fight was waged.

The ship's complement was so limited, and everybody was so busy, that it was a cabin-boy who came to us and told us that we, Sally and I, were wanted below, where Admiral Masham had been carried after a shot received on deck. We hurried to him. We could not get a word with the surgeon, who was engaged with other wounded men. Father had insisted on his attending to them after he had done his best for him. Sally did not think father looked badly hurt for a man who had been shot in the left shoulder. His coat had been removed and the wound, from which there was no great loss of blood, had been staunched, so that there was nothing alarming to see. It was only a flesh wound from a spent shot, which would have been nothing to a younger, stronger man. But I did not like his state of exhaustion, or the exceeding calmness and quietness with which he lay—not even bidding us not be afraid, or asking how the fight was going. Before five minutes had elapsed, while we were silently waiting and watching him, Sally was called away by the same cabin-boy. She ran back in a moment to whisper to me that Tom had been badly wounded, had been laid in the first bunk, and that she must go to him while I stayed by father. The surgeon went with her to Tom, and there was nothing to break in upon my watch except an occasional sigh or groan from a wounded man. I heard it though I was deaf to the booming of guns, which still volleyed overhead.

Father's eyes had taken a fixed and glassy look, as if he did not see who or what was about him. Then he spoke with the double consciousness which is sometimes possessed by the sick—that is, he spoke to a third person, though not to me or to anyone in particular, and he spoke of himself as of somebody else with whom he was not intimately concerned. "Rear-Admiral Masham is killed," he said distinctly, as if he were writing a dispatch, and then added the comment, "Killed in action after all, and so best for him." Presently he raised himself a little and looked round as if he were seeking for somebody before he spoke more firmly and with greater animation, "Tom, my lad—you girls, your father is gone, you must do the best you can for each other without him."

I thought he was wandering from the shock of being struck, and from weakness. "Father," I said, "lie still and rest till you are stronger. I am here—I am Caroline, and Sally is just gone and will be back very soon. The doctor and chaplain have been in request, but they will be disengaged before long. Shall I repeat what I can remember of the prayer for the sick. I think you would like to hear it, and it would help you if you feel very weak and suffering. We can hear each other speak now that the firing is dropping off." I hardly knew what I said, I was in such alarm and distraction; and there were singing in my ears and fluttering of my heart which I could hardly bear, to which I knew I must not give way.

He was so far roused by my speech,

he certainly heard and answered me. "Do so, Caroline; I have just been reading the prayer to my little Jane, and she says she likes it," but it was portions of the service for the dead and not that for the sick that he kept murmuring in my scared ears: "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. . . . In the midst of life we are in death. . . . Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take to Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed. . . ." His voice faltered and broke. He drew up his knees and let them fall again, and a quiver went through his whole body as he sank down on the cushions which had been placed under him. There was a flicker of his dear white-lashed eye-lids, a twitch of his mouth, and all was over. He was gone from us in deed and in truth.

Sally and I would have been more engrossed by our mourning for father had our attention not been drawn away to Tom. He had been shot in the groin, the bullet could not be found, and his case appeared for a time as desperate as father's.

Father was buried at sea, and though it is such a far-reaching sea, stretching from pole to pole, and the reef of "Never Despair" is on the other side of the globe, I could not rid myself of the idea that father was buried by Jane, that the winds and the waves would bring their dust together as if they had been laid to rest, side by side, in some inland churchyard.

Captain Haynes and his officers and crew were kindness itself to us under our bereavement; and young Mrs. Haynes, after she had brought herself to look on poor Tom lying white and helpless in his berth, took turns in nursing him, as if she, too, were his sister.

But it was only after a long and terrible struggle, even though Tom had youth and a comparatively untried constitution on his side, that he was pronounced out of danger.

We were in England by that time. He had been conveyed to the naval hospital at Portsmouth in order to get more medical advice to bear on the nature of his wound, and Sally and I, two forlorn figures in our deep mourning, had gone into lodgings in the town to be near him.

(To be continued.)



ART.

WOULD-BE ARTIST.—You are certainly wise to adopt a proper course of study. Mr. Roland Hall's Art Class, which is held in Sutton, might help you materially. Send for a prospectus.

A. L. O.—We believe that the highest price ever paid for a painting was taken by Meissonier; and he put what he regarded, and probably with good reason, a prohibitive and perfectly fancy price on a portrait required of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the Californian "Silver king." Being such a millionaire £10,000 was no difficulty in the way of the transaction, and the portrait was painted. But the lady was dissatisfied with her "presentment," and she committed it to the flames, though she paid the price stipulated. Whereupon he followed suit, and tearing up the cheque, as she had his picture, he threw it into the fire. Almost the same story is told of Millais and the portrait of Miss Cunliffe-Brooks, the artist asking the supposed prohibitory price of 2000 guineas; but in this case the picture was preserved and exhibited in the Royal Academy. The notorious portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Gainsborough, had been purchased by Agnew for 10,000 guineas.

AIMÉE.—We do not think the profession of an artist is unwholesome on account of the smell of the oil-colours. Not having any very recent statistics respecting them by us at this moment, we can only say that within the last few years, at least, a calculation was made of a very satisfactory character. A large proportion of artists were found to attain ages of between eighty and ninety, and some upwards of that.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSA.—Consult a doctor. No stranger, who also is not a medical man, and no medical man, who has not seen, you, could possibly prescribe for you. You certainly should not neglect to have advice, and you should have a bed-room to yourself.

TITMOUSE.—Wash copper and brass vessels in hot water to remove grease, then clean with a mixture of finely-powdered rotten-stone, oil of turpentine, and soft soap, blended to the consistency of putty. Take a little, and mix with water, rub it on, and then polish with a leather. A paste can be bought ready-made.

MAY.—The largest bell in England is "Big Ben;" the first was cast by Messrs. Warner, Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, at a cost of £3343 14s. 9d. Its diameter was 9 feet 5½ inches; its height, 7 feet 10½ inches; and the clapper weighed 12 cwt. This bell was found to be cracked in 1857, and was broken up, and of the same metal another was cast the following year, by Mears, of Whitechapel. Its diameter is 9 feet 6 inches; height, 7 feet 10 inches; and the clapper weighs only 6 cwt. It weighs 2 tons lighter than its predecessor. This second bell has been found to be cracked likewise!

DRESSMAKER. — You cannot dispose of the dress belonging to a customer. Perhaps she has delayed in sending for it because she has not the amount ready for paying you. If you know her address, either call there, or write to her.

IVY.—1. As we do not know your respective stations in life we cannot give an opinion as to the expediency of a marriage with a man "a little below you."—2. July 18th, 1874, was a Saturday.

MYRA S.—You had no right to make any vow at the age of fifteen, when you were a child, as well as a minor. Had you lived under the Jewish law, and you had been a *woman* (not a child still in the schoolroom), and you had made a vow "to afflict your soul," and had *told* your father of it, so that he could judge of its prudence, and set it aside or not, as he deemed best, then the vow might have been binding. But you were a minor "of tender years;" your father's consent was, probably, not asked; and you are not a Jewess, and thus you are free in one respect, but not in another, viz., you are bound to "live a useful life of service," "in that state of life in which it shall please the Lord to call you," whether married or single. So, be at peace, and pray for grace to help you in so far fulfilling your vow. See Numb. xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

B. K. HALL.—Do you not remember the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady?" If you do not screw up your courage, and tell her honestly that you love her, and ask her permission to speak to her father, she will think you too chicken-hearted ever to be a protector to her. If you cannot address her by word of mouth, write to her.

A. C. O.—1. There is little prospect of your obtaining a situation as "companion." People prefer to take a relative; and but few need one.—2. The Royal School of Art Needlework is in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W. But in this school only gentlewomen by birth are eligible, and only those who will undertake to work during seven hours daily at the school. Perhaps there may be an art-embroidery department at the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework at 36, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N.W. Secretary, Miss Chessar. They may, at least, give you advice.

INQUISITIVE.—1. Having called, and left your card, when the lady of the house was out, it is not necessary to call again until after a return-visit from her, unless you wish to be specially friendly, or have any business to discuss.—2. We approve of the sentiments of the lines you have sent; but they are only prose.

DOT.—The idea that there is any bad result to be anticipated by marrying in the month of May has its origin in a superstition of the ancient Romans, and was referred to by Ovid (Fast. v., p. 490), Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as prevailing in his own country; and the apparent confirmation of the ill-omened nature of the month for such an undertaking was remarkable in the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the divorced Earl of Bothwell, on the 15th May, 1567. The month following she was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle

A BREAD-EARNER.—We can give you statistics respecting the number of self-supporting women for the year 1892. There are 288,919 in the United Kingdom who are following various professions; 26,344 engaged in commercial business; and in our various industries and manufactures 2,027,899 more. These are all unconnected with those engaged in domestic duties. In Germany half a million more women are thus earning their living than those in our own country; and in Austria, France, and Italy fewer earn their living than is the case here. Altogether, the number of women thus employed exceeds that of men by four and a half millions.

MARGARETTA.—If you have presented your intended husband with a dressing-case, you might furnish it with certain things, such as a brush and comb; but it is not necessary to supply razors. You write a very nice hand. We are glad that you and your four sisters like our paper so much.

J. B. ANXIOUS.—Your bookbinder can obtain the covers for the "G. O. P." from our Publishing Department.



THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Drawn by Davidson Knowles.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 739.] FEBRUARY 24, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

BY SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST STEP.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who may be clever
Do lovely things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast 'for ever'
One grand sweet song."—*C. Kingsley.*



IT WAS a dreary November day; the rain had been falling steadily during the morning, and the streets of the ancient city of York presented their gloomiest appearance.

There were but few passers-by, and to judge from their countenances business in some form or other had compelled them to leave their homes to face the wind and rain.

Outside the walls of the old city on the south side might be seen a very ordinary-looking house at the end of a row, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses, save that it was the end house and possessed a small, well-kept garden.

In a brightly-lighted, comfortable room before a blazing fire (presenting a striking contrast to the outside cold and wet) sat two girls, with their work lying unheeded beside them. They were sisters, the elder a dark, handsome woman of eight-and-twenty, the younger pale and fair, several years her junior. The elder woman was looking intently at some papers she held in her hand, whilst the younger one was evidently scanning her face with eager interest.

"Well, Constance, you have really made up your mind that you wish to be a nurse?"



"'YOU HAVE REALLY MADE UP YOUR MIND THAT YOU WISH TO BE A NURSE?'"

All rights reserved.]

said Clara, as she folded and returned the papers to her sister with something like a sigh. "I know well since little Lucy died how you have longed for something which would more completely engross your thoughts. But have you really considered what a tax upon your strength this hard work will be?"

"Yes, I have thought it well over, and if only you and father will give your permission, I shall go as soon as I can be taken in. You know how I love nursing, Clara, dear," the girl added as she felt she was gaining her point. "Think of old Mrs. Jones in the almshouse with rheumatism—she always said she slept better if I shook up her pillows and straightened the clothes—and poor old Sandy with his broken leg. I did not faint when it was set, and the doctor said I should make a capital nurse, and if I am really trained I could nurse you or father if you were sick, and I should know just how to do everything the best way. Oh, Clara," said the girl, as she dropped on her knees beside her sister and looked up in her face, "if you only will persuade father to let me go I shall be so happy!"

"I will speak to him to-night," said Clara; and if she spoke sadly it was partly because she felt that life would be somewhat lonely without the sweet-faced sister by her side, though the remembrance of her devoted attention to little Lucy made her feel sure she would make a capital nurse if only she was strong enough, and partly, also, Clara had a woman's very natural longing to see Constance settled in a little home of her own. For herself—well, she too had had a dream, but it was over, and since their mother's death she had devoted herself to their father and the three young sisters. The little invalid Lucy had been taken from them nearly two years ago, and Constance was now wishing to leave her home and choose out a path for herself. Clara looked at her sister who was gazing into the fire, with a weary expression on her pale thin face, and remembering what a bright face it used to be, said to herself, "If I possibly can persuade him, I will."

So she imprinted a kiss on the fair brow and repeated her promise—"Yes, darling, I will do what I can to help you," and rose, saying as she left the room, "I must just look over my list of subscriptions for the mission school. Johnston may be in to-night, and it is nearly time for dinner."

Constance had not risen from her low seat on the hearthrug, but was looking dreamily into the fire, thinking more of the past than of the realisation of her wishes for the future, and tears stole into her large dark eyes as she thought of the little crippled sister who was ten years her junior whom she had loved so dearly.

"Yes, Alice will soon be leaving school," she said to herself, as if in continuation of her thoughts, "so I cannot possibly be needed at home; and oh, how delightful it will be to be a real hospital nurse like Agnes Jones!"

She was still musing, when the door opened and her father entered the room followed by a young man neither tall nor handsome, but with a frank, open expression on his sunburnt face.

Constance rose with an exclamation of surprise and greeted her father, then turning to the young man (who was evidently not a stranger) she held out her hand, saying, "Why, Mr. Prescott, we did not even know you were in England."

The young man looked into the sweet girlish face, flushed with the heat of the fire and with traces of tears still shining in her eyes, and replied that he feared they had come in very abruptly and disturbed her, but she must forgive them. Mr. Wilson had picked him up at his club and insisted on bringing him back just as he was.

"Yes," broke in Mr. Wilson, "Charles has only returned this morning, and I could not hear of him setting off to his lonely lodgings on this wet night, so brought him home to dinner. Where is Clara?" he added. "You had better tell her we are here, and shall be quite ready for dinner at eight."

Constance slipped out of the room in search of Clara, and Mr. Wilson carried off his young friend to his own room.

Mr. Prescott's father had been a great friend of Mr. Wilson's. They had been together at college, and though their lives had drifted apart, as lives must drift, they had never quite lost sight of each other. After leaving college, Mr. Prescott had taken holy orders and was subsequently given a very comfortable living near Falmouth. When Mr. Wilson heard of his friend's son coming to settle in York, he was only too pleased for the sake of the old friendship to make him a welcome guest at his house whenever he chose. Was it to be wondered at that the young man almost made it his home, and that a friendship sprang up between himself and Mr. Wilson's daughters, which grew as time passed on? He seemed to them almost like an elder brother.

Four years had passed away, and the regard which Mr. Prescott had entertained for Constance had ripened into love. Mr. Wilson and Clara were glad that it should be so, and were both grieved and astonished to find that Constance did not share their wishes. She felt indeed that in refusing him she had lost a friend. She owned she liked him, but she was quite sure she did not really love him; and now the happy friendship was spoiled, for things could never be again quite as they were before Mr. Prescott's visits grew less frequent. He blamed himself for being too hasty, and finally took a long sea voyage. It was more than six months since they had heard of him, when Mr. Wilson met him so unexpectedly at his club and pressed him to return home to dine. Mr. Prescott had hesitated, and stammered out something about the Miss Wilsons not caring to see him; but Mr. Wilson had pressed him, adding, "Girls seldom know their own minds, and you will be sure of a warm welcome from Clara."

He was right; when, in a short space of time the gong sounded, Clara met them on the staircase, and holding out her hand said, "This is indeed a pleasure," and the smile of greeting on her face showed him that she meant what she said.

The meal passed over pleasantly. Mr. Prescott had many amusing incidents to relate to them of his travels abroad, and questions to ask about things which had been taking place at home.

When dinner was ended, and the girls were sitting together by the drawing-room fire, waiting for their father and Mr. Prescott to join them, Clara said: "I hardly think Mr. Prescott will like the idea of your becoming a nurse? How strange that he should have turned up to-day."

"Very strange," Constance replied in a somewhat icy tone, for, in spite of her sweet face, she possessed a quick temper; "but really, Clara, I cannot see what he has to do with my going; you set great value on his opinions. I'm sure it is a great pity you do not take him yourself."

She was vexed the minute she had said it, as she saw the cloud on her sister's brow, and possibly with some feeling of wishing to atone, sang and played during the evening, and did her very best to be as entertaining as she could. Charles thought he had never seen her look so well or sing so sweetly. Was her father right, he thought to himself, as he listened to her, and did he mean to let me know that she had changed her mind. He felt he must find out at once, and forgetting that he had before blamed himself for undue haste, made up his mind again to offer her the best a man can offer a woman—an honest and true heart.

Just as Constance was in the middle of what was to be her last song, a servant came in and said a Mr. Johnston had called and asked to see Mr. Wilson. He rose with an apology to Mr. Prescott, and asking Clara to come also, as there were a few matters about the school which wanted an explanation, left the room. The song had been interrupted, and Constance felt she could not finish it now; she closed the book and went across to the fire, saying as she did so, "What a lovely night it is after this dreadful day; just look at the moon!" The moon was truly there shining brightly indeed; the wet dismal day had ended in a glorious frosty night; was it to be a symbol that joy would reward him at last.

"Constance," he said as he took a seat beside her, "will you forgive me, but I feel I must speak. I never meant to have come straight back as I have done, but your father persuaded me. I have not changed. Oh, tell me that I may hope, if you have not now, that at least you will some time. Say, Constance, that you will try to love me."

"Oh! do stop," said Constance deeply moved, "indeed I am sorry to pain you. I hoped you would understand when we last spoke that I really meant what I said, that I could not change. You have been like a brother to us, more we could never be. Oh, do forgive me," she went on, as she saw the pained look in his face: "will you not try to forget me, and let us be friends once more, as we used to be in the old happy days?"

"I will never trouble you again," he replied in a constrained voice; all the brightness seemed to have faded from his life. "You have been my first love and will be my last; the sweets of home life are not for me, and I must learn to be content."

When Clara re-entered the room, Mr. Prescott rose, saying, if she would kindly excuse him to Mr. Wilson he felt he ought to be returning: he was just a trifle tired too, after his journey. He shook hands with her and then turned to Constance, and holding her hand in both of his for a moment, merely said "good-bye." Clara turned to her sister, half suspecting what had happened; but, seeing the pained expression on her face, forebore questions, and merely suggested her going early to bed.

Constance ran upstairs, turned the key in her door, and falling on her knees beside the bed, she wept some bitter tears. Why had all this come over again, and had she done right or wrong? Could Mr. Prescott's life be spoiled by her? were questions she asked herself. Surely it was better to refuse him, than to offer a love which was not sincere, for she felt convinced that she did not really love him. She would be doubly thankful now to get away. "It will be better for both of us," she said to herself, "and he will soon forget."

She knelt a long time beside the bed, the moonlight streaming into the little room unheeded. At length she rose; her tears had brought her some relief, though her head was aching and her eyes were hot and swollen. Time, the great healer, would come to her aid. Before midnight, in spite of present sorrow, or of anticipations or vague misgivings for the future, she slept peacefully.

Clara meanwhile had returned to her father, informed him that Mr. Prescott had gone, and then, as he was just concluding some calculations, sat down and waited for an opportunity to speak of Constance.

Mr. Wilson was a railway director, a tall, handsome man of a very determined nature, respected and admired by his fellow men, loved by the poor, kind to his children and really fond of them in his own way, though so extremely reticent in his home, that his children looked upon him more as the provider of their needs and judge of their destinies

than as a friend to whom they could take their joys and sorrows, with the expectation of sympathy and help.

"Finished at last," he said, as he pushed the papers from him. "Why, Clara," looking at the time-piece, "you ought to be in bed."

"I wanted to speak to you of Constance," she began. "She has set her heart on going to one of the London hospitals, and being trained as a nurse." The father knit his brows. "She has never been the same since Lucy died," she added, "and I do think a real change might do her good, and the regular routine work for awhile be possibly the very best thing for her. She has decided on St. Margaret's hospital, and is already in possession of the rules for those starting work. I see by them that all probationers go on a month's trial, so she can change her mind at the end of that time if she wishes."

Mr. Wilson looked like relenting.

"A month on trial; yes, I have no objection whatever to her trying it. I daresay she will be glad enough to come back at the end of that time," he added, forgetting that it was possible for his daughter to have inherited his own determined spirit, which would doubtless assist in carrying her through anything she undertook, as it had done her father before her.

Constance's joy was great in the morning when her father told her at breakfast that he had heard of her freak, and was quite willing for her to give the work a trial. She did not mind in the least that he took it in jest. Many ladies had been hospital nurses, and she felt what others had done she could do too. She answered and filled in her papers, enclosing a little note to Mrs. Faithful, the matron, saying she was very anxious to start as soon as possible.

In about a fortnight's time the reply came saying there would be a vacancy on the first of January, and she would be expected that day. It was already the second week in December and there was much to be done. Clara entered heartily into the necessary preparations, giving what help she could, and by the time Alice returned from school, the greater part was accomplished.

Christmas came and went, and the day drew near for Constance to make trial of her new work. If her heart failed her somewhat, it was but natural, she knew absolutely nothing of the work she was about to undertake; but when her friends smiled and talked of her returning in a month, she resolved that, come what would, if possible she would stick to it.

It was a perfect New Year's day, clear and frosty; the snow which had been falling for some days previously lay like a white carpet on the earth and crackled with a cheery sound under the footsteps of the passers-by. A keen frost had set in and skaters were rejoicing at the prospect of pleasures in store.

The short drive to the station took longer than was expected owing to the slippery state of the roads, and there was only time to get a ticket and place Constance with a hurried but fervent good-bye in a comfortable first-class carriage, before the signal was given, and the through train from Scotland moved slowly out of the station continuing the journey to London.

Constance waved her hand to her father as she saw him still standing, looking after the train, but the tears rushed to her eyes as he was lost to sight and she realised that she had indeed started out into the great world alone. She pulled up the window and arranged her rugs, noticing for the first time the other occupants of the compartment. A man somewhat beyond middle age with a fair moustache, almost covered with wraps and rugs, sat in one corner, and opposite to him a lady and gentleman evidently husband and wife; the gentleman wore the dress of a clergyman and looked as if he had been ill.

Constance did little more than notice them, for thoughts of those she had left behind would bring tears to her eyes, and she turned her head away and tried to appear interested in passing objects, hoping that her tears, now falling fast, might not be observed. She sat still for a long time, her thoughts wandering dreamily over the past—happy childhood's days when their mother was with them, and life seemed one long play-time; school days, with joys and sorrows and bright dreams of the future; then the caring for the invalid sister which had changed the self-willed girl, though she did not realise it, into a more gentle, thoughtful woman. Then came Mr. Prescott's friendship, which she and her elder sister had so much appreciated and which had all ended so grievously. Such were the thoughts which occupied her mind when she was suddenly aroused by a conversation between the other occupants of the compartment.

"Well," said the lady, "is that what you really think?"

"Without a doubt it is, madam. You will never make your present class of ladies into nurses; there may be one here and there who will take up the work and stick to it, but I assure you they will be few and far between."

"And yet," interposed the clergyman, "the nurse who has just left us was a true lady and the very best and gentlest of nurses."

"The exception only proves the rule, is an old saying but nevertheless true," added the Scotchman. "I believe," he continued, "that I speak the mind of most doctors when I say that, as a body, we prefer the servant class for hospital and private nurses."

"But surely you do not wish to go back to old 'Mrs. Gamp?'"

"Certainly not," he replied, "but the servant class who take to nursing as a means of earning a livelihood, and have not just sufficient learning to think they know themselves better than the doctor how a patient ought to be treated, are to my mind preferable. What do young ladies want with sickness and misery and the hard, menial work necessary to be done in our hospitals? Surely they are unfitted for it; no, they will do much better if they marry."

Constance was getting much interested in the conversation.

"I could tell you some stories," he went on, but noticing at that moment that the train was slackening speed, exclaimed, "Why, here we are getting into Peterboro';" and as the train stopped, rose to take a turn on the platform. As he passed Constance he looked at her and noticed that there were traces of tears in her large dark eyes, and remembering he had seen her bid adieu to a gentleman he supposed at the time might be her father, mentally remarked to himself as he passed her, "how easily women cry."

It was getting dark, and Constance was feeling tired with the journey and all the excitement she had gone through, and possibly a little depressed at the remarks she had listened to. He is evidently a doctor, she thought, but I don't think he can be a very nice man.

The station was lighted, and busy officials were moving about. Porters running hither and thither with trucks laden with boxes or carrying enormous weights on their shoulders with Spartan-like indifference, constantly stopping to give information as to when or where this or that train was expected to arrive or depart.

Constance was interested in watching the busy crowd, and was presently attracted by a woman poorly clad, resting on a seat, a baby on her knee and a small restless boy standing beside her. The baby was evidently fretful, and whilst she was soothing it the child slipped a few steps away from his mother and came in contact with a truck being wheeled quickly along and was thrown with some force to the ground.

Just then the door of the refreshment-room opened, and the Scotchman seeing the mishap stepped forward and raised the child, now screaming from fright, and ascertaining that he was not really hurt, handed him to his mother. There was little in the act itself, but the way in which it was done, and the smile which came to the weary mother's face as he added some parting word, made Constance say to herself, "Perhaps I am judging him wrongly."

The ticket-collector was examining the tickets and collecting all those for King's Cross, and just as the Scotchman entered, the whistle sounded and the train moved on.

The travellers were quiet and apparently grew sleepy. When Constance opened her eyes she could hardly believe that the train was actually nearing London; but she roused herself and gathered up her wraps as she saw the others doing. If Peterboro' station had seemed a bustle, much more did this. She however succeeded in getting hold of a porter, and after a little delay her boxes were found and placed on the top of a four-wheeler. She got inside, saying, "To Saint Margaret's Hospital," and the old vehicle with its one lonely occupant rattled out through the station gates into the great city.



Constance had often taken long walks at home, wandering for miles by herself through lanes and fields, meeting no one, and had never felt it lonely; but here, surrounded by crowds of people she felt indeed alone.

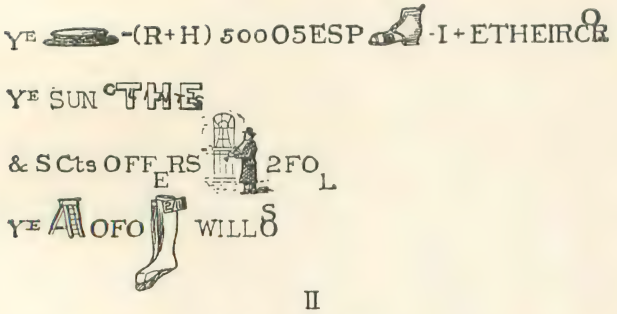
(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE POEM.—EXAMINERS' REPORT.

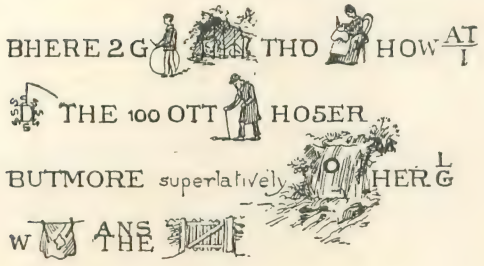


C E.

I



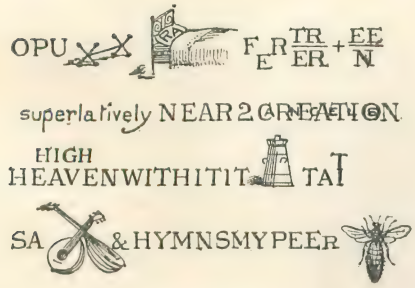
II



III



IV



SOLUTION.

Among foxgloves a spring Roman C E.

I.

Ye crush-hat *DOVES* P repair E THEIR CRO*on*
Ye SUN*light* GLINTS across THEhollow
& S cents OFF *low*E RS a wait 2 FOL*low*
Ye steps OFO new hose *light*WILL SO*on*

II.

BHERE 2 G lad den THO sew HOWAIT
D *pendent* s *round* THE *C*OTT age HO*V*ER
BUT *most* O fall HER dot *in* G L*over*
W hole ANS *upon* THE wicket gate

III.

*Low*H ERE SHE COMES O HU shy OUR cry
SEE HALO*s* circle *round* HER TRESS*es*
EEN B wreath OF HEAVEN MY LO*V* ED*on*E B *less*ES
FOR foxgloves bow ass HE COMES NI

IV.

O PU rest RA*rest* F *low*E R TERRENE
NEAREST 2 ANGELS *in* CREATION
HIGH HEAVEN *above* WITH IT*s* can TA TI*on*
SA lutes & HYMNS MY PEE R*less* queen

AMONG FOXGLOVES: A SPRING ROMANCE.

I.

The cushat doves prepare their croon,
The sunlight glints across the hollow,
And scents of flowers await to follow
The steps of one whose light will soon

II.

Be here to gladden those who wait—
Dependents round the cottage hover—
But most of all her doting lover,
Who leans upon the wicket gate.

III.

Lo! here she comes, O hush your cry!
See, halos circle round her tresses!
E'en breath of Heaven my loved one blesses,
For foxgloves bow as she comes nigh!

IV.

O, purest, rarest flower terrene!
Nearest to angels in creation
High heaven above, with its cantation,
Salutes and hymns my peerless queen!

PRIZE-WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

1. Mrs. Fulford Jarvis, Mount Pleasant, Dartmouth.
2. A. Humphries, 27, Tomlin's Grove, Bow, E.
3. Mr. F. Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.
4. Mrs. E. Holderness, 2, Station Square, Saltburn-by-the-Sea.
5. Jessie F. Dulley, Lindens, Wellingborough.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Robinson. Mabel S. Madden.
Miss E. Wotherspoon. Grace Eleanor Baker.
John R. Broughton. Sydney Edgley.
Robert Davison. Jane Suter Johns.
"Blair." Alice Holloway. V. Odom.

Highly Commended.

John Arthurton. Mabel C. S. Garland.
L. B. Ashby. Margaret Jaques.
Lilian Barnes. Louisa Emma Lomax.
Amy Briand. Mrs. W. H. Miller.
Reynold A. Cuthbert. Isabel E. Parry.
A. Daniel. A. M. Philps.
Maud Elliott. Louisa Wall.
F. N. Freeman. Elizabeth W. Wood.

Honourable Mention.

M. R. Bannatyne.
Margaret J. Benson.
Alice L. Bird.
Isabella Bishop.
Miss M. Brown.
D. Buckley.
Frank G. Callcott.
Marion H. Cooper.
Bessie Coulson.
Miss M. E. B. Crabb.
Katherine A. Dowling.
K. M. Edwards.
Florence Ellison.
Kate Lytle Foster.
Edward Gardiner.
Miss Glassborow.
Ellen Hart.
Frances Hart.
Clive Henderson.
D. Hurley.
Effie Jackson.
W. E. L. Jacob.
Mary Florence Jamieson.
E. Jarman.
Lilian Jones-Henry.
Charles McClelland.
Garfield Macdonald.
Percival Marshall.
Miss K. M. Moore.
Sidney Morrish.
J. D. Musgrave.
Gertrude Ogle.
Margaret Oxley.
D. D. Persse.
A. Phillips.
Frank Pool.
Davida Reid.
Mrs. E. Rose.
Thomas Satchell.
Ethel J. Shepard.
Miss M. M. Skrine.
Emily Smith.
Minnie Smith.
Madeline Spence.
J. W. J. Stevens.
T. E. Tarrant.
Miss Taylor.
Pollie Thomas.
John A. C. Tilley.
Miss Verrall.
Miss Watson.
Frances H. Webb-Gillman.
W. F. White.
R. Williams.
Rev. F. Wilson.
Florence Wilton.
Miss S. Wingfield.

REPORT.

BEFORE entering upon the more interesting details we should like to reply to two letters lying before us.

E. G. sends a comparison of his version of "Editorial Secrets" with the author's solution, and asks, "Don't you think I ought to have had 'honourable mention?'" Well, it was not a bad solution by any means; but all those which obtained the coveted distinction were better, and we are afraid our answer must be "No." In reply to his second query, which is of more general interest, we beg to say that no preference is given to solutions accompanied by an analysis.

Our other correspondent suggests that we should publish the successful solutions *in extenso*. We might do this if we published only one puzzle in the year, but we could not possibly afford the necessary space month after month. This correspondent also gives us some kindly advice about the pictures and symbols we employ. The advice almost assumes the form of a complaint of their lack of resemblance to the objects they are supposed to represent. A very satisfactory answer is to be found in the fact that so far every picture and symbol introduced has been correctly solved over and over again. Our aim has been to secure perfect accuracy in each delineation, and we shall take care that there is no falling off in this respect.

"The title is very difficult," writes one competitor. Evidently he expresses an almost universal feeling, for only six out of several hundred solvers have rendered it correctly. "A Spring Romance" was the favourite interpretation—an excellent one as far as it went, but incomplete, inasmuch as it altogether ignored the beautiful cluster of foxgloves. "A Romance on Spring" also found many adherents. These we cannot congratulate, for whatever may have been obscure, one thing seemed clear, that only the Roman was on the spring.

One or two committed themselves to "Innocence," and for them we have much respect, as we have reason to believe that the evolution of this title is most wonderfully elaborate. We ourselves have not yet been able to work it out in all its beauty; but, from a fragmentary explanation vouchsafed to us, we gather that its origin is to be found in some Latin root, and in the poisonous nature of nightshade. We commend the suggestion to those of our readers who may care to spend a little of their spare time in following it up.

A very large proportion of the competitors solved the first line accurately. The crush-hat gave nothing like so much trouble as the author hoped. It is true it was here and there mistaken for a turtle, a trough, and even a hamlet; but such eccentricities were rare, and we have not a word to say against them, for they served a useful purpose in relieving the otherwise sombre business of adjudication. "Croon" was given by nearly all; but one paper, and one only, substitutes croup. The idea of a dove—even a cushat-dove—preparing its croup is excessively funny.

In line 2 many have failed at sunlight; some who observed the difference in the thickness of the letters wrote "pale sun," and others "pallid sun," but neither rendering is so good as the original, though both are better than "sun" alone.

In line 3 some trouble has been caused by the representation of a wait; but almost the only variations given are "blow" and "breathe out," neither of which is bad.

Line 4 is chiefly notable for two very amusing renderings—

"The steps of ogres will faint soon,"

and—

"The steps of one whose pail will soon
Be here to gladden," etc.

This latter version is truly remarkable. That the arrival of a pail could under any circumstances give rise to emotion either of joy or sorrow is exceedingly difficult to imagine. But there are many things we do not profess to understand, and we reluctantly leave the mystery unsolved.

Line 5 has given little or no trouble, but over the first word of line 6 the imaginations of the solvers joyously run riot again. "Danglers" is quite a favourite reading, its authors supposing the D to be angling. One competitor follows this happy thought up a little further and gives, as a result of the piscatorial exercise, "D caught 8," *i.e.*, "Decorate," and the line is finally worked out very prettily as follows—

"And decorate the cottage over."

Still, out of the angling idea we get from a large number "angels," and another train of thought altogether leads up to "sunbeams." Certainly, we have no reason to complain of lack of ingenuity on the part of our solvers.

We were really quite pleased to observe how many mastered line 7, quite four-fifths of the competitors having solved it perfectly. Of the residue, a few substitute "glover" for "doting lover," following it up with "Who leans upon the garden-gate." One naturally asks, "What was he doing there?" We are sadly afraid his presence could have but one explanation, and we would exhort our readers always to pay for their gloves with ready money, in order that they may not be haunted by the fear of any such baleful apparition.

In line 8, "gate" has been qualified in various ways—"garden," "meadow," "rustic," "wooden," and the like. As there is no way of depicting a wicket-gate unmistakably, credit has been given for all these readings.

We should have considered line 9 to be a very easy one, but for the fact that it is responsible for the stumbling of many, and especially of one who would otherwise have gained a prize,

"—— so hush our cry"

was the fatal rendering, and the two flaws in it are so perceptible we refrain from making further comment.

Our old friend the facetious solver remarks on this line, "'O' put wrongly for 'Oh;'" and he gives expression to much unseemly delight at having caught "Mr. Editor tripping." It is no part of our business to stand up for "Mr. Editor," but we must say this for him—he very rarely does make a grammatical mistake. In the present instance he is as right as his critic is wrong, and eulogy can no higher go. The same gentleman appends to his solution a final note, the full beauty of which he does not appear to have apprehended. In it he defies anybody to understand the "above rigmarole." This clearly refers to his own mutilated version of our charming poem, and we are quite pleased with the unassuming modesty of the designation. As for understanding it, the examiners cordially agree with him—it is an impossibility. Still, though incomprehensible, it is very beautiful (like most poetry), and we heartily wish we could award the "rigmarole" a prize, if only to encourage its author to send us a solution every month, so much do we enjoy his critical (!) annotations.

Concerning the last verse, little need be said. "O purest iron bed" was the most prosaic rendering of the beginning of line 13, while "O purest rain-bed" struck us as being more poetic than intelligible.

The examiners suffered much artistic distress through the constant disarrangement of line 15. "High above heaven" is not at all a happy reading, and it is difficult to understand why it was so generally adopted.

But, on the whole, we have been most favourably impressed by the cleverness of the solutions, and the more extended arrangement of the awards is a telling proof of the difficulty we have experienced in the adjudication. We are especially glad to notice the same names coming before us time after time, and we sincerely hope that many of them may appear before long in the most honourable position of all.

If we may revert for a moment to the title, we should like to anticipate the activity of all who are about to write to inform us that the foxglove is not a spring flower. We are greatly obliged for their kind intention, but we are already aware of the fact, and, furthermore, we never said it was.

In consigning the puzzle to oblivion, we would remark that it will have amply vindicated its existence if about twelve dozen girls will hereafter only spell "halos" in the customary way.

EDITORIAL SECRETS.

The name of Mrs. E. Holderness was by mistake inserted among those receiving "Honourable Mention" instead of among those "Highly Commended."

Foreign Award.

Judged by the standard of the solutions already adjudicated upon, none of the papers from abroad deserve a prize. But some of the attempts are exceedingly creditable, and we have much pleasure in publishing the names of the seven solvers who stand first on the list. We give them in order of merit:—

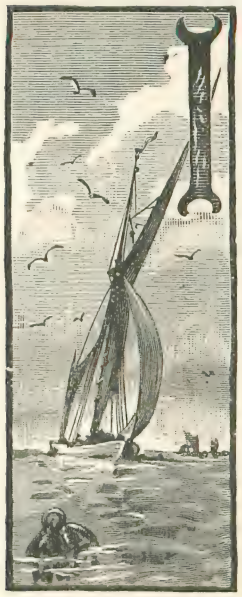
Annie Osbiston, Croydon, New South Wales.
Henry James Gladwin, East Court, Demerara.
Rev. Henry Lister, Lyons, France.
Helena Clinger Scallan, Calcutta, India.
Mary McMillan, Davos Platz, Switzerland.
Florence F. Pike, Cuttack, India.
James Macrae, Mentone, France.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHO WAS APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF THE "ROVER."



I THINK it would amuse some of my readers if they could realise how spacious and "genteel" Sally and I considered our apartments, though they were only a couple of rooms, by no means large in size or expensively furnished, over a haberdasher's shop, with the merest glimpse between two houses of the sea. It was but a glimpse of the fresh, free, blue waves, yet I do not know how we could have existed amidst so much stone and lime without it. Another comfort was that our landlady, a very worthy woman, was the widow of a warrant officer, who had once served on board the dear *Sea Serpent*, of whom we had known something.

We were not straitened in our circumstances, we were thankful to know. We did not need that any friend in the Admiralty should apply for a pension to us, though there was some talk of one being pressed upon us, simply as a fitting acknowledgment of father's services to his country and of his death while fighting her battles. Viewed in the light of a compliment to father, which he had well deserved, we should not know how to refuse it. But in the meantime we had his prize-money, which was left equally divided between Tom and us girls; we had also Aunt Maria's savings: so that for the daughters of an officer who had begun life without a private fortune we might regard ourselves as fairly off. But people's ideas were much more modest in those days, and in place of us or anybody else considering it derogatory to the daughters of the late Admiral Masham to occupy for a winter those two—I must admit poky—rooms, we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having secured them.

We received plenty of attention, and were at once called on by numerous friendly callers, who would hardly accept our mourning, our anxiety on account of Tom, and our want of spirits, as a sufficient excuse for our declining endless invitations to social tea and supper parties. Father's reputation secured this, and much more than this, for his daughters. The old town of Portsmouth afforded then very good naval society, in which, however, women predominated. Many retired officers, with posts in the dockyard, were established with their families in the town. But there were still more wives, mothers, and sisters of men engaged in active service who came and settled in the great port because they had then, in the days before steamboats and railways scattered passengers and news broadcast over the length and breadth of the land, a much better chance of catching glimpses of their naval friends and of receiving the speediest tidings of them. The whole society had a strong professional bias and interest in common. The men and the women, too, were distinguished by the frank simplicity and cordiality which one is wont to associate with sailors.

Sally and I were, in fact, rather oppressed by the visits of well-intentioned acquaintances, who, being in the navy themselves, felt as if we belonged to them, while we were still in the keenness of our grief for father and in our sorest anxiety concerning Tom. But naturally it was chiefly for Perry Hood and the unknown tragedy of his fate that Sally was inconsolable. She insisted on wearing a dress as like that of a widow as she could with propriety assume. It, and her youth and good looks, soon rendered the fair bloom, which was in striking contrast to her sombre weeds, conspicuous whenever she went abroad. Her romantic story got into everybody's mouth, and although I am sure she did not mean to attract attention by what was purely the indulgence of a sick heart's fancy, the result was that we were all the more pointed out, sought after, and besought to go into company, because of the hardly judicious behaviour which procured for my sister from the Portsmouth public the sentimental titles of "the Maiden Widow" and "the Widowed Bride."

Tom and I both disapproved of the notice Sally attracted and of the silly sentimentality of her admirers; but we were so sorry for her that we were resigned to her having her way in this as in most other things, though the morbid craving for the trappings of woe was in opposition to her usual sound sense. Tom might have exerted himself as men will do, putting their foot down on womanish follies and stamping them out before any harm is done; but he was still too ill to interfere in what appeared to him a matter of so little moment as the dress which Sally chose to wear in her season of mourning. It required all his manly Christian courage and boyish, cheery spirit to put a good face on his sufferings and weakness, and to resist the depression consequent on what threatened at one time to be a case either of premature death or permanent invalidism.

Among the families who insisted on making our acquaintance at Portsmouth that winter and would take no denial, when, wounded as we were in spirit, we shrank a little from their advances, was a household named Casey. They were Irish—a bright, perennially good-natured and light-hearted group. The head of the house was Captain Casey, who had been forced on idleness and half-pay by the loss of an arm and the splinter of a shell in one knee; so that he had not only to have his food cut up for him as if he were a child, but was so dead lame that he was a melancholy object, though he did not see himself in this light when he exhibited himself, with his wife and their boys and girls, where all the naval world of Portsmouth walked, after church service, on a fine Sunday afternoon. He was bluff and hearty, in spite of his infirmities. Mrs. Casey was motherly, if somewhat noisy and rollicking for her years and her stout figure. I knew—not only that she meant kindly, but that she was right on the whole when she said we two poor girls should not sit up and mope ourselves into melancholy madness in "a one-stair front," and therefore she would drag us out whenever she could. The junior Caseys were of both sexes and all ages, from a strapping lieutenant of five-and-twenty, almost always on the high seas, to a crawling mite of four. Sally's contemporary and mine, and our presumed crony, was Harriet Casey, a buxom and blithe, but decidedly feather-headed, young woman of three-and-twenty; but for any sense of responsibility, or any sign of forethought she was in the habit of displaying, she might have been a harum-scarum chit of fifteen.

The Caseys were hopelessly poor, and their unvarnished makeshifts to rise above their poverty would have amused us, if we had been in a mood to be amused. Their poverty interfered very little with their enjoyment of life and with their popularity. They bore themselves so gallantly, and were so gay over their adversity, that nobody else could resent the offence. Anything was permitted to a Casey. The friendly souls had an immense circle of friends, and were in as great favour as if they had been millionaires. Irish wit, Irish bulls, Irish goodnature carried the day. All Portsmouth would have missed something genial, something easy to get on with, and quick to constitute itself the missing link between the sets and factions, if the Caseys had left the town.

Sally and I were sitting quietly enough, with our work-baskets at our elbows, making a set of new shirts for Tom by the time he should be about again. Ladies still took pride in accomplishing with credit the difficult task of making shirts for their husbands, brothers, and sons, as royal Isabella of Spain made a shirt for her King Ferdinand. Not to be able to make a shirt would have been as bad as not to be able to make a pudding. Ready-made garments of the kind were rare, and sewing-machines did not exist. I am bound to tell that Sally had not been so usefully engaged all the day. For the whole morning before our early dinner she had thought fit to sort and read, for the hundredth time, a packet of letters which cousin Perry had written to her when he was

flag-lieutenant on board the *Hero;* the consequence was that she had cried herself into a sick headache, and that her spirits were now at their lowest ebb.

It was quite a relief to me when Harriet Casey came in. The Caseys lived in an old tumble-down barrack of a house just round the corner, and Harriet would rush in at all hours. None of the family knocked or rang, and were shown in like ordinary mortals. They tapped at the landlady's window on the ground-floor, waylaid her when she was about to open the front door, peeped in at our sitting-room door when it happened to be ajar, and then scurried or limped in after their hasty glance in the most informal fashion. Nobody could take the freedom amiss: the persons who were guilty of it did it in such good faith, and were on such happy terms with themselves and with the rest of the world.

"Oh, Miss Car, Miss Masham!" cried Harriet, quite out of breath, untying her bonnet-strings and disclosing her round, rosy face in what was then called a "bonnet-cap," a tight net-cap with a plaited border like a baby's. These bonnet-caps had narrow strings, which fastened them securely under the chin; but one of Harriet's strings was wanting, so that the cap hung over one ear, on the curly auburn hair. "Something has happened! You would never guess what, though I gave you a hundred guesses to find it out. I ran straight across to be the first to tell you, since you have so much to do with it. No; it is not about Lieutenant Tom, poor dear! You don't mind me calling him 'dear,' do you" (pulling off her gloves, out of which, alas! the tips of at least three restless fingers were showing). "I always call any friend sick in the hospital or on board ship 'dear.' I have learnt the trick from mother. No; it is about your cousin, Lieutenant—I should say Captain—Peregrine Hood, for he has got his promotion."

We looked at her aghast. The name which she spoke so glibly had been sacred to us of late. Sally drew herself up with a white set look, as if she would have said, "How dare you take that loved name in your mouth, and profane it in your senseless chatter—to me of all women?"

But Harriet rattled on unabashed. "The strangest, the most unheard-of thing has happened. He is not dead; his name is in the gazette to-day, promoted and appointed to the command of the *Rover*. Father read it out at dinner. Father says the Admiralty know better than to appoint dead men to ships. They must be certain that he has escaped and is all right; so, Miss Masham, you need not wear your crape bonnet and veil any longer. You need not go in mourning deeper than Miss Caroline wears for your father the Admiral. I said I would be the first to tell you the delightful news, and I have kept my word!" Harriet sat and nodded her curly head in heedless congratulation, like an idiot or a mandarin.

Sally remained bolt upright and stared before her, while her colour changed every second with conflicting emotions.

"Are you quite sure of what you're saying, Harriet?" I demanded, almost indignantly. "It would be too dreadful, too cruel, if you were only circulating an idle rumour, a mistake. You ought to be very careful in spreading such reports—you might, at least, have been more cautious in breaking the news to—us."

It was Harriet's turn to stare. "Why, I thought you would be so glad," she exclaimed, lost in amazement, "that I ought to lose no time in letting you hear. Everybody knows that Miss Masham was going to be married to Lieutenant Hood; that their marrying was so near she could not be content with less than widow's weeds for him. If it had been the other way, if it had been the announcement of somebody's death"—poor Harriet was driven to defend herself—"of course I should not have wished to bring the news. Mother or father would have come over and stayed with you, and broken it to you as you say. But I never heard of anybody's having to go about the bush to break good news, and it is not a story, Miss Caroline," continued Harriet, growing warm in her own cause and recognising that though she was ever so good-natured she had a right to feel hurt by my impatient incredulity. "The *Naval Gazette* is not in the habit of telling stories; more than that, mother has just come in from the Dyers, and she heard the whole story there, and was introduced to a lady, Mrs. Dyer's sister, home from Barbadoes, who had met Captain Hood in London during the couple of days he was in town before leaving to join the Mediterranean fleet, for though he is posted to the *Rover*, at Chatham, and father says it is a very good appointment under Admiral Keppel, he has not joined his ship at once. He has got leave to go with Captain Penfeather in the *Diomed* to the Mediterranean, because the doctors say a mild climate is the only chance for the recovery of his health, which is fearfully out of order. But I would not believe them, if I were you, Miss Masham, doctors are such croakers."

Harriet pulled herself up to give the amiable assurance, as if she were laying to heart my recent advice not to launch thunderbolts of information all around her, without the slightest regard to their effect upon her hearers.

"Tell me again what your mother heard at the Dyers," said Sally, in the strangest voice with the stoniest face.

Even Harriet Casey began to get flustered. "Just what I have said already, Miss Masham. Captain Hood has not joined the *Rover*, but has gone to the Mediterranean to recover his health. But I don't think you need be under any great apprehension about him," resumed Harriet, recovering herself and ready to make a fresh departure in careless gossip, "for Mrs. Merivale, Mrs. Dyer's sister, says there were other reasons, she is tolerably certain, apart from the state of his health, for his taking the trip in the *Diomed*." Here Harriet stopped abruptly, colouring violently and looking with well-nigh a guilty look first at Sally and then at me; she would have been gone the next moment as unceremoniously as she had come, pretending that she was wanted at home, if Sally had not prevented her. Sally detained her for a moment to say with forced cheerfulness, in a high-pitched voice, a red spot fixed and burning on each cheek, "Of course you were right, Harriet; good news, like good wine, needs no bush. There is no occasion to deliver it with a long face and a faltering tongue as if it were some lamentable piece of intelligence fit to freeze the hearts of the listeners. On the contrary, your tale is a thing to rejoice at. We are very glad, Car and I," she said slowly and deliberately, with her head held high and the curves of her mouth straightened, "to hear that our cousin, Captain Peregrine Hood, is safe and well and prospering as his best friends would wish."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

"Woman should be acquainted that no beauty has charms like the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness of her manners is much more engaging than that of her person; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments: for she that has these is qualified, as she ought to be, for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection to her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living."

Epictetus.

"Woman was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation."—*Addison.*

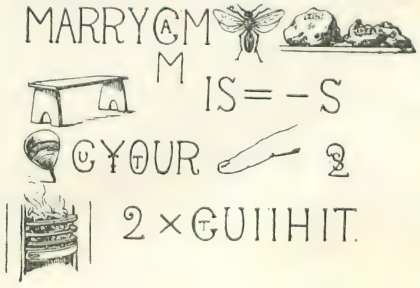
"How do the duties of a good wife, a good mother and worthy matron, well performed, dignify a woman!"—*Richardson.*

OUR HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND.

Second List of Contributors.

A. Hill, 8s.; Florrie R. (subscription, 6d. per month); Sympathy, 3s.; H. Chamberlain, 6d.; B. Pope, 1s.; Annie Wells, 3s.; Ada Taylor, 3d.; M. A. Allen, 1s. 6d.; C. R. S., £5; Invalid Jeanie, 1s.; Hope Burke, 6d.; M. E. T., 2s.; L. R., 5s.; One who loves Jesus, 2s. 6d.; Emily and Eliza Douglass, 2s.

Who can solve the following?—



GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE controversy about the best dress to be worn by women and girls while using the tricycle or the bicycle, still goes on, and has even got into the daily newspapers. The organ of the cyclists seems to be in favour of the "rational costume," which is neither more nor less than a coat and trousers, slightly disguised with a rather longer skirt to the former than is generally worn. This is the dress that I mentioned before as having been adopted in Paris; but I do not think it will become popular in England, though I do think the problem might be solved in some way by adding a longer skirt still to the coat, which will be safe, and yet supply the place of a petticoat in some measure. The bicycle seems to be so much increasing in popularity, that I think some dress might be found to please all parties, and the long-skirted coat would have a better appearance than the short ones, which look dreadful! In America they advocate a knickerbocker suit and gaiters, much on the lines of the "moor and shooting suits" which we have already.

In the way of new fashions or old ones revived, I notice a great leaning towards braiding, particularly on out-of-door jackets. Tan-coloured jackets are braided at the waist to resemble a Swiss belt, or corselet, and the sleeves are also braided to represent a deep cuff. But we have seen no attempt to braid round the full skirts, nor even to apply braid to the capes. Trimmings of braid laid flat are quite as popular as ever.

Sleeves seem almost as big as ever; but they have changed their shape, and are wider in appearance on the shoulders. They are set into the armholes with small pleats, not gathers. As far as the elbow they are tight-fitting, and it seems likely that the Spring fashions will show us the wide shoulder effects of the "Victorian style," and that all the other fashions of that period will also rule. We make no approach, however, to having our waist raised up under our arms, and the huge bonnets are conspicuous by their absence. The newest bonnets are perfectly flat at the top of the head, with the trimmings placed quite at the back, in the form of high bows of velvet or satin, the front having either a low *ruche*, or three tiny rosettes placed one in the front and the others on each side. Hats seem smaller, I fancy, and low crowns remain popular if used large. The long ostrich feather has resumed its popularity as a trimming for them. I see that a correspondent of a well-known evening paper remarks that the fashion of wearing ostrich feathers, and the consequent demand for them, has been a boon to man, for it has opened a lucrative industry and made the ostrich ten times more valuable, besides multiplying it to an enormous degree beyond its natural amount. So it seems that there are several ways of looking at the ostrich feathers, and that this fashion does not cause such grave distress and suffering as other and less justifiable fashions in which birds are concerned.

The newest style in bonnets is quite invisible from a front view, and the fronts are made to sit down on the front of the hair quite flatly. These flat foundations are very generally made of velvet, handsomely embroidered with jet, or jewelled *galon*, gold and black sequins being also much used, and lace. For instance, I have seen a pale blue velvet trimmed with white lace, and decorated with black and gold sequins. Pale pink, green,



A NEW SPRING BODICE AND CLOAK.



A FRENCH TRAVELLING CLOAK.

and mauve velvets are also in great favour for the tops of bonnets; but jet retains after all the largest amount of favour. Hats are much smaller in the brim, and are higher in the crown, while some of the newest ones are boat-shaped, or have the sides rolled upwards.

The hair at the back is generally twisted in a coil, and looks smooth and tidy; while the front is curled or créped; but the rough style has quite gone out, and false fringes seem to have disappeared, at least, those that look false. White locks are in immense favour, and I am told that ladies with prematurely grey hair (especially if it have turned unequally in a "pepper-and-salt" style) often have it bleached to a pure white by chemical means.

Perhaps you will be glad to know the most recent styles in writing-paper. The newest idea is to write on pale green paper with an ink of darker green; or, later still, to choose a shade of violet for the paper, and a deep purple for the ink. Paper of blush-pink is also used, and reddish ink employed with it. The initials, monogram, or crest are in the darker hue of whatever colour is chosen. The *sac* or "wallet envelope" is more popular than the square, and square paper is more so than the long; while no end of comments have been lately made on the decrease, almost to the vanishing point, of the black line on mourning paper; that used by the very nearest relations being what would have been selected by the most distant some years ago. Crape almost seems to be disappearing from use as a skirt trimming, even for deep (not widows') mourning. The skirt is made quite plainly, and the bodice alone shows the crape trimmings. The bonnet usually has some crape, but not much; and the out-of-door jacket is simply of plain cloth, but the effect is good, and the saving of money much to be commended, when one remembers what hard times we have chanced on just at present; besides that the manufacture of crape is so highly inimical to life.

There is no doubt that, with the spring fashions, we shall see the return to favour of trimmed skirts, over-skirts draped, and the pointed "peplum." The latter is to be seen already applied to some of the numberless bodices for evening wear which are found in our best shops. The "peplum" is made in silk gauze, sometimes "accordion-pleated," or very thin silk.

The chief change in bodices is, that they are more fantastic than ever; and pleats and darts seem to have been entirely replaced by gathers or flat outside folds; the under-bodice being fitted tightly, while the outside material is strained over it, so as to be apparently moulded to the figure. It requires a good dressmaker to make a well-fitting bodice in these days, and the wonder really is to see so many well-made bodices. The picture entitled "A new Spring Bodice and Cloak," shows one of the prettiest models of a spring gown, the basque and the front of the bodice being most becoming in their cut, and the trimming *passementerie* indicating the waist, and coming to a blunt point at the back and front. The cape or cloak has one of the new flat collars, and the material is an Indian soft cashmere, somewhat rough and hairy, and the long fur, or rather hair, is known as "Thibet" in most houses.

A French travelling cloak is an improvement on our English ulster, and the edge is trimmed with a shawl fringe, where it is shown round the neck, and down the fronts. The material is an extremely thick reversible cloth, which requires no lining whatever. Of French origin also is the skirt trimmed at regular intervals with "baby-ribbon," the material of the gown being a fine *crépon*. The bodice has a basque, made on the bias, and very full at the back, and the baby-ribbon may be replaced by narrow and satin ribbon, if preferred; the same being used to trim the bodice or basque and placed in flat lines across the front of the bodice from arm to arm, three rows, reaching to the neck, the same being used for the back.

There seems a tendency to return to the wide sashes, tied in large bows at the back, and made of piece-silk. They are usually of a contrasting colour to the dress. Very wide scarves too, knotted in large bows at the front of the neck, form one of the early Spring arrivals in Paris, and are reported to be very becoming.

One of the fashions of the present winter



SKIRT-TRIMMING WITH BABY-RIBBON.

has certainly been the white woollen, or worsted, gloves, which have been quite like a uniform in town during the cold spell, and have been regarded as extremely "smart." They are rather an economical fashion too, as they wash well, and last a long time—muffs having been a little "out of it," the gloves have had an "innings." One reason for the abolition of the muff seems to have been the entire disinclination of society in general to adopt the huge "grannie," which there has been such a very decided attempt to introduce.

The paper pattern selected for the month is that of the new gored-skirt, which has made its appearance this winter, since the very full "bell" fell from its position. This new "bell" fits closely to the figure in front, and on the hips; the fulness at the back being put into large gathers. It will take about four yards and a half of double-width material to cut it out. There are three pieces in the pattern—front, one side-piece, and half of back. This will, probably, remain in fashion during the Spring; as, so far as one can now see, it has been generally liked, and adopted by all our best houses in the West End.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill.



NEW BELL SKIRT. (*Paper pattern.*)

Jackets and Bodices.—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

GREAT THINGS AND SMALL.

THE sunshine flooding all the skies
With radiance paints the smallest flower;
When bare the land all thirsty lies,
The very clods drink in the shower;
The dews that summer nights distil
Each blade retouch, each petal fill.

The pulsing of the mighty sea
Uplifts the little fisher boat;
The winds that sweep the grassy lea
A withered leaf will pluck and float;
And impulse as from Heaven may raise
The weakest voice to notes of praise.

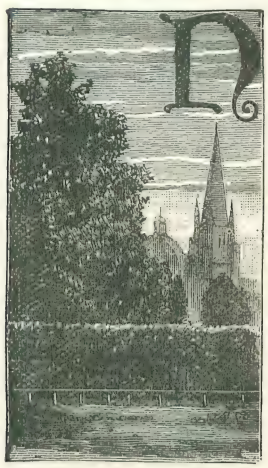
We may not reach the higher art,
And yet may taste the poet life,
And in its passion have a part,
To prove its bliss or share its strife;
The world's strong pulse throbs through us all,
And one life holdeth great and small.

JOE'S CHOICE.

By the Author of "Paradise Gardens," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"I WAS A STRANGER."



NELLIE DAVIS, that fashionably dressed, showy young woman, was to meet with old friends that afternoon. She was waiting to cross the road, in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus, when she brushed against a tall, broad-shouldered, curly-headed young man.

With a brief "beg your pardon" he was turning away when, with a mutually astonished glance, each uttered the other's name, and in friendly recognition their hands met.

"So glad to see you, Nellie."

"And I'm glad to see you, Joe," she answered with a smile.

"But I am afraid that you have missed the dad; he has gone to take tea with you this afternoon, and I was coming on to fetch him."

And on hearing this Nellie coloured in confusion, for now that she was rid of her fashionable acquaintance, she regretted not having been more gracious to Joe's father.

Joe she liked, and Joe she intended to marry; but, when once that was achieved, she didn't care what became of the elder Gunter; but she knew Joe was a good son, and would not tolerate any slight to his father. So she answered lightly that she had met him.

"But as I had a friend with me," she added, "I could not stop long talking."

And then she passed on to other matters, and, it must be admitted, Joe was more than ever dazzled by Nellie Davis.

In the meanwhile Farmer Gunter made his way into the Green Park, and in the cool shade of the leafy trees he sat on a seat to rest. Here, after a time, he fell asleep; and, while he slept, a lad, who had been watching him a few feet off, looked cautiously around, and then stole to the sleeping farmer's side.

Instantly he commenced to rifle his pockets; the farmer's purse was in his hand, and in another minute he would have been off with his booty. But suddenly, from behind the trunk of a noble tree, there appeared a stout, elderly woman and a dark, plump girl, and quickly taking in the situation they proceeded to action.

"You thief!" exclaimed the younger of the two, "give me that back!"

And before he could make off she held him in a vice-like grasp; while her companion, coming to her assistance, helped in the fray.

The scuffle and tumult awoke the old man.

"What's this? what's this?" he cried; "where am I?"

And panting and breathless, while the worthless, good-for-nothing young ruffian, released from her grasp, took to his heels and ran away, the elder and younger female explained the cause of the commotion.

Then, with proud satisfaction, the girl handed the farmer the same identical purse of which the urchin had just robbed him.

"There it is," she said, "and, I trust, all right, and I am glad that we were in time to prevent that young scoundrel from making off with it."

"So am I, my dear, so am I," said the farmer heartily; "but, bless my soul, who would ever have thought of my being robbed here in open daylight!"

Who, indeed? but so it was; and then Farmer Gunter looked earnestly at the young girl and her companion.

"I've seen you somewhere," he said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, and we have seen you," was the answer; "surely it must be Farmer Gunter?"

"Farmer Gunter I am, ma'am, and very much at your service," replied the old man, politely; "and now will you please tell me who you are, and the name of this young lass?"

"I am Mrs. Larder," was the answer; "you remember Mrs. Larder at Swanbaston, and this is Katie, who used to think so much of your farm; and that's who we are, Mr. Gunter, and I'm more surprised than I can tell to meet with you in London."

"And well you may be, ma'am; but I had business here with my son, and I should have been back at Swanbaston long ago, but for a wild-goose chase that I've had after a girl who used to live in our parts—you may remember Nellie Davis?"

Mrs. Larder did remember her, she knew her quite well, and then the old farmer related his afternoon's disappointment.

And when Mrs. Larder had sympathised and said how sorry she was, Katie edged a little nearer to her, and whispered in her ear. Then, with a nod of assent, Mrs. Larder replied:

"Yes, my dear, certainly; I was just going to propose the same myself. Mrs. Lauriston would have no objection, or, of course, I should not do it."

And, with a pleasant smile, she asked Farmer Gunter to go home with her and Katie, and take tea in her own cosy little parlour in Park Lane.

The invitation was gladly accepted, and soon old Isaac was seated in a comfortable arm-chair, partaking of a fragrant cup of tea, and none could brew a better than Mrs. Larder.

Refreshed and rested, he chatted sociably.

"You are still fond of animals, my dear?" and he turned to Katie.

"Yes," she answered modestly, "I love all dumb creatures."

"And not only dumb creatures, but speaking creatures too," added Mrs. Larder merrily. "Katie has an affectionate nature, and it comes easy to her to love most things."

"Like my Joe," said the old farmer; "he's kindness itself."

As Farmer Gunter looked straight at Kate she smiled in acquiescence.

"Is he married yet?" asked Mrs. Larder.

"Married! no, of course not. What makes you ask that?"

"We thought he was. We met Nellie Davis one day, and she told us that he was going to be, and we didn't rightly understand whether he was going to marry her."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Farmer Gunter. "When he does marry, I hope it will be to a good, kind, true-hearted girl."

And Mrs. Larder and Katie heartily hoped so too.

And then the farmer rose to go, and when he had placed the contents of his basket at Mrs. Larder's disposal he took his departure, and, accompanied by his hostess and Katie, made his way to the omnibus.

On their way thither the old man gave Mrs. Larder and Katie a most cordial invitation to Briar-wood Farm.

"If ever you are in our neighbourhood," he said, "you will be sure to call and see us."

"That we will," answered Mrs. Larder heartily; "but we are not likely to leave London yet awhile."

But before the farmer could reply, a voice answered for him. To the astonishment of all someone said,

"I'm sorry to hear that."

And turning round they saw before them a good-looking florid young man.

"Why, it's Joe!" said Farmer Gunter. "I didn't expect to see you, lad, till I got to the railway."

"But I thought I would walk this way on the chance of meeting you, dad, and you see I've been fortunate. And this is Mrs. Larder, and this"—he hesitated as he held Katie's hand—"I don't know your name, but I remember you went over our farm one evening, and I showed you the dogs and some new pups."

And while Katie was smiling and blushing, and shaking hands with Joe, there stood by his side a tall, showy-looking girl; but as fine clothes are not able to conceal uneasy manners, it was plainly evident that she was ill at ease. And her composure was by no means restored by Farmer Gunter's salutation.

"And where did you meet with Nellie Davis?" he asked.

Then Joe explained that he had met her by the Circus, and they had had a walk together. But seeing that something was wrong, and that both Nellie and his father looked uncomfortable, straightforward Joe inquired what was the matter.

"Matter enough," said the old farmer grimly.

And then he told how an hour ago Nellie had not a civil look for an old friend, and that she was ashamed of him and his country ways; and though he had made up his mind to take a cup of tea with her, she plainly showed that she did not want to be bothered with him.

"But never mind, Miss Nellie," he added, "I owe you no grudge, for if you had been kinder to me I might never have come across these friends; but these things are ordered for us, and though I was much disappointed at the time, I'm well enough satisfied now."

But though his father spoke lightly, Joe saw that the kind old man was seriously annoyed; and, with something like a frown on his own open brow, he whispered to Nellie that she might have been a little more courteous to a stranger to London. And Nellie tossed her head and muttered to herself. But a few minutes later the little party separated, and some hours hence the farmer and his son were back at Swanbaston.

The events that followed may be dated from that day.

Nellie Davis suddenly evinced a decided aversion to the millinery business, and, to the great joy of her parents she returned home.

And old Farmer Davis, with whom Joe Gunter was an immense favourite, indulged secret hopes that ere long Nellie would be the mistress of Briar-wood Farm. And so she might have been had not events taken a contrary turn.

Somehow, though she was by no means handsome or showy, a certain little quietly-spoken girl had made a singular impression on

Joe Gunter, and it was entirely on her account that he made several successive journeys to London.

There were persons at Swanbaston who said it was fine goings on to be running off to London every now and then, neglecting the farm and his old father, and they would not have thought that Joe could have been capable of such conduct. But others were more lenient, and viewed the proceedings with indulgent eyes. Among the latter were old Isaac and good Mrs. Larder, who instead of making ill-natured remarks, did their best to further the young countryman's desires.

In this there was some little difficulty, for it was some time before Katie could be made to believe that Joe Gunter's visits to London, and more especially to Park Lane, were in any way connected with herself. It was not till she had received unmistakable proofs of his devotion that she began to think differently.

Then one day she hastily sought Mrs. Larder, and with smiles and blushes asked what she thought of Joe Gunter wishing to make her his wife?

And Mrs. Larder answered,

"What do I think of it, my dear? Why, very nice indeed; and I've known you long enough to feel sure that you will be a kind and thoughtful mistress at Briar-wood Farm, and that you will do your best to make all happy."

And Katie does do her best, and she does make all happy; and friends who were foremost in thinking it so very ungenteel for her to go to service, have long altered their opinion. And in all Swanbaston there is no better manager nor happier matron than young Mrs. Gunter; and if there are any who doubt this assertion they had better ask Joe's father what he thinks. Certain it is that neither he nor Joe has ever regretted the latter's choice of a wife.

S. L. HANDS.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

BY H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART V.

FOR ages past man has fondly dreamt the dream that all things—trees, flowers, fruit, and the great kingdom of animal life—were principally fashioned for his special benefit and happiness. The exact research, the patient gathering together of facts, the closely-reasoned deductions from these accumulating facts that are specially marking these modern days, is dissipating the dream, and showing in its stead a picture more worthy of this great and mysterious Universe. It is being realised more and more that the bird's colour and swiftness of wing, that the tree's green leaf and ripened fruit, that the wayside flower's colour and smell, that the snake's hiss and poison, that the lion's flesh-tearing fang and sharpened claw, that the deer's quick danger-sense and fleetness of foot, that these and all the innumerable forms, ways, and doings of Nature, have arisen to preserve more effectually the life once granted to their ancestors in the far-off past, and to develop through time the most suitable, and therefore the most perfect, forms of life.

It is being realised more and more that every form and process, that every colour, scent, and taste exists primarily to conserve the life of the race; and that while each individual of its race obeys the great law to live as best it may, cannot live to itself alone, but must, consciously or unconsciously, administer to the needs and well-being of others, and that in this magnificent scheme man takes his higher and more conscious part.

When this revealing insight dawns upon the vision of man, then will a deeper reverence for all things permeate his being; then he will inflict no unnecessary pang of suffering upon the lowliest worm that crawls, but, instead, the Universe will be to him full of sacredness, full of meaning, full of hope. Then will a primrose be to him more than a primrose.

PUMA THE FRIEND OF MAN.

The lesser lion of the New World, as the puma is called, is a carnivorous animal, fawn-coloured, without a mane, and much smaller than the lion. It is very courageous, active, and skilful, and attacks its enemy the jaguar—an animal much larger than itself—by jumping on to its back and inflicting terrible wounds with its teeth and claws. The puma of South America has an uncontrollable desire for horseflesh, and kills all its victims instantaneously, which it does by jumping on to their backs, and with one claw on the chest and the other on the head gives a violent and sudden wrench that breaks the neck. The natives can always recognise the work of the puma by these broken necks. The ass, when attacked by the puma, does not lose its presence of mind, but puts its head well down between its forelegs, and by kicking violently drives the animal off. Although the puma is so skilful and courageous in attacking animals both smaller and larger than itself, it, curiously, will not only not attack but not even defend itself against man. A man or child can sleep on the open pampa of South America without fear from the puma. When the natives throw



SAVED BY A PUMA.

their lasso around its neck and approach it for the purpose of killing it, the poor beast will lose its fierce bearing, moan and cry piteously, and great tears will pour out of its eyes. Mr. Hudson, in his *Naturalist of La Plata*, gives some interesting stories of this disinclination on the part of the puma to harm men. A gauchos of South America had fallen asleep in the open, and on waking during the night saw two full-grown pumas with their little ones close to him. This sight did not in the least alarm him, and he watched them playing about him, jumping over him, till he fell asleep again, and when he awoke in the morning they were gone. Another story of Mr. Hudson's. A man fell off his horse and broke his leg, and, while lying on the ground helpless, to his horror he saw a jaguar approaching him, and realised in a few awful moments the beast's great fangs and cruel claws slowly pulling him to bits, when to his agonised heart came the blessed relief of a puma growl. His deliverer at once engaged the jaguar in deadly combat and eventually drove it off.

A very pretty tradition was current amongst the early settlers of Buenos Ayres. A young girl had committed an act of treachery against the white people, and was condemned to be tied to a tree for two nights and a day as a punishment. At the end of the time some soldiers went, expecting to see her bones picked, but, to their surprise, they found her unharmed. A puma had defended her, she said, against all comers. The girl was at once released and pardoned, as her life being spared was looked upon as a direct interposition of Providence. So convinced are the gauchos that the puma will do them no harm, that, although they will kill them in defence of their horses and sheep—they will not touch cattle—they consider it a crime to kill them in the open, very justly looking upon them as the friend of man. Mr. Hudson speculates as to the reason for this unusual characteristic, and says that colour, scent, noises, affect different animals in strange ways, and suggests that there may be something in man of this nature that safeguards him against the puma; but he ends his speculations by quoting the wise words of Humboldt, "There is something mysterious in the hatreds and affections of animals."

The Cry of the Birds.

When the white flakes cover tree and ground with a thick snow-blanket, and the pools of water are solid with the winter's ice, then do the birds plead with a dumb pathos for the few scraps that are left after we have eaten well, and for a little water fresh each day, and hard is the heart that can resist such an appeal.



It is difficult to understand how so many birds live through a long winter's frost and snow. The few remaining berries of the mountain-ash and hawthorn are gone, insect-life is dead or sleeping in concealment, the ground is too hard for the worms to move where the birds can get at them. A few birds that winter with us migrate to any part of the country where the conditions are more favourable for obtaining their food, but a faithful few will cling to their locality come what may; for these (at the expense of a little thought and trouble) we can do something to lighten the severity of their winter's life. A freshly-picked bone, not too well picked, tied by a string to tree or bush, will help the tits; scraps of meat and bread, collected after each meal, will be a merciful charity to the sparrows, robins, starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, and the stray chaffinch. That true observer and beautiful writer on what he noticed, Richard Jefferies, says, that in every garden there should be placed a plank, at a height beyond the clean jump of a cat, supported by two uprights, with the edges of the plank at a sufficient distance from the uprights to prevent the cat from crawling up the uprights on to the plank, and then on the plank place food and water.

All such kindly thoughts for the birds will be rewarded by their nesting next spring in the locality, and making us the happier by singing their beautiful hymn to life.

Last spring, in this Surrey suburban garden, were planted some corn-flowers. About the middle of June they began to seed. One day, to my surprise and delight, two bullfinches, cock and hen—they are very rare in this part of Surrey—perched on the corn-flower stalks and greedily devoured the seeds. They came each day for about a fortnight, and gave me many moments of pure enjoyment in watching their beautiful colouring and quick, happy movements.

Snake Stones.

A firm belief prevails in the East that a certain stone applied to the bite of a poisonous snake will prevent any fatal results. This stone is a kind of bezoar, or biliary concretion, found in the stomach of various animals. It is about the size of a bean, an absorbent, and chiefly consists of phosphate of lime. I had many doubts as to whether the stone can really do what it is said to do, but the evidence both of scientific Europeans and trustworthy natives is so strong that I think there can be little room to question it. The blood is first induced to flow towards the punctured parts, to which the stones are applied; they hang on for two or three minutes, imbibing the blood that oozes from the bites into their porous texture, and if they have been applied soon enough the bitten person recovers. In some places the stones, after their application, are thrown into milk, which seems to make them disgorge their poison, as until this is done they are useless for further service. In my next set of observations I shall give a wonderful instance of the intelligence of a cobra.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

Being a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

Rules.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the book for the present month being the Book of Genesis.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

Questions.

41. What was the name of God which was "not known" to Abraham? What do you understand by this statement?

42. Show from Genesis that the Ten Commandments were observed before they were given to Moses on Mount Sinai; and give a text showing that Abraham observed them.

43. Give an account of Miriam, and of her supposed husband; show the resemblance between Miriam, whose history is recorded in the Old Testament, and Anna, of whom we read in the New Testament. Give an account of the first battle fought by the Israelites in which Hur is mentioned.

44. What did the Song of Moses embody? Give the reference to it in the New Testament; and how was it sung?

45. Give a reference in the New Testament to the baptism of the Israelites "in the cloud and in the sea." How many of the multitude who crossed the Red Sea crossed the Jordan at the end of the Wanderings? and give a reference.

46. Name some of the benefits derived by the Israelites from their protracted wanderings in the desert.

47. On what recorded occasions did the Israelites murmur in the Wilderness? Show how they broke the first and second Commandments.

48. What was the form of government of the Israelites from the exodus to the reign of Saul? Give a text to show that, although they afterwards were ruled by kings, God was always Supreme Ruler.

49. Choose six blameless servants of God, renowned in their several stations and tried in the fire of temptation, who are mentioned in Genesis, Job, Exodus, and Numbers. Give a New Testament reference to each.

50. Define the difference between "offerings" and "sacrifices;" give the various names of both, and of the creatures used in each case.

It may assist our competitors to indicate a few of the errors into which they have fallen, through inexperience, in replying to questions given in the early part of our series. In some of them an obvious and literal meaning of certain passages was supplemented by a more hidden and spiritual signification, and our readers should be awake to this fact, and take the statements into careful consideration. Even in reference to the literal and more simple statement of facts, we may refer, for example, to Question 9, to which many have replied as if they imagined labour to have been instituted as a punishment, having regard only to the conditions under which it was to be performed after the Fall, with which the question had nothing to do. Man was given his work in the garden of Eden, when no question of painful over-fatigue was involved, nor of the aggravation and disappointment occasioned by a return of "briars and thorns."

In the replies given to Question 6 we find some evidence of carelessness and lack of observation. We asked for the names of the more celebrated rivers and cities mentioned in the Book of Genesis, and strange to say, very few of the competitors included the river Jordan, nor the ancient and celebrated city of Damascus, while many cited Egypt, Goshen, and Canaan, as cities.

It may be well to note, as regards our first Question, with reference to the use of the term "Scripture," that very few amongst the competitors have mentioned its first employment, which occurs in Daniel x., 21.

As regards Question 8, we must direct attention to the fact that we did not ask for texts in proof of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, but simply in proof of the united work of the Triune God in the Creation.

Another point to which we should direct attention is the practice of some amongst them of sending in long lists of texts in reference to certain subjects without discrimination as to their special applicability to the point in question and their meaning, as considered spiritually, or simply in a literal sense. Lists of texts can be copied, and yet unread and not reflected upon. A few passages carefully selected with due consideration as to their bearing upon the question is what we require, and these should be copied out, as this will not only prove that they have been read, but also spare the examiner unnecessary trouble.

As it may puzzle some of our readers to hear of certain Bibles having a prefix to their titles, it has occurred to us that an explanation of the why and wherefore may be desirable as well as interesting to others of our readers, besides the members of the Guild. For example, one of the last century editions was distinguished by the strange nickname of the "Vinegar Bible." It was so named on account of an error in the type, because, at the relation of the Lord's Parable of the Vineyard (St. Luke xx.), instead of the heading "The Parable of the Vineyard," the misprint occurred "The Parable of the Vinegar." This edition was a very handsome one, brought out by J. Baskett, 1717, and it is very scarce. There is a copy in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, presented by himself, another in the R. Library of George III., also printed on vellum, and a third was at Blenheim. There is also the "Wicked Bible," published in London, A.D. 1632 (octavo). It was so nicknamed because the word "not" was by oversight of the printer omitted in the Seventh Commandment. This edition was issued in 1632, and printed by Barker and Lucas. The "Breeches Bible" was so entitled because, in the seventh verse of Gen. iii., the word which is translated "aprons" in our authorised version was substituted by the word "breeches." This edition was published in 1579. "The Bishop's Bible" owes its name to the fact that it was an edition revised by Archbishop Parker in 1568. There is another edition which is called after another Archbishop, "Cranmer's Bible," simply because he wrote the preface to Tindal's Bible (revised by Coverdale). "Matthew's Bible" was likewise Tindal's, appearing in A.D. 1537, but was so entitled by the superintendent of the English churches in Germany, John Rogers, merely in consequence of its having been published with notes under the assumed name of Thomas Matthews. One more edition of the Scriptures has been distinguished by a special name, *i.e.*, "King James's Bible," because it was by his command that it was brought out, A.D. 1611. This is at present known as the Authorised Version which has been revised, as you all know, and was published entire in 1884.

You may also have heard of a Bible with a Latin name, the "Biblia Pauperum," which, being translated, means "the poor man's Bible." It consists of a series of some forty or fifty illustrations of Scriptural subjects, and was employed for the benefit of the multitudes who, in the Middle Ages, were unable to read, thus instructing them, after a method requiring no learning, in all the events recorded in the sacred history. These engravings, with texts carved in wood, were compiled by Bonaventura, the General of the Franciscans, A.D. 1216, or thereabouts. A facsimile of this curious old book was published in 1859 by J. Russell Smith.

There are many curious and interesting facts in connection with this wonderful book, which may be related with perfect suitability in this brief address to the members of the guild. In the hope that the small items of information may prove acceptable, we have collected a few, which we now present to them. There are three copies of the Scriptures of most unusual dimensions. Two of these are heirlooms in the families which possess them, and both copies are in Manchester. The third is said to belong to a blind soldier, of Connecticut, but the largest copy, according to the measurement of the pages, belongs to a German lady, the pages being two feet in length, and little less in width. It is illustrated in the quaint style of two hundred years ago, and there is a head-line in red ink, which, being translated, means, "This is a history." The book has descended to its present owner through a long succession of wills.

Mr. John Bell, of Manchester, has one running into ninety volumes, so increased in length by all the pictures and photographs, amounting in number to ten thousand, which he has inserted, and with which it has been interleaved. And here we may make a practical suggestion in passing, that it would be a most interesting work for an invalid to interleave a good-sized Bible in the same way, adding small maps of the several countries named, supplying the landscapes, ruins, and the modern cities, together with specimens of the representative costumes of the ancient and modern inhabitants of each country.

The third immense Bible, belonging to the blind and deaf soldier before-named, is at Stratford, Connecticut, and is the largest as issued by the press, without the private additions of illustrations and without a commentary. The great size of this book is the result of the embossed letters, the work running into eight volumes of fifteen inches by twelve, each vol., and six inches in thickness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bar.—Yes; there is a tailless dog, as well as a tailless cat; and he is a native of the Low Countries, and is called the "schipperke." The name sounds queer to English ears; but as it is a favourite with the Flemish bargees, they named him thus, the signification being "the little skipper." There is also an Indian example of a breed without tails. In this country we have a shepherd's dog minus this appendage, which was exempt from taxation. The result was that when a dog so employed had one, it was cut off to evade taxation; and, according to Darwin, such a mutilation might lead to the hereditary deficiency at birth.

Sylvia Gilbert.—Certainly the man should give place to the woman, whether lady or not, and allow her to go in before him—in a church, public assembly, or in a private house.

Miss A. M. Clift requests us to say that she has given up her Early Rising Association, late of Fernbank, Cheltenham.

May Frank.—We must refer you to all our Answers to Correspondents, and Articles, on the subject of Hospital Nursing.

Lover of the "G. O. P."—We sympathise in your loneliness and that your duty lies in such surroundings. But you may at least feel much peace in remaining at your appointed post faithfully. "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and He can fulfil His promise to those that trust in Him, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be." Your circulation is bad, and we think a tonic might do you good; but you cannot prescribe what that should be for yourself, you must ascertain that from a doctor.

A Soldier's Daughter writes: "Tell me if a female can *ware* her father's medals? *Their* are no sons, etc." Certainly you cannot wear them, as you did not win them; nor could you, were you a son instead of a daughter. You have no sort of right to wear them, and would make yourself a laughing-stock if you did.—2. A mitten can be worked on four needles.

Kathleen Mavourneen must procure the song she names at a music publisher's. Any one amongst them would get it for her.

Scribbler.—Take some handwriting which you admire and copy it carefully every day. Your present is very fairly good.

E. Eromdiks.—A girl who permits strange men to speak to her in the street, and walk with her, and to be so impertinently familiar as you describe, is not fit to go out alone. We have answered so many letters on this same question that you must be well aware of the opinion we have of such conduct.

Violet.—Do not try to make yourself thin. To reduce an undesirable amount of fat can only be attempted under the direction of a doctor who understands your constitution, and whether it would be safe to do so.

Amy.—Perhaps your cat has the mange. You should show it to a veterinary surgeon. Were it the mange beware of handling the creature. Its diet may be the cause. Fat and greasy things destroy the coat of a cat or dog.

Queenie Morpeth.—Give your hat to be re-dyed and blocked. You must refer to all we have said on the subject of laundry work. It is too wearisome to our other readers to give them so much which is only repetition on uninteresting subjects.

Katie.—Any librarian would show you recitation manuals, from which you could make your own choice. We could not tell what would suit you.

MARGUERITE, No. 2.—The bride's family provide carriages for her bridesmaids and for themselves, and if a spare place be at their disposal they may offer it to a friend. Of course there is a carriage for the bride and her father, or mother, or both—no one else in that carriage. The groom (taking his best man) has one provided by himself, in which he takes away his bride after the ceremony. His family provide their own carriages, and for as many friends as they like to take. We think you cannot read our Answers, or you would not ask us to repeat the answer, so often given, to this question.

A. B. C.—Of course Lord Tennyson's autographs vary in value. For example, in June, 1880, his MS. of "Maud" sold for £111; while a letter, dated "Oct. 20th, 1875," excusing his non-attendance at the Balaclava Banquet, fetched £7 7s. "The Brook," sold at the same time as "Maud," went for £51; and "The Daisy," for £24 10s.

BIRDIE.—The passage you require is to be found in the Prophecies of Isaiah xlix. 23:—"And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers." These words were primarily addressed to the ancient Jewish church; yet the Gentiles are included (see 1st and 7th verses) as having some share in many of the promises—a fact that will be the more evident if you study those in the Book of Revelation, where the company of the redeemed are declared to be gathered from "every nation, kindred, tongue, and people."

JESSIE B.—Judging from your writing you are a child—certainly a minor—and must be entirely under the guidance of your parents. Young people are too prone to set up their judgment in opposition to that of those who are their natural and divinely-appointed teachers and rulers.

IRIS.—The average height of men and women depends on their nationality. We think you are scarcely full-grown at seventeen, and your constitution not formed. As a native of the United Kingdom 5 feet 1 inch would be short for a woman—5 feet 5 inches, in stockings, is a good height.

MARY MOYLE.—We think you had better write to The Matron of the Quebec Temporary Home for Young Women, 115, Crawford Street, Marylebone, where home and protection would be afforded, before going into Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital; and where they are taken in for a time on leaving it.

A YOUNG MAN.—1. Your letter is most kind and gratifying as regards your estimation of the "G. O. P.," in both a literary and moral aspect; and above all its religious teaching.—2. We have had no article on the author you name as a hymn-writer; one on women, as such, we have had.

A HOUSEMAID.—1. You should not permit any sort of personal familiarity from any man, unless actually engaged to him; nor should you accept from, nor give him presents excepting as your affianced husband.—2. We are glad that you and your family appreciate our magazine.

TYPE-WRITER.—Yes, a machine for the use of the blind is to be procured, and one that is not difficult of working. There is a firm in London from whom it can be had. The original idea of providing such a machine was due to a Frenchwoman, Mdlle. Moult, of Angers. It was a sort of printing press, in a little portfolio, of about the size of a sheet of note-paper, and the letters were pressed upon a white sheet laid upon a coloured pad, which produces them in relief, so as to be felt by the blind, and seen by those having the use of their eyes.

FORGET-ME-NOT (Paris).—It is a different thing in a tropical climate for girls to marry early. You are English, and you will remain a minor until you be of age, at twenty-one. Moreover, the fact that you have, as you say, fallen frantically in love with a man you have "never seen in flesh and bones," but only in your dreams, proves you to be much too childish to be fit to marry anyone. No wonder your friend, his sister, is too much disgusted to keep up a correspondence with you; and would be very sorry that such a little "goosey-gander" should cross her brother's path; as you say, "I must marry her brother!"

MARIE EVA.—It is quite out of the scope of our work to send addresses of shops where they supply fancy or plain work to be done in private homes. Even were we agents for such people, we could not guarantee your satisfactory execution of it, nor your quickness and punctuality.

A WOMAN AND A SISTER.—1. We thank you for sending us the book which you were desirous we should read. We regret to find it of a very mischief-making character, and equally unjust and one-sided. When such representations of "mistresses" are published, we are the less surprised that those they employ (and so often have to train, while paying as if for trained service) are too often so little like their predecessors. We refer to such as those who in eight or ten cases earned the honourable position of friends, and a well-deserved pension, in the various households of our own family connection, and this after thirty, forty, and sixty years of faithful service! Truly, this fact did equal credit to both mistress and maid.—2. We never met with a person who at all resembled "Mrs. St. Maur."

W. G. SMITH.—February 23, 1875, was a Tuesday. It is a vulgar style of handwriting, because written backwards.

MISS WARLEIGH (Heen, Worthing).—We are much obliged to you for the three most useful Manuals on knitting, which will be found easy to follow, and of use not only for home, and ordinary charity-purposes, but for the benefit of the Deep Sea Mission. We have just been looking at the recipes for "Uhlan caps," page 76, in Manual No. 1; and "Seamen's knitting," page 79. The instructions given, apart from the recipes, are clear and satisfactory. In No. 2 we observe directions for glove making, amongst other articles; and No. 3 is devoted to recipes. No. 1 is in its 7th edition, No. 2 in its 3rd, and No. 3 in its 2nd; and we think the author deserves her success in her most useful work.

INVALID.—You may safely keep plants in your sleeping-room if not strongly scented—such as the hyacinth, gardenia, magnolia, and orange-blossoms. Flowers of more delicate perfume are quite unobjectionable, and foliage-plants are much to be recommended, such as palms, myrtles, ferns, india-rubber plants, and eucalyptis above all others. Miss Nightingale says (in reference to plants and flowers in hospitals): "That the carbonic acid they give out at night would not poison a fly; and that, in crowded rooms, they actually absorb it and give out oxygen."

TA.—You may wear a ring on any finger you please, or upon which it will fit the best. There is no rule one way or other, with the sole exception of a wedding-ring. It is a matter with which etiquette has nothing to do; nor has the giver—relative, friend, or lover—any particular finger allotted them.

JACK'S DARLING has sent us a very kind and nicely-expressed letter, for which we return our best thanks. Her small "t's" and capital "S" are not correctly formed; and her "n" is sometimes an "h." Otherwise, the hand is fairly good.

S. D.—1. September 29, 1874, was a Tuesday.—2. Have you ever read the works of the Rev. Hartwell Horne? Or the class book, *Paley's Evidences of Christianity*, or the Rev. Joseph Cook's *Boston Monday Lectures*, 1st and 2nd Series? We recommend you to write to the Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., stating your difficulties, and requesting him to recommend, or send you a book that will clear them away. There is nothing so illogical as infidelity. It is the merciful and Holy Spirit of God, your Creator, that is leading you to seek for greater light and an acquaintance with Himself, and with your own soul and its eternal prospects. May that knowledge produce good fruits, and bring you perfect and everlasting peace!

LASSIE.—1. January 23, 1878, was a Wednesday.—2. Get rid of such a dog at once.—3. It is not likely that the kitten's eye will ever recover. The inflammation in the injured eye may spread to the other. Should it become blind altogether it would be merciful to have it drowned.

MAX TRESHAM'S plan for reducing her stoutness, by drinking vinegar and wearing tight stays, is a most ignorant and injurious one. Vinegar will impoverish the blood and induce dropsy, with other complaints; and she may have to be "tapped." Let her take moderate exercise, and abstain from eating fat things, butter, etc., and take little sugar, and a small amount of vegetables; and thank God for good health. She should also wear low flat heels.

E. S. T.—We do not know what you mean by your "beauty spot." If its name be a correct description of it why wish to get rid of it? Were a doctor to burn it there would be a scar. If you mean that it is a disfiguring excrescence (misnamed) he could remove it, and with great advantage, before it might grow larger.

HONESTY.—We are sorry that your "honesty" has so grievous a statement to make. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for "keping company" for months past with a man unknown to your parents, and worse than that, "knowing that they would not approve," and believing you to be engaged to your cousin! Your further confidences are disgraceful. Your spelling is very bad. Look in the dictionary for the words which you spell thus: "hopping" (for hoping), "anser," and "oblidge."

ANXIOUS WAITER.—Chester was a city of great importance long before the Roman invasion. It was the British Caerleon Vawr, and was afterwards the Roman Devana Castra, when it was the station of the 20th Legion, quitted by them about the year 406 A.D. From thence it was alternately in the possession of the Britons, Saxons, and Danes. In about the year A.D. 908 Ethelfleda built the city wall; and the Saxon castle was rebuilt in 1084, by Hugh Lupus, "the Earl," nephew of William I., who built the *Abbey of St. Werburgh*; but the church of St. John dates from 698, and was founded by Ethelred. The first charter (extant) of Bath dates from the reign of Richard I., but it was named by the Romans Aquæ Solis, about the year 44 A.D., having a station there. The Abbey stands on the site of a Temple of Apollo, and the base of some of the ancient pillars are in sight. The city existed in the time of the ancient British King Coel, who is said to have given it a charter. I need not relate its connection with King Bladud. The City of York, Eboracum, might (like London) dispute the priority of date with Bath and Chester. It was the capital of Roman Britain, having been the ancient settlement of the Brigantes; and made a Roman one by Agricola about A.D. 79. The Emperor Severus died there in 211. It was the only British town selected as a residence by the Cæsars. The early British history of our great cities is involved in so much obscurity that we have good authority for regarding their relative antiquity a perfectly open question. We are sorry, on behalf of your sceptical friends, that they possess such very limited powers of discrimination. But, perhaps, they are children yet in the schoolroom, and much acuteness could not be expected of them.

ZANONI.—1. Write to the Secretary of the Ambulance Classes held at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W., for any information he can give you respecting the different branch classes.—2. The word "Road," when part of an address, should be written with a capital "R."

ETHEL MAY.—The translation of the French epitaph may be rendered thus:—

"Rest in peace!
Taken away from a virtuous marriage,
Here rests a dear spouse.
In the keen sorrow with which her loss is followed,
Faith alone consoles the unhappy Christian.
Tender wife, the hope, which charmed
(or gladdened) your life—
Was not deceived;
Its completion (or end) is in the Heavens."

Of course this is a literal, but not a rhythmical, translation.

WOULD-BE CLERK.—We do not think you would be taken anywhere as a clerk at your age, and without special training. Your handwriting promises well, but is not yet formed.

A. G.—1. Your warm bath is too hot, or you remain in it too long.—2. If you laid sheets of thick brown paper underneath the oil-cloth, just as under a carpet, it might help to make it wear better.

NOTICE.

March 26, 1894, is the last day for receiving the *designs* for a NEW TITLE HEADING for the weekly numbers of this magazine. Prizes of *Ten* and *Five Guineas* will be awarded to the most successful competitors. Full particulars of this Competition were given in our last November Part.

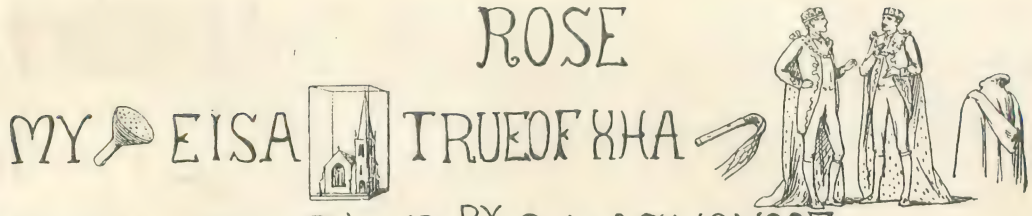
Our readers are reminded that the last day for receiving the HANGING LIBRARY BAGS, worked in competition for prizes, is also March 26, 1894. Prizes of *Ten* and *Five Guineas* will be awarded.

OUR PUZZLE POEM. (*See following page.*)

*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be March 26th, 1894; from abroad, May 9th, 1894.
6. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

ROSE



(For Rules, etc., see previous page.)



VOL. XV.—NO. 740.] MARCH 3, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE QUEEN AT HOME.

THE fact that our Sovereign is what her people understand as a homely woman has in no small measure contributed to her well-deserved popularity. It was the *Times* which once said that the English people were a nation who found their pleasures chiefly at their own firesides. When the present Queen came to the throne, the time was, in more respects than one, the opening of a new era. The old order of things, which had held on from the eighteenth century, was passing away, and all at once, as it were, the people were charmed when the royal palace became a pattern home. Though George III. and Queen Charlotte had been worthy characters, the English Court had generally shown no very favourable contrast to those of the Continent. The Queen has ever found her chief joy in domestic life; but, while at Windsor, Osborne, and London, she has, perforce, lived more or less in state, becoming the Sovereign of Great Britain, she has been most at home at Balmoral.

Probably that fact is explained not only by the charmingly romantic surroundings of the Highland castle, but also through the estate having been the private property of the late Prince Consort, who erected the house. He first leased the estate in 1848, and finally made the purchase for £32,000. The property extends over about 10,000 acres, in addition to certain hills, and, being on the right bank of the Dee, is fifty miles from Aberdeen and nine from Ballater. The estate formerly belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverary, who sold it to the Earl of Fife. For persons seeking rest and change from the strain and hurry of London life there is no more attractive spot in the British Isles.

To see the Queen really at home, therefore, we have to follow her to Balmoral, where the surroundings are more in keeping with the royal taste than anywhere else. This fact gives additional charm or interest to the little book on the Sovereign's residence in the far North, which one apparently well acquainted with the circumstances has just issued.* Balmoral is the only place where the Queen can unbend from her royal state to enjoy the friendship and



THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES.
(From the painting by Sir George Hayter.)

* *The Queen at Balmoral*, by Frank Pope Humphrey (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1893).

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sympathy of the common people. Being about 900 feet above sea-level, the spot was recommended by Sir James Clark as unrivalled in Scotland for its dryness and general healthiness. Mr. Humphrey says, "It is a beautiful district, whether in spring, when the birches are in tender leaf and the broom bursting into yellow bloom; or in summer, when the hills are pink with heather; or in autumn—the Queen's favourite season here—when there is an indescribable glory upon hill and valley of golden birch, purpling heather, scarlet rowan, and brown bracken."

When the Queen and Prince Albert first visited Balmoral about forty-six years ago, the charm of the solitude and peace of the neighbourhood, in comparison with the fatigue and excitement of life in London, was irresistible. With the estate of Abergeldie, which is leased from the Gordon family, and the forest of Balloch Buie, the land comprises a total of 40,000 acres. On the occasion of their first visit the royal couple went from London to Aberdeen by sea, whence they had to take a carriage drive of fifty miles. *An Act of Parliament* stopped the railway from coming nearer than Ballater. The old-time castle—originally a farm-house—which was found on the estate half a century ago, gave place to the present palace in 1855. The site was selected by Prince Albert as one which would receive the sun's rays during the greater part of each day when it was shining. About 130 persons can be lodged in the castle. The contractor for the building encountered some difficulty when materials rose in price on account of the Crimean War, but the Prince made good the deficiency. After he had watched the builders' progress with interest, and had himself superintended the laying out of the grounds, Balmoral became the Prince's favourite residence, and at his death he bequeathed it to the Queen, who regards the house and its surroundings with ever-increasing favour.

Visitors may inspect the house when the Queen is not in residence, and on entering the hall one is confronted by stags' heads, and among them is the head of a boar which Prince Albert killed in the Fatherland. Then a bust of the Queen, as she was in 1867, confronts you in one direction, while in a recess is a life-size statue of King Malcolm of Scotland, 1057–1093. In the hall, under glass, the colours of the 79th Highlanders, which did service in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny, are to be seen. The hall fire-irons were presented to the Queen by the Marchioness of Lorne, and with such good implements, showing the national thistle, "the sturdy fire-dogs" beneath the chimney are said to be "well fitted to bear up the logs of which the fire is always made." Beneath the life-size statue of the Prince Consort in the arch of the staircase is the inscription:—

"His life sprang from a deep inner sympathy with God's will, and therefore with all that is true, beautiful, and good."

Somewhat higher up the stairs is a bronze bust of the late Emperor Frederick who was betrothed to the Princess Royal at Balmoral. Busts of others who are gone also attract notice, for cut in marble you recognise the likeness of the Grand Duke of Hesse, husband of the Princess Alice, Prince Leopold, Dr. Macleod, and Principal Tulloch.

The principal rooms have carpets of royal Stuart tartan pattern, and the pictures are all engravings. Everything in the way of furniture is comfortable and well-arranged; but those who go there expecting to see anything like royal state will come away disappointed. "Splendours are reserved for the royal palaces," Mr. Humphrey reminds us; "Balmoral is a home." The ornaments on the walls as well as the bust of Sir Walter Scott in the smoking-room all remind the visitor that it is a Scottish house, while the glorious views from the windows show that it is in the Highlands.

Since the Queen has discontinued attending the little parish church, just rebuilt, divine service is held in what is called the service room, the Presbyterian order being observed. The apartment strikes the visitor as having an interest of its own, the material for its panels being brought from Balloch Buie wood, the wood itself being described as dark and handsome and having many knots. "The chairs are of the same wood, seated with dark leather," adds Mr. Humphrey. "The seat of the Queen's large armchair is embroidered with the Scotch thistle, a small table stands beside it with silk cushions for Bible and hymnal. Against the walls are seats or settles of dark carved wood." A princess or a lady-in-waiting will play the organ, while the minister's desk is on a platform in one corner of the room.

Loving as she did the simplicity of the service at the little parish church, the royal pew being in the gallery and not differing from the others, the Queen was for long disinclined to make any change; but circumstances left her no choice in the matter. The services at Crathie church were attended until the shoals of visitors attracted to the little sanctuary became an annoyance; horses waiting outside for a long distance on either side, the church itself being crowded to the last standing-place. "But the overcrowding was not the worst of the infliction," we are told. "Unmindful of the sacredness of the place and day, as well as of the respect due to Her Majesty, they persistently stared at her straight through the service, even bringing opera-glasses for the purpose." One attraction for sightseers in the church was the two stained-glass windows put up by the Queen in memory of her favourite chaplain, Dr. Norman Macleod. These will be replaced in the church being re-erected to supersede the old one, the Queen herself giving five hundred pounds to the building fund.

Abergeldie Castle, the house of the neighbouring estate now allied with Balmoral, stands on a picturesque site over two miles away; and on the ground floor of its old square tower is marked the spot where was chained the last witch of Deeside, and who was burned at Craig-na-ban, now included in the royal estate.

A bewitchment of another kind took place on that same spot in 1856, when the then Crown Prince of Prussia presented a piece of white heather to the Princess Royal as a preliminary to the serious question of asking her to become his wife. The Duchess of Kent, as mother of the Queen, was accustomed to pass the autumn at Abergeldie. The ex-empress Eugenie passed some time here after the death of her son in 1879, and the Prince of Wales with his family has often stayed there.

One pleasing characteristic of Balmoral and other royal estates is, as Mr. Humphrey tells us, you never see posted up "threats of prosecution for trespass," the intimation being, if there is any board at all, that the path or road is "strictly private," and such a notice would seem to be more effective than the harsher and more common words.

Balmoral has many memorials, reminding the visitor of various Highland customs which the Queen finds pleasure in perpetuating. The oldest of these is the Queen's cairn, put up on a memorable day in the fall of 1852 to commemorate the buying of the estate; the Sovereign placed the first stone, the Prince the second, and then others added to the pile, the Prince Consort placing the topmost stone. Each marriage that has since taken place in the royal family has been commemorated by a cairn.

It was the late Lord Beaconsfield who said that the Queen worked harder than most of her subjects; and whether this is literally true or not, she undoubtedly leads a busy life for one who is midway between seventy and eighty years of age. She appears to attend to the management of her estates at Osborne and Balmoral, while as regards other matters we find it remarked that, "No living statesman is so thoroughly conversant with the workings of every department—of every log one may say—in the vast governmental department as the Queen."

The Sovereign is a comparatively early riser, and will frequently breakfast at a small cottage a short distance from the castle, where she will remain at work during the morning, nothing being more congenial to royal taste than some secluded and romantic spot where the open air can be fully enjoyed without fear of intrusion. "At Osborne she has a summer-house, and at Windsor she resorts to a tent upon the lawn of Frogmore House," we are told. "And even when she has been temporarily at a place, as at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, which stands in anything but a secluded spot, she has contrived, with the help of screens and umbrellas, a place to write in the open air." It is on account of their perfect seclusion that the shiels, or cottage hunting-lodges, built among the woods of the Balmoral estate are in such high favour. In addition to these, however, the Queen has a portable room which can at once be erected anywhere like a tent, open or enclosed according to taste. In former days this love of the open air prompted the Queen to take extensive walks about the estate, and even to make the ascent of the great hills in company with Prince Albert. Now that she has to walk with a stick, however, the Queen has to be content with her morning and afternoon drive, while the tour of the castle grounds has to be made in a bath-chair. Mr. Humphrey tells a pretty little story relating to the early days at Balmoral which may be called—

THE CHILDREN AND THE COWS.

"She, little Mary, in company with her brother Kenneth, was helping her neighbour Maggie to herd the cows. Their business was to see that the cows did not get at the corn; but they being intent on play, the cows were soon left to Kenneth's herding, who was a little lad of five. When at last the cows were discovered feeding upon the corn, Maggie, true to that instinct which impels every son and daughter of Adam to look about for a scapegoat for his or her own sins, fell upon Kenneth, scolding him volubly for neglecting to look after the cows. In the midst of her tirade she heard a voice call Maggie, and looking up saw the Queen and Prince Albert in a path upon the hillside above. Maggie hesitated, but again the clear voice of the Queen called Maggie, and reluctantly Maggie went forward. 'Maggie,' she said kindly, 'you should remember that Kenneth is a little boy and does not understand about keeping the cows off the corn. It would be a better way to put up a string so that they cannot get at it.' The children were inwardly amused at the idea of a string being a sufficient guard; but, mindful of what was due to the Queen, did not smile. Not so Prince Albert, who laughed heartily at her, and the two walked merrily off together."

With advancing years the Queen cannot do at Balmoral as she formerly could. The all-day drives across the country have been given up, and she cannot alight from her carriage to call upon cottagers as was her wont in former years. The old folks she favours do not want for attention, however. One or another may be summoned to the castle if the Queen cannot visit them.

The royal mistress of Balmoral also manifests great interest in the quaint or picturesque customs of the Highlands which come down from ancient times. One of these is Hallowe'en, when the torches and the dancing remind one of superstitions which have come down from the days of the old fire-worshippers. Centuries ago the day's celebration might hardly have been considered complete without the burning of a witch at eventide; but as material for such a bonfire cannot now be obtained, a more simple programme is prepared—

"The Queen going out for her evening drive is met on her return by a crowd of servants, keepers, gillies, children, each bearing a torch made of splints of fir tied together. They escort the Queen to the door, and then they march round and round the castle, the glare of their torches illuminating wall, and turret, and tower." The excitement culminates in the great bonfire at night, when in solemn procession "the witch" appears in a cart to be consigned to the flames, which in the good old times might have been considered her native element.

It was a happy day for the poorer sort of people of Deeside when Prince Albert purchased the Balmoral estate. The shanties, hardly better than the cabins of Ireland, though made of stone, were such as had served Highland peasants from time immemorial; but these were at once superseded by neat cottages of an approved pattern. The cottagers are thus not only well cared for, but each is known by sight and by name, and when accident or sickness occurs the royal sympathy appears to be never wanting. Thus, one old lady on the estate met with an accident, and a telegram was sent from Windsor to say that she was to have whatever was necessary sent from the castle. In regard to the ailments of her tenants, the Queen has a good memory. "She does not confuse your neuralgia with rheumatism," it is said; "nor inquire as to the welfare of your broken arm when you have had a fever." Many of the cottagers have gifts which, they will tell a visitor, they received from the Queen's own hands: it may be the material for a gown, some trinket which will become an heirloom, a statuette or flower-pot from the Continent. When abroad, the Queen is said "to buy of the special industries of the place where she is staying," and many things appear to be purchased expressly for the Balmoral cottars.

In the season they also receive gifts of venison and beef at Christmas, while from the Christmas-tree at Osborne unforgotten friends in the distant Highlands will invariably receive their gifts. Better than this was the establishment of schools before the days of national education, and, as is well known, the profits of the royal books on *Life in the Highlands* were devoted to the founding of bursaries or scholarships. Mr. Campbell, parish minister of Crathie, is one of the royal chaplains, and his manse contains many presents from his Sovereign: "pottery from Mentone, an exquisite group of Fra Angelico's angels from Florence, . . . a pair of vases, with pale pink roses and leaves in high relief." There was a former mistress of Crathie manse, who confessed to feeling a little embarrassed when, in the midst of her household work, the Queen would be announced as coming; but embarrassment vanished as soon as the royal visitor opened her lips. Some of the old peasant-women also felt under some restraint, but, as one of them remarked, "The Queen said she did na want us to feel like that, for she was just a woman like oursels."

Of the Queen's servants John Brown will probably be the most famous in history; but his contemporary Grant, and his successor, as attendant on the Queen, Francie Clarke, will also be remembered. It was Prince Albert who first discovered the good qualities of John Brown when the latter was a stable-boy, and he soon got promoted until he was the Queen's chief attendant. Perhaps there never was a more faithful servant, so that, without exaggeration, one has ventured to say of him, "I believe he would have stood between the Queen and a bullet any day." Everybody does not seem to be aware that the Queen's Indian empire is represented in the royal household by an Indian secretary, a personal Indian attendant, and the native Indian cook.



THE QUEEN SMILING.

(*From an instantaneous photograph by permission.*)

There are four shiels on the Balmoral estate—hunting-lodges, in which any holiday-makers from London might think themselves fortunate in being permitted to pass a month. The nearest of these, named after the Queen, is three miles from the castle. The Danzig Shiel, in the wood, is surrounded by what is a remnant of the ancient forest. "Everything indicates that we are entering the heart of a great forest. No sight or sound of an outer world greets us. Great Scotch firs shut us in on every hand; the atmosphere is loaded with their resinous fragrance. When the beams of the low-running sun strike them, their red bark glows like the decaying embers of an ingle-nook. In cooler lights it is a reddish purple. Their tall, straight trunks have a columnar aspect, and on a hill-side, as you look up, you fancy you are gazing through vast porticoes into the mysterious depths of prodigious halls, wherein once dwelt pre-historic giants. In fact, you may fancy anything you like, as you find yourself seized upon, taken possession of by the spirits of the Balloch Buie. Now and then an ancient birch, gnarled, crooked, and patched with black moss, breaks the uniformity of the pines."

Thus Balmoral is one of the most interesting spots in England, and in the future will have memories which will eclipse those of Hampton Court, Kensington, and Holyrood, though the rooms at the last-named palace are said to be the most interesting suite in Europe. Mr. Humphrey's book is extremely readable; he is somewhat of an enthusiast in the matter of royalty, and he seems to have explored for himself the wide and enchanting domain of Balmoral.

G. H. P.

MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WOMAN OF SPIRIT.



AN it be true, Sally?" I inquired falteringly, the moment Harriet had crossed the threshold? "If so, why have we not heard? Why have you been kept in the dark? He has neither written nor sent. I cannot believe he was saved."

"How very unbelieving you are, my dear Car!" said Sally, with an accent of something like scorn. "Harriet Casey is right. The Admiralty does not promote dead men. Captain Peregrine Hood"—oh, the ineffable disdain with which she spoke the name!—"has neither written nor sent; well, because he did not choose to do either. He is a free British subject; there is no compulsion upon him to communicate with us."

There was a current belief which I, a sailor's daughter and a sailor's sister, had always scouted before, that a sailor loved lightly, as he loved easily, when he was exposed to the ordeal he was so little accustomed to of a woman's captivations; that, far from being "true as the needle to the pole," he found a new sweetheart in every new port he entered ready waiting for him, and so roved like a bee or a butterfly from flower to flower. But to think of applying this landsman's saying, which was but sour grapes, to our sheet-anchor in all our troubles, our stay in our worst difficulties—a stay which had always stood as fast as a rock—Perry Hood!

"Sally, Sally!" I almost screamed at this treason to every old belief and conviction. "Our own cousin Perry, your promised husband, whom we have known all our lives; so good a boy, so kind and true a man always! Why, he risked his life to get father his freedom, and he worshipped the very ground you trod on!"

"Not another word, Car—you don't understand!" said Sally imperiously. "Seeing is believing—that is, reading the gazette may stand for seeing. I'll send out for it instantly. I'll call on the Dyers this afternoon; I believe we owe them a call, but that is neither here nor there. I'll have speech with this Mrs. Merivale, and sift to the bottom those 'other reasons' of which she has talked, which that goose Harriet Casey did not care to enter into. I owe it to myself and him. He is our cousin, you know, brought up with us; our nearest relative after Tom, now that father, and Jane, and poor Aunt Maria are all dead and gone. We are bound to be interested in his welfare. Even you might ask an explanation on the ground of our kinship," she ended, with a forced hysterical laugh which it was grievous to hear.

There was no use in remonstrating with her; she had been stabbed to the heart. In addition, she was a proud woman, who felt that to be coolly and heartlessly jilted, after she had, in the depth of her sorrow, let her feelings and her engagement to Perry Hood be known to all the world, was a public disgrace.

That very afternoon, upon reading the gazette, Sally put off every rag of her mourning and appeared in a coclico (a deep red) pelisse, and bonnet, with coclico feathers, to which I had called her attention in a dressmaker's window a day or two before. She remembered it, and sent out our landlady to buy it and fetch it home at once. Father had not been dead six months, and it is a proof of the disorder which reigned in poor Sally's mind that she should thus be guilty of what might seem to the world a slight to his memory. But, no; she said father would forgive her when he knew all, if, indeed, he did not know all already. Of course, I might continue to wear my mourning for him as long as I liked; I had nothing to do with what caused her change of dress.

I furnished a complete foil to Sally in my black frock and cloak; indeed, the contrast went beyond anything she had intended to convey in her random remark. I looked well enough in those days, but I was not quite so fair and florid as Sally. My face was thinner and whiter than it had been at any time in my life, except during those days on the reef, my cheeks had grown a little hollow, and my eyes had the big look Jane's eyes used to take; finally, my appearance was not set off by the unrelieved black of my bombazine, which was acquiring a rusty hue.

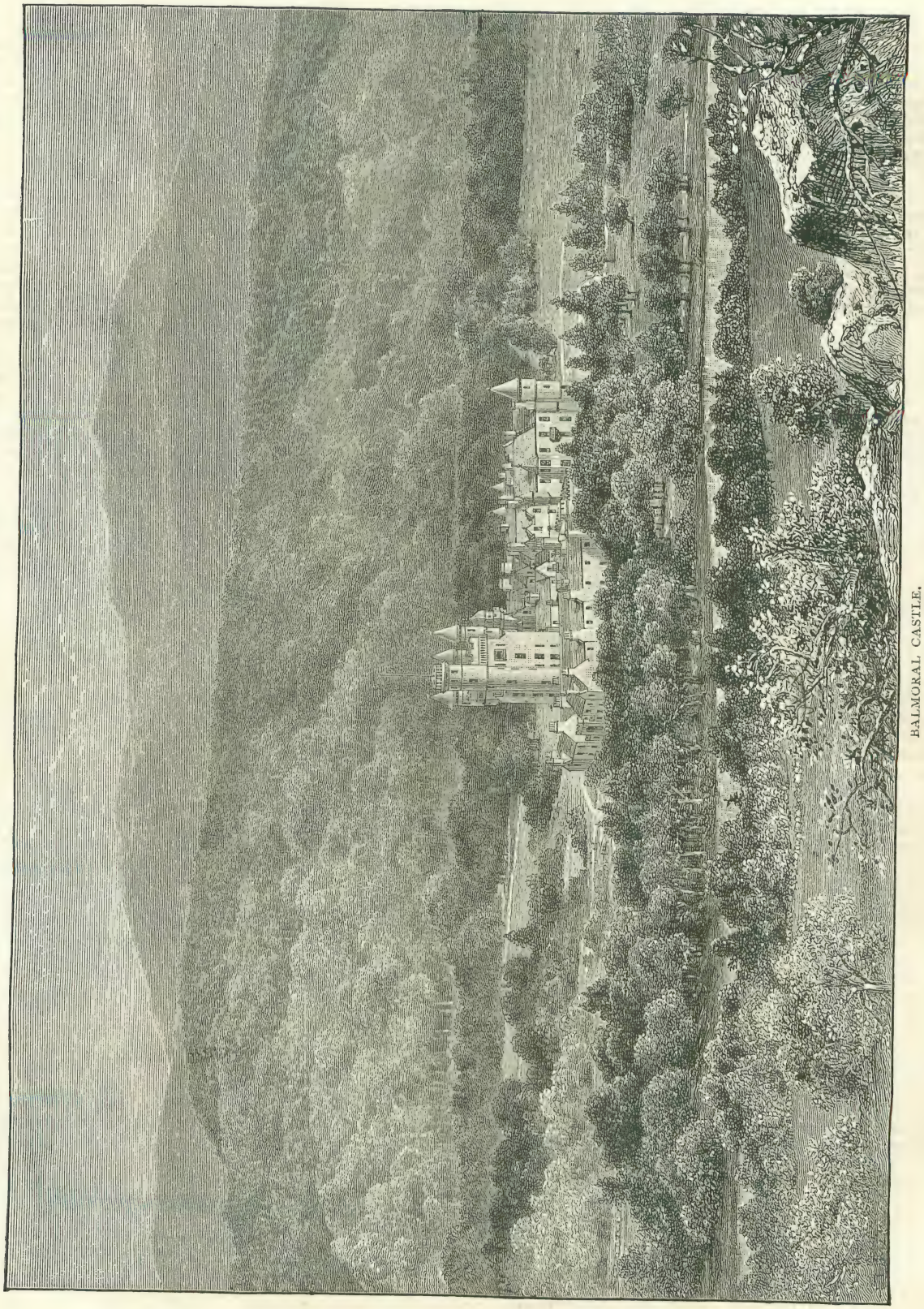
Now, Sally had grown thin just as I had, only she had preserved a tinge of her roses, and in spite of her thinness she looked splendidly handsome, with her vivid colour restored to her by the flush of passion and reflected back by her cardinal-toned dress. She bore down all opposition, and started for the Dyers on that challenging expedition the same afternoon, while I accompanied her reluctant, alarmed, and distressed. I could not have appealed to Tom to stop her, even if I could have reached the hospital in time. It was one of his bad, critical days. I dared not have endangered the slow process of his recovery by communicating to him any agitating intelligence, or by attempting to consult him on a very difficult and delicate question. The more I thought of it the more I was forced to own that Perry's conduct was utterly unaccountable unless on one supposition. After going out of his way in the act of making his escape, and endangering himself still farther—not to say implicating innocent people—by obtaining that meeting under the chestnuts at Beaufoi, he had not managed to send Sally a scrap of information as to how he had fared, and he had not written a line to tell her of his arrival in England. He might not have been able to keep his promise of communicating with her while we were still in France, but what was to be said of his not making a point of sending her a letter the first thing after he set foot in England? Why had he not taken care that she should be the first, and not the last, to hear of his long-looked-for promotion, which meant so much to both of them, for which they were waiting in order to get married? Why, oh! why, above all, had he quitted England without seeing her, without a word to her?

I recoiled with all my heart and soul from believing evil of Perry, from even distrusting him, and I was sure Tom would share my feelings. But what could Sally think? What could we think for her?

Sally had never been so openly and so covertly stared at in the character of the "Widowed Bride," or the "Maiden Widow," as she was now regarded in the flush of colour which she presented when we went to the Dyers. Some of the people, who looked aghast at her, recognised her, and thought her losses had driven her mad; others, who had been electrified by the announcement in the gazette, and had some comprehension of the reason of the change, gave unmistakable signs of approval of what they considered a fine woman's proper spirit. Sally did not see the glances either of wonder or of admiration she provoked. She did not care, at that moment, what people thought; she was goaded into standing at bay.

We were not on intimate terms with the Dyers, and we had never met Mrs. Merivale; but Sally was equal to the occasion in her present mood. She sailed into a room full of comparative strangers, while I—though when it had come to this I was determined not to desert Sally, but to back her up—crept, I must confess in a very tame and limp fashion, after her. Sally was gracious to everybody, but her eye was on the little woman from Barbados, who had seen Perry in London, and had hinted at "other reasons" than those given to the public for his hasty voyage with Captain Penfeather to the Mediterranean.

At the first break in the general conversation Sally addressed Mrs. Merivale in clear, ringing tones which everybody present might hear, while everybody held his or her breath to hear. "I believe, ma'am, you are acquainted with my cousin Captain Peregrine Hood. We had reason to fear he had perished in his attempted escape from the French prison at Saint Orme. Happily, it turns out we have been mistaken, and



BALMORAL CASTLE.

instead of deploring we have to congratulate him, not only on his escape but also on his promotion. Naturally, my sister and I—his kinswomen—are anxious to hear all we can about him. I understand you did not consider his health in so desperate a condition as to demand his immediate departure in search of a warmer climate. Will you be so good as to tell me on what grounds you formed your opinion."

Mrs. Merivale looked considerably put out and a little frightened. I thought she seemed a foolish, conceited woman, who would be fond of giving herself the air of knowing better than her neighbours the motives of people's actions and the secret springs which regulated their conduct. She was also—though, perhaps, not altogether ill-disposed—far from unwilling to circulate small pieces of scandal, and that with a manner as if she had a large acquaintance with men and women's weaknesses, so as to ascribe to her fellow-creatures inclinations and designs whose sole origin was to be found in her own fertile brain.

Sally's straightforward appeal disconcerted Mrs. Merivale, and daunted her to begin with. The great feather-fan, which she had brought with her from Barbados, though she had little need for it in the month of February at Portsmouth, shook perceptibly in her yellow hand, while she gave rather a nervous account of having met Captain Hood in the house of a friend to whom he was paying a flying call, and thus chancing to hear the details of his arrangement for a cruise with Captain Penfeather. As she told her story, however, she recovered her courage, and grew a trifle defiant under what she might view as Sally's brow-beating demand for an explanation. It was necessary for Mrs. Merivale's own credit that she should be both positive and consistent. She began to laugh and simper a little as she admitted that she had not thought Captain Hood looked particularly ill—not so very ill as he was called. Well, perhaps, it was foolish and wrong of her; but she could not help recalling what she had heard about Captain Penfeather's having a most attractive party with him in this cruise. He was giving passages to one or two ladies who were to join their husbands at Gibraltar and Malta, and he was taking out the charming young widow of a brother officer to Corfu, to which island she belonged. Mrs. Merivale believed this widow was an old acquaintance of Captain Hood's—at least they had been in the same ship together after he had got clear of France and was on his way to England. She had helped to nurse him, when his illness was at its worst, in a delightfully romantic manner; and everybody knew what wonderful results came to pass from these chance encounters, how soft men's hearts were in sickness, and how irresistible was a fair, kind nurse.

I cannot suppose that Mrs. Merivale had not heard of Sally's engagement to Perry Hood, but she had the guile to pretend not to have heard of it, and to take all the advantage to be gained from the pretence. Sally never moved a muscle, while all eyes were fixed on her during the narrative. She sat quite still, and said steadily, while a little smile curled her lips, that she was glad our cousin had found such a solace after his perils and sufferings; she trusted he would not prove ungrateful for it. We were obliged to Mrs. Merivale for gratifying our natural curiosity. Then she shook hands and curtseyed herself and me out, without abating one jot of her dignity.

"I do not believe one word of it, Sally!" I cried, the moment we were in the street. "And what does it come to, after all? The gratuitous supposition of a silly, very likely a giddy, woman. I have no doubt she is ready to believe that her neighbours do what she would have no objection to do herself; that she thinks of little else than stupid, idle flirtations. Besides, she does not really know Perry. You will surely never condemn him on such scanty evidence?"

Sally turned upon me. "Am I the kind of woman, Car, who would judge either man, woman, or child for whom I had ever entertained a particle of esteem because of a meddlesome woman's tattle? If you think I would have listened to a word against him from the Lord High Admiral or King George himself, you do me less than justice. It is the extraordinary conduct, which has confirmed the tattle, that I go upon; it is by his own acts that I judge and condemn him."

I could say nothing on the spur of the moment, though many a time afterwards I pleaded that if Sally would only have patience and wait, if she would but suspend her decision, there might be an explanation of the mystery and a satisfactory reason found for Perry's unaccountable silence. Were the friendship and faith of all these years to go for nothing? Were they to be rudely sundered and trampled under foot without taking the simple precaution of writing a letter to the offender, and enduring the few weeks' delay which must elapse before he could vindicate, as he might still vindicate triumphantly, his love and honour?

Tom, when he was told the story, though he was as mystified as we were, agreed with me and supported me in my opinion. He, too, recoiled from giving up our cousin, his closest comrade, whom he had always held in deserved respect and intimate affection, without farther effort on our part. But, unfortunately, we were prevented from interfering by any active step, partly because of the state of Tom's health, partly because of Sally's vehement prohibition, and partly also by reason of a delicacy—it might be a false delicacy—which would not allow us to say or do anything that might have the slightest appearance of a desire on our part to force Perry Hood to keep his word to our sister. Tom even solemnly assured me privately that were cousin Perry ever to cross his (Tom's) path, he would refrain from calling him out, according to the murderous practice of duelling—still suffered, even enjoined, in the services—because he did not see that bloodshed would wipe away the slight put upon our Sally; he did not think she would desire to have such vengeance wreaked on her recreant lover. And as for Perry Hood's consenting to make amends, he (Tom) would never have it said that a sister of his, even though she had consented to it, was "married at the point of the sword."

There was yet another cause which tied our tongues, held our hands, and tempted us to look upon Perry Hood as a traitor. Throughout that winter and spring the whole of England was ringing, was hanging her proud head, wherever men were upright and women were true, because of the grievous shame which had fallen on our great sea-captain. He was in the toils of a syren, for whose sake he had renounced the most sacred obligations and become estranged from his father—the good old Suffolk clergyman, who had so gloried in his son's gallant deeds and world-wide renown. Nelson was even tarnishing his reputation as a loyal subject and an honest man in order to gratify the violent partialities and prejudices of an unprincipled woman. All the fleet, from the highest admiral to the meanest cabin-boy, had so loved and honoured Nelson! We, and particularly Sally, had been proud to fancy a resemblance between Lord Nelson and Perry Hood in their under-size, their fragility of body, and their dauntlessness of spirit! Could it be that life presented similar temptations to both?—that as the chief had been sullied in his high estate, so the follower would forfeit his pledged word and give up the pure, sweet love of his earlier and happier years, in order that he, too, might yield to the spells of a worthless woman—unless he were doubly a deceiver, and had misled Sally's rival even as he had forsaken Sally? Would Perry, after the tribulation we had passed through together, be another miserable victim to the lust of the eye and the ear? Would his life also, in the middle of his brave deeds and far-resounding successes, end by becoming a wreck? Would his heart be smitten, in its turn, by gnawing remorse in the maddest hour of his fevered, unblest happiness? We had seen these things in the green tree, why should it be incredible to us that we should find them again in the dry?

Sally was, in one light, like some mothers I have known, whose children have run into danger and undergone the risk of perishing. While their parents are in a state of frenzied apprehension with regard to the children's fate, the parents can only think of the boys and girls with fondest anguish. Fathers and mothers would reckon themselves, with some reason, utterly heartless if they could, in these moments of doubt and dread, utter a word of blame against those sufferers from their own indiscretion. But let the supposed sufferers return safe and sound, instead of being brought back dying or dead, the tables are turned instantly. To the original offence of disobedience or recklessness is added a bulky account of what the culprits have made their unfortunate guardians and relatives endure, without cause, of

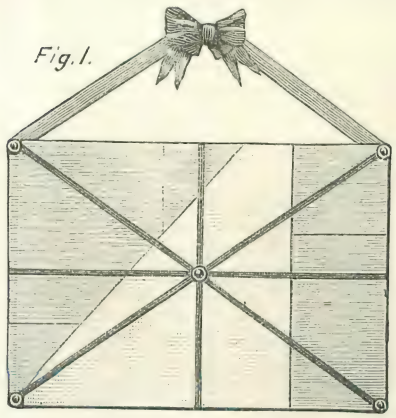
anxiety and distress. Unless the seniors are very soft-hearted and mild-tempered, a sharp, indignant reproof to the young people, if they have outgrown childhood, a smart whipping if they are still babies, is substituted for the weeping and wailing, the enlarging on their virtues, and the ignoring of their faults, which was the first result of the alarm that threatened to inaugurate a tragedy. Apart from, and yet entwined with, Perry's desertion of her, Sally was inclined to regard his resuscitation in the light of an injury to her, because of the grief she had wasted on his imagined death. She had mourned for him, believing him shot down by French bullets or stabbed by French bayonets, with all the fervour and abandonment of a warm-hearted woman, whose high spirit is broken by the blow, who gives herself up without restraint to the anguish of her bereavement.

Now, with the bitter conviction of his faithlessness, and of her mistake in having given her heart to so fickle and treacherous a man, above all, in her rue for the degree to which she had exposed how much she had cared for him to a mocking world—a consideration which was gall and wormwood to Sally—she was resolute to tear his image from her heart. She would not mention his name; if it was spoken inadvertently in her hearing, she passed by the allusion in haughty silence. She continued to wear the coloured clothes she had put on, while I was fain to follow her example in order to bear her company and spare her farther remarks. Yet I had little heart to wear colours. I was still yearning after father, Aunt Maria, and Jane; I was in aching suspense as to the life or death of my dear Tom; I had other troubles which were my private property. But Sally insisted from this time that we should go into company as far as was consistent with Tom's precarious condition. She talked and smiled with the best and was much admired. Alas, poor Sally! I used to hear her pacing up and down the parlour into which she had stolen, and striving to stifle her sobs in the silence of the night. I could only pray that in the room of the earthly friend who had failed her she might find a refuge with the heavenly Friend, who never fails those that put their trust in Him.

(*To be continued.*)

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL KNICK-KNACKS.

HINTS for what is ornamental and useful, and for what can be easily and inexpensively made, seldom come amiss. Bazaars are perennial, and birthdays, as well as the Christmas and Easter seasons, often make those whose purses are short long to know how to make what will cost little and yet be pretty and useful. I lately saw a very pretty contrivance, a good illustration of which is seen in Fig. 1, for



holding invitation-cards, etc., etc., and which, hung against a wall, is certainly a more decorative form of disposing of them than the usual plan of sticking them into the looking glass.

A large piece of millboard is first of all had; about 24 by 36 inches is a good size, but you can, of course, please yourself as to how large or how small you make it. On this board nail down the lighter part, as seen in the illustration. This may be of plush or any material you like. Next stretch over it, as seen in the picture, plush, etc., of a different colour. This sketch is of a board done simply in two kinds of plush of two colours; but, as you can see at a glance, you can improve upon the idea to any extent. You can embroider sprays of flowers, work an initial, or decorate the foundation in any way you like. Across it, as you will see by the lines, are straps of elastic, stretched sufficiently tightly to allow of their holding the letters, cards, etc., which are passed under them. Although I have said that any material can be used, yet plush or velvet specially recommend themselves as likely to hold the cards, etc., better than silk or satin, from which they would more easily slip. Fancy nails secure the elastic in the middle and corners, and the whole is suspended by ribbon to match.

A charming work-bag can be made from a small ordinary camp-stool, from which you have taken the piece of carpet usually nailed across it. In Fig. 2 you have an excellent

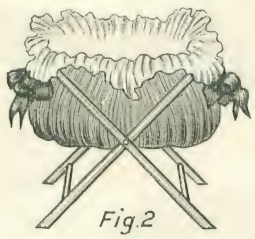


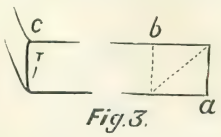
illustration by which you can easily see how the thing is done. It would be useless my giving you measurements of the silk or whatever you use for the bag, as the quantity will depend on the width of the material and the size of the wooden framework, which, by the way, you can enamel any colour you like, either to contrast or harmonise with the bag.

The bag, as you will see, is lined, and you can adjust it in two ways. If you always wish it to lie open, exactly as you see it in the illustration, you should make a runner in the bag, and stretching the tape or cord you place in it tightly across, secure it with nails to the woodwork. If you, on the other hand, wish the bag to close up, and this to be done without folding the stool, you must make the bag much deeper, and placing a second runner within about 5 inches of the top, be able to draw it up easily. A green stool, with green plush bag, lined with pale pink or heliotrope lining, would be very pretty. Of course, sateen or some cheap material could be used, and when finished off with bows at the corners be still very pretty. These bags, I may say, sell very well indeed at a bazaar.

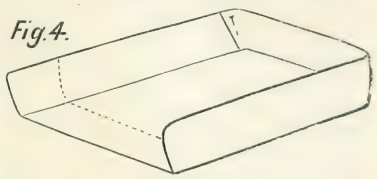
Cases for the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, or any large paper, can be easily made. Two pieces of millboard, about half an inch larger than the paper it is intended for, are covered with any material selected, the word *Graphic*, etc., being embroidered in large letters across the upper cover. The two sides are then sewn together to a narrow piece of the same material, so as to allow for the thickness of the paper. A stout elastic is placed inside, and the paper can thus be slipped in and out easily. *Postal Guide* and *Bradshaw* covers can be very easily made in the same way.

People who live in the country often like to give or send cut flowers to their friends, and the difficulty about baskets often presents itself. It is not seldom very inconvenient to lend them, and if the borrower lives at a distance he often does not know how he is to get the basket back to its owner. Much as he appreciates the contents, he would often rather not have the flowers than the trouble involved in returning the receptacle to its owner; on the other hand, the giver of flowers often lends her baskets with small hope of ever seeing them again, for they are often forgotten if not kept for a very long time. Now a very good arrangement is to make a basket out of common brown paper. This is done very quickly, and as it is almost costless it is, of course, not intended to be returned.

Take a piece of brown paper longer than it is broad, and fold the border down all round. In Fig. 3 you will see how the corners are



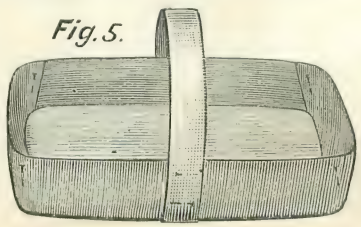
done, *a* being folded up to *b*, and then pinned as you see in *c*. In Fig. 4 you see how the basket looks with one side pinned down.



When all the corners are finished, take a band of brown paper doubled or folded four times, and pass it under the basket, pinning it there as well as at the sides. An examination of the illustration will best show how this is done. This basket is quite strong enough to hold a large number of flowers.

It is useful to make baskets like this at bazaars, and sell them at a small price for people to carry away the flowers they buy in.

Baskets of this kind can be ornamented with crinkled paper, and if tastefully arranged are pretty for holding cakes, fruit, etc., at school treats.



DOROTHY'S CAREER.

CHAPTER I

ASPIRATIONS.

It was not a quarrel.

Dorothy said so, and surely she ought to know; on the other hand, Jack said it was a quarrel, and he was the only other person present, and his opinion goes for something.

They both of them told Mrs. Bruce, Dorothy's mother, about it, but there was a slight discrepancy in their stories. Jack had the first word, and this was his version of what had occurred, stripped of certain flowers of speech with which he thought necessary to embellish it.

"It is all the fault of this over-education, Mrs. Bruce. Dorothy's head has been full of all this rubbish about a career, and the higher life, and self-culture, and the position of women ever since she left college. And at last it has come to this;" and Mr. Jack Denton threw himself back in a chair, looking the picture of despair.

"What has it come to, Jack?" said Mrs. Bruce, gently.

"Why, Dorothy has refused me, not because she does not care for me; I could bear it better if that were her reason, but it is just because she wants to have a career; she wants to be famous; she wants to go to London and have a studio of her own, and become a Miss Raphael or a Miss Michel-Angelo. She can't be content to be the sweetest wife man ever had, but must rush off and try to be a great artist. She will never be a great artist; no woman ever was in my opinion, and I am sure Dorothy won't be," said Mr. Denton, angrily.

"Dorothy is a very clever artist, so I am told," said Dorothy's mother.

"Yes, she is; that's the worst of it. She has plenty of talent, so have hundreds of girls, but she has not genius; talent alone is of very little use in these days, there is too much of it. But it is not Dorothy's fault; I am not blaming her; it is the system of women's education now, which goes to make them despise the natural and the highest duties of womanhood, viz., to be good wives and good mothers, and makes them rush into the world to become anything else—artists, authors, muses, journalists, lecturers, market-gardeners, and the nineteenth century alone knows what else."

"But, Jack, surely you are the last man in the world who ought to complain of women being over-educated, when you are a university extension lecturer."

"It is quarrelling with my bread-and-butter you think? Well, I allow there is one good in higher-education; the university extension movement provides a new occupation for men. But it is Dorothy I want to talk about, Mrs. Bruce. Shall you really let her go and live in London with this friend, and waste her life trying to get a picture into the Academy?"

"I don't think it is waste of time, Jack; no doubt she will succeed in doing so," said Mrs. Bruce, who was secretly fond of her daughter's talent.

"Oh, I daresay she will! worse pictures than Dorothy can paint now are hung every year; but what is it to lead to? She might marry me, and yet get a picture in the Academy; I don't ask her to give up her painting, but no, she is wedded to Art, she says; she must give herself up to it entirely or she will never succeed."

"I would rather see Dorothy a happy wife than a successful artist, I confess, Jack, but still, from her point of view, I think she is right; if she marries she must give up all idea of being famous, or a great artist—all idea of artistic success."

"Famous! a great artist! My dear Mrs. Bruce, my subject, as you know, is Italian art, so I may be presumed to know something about painting, not to mention the fact that I am art-critic on one or two papers; and I tell you what I can't tell Dorothy, she will never be a great artist, never be famous. She may sell a few pictures and exhibit a few, and, perhaps, get a pupil or two, I don't think she will ever even make a living out of it; if she does, that will be more than I expect, and for this she spoils my life and throws away her own happiness," and Mr.



DOROTHY.

Denton rose and stamped angrily about the room.

He was a tall, well-built man, clean-shaven, with close-curling hair turning grey, fiery eyes, and a mouth which denoted strength of will, a fine forehead, not a handsome face quite, but a hearty, intellectual countenance; altogether a striking-looking man of about thirty years of age.

"But, you see, Jack, Dorothy thinks her best chance of happiness lies in the pursuit of art, not in marriage."

"She won't think so ten years hence," said Mr. Denton grimly.

"Perhaps, if she goes to London, you will see more of her than you do now."

"Oh, no, I shall not! I am not to interfere with her career—that has been made pretty clear to me. I am not likely to see her again, unless I come down here when she is at home for her holidays. I presume she will occasionally take a holiday," said Mr. Denton in a satirical tone.

By all this Mrs. Bruce perceived he was very angry with Dorothy, and, much as she sympathised with him, she could not blame her daughter. Moreover, being a mother, and not being a University Extension lecturer and an art-critic into the bargain, she was more hopeful about Dorothy's career as an artist than Mr. Denton was.

When he was gone, she put on her bonnet and went to meet Dorothy, who was on the sands with her younger brothers and sisters. The children were building a sand castle when Mrs. Bruce arrived, and Dorothy was sitting on a rock watching them and looking very thoughtful. Was she regretting the step she had just taken? Was she sorry she had refused Jack Denton? Was she still bent on going to London and studying painting seriously if her father consented?

Mrs. Bruce was not sure. The red lips were set as firmly as Mr. Denton's had been just lately, but there was a soft, sweet, dreamy look in the great brown eyes which seemed to contradict the expression of the mouth.

"Now, mother, look! The castle is finished! See, it is nearly as tall as Dorothy. We have been all the afternoon making it. Now see me climb to the top of it," said Tom, an urchin in knickerbockers. He proceeded to do so; of course with the result that he upset the sand castle and was buried in the ruins, to the great delight of his brothers.

"Ah, we cannot climb as high as we build, Tom!" said Mrs. Bruce, with a significant look at Dorothy.

"Not if we build of sand," said Dorothy.

"Never! Our aspirations are always higher than our attainments; we never realise our own ideals."

"Surely you don't mean we should not aim at the highest, mother?"

"Nay; but the question is, what is the highest?"

"I have just answered that question for myself."

"And Jack Denton. He has just told me of your quarrel."

"It was not a quarrel. He asked me to marry him, and talked a lot of nonsense, and I refused; and so we parted with the mutual understanding that it will be much better for us not to meet again. Jack was very silly—very silly, indeed, mother," said Dorothy, laughing and blushing at the recollection of Jack's folly.

"He struck me as very angry and very much disappointed. Are you sure you have done right, Dorothy?"

"Quite sure, mother. You know I want to be famous, I want to be a great artist, and to do that, I must give up all idea of marriage, and work hard and cultivate what talent I may have to the utmost of my power. If I marry Jack I shall have to sacrifice my career."

"Yes, you can't do both. The question is which is the higher life, which will in the long run prove the happier?"

"There can't be any doubt about that, mother. Of course an artistic life is the higher and the happier; anyone can be a wife, but anyone can't be a great artist."

"I don't agree with you, Dorothy. The highest life for a woman is to be a good wife and a good mother; there is more scope for self-sacrifice in that life than in any other. There is a great tendency nowadays to despise the duties of wives and mothers: but they are the noblest, and the holiest, and the highest duties God calls us women to perform. And moreover, those women who have been famous and have not been also wives and mothers, have left it on record that fame does not satisfy the nobler instincts of a woman's heart. However, you have a perfect right to decide for yourself. All I say is, don't despise the natural ties and duties of women; remember we live in a highly unfilial age, in which it is the fashion to sneer at home-life with its many trials and many blessings."

Dorothy did not answer.

Her mother had old-fashioned notions, and did not understand her modern restlessness and craving for a career; and with the assurance of youth fortified by her education, the girl consoled herself with the reflection that she was right.

That evening Mr. Bruce, on being told by his wife what had happened between his eldest daughter and Mr. Denton, gave his consent to Dorothy's going to London to study painting and share a studio with an artist friend, the daughter of a poor clergyman in the town in which they lived, who was an artist from necessity not from choice.

A week later Mr. Jack Denton had started on a tour of lectures in the West of England, and Dorothy and her friend were installed in their London lodgings.

(To be continued.)

ALL ABOUT THE EMERALD.

By EMMA BREWER.

"The emerald burns intensely bright,
With radiance of an olive light;
This is the faith that highest shines,
No need of charity declines,
And seeks no rest and shuns no strife
In working out a holy life."

STRANGELY curious are the traditions concerning emeralds, and the way they have been guarded from falling into the hands of man. It seems as though the spirit of evil recognised the purifying influence of these stones upon the human race, and therefore put every possible obstacle in the way of those who sought them. And oddly enough the belief that demons, griffins and wicked spirits guard the emerald mines, wherever they may be, is as potent in this nineteenth century as in times gone by. A miraculous solution of the origin of emeralds is given in Forbes' *Oriental Memoirs*. "A person was watching a swarm of fire-flies in an Indian grove one moonlight night. After hovering for a time in the moonbeams one particular fire-fly more brilliant than the rest alighted on the grass and there remained. The spectator struck by its fixity, and approaching to ascertain the cause, found not an insect but an emerald, which he appropriated and wore in a ring."

We have not yet discovered those African mines whence the ancients drew their splendid stones, and the first we have any account of are those in Scythia, where the finest Oriental emeralds were said to have their home in gold mines. But they might almost as well not have existed so impossible was it for man to force an entrance. Access to them was strictly guarded, so goes the account, by ferocious griffins who built their nests there, and who were constantly at work in the bowels of the earth searching for gold and emeralds, which having found they would hide and never give up to ordinary mortals. So the only thing to be done was to apply for help to a nation of pigmy Cyclops, a people with only one eye, and that in their forehead, whose home was in Scythia, near the river with golden sands, and whose occupation was to wage war against their natural enemies the griffins, monstrous animals that robbed them of the gold of their river and the emeralds of their mines.

These fictions were testified to as facts by Pliny and Strabo and other well known authorities; it is therefore no wonder that the mystery which enveloped the finding of the emerald should so long have remained undispelled.

Only a little more than seventy years ago when Monsieur Caillard was working the Mount Zebarah emerald mines in Egypt, he discovered that the superstitious fears and fancies which had ruled the people of long ago were now fully possessed by the Arabs, a deputation of whom waited upon him in order to caution him against sleeping near the emerald caves, as they were the refuge of snakes, wolves, and other beasts of prey, and more especially the abode of demons who would resent his intrusion.

Stevenson, in his *Residence in South America*, vol. ii., also bears witness to this feeling. Speaking of the emerald mine in the neighbourhood of "Las Esmeraldas," he says, "I never visited it owing to the superstitious dread of the natives, who assured me that it was enchanted and guarded by a dragon which poured forth thunder and lightning on those who dared ascend the river."

There can be no doubt that emeralds were known in remote ages, for necklaces of these beautiful stones have been discovered in Etruscan tombs, at Herculaneum and at Pompeii, as well as in the excavations of old Rome.

Evidently the ancient Egyptians used the emerald largely, for M. Caillard discovered the caves and mines in which they worked; and some of them were so large that four hundred men could work side by side; he found ropes, lamps, levers and tools of many kinds which they had evidently employed. Many fine emeralds have come from Siberia; the first of them was found accidentally in 1830 by a charcoal burner at the root of a tree on the east side of the Ural.

The Tyrolean Alps are rich in emeralds although there is no systematic working of them. Near Salzburg, for example, they are found embedded in mica slate in the sides of two tall perpendicular rocks, which are so steep as to be inaccessible except to the very few, who, willing to risk their lives, choose to let themselves down by means of ropes or *seilen* and remain suspended over the frightful chasm while they detach the emeralds with their tools. Among those who have thus ventured is a woman, who had her reward in the number of fine emeralds she secured.

For the last two centuries and more our finest emeralds have come from Peru. They are superior in colour to the African; their tints are purer, and they have less of foreign matter, which is apt to render the reflection variable. Those taken from Mount Zebarah by M. Caillard were of a pale green colour, cloudy and full of flaws. They are well-known in Cairo and Constantinople, where they are perforated for earrings. The harness of the Sultan's horses is covered with emeralds of this kind taken from Egyptian mines. The finest emeralds are of a very fine dark velvety green, and these are more frequently found in the Muzo mines north-west of Santa Fé. They are worked by a company who pay an annual rent of 24,000 dollars to the Republic of Columbia.

The great Muzo mine is a sort of tunnel of about one hundred yards deep, with very inclined walls. Mr. Streeter says that on the summit of the mountains and quite near to the mouth of the mine are large lakes shut off by means of water-gates, which can be easily shifted when the miners require water. The matrix of the emerald is here a sort of pitchy limestone rich in carbon and embedded in red sandstone and clay slate. "To obtain the emeralds," Mr. Streeter continues, "the workmen begin by cutting steps on the inclined walls of the mine in order to get firm resting-places for their feet. The overseer places the men at certain distances from each other to cut a wide step with the help of pickaxes. The loosened stones fall by their own weight to the bottom of the mine. When this begins to fill, a sign is given to let the waters loose. These rush down with great vehemence, carrying the fragments of rock with them through the mountain into the basin. This operation is repeated until the beds are exposed in which the emeralds lie. The stones are sometimes accompanied by beautiful crystals of iron pyrites. Sometimes an emerald is found in fragments, which when placed together form one beautiful crystal. Again it is not an unusual thing for the emerald to break after its separation from the matrix or home, but this can be prevented by placing the stones in a vessel for some days, and protecting them from the rays of the sun."

The emeralds occur in pockets, therefore the mining may for some time be unprofitable and disheartening, when suddenly the reward comes in a discovery of good stones.

It may be a matter of surprise that India, to which we naturally turn as the home of all things rare and beautiful, was not entrusted by mother nature with the housing and care of the emerald, which is a gem of high personal character, subtle and exquisite colour, and possessing ennobling and healing virtues. India loves it and imports it, but has not the honour of producing it. It has, however the credit of naming it—the origin of emerald being a Sanskrit word signifying green—the root of the word in Eastern tongues means a something that waves about like a bright green seaweed.

How the emerald came by its beautiful colour is far from being perfectly understood, notwithstanding all that science has taught us.

There is nothing for it but to take M. Babinet's advice, which is "to admire without penetrating the secret of the unparalleled red of the ruby, the pure yellow of the topaz, the unmingled greenness of the emerald, the soft blue of the sapphire, and the rich violet of the amethyst, and be content to leave the unravelling of the mystery to posterity."

Of course the age in which we live is not barren of suggestions or lacking in opinions as to the colouring of the emerald. According to some scientific men it is derived from the decomposition of animals which have lived in a bygone age and whose remains are now found fossilised in the rock which forms the home of this precious stone, while others are of opinion that the colour is due to oxide of chromium.

When an emerald is possessed of a tint of beautiful quality it is one of the rarest and most precious of stones and valued at a quarter above that of the diamond of like size. It is so rare that few have ever seen a full-sized perfect emerald. The following anecdote will show the value set upon it and why.

It is related by a physician that his brother, a jeweller, received of Francescus Maria Prince of Urbine a very large sum of money to buy him an emerald, of the weight of eight grains of wheat, most pure and Oriental, that by it he might receive alleviation in an infirmity with which he was troubled withal.

A bishop writing A.D. 640, says, "The emerald surpasses in its greenness all green stones and even the leaves of plants, and imparts to the air around it a green shimmer, and its colour is most soothing to the eyes of those engaged in cutting and polishing the stone."

Pliny recognised it as being refreshing to weak eyes. "If," he says, "the sight hath been wearied and dimmed by intentive poring upon anything else, beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again."

Before we go into the interesting subject of the mysterious properties of the emerald, which have endeared it to the rich and wise in all ages, we must look into the matter of its composition and observe of what materials mother nature has formed it. For seeing how many and great powers were appointed to guard its exit from home, it must surely be made of superior materials to those with which she formed the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. And yet we are not surprised on the

whole to find that if she could make pearls of lime, diamonds of carbon, and rubies of clay, she could have no difficulty in forming emeralds out of sand or silica, and this is exactly what she has done with the help of a little alumina and glucina. This last is a rare substance, and up to this time has only been found in the emerald and two other stones; it is distinguished from other earths by its sweetness. Chemists say that the greater the quantity of glucina in an emerald the deeper is its green tint.

Silica, or sand, which forms the basis of the emerald, is used in many other ways; it is a chief ingredient in all kinds of glass, from the "green bottle" to the plate and flint glass. It is the peculiar treatment that these common materials receive which raises them to the aristocracy of precious stones. It seems to us scarcely possible that the silver sand used in our kitchens and sculleries can have anything in common with the exquisite and valuable emerald.

Just as the precious stones we have already noticed have their doubles in an inferior variety, so the emerald has close relationship with the beryl and aquamarine, which are practically the same mineral, though with certain differences. To the chemist, these may be trivial, but to the jeweller they are most important, as the one is almost priceless, while the others, although most attractive, can scarcely be reckoned as valuable. One great distinguishing mark is the colour, which in the emerald is a perfect green that seems to flash upon the surrounding objects and is unsurpassed by any other gem, whilst that of the beryl is yellow, and that of the aquamarine, a light-blue or sea-green, probably due to the presence of a small quantity of oxide of iron.

The system of crystallisation is the same in all three, viz., hexagonal or six-sided prisms.

An emerald of a deep rich grass-green, clear and free from flaws, is worth from £20 to £40 a carat, while that of a lighter shade is worth much less, varying from 5s. to £15 a carat.

No other gem has been counterfeited with such perfection as the emerald, and it is sometimes almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the real by the aid of the eye alone. One of the treasures forming part of Alaric's spoils in the 6th century was what is known in history as King Solomon's emerald table. It is described by enthusiastic Arab writers as a marvel of beauty, being formed of a single slab of solid emerald encircled with three rows of fine pearls, and supported on 365 feet of gold and gems. It is probably a specimen of the ingenuity of the glass workers of Tyre or Alexandria, and not a true emerald as it was believed to be. No doubt a great ignorance prevails about precious stones among the wearers and owners; as a proof the following is related by A. H. Church, Esq.

"A jeweller was showing a customer a bracelet beautifully set with green garnets of Bobrowska. The lady admired the stones and workmanship immensely, but spoke of the stones as emeralds. The jeweller, who was honest, said 'they are not emeralds, but a rare sort of garnet from the Ural mountains.' 'Well, after all,' said the lady, 'I don't very much care for this bracelet; show me another.' Not that she knew of any real objection to these garnets, which is that they are not quite hard enough to stand wear and tear."

The true emerald became much less rare in Europe after the conquest of Peru. The Spaniards possessed themselves of the hoards which had been increasing for centuries in the hands of the priests of the goddess Esmeralda, who was supposed to dwell in an emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg. These priests persuaded the people that the goddess esteemed the offering of emeralds higher than any other, and so on fêtes and holy days immense numbers were brought by the worshippers as devotional offerings.

Although a great many of these were ignorantly broken by the conquerors, Cortez was able to present a hundredweight of emeralds to the King of Spain, besides several of exquisite and rare beauty which he gave to his bride on her marriage with him, and which created envy in the heart of the Queen of Spain and his loss of favour at court.

There can be no doubt that emeralds were known and venerated in remote ages. It was the fourth of the gems mentioned in the Bible as worn in the breastplate of the high priest. They are mentioned in the 27th Chapter of Ezekiel: "Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of wares of thy making; they occupied thy fairs with emerald, purple and broidered work, fine linen, agate and coral." The emerald is mentioned also in Rev. xxi. 19, as the fourth foundation of the New Jerusalem, and again in the 4th chapter and 3rd verse, where the rainbow of the New Covenant is spoken of as like unto an emerald, ever precious, beautiful, and refreshing.

The emerald held a very high place in the esteem of the ancients; it represented to them hope in immortality, exalted faith and victory over sin, and was endowed by them with very high attributes. It was an old Hebrew tradition that if a snake or serpent fixed its eye upon the lustre of the emerald, it immediately became blind. Thus Moore in "Lalla Rookh" says,

> "Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
> Upon the emerald's virgin blaze."

It was supposed to possess powerful medicinal qualities. Taken internally, it was considered a cure for venomous bites, fever and leprosy; if powerless to cure the evil, it shivered into atoms; applied to the lips it was declared to stop hemorrhage; worn round the neck, it dispelled vain terrors, was a restorer of sight and memory, and brought victory to the wearer. It was a firm belief that it taught the knowledge of secrets and future events. It is wonderful how these little bits of stones became endowed with such extraordinary virtues!

Objects were supposed to appear in a more favourable light when seen through an emerald, which explains why Nero used one when looking at the combats of the gladiators. It was an old belief that he who dreamed of green gems would become renowned and meet with truth and fidelity, while on the other hand, the falling of an emerald from its setting was regarded as an ill-omen to the wearer, and this last superstition obtains even in our day.

When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown. America was lost in his reign, and was considered by many to have been thus foreshadowed.

When the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened his bones were enveloped in Roman vestments, and round his neck, attached to a large chain of gold links, there hung a talisman consisting of a piece of the true cross and a beautiful emerald. The burghers of Aix-la-Chapelle presented it to Napoleon when he entered that town in 1811. One day in playful mood he threw it over the neck of Queen Hortense, declaring that he had worn it on his breast at battles as he supposed Charlemagne had done before him. From that day she never laid aside the precious relic.

Queen Elizabeth sent to Henry IV., the champion of the reformed faith, a beautiful emerald which she herself had worn. She gave it as a token of esteem, and reminded him that the gem possessed the virtue of not breaking so long as faith remained firm and entire.

The superstitious beliefs concerning the emerald suggested to Miss Landon the following beautiful lines—

"It is the gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring,
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.

Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no colour in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone.

Take back your gift and give me mine,
The kiss that sealed our last love vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,
My kiss is lost and sullied now!

The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And more than either you are changed;
But my true love has altered not,
My heart is broken, not estranged."

Very few engraved emeralds have descended to us from ancient times. This is not due to the hardness of the stone, but that it was evidently exempted on account of its beauty and great value. There is one, however, in the Devonshire gems of great antiquity and of great value, a large emerald cut into a gorgon's head in high relief.

Another with a history was the ring belonging to Polycrates, B.C. 530, which he was induced to throw into the sea as an offering to the gods for forty years of prosperity It was an exquisite emerald, and he grieved over the loss of it; but a few days later he received a present of a large fish in which his ring was found.

The Shah of Persia has a little casket of gold studded with emeralds which is said to have been blessed by Mahomet, and has the property of rendering the royal wearer invisible as long as he remains unmarried.

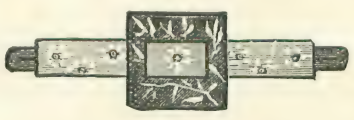
The emerald was formerly much used for ornaments of dress and carriages. At the famous marriage-feast of Alexander and his eighty companions with their beautiful Persian brides, emeralds seem to have been the favourite gem worn, and to have been esteemed above all other ornaments except the beautiful pearls of the Persian Gulf.

Pliny says that Paulina at the banquet was literally covered with emeralds and pearls in alternate rows.

Queen Elizabeth used precious stones almost recklessly. On the occasion of her visit to Tilbury a contemporary poet wrote—

"He happy was that could but see her coach,
The sides whereof beset with emeralds
And diamonds, with sparkling rubies red
In checkerwise by strange invention
With curious knots embroidered with gold."

In the fabulous life of Alexander the Great, printed towards the close of the 15th century, the hero found in the palace of the vanquished monarch many and great treasures, among which was a vine having its branches of gold, its leaves of emeralds, and its fruit of other precious stones.



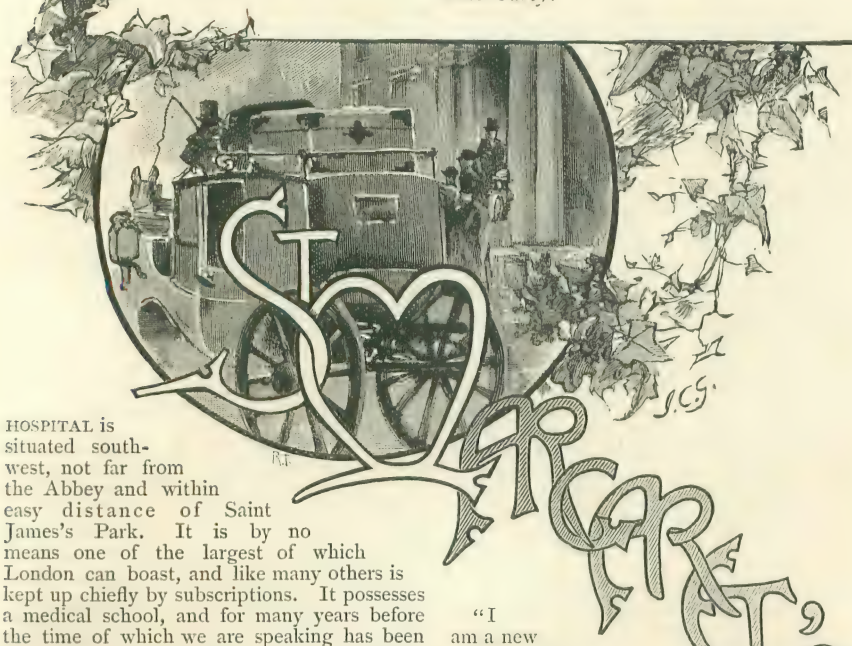
THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

CHAPTER II.

STARTING WORK.

"Is it not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours?
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or flowers."
Alice Carey.

By SISTER JOAN.



HOSPITAL is situated south-west, not far from the Abbey and within easy distance of Saint James's Park. It is by no means one of the largest of which London can boast, and like many others is kept up chiefly by subscriptions. It possesses a medical school, and for many years before the time of which we are speaking has been the means of alleviating much suffering, by giving skilled aid and many comforts to those who would have sought vainly for either in their own homes. Many an aged man or woman found rest within its walls. Those who were brought in suffering from the effects of accidents or from acute forms of disease were promptly and skilfully tended. Children, too, of all ages were admitted, from babies of a few weeks old, and many who had had but little love at home (if home the place could be called where they were ushered into the world) found love and sympathy here. Tears were often shed at parting from nurse, who had been to the child almost a mother. Heartrending, indeed, would be the stories the wards might reveal could they but speak and relate the varying circumstances which brought each occupant to his bed. Sickness, sorrow, poverty, aye, and often sin would make up much of the tale, whilst death, that last dread visitant, would again and again close the record.

The day's work was over as far as most of the medical students were concerned, and they might be seen in groups in the hall, talking with eager voices before they separated. A four-wheeler stopped outside the flight of steps leading to the hospital, and stood unnoticed until a peal from the hall-bell directed every eye to the door.

"Here's another case for you, Ashton," said a fair-haired youth who was possessed of a slight amount of moustache and had the appearance at least of being more elderly than some of the number, to a tall dark man who was passing by. The voices, however, ceased as a cabman with a neat bullock trunk on his shoulder, followed by a young lady, simply dressed, entered the hall.

"Here you be, Miss," he said, "this be Saint Margaret's 'Orspital," and down went the box. The girl looked shy and confused, and turned to the porter who had come in answer to the bell, saying—

"I am a new nurse, can you tell me where I shall find the matron?"

"Oh," said he, "but you don't live here, you lives in the nusses' home, and that's just round the corner. You will find the matron there now," and after telling the cabman where to go, stood and watched them down the steps.

"A new probationer," said one. "I wonder what she'll be like?" "Going to make up to her," said another? "Well," said a third, "I hope she won't be put with King George. My! isn't it thundery there in a morning, sometimes!"

The cab with its tired occupant meanwhile crossed a square and stopped in front of a large building with a door possessed of a brass plate on which was engraved, "Home for Nurses." There can be no doubt, thought Constance, about this being the right place, and evidently the cabman shared her thought, for instead of questioning her as to whether he should ring or ask if he was right, as he had done at the hospital, he dismounted from his box, and running up a short flight of steps rang the bell with some force, saying kindly as he opened the door for her to alight, "Right this time, miss."

A servant in a print dress opened the door, and in reply to Constance's inquiry said the matron was in, but that she was engaged; however, she was expected and had best go at once to her room. When the man was paid and the great hall-door closed, Constance felt very much like running away; but she tried to feel brave, and was preparing to follow the servant, when she turned and said,

"I guess you'd like your things up with you, and if you take one side I don't mind giving you a hand with it, and you can jest be settling yourself in," she added, not unkindly.

Constance thankfully accepted the offer in spite of a feeling of surprise at being expected to assist herself in carrying her luggage to her room. She took the handle at one end as she was told, and followed the servant at a brisk pace up two flights of stone stairs and along a passage with doors at each side, and on each door a number. Thirty-two stood ajar, and the servant pushed it open and entered. "This is your room," she said, as she put down the box. "When matron's disengaged I'll just let her know as how you've come, and she'll sure to see you. Tea is at five, and it only wants a quarter." So saying, she departed.

Constance looked round her little room. What was it that made a great lump rise in her throat? Possibly the memory of her own little sanctum at home. She was also tired and very cold. This is very much smaller than the servant's room at home, she said to herself, and just a tiny strip of carpet by the bed. How cheerless the bare boards look! Certainly the little bed was made, and very clean and comfortable it appeared. There was a wooden chair, a chest of drawers with a looking-glass and a small washstand, and there was not room for much more. She went to her window, drew the blind aside and peered out into the darkness. Omnibuses and cabs were driving hither and thither, and across the square she could see the long rows of lights in the ward windows, and dimly discern the outline of the hospital. She took off her hat and jacket and was searching for her key to open her trunk, when a knock came at the door and a nurse entered.

"Mrs. Faithful sent me to show you the way to her room. You are Nurse Constance, I suppose," she said, "and I may as well introduce myself as Nurse Burdett."

She had a pleasant face and gentle manners, and looked to Constance the very ideal of a nurse in her clean print dress and apron, and neat little mob cap.

"You are tired, I expect," she went on, noticing something much like tears on Constance's face. "Have you travelled far?"

Constance felt almost like choking as she replied, "From York. Yes, I am rather tired, but I shall be all right to-morrow."

She followed her companion through the long passage and down the flight of stone stairs into a small but pleasant-looking room. An elderly lady dressed in black and with snowy-white hair was seated at a writing-table. She got up as they entered, and telling Nurse Burdett she might leave them, greeted her new probationer.

Constance noticed at once that she had a stern face, though she looked kindly at her, and she thought she was as stately as a queen. She made her sit down and warm herself, whilst she asked her a few questions, and told her she should begin work next morning, but that she need not go to the hospital by seven as the others did, as she would take her across herself after the doctor's morning visit. She then rose and led the way across the hall to a large room from which the sound of voices intermingled with cups and saucers reached them.

"Nurse MacMahon," said Mrs. Faithful as she entered the room, and a nurse seated with a large tea-tray before her rose as she spoke, "I wish to introduce our new probationer, Nurse Constance. You are president, so I will place her in your charge. Let her have a cap and apron ready by morning." And turning to Constance, added, "You must be quite ready for tea."

Constance looked at the nurse in whose charge she had been placed: she was of medium height, and in spite of thin compressed lips, had rather good features, with jet-black hair and eyes, but there was something about her face which made Constance instinctively feel she would not like her. "Your seat will be at the other end, the last one always takes the bottom of the table," and turning to her neighbour said almost aloud, "we'll take her down a bit to begin with." Constance turned towards the seat indicated, the colour mounting to her pale face as the remark caught her ear. Just at that moment, however, she observed a nurse with a pleasant cheery face making a sign to her to come and sit by her. "This will be your chair," she said; "your arrival has sent me up one, but I am glad," she added, "we shall be together; I hope you will soon feel quite at home."

Constance felt grateful for these few kind words, but dare not trust herself to speak. She took the cup of tea which was passed to her, but declined the thickly cut slices of bread and butter. There were about twenty nurses altogether at tea, and Constance felt almost amused as she saw the numerous hunks of bread and butter disappearing so quickly, and could hardly fancy they would ever seem appetising to her.

It was not a tedious meal; one after another rose as she finished and left the room. The president remained till nearly all had gone, and then remarked, "If any of you want more tea you must help yourselves, as I've no time to spare." She got up and left the room, presently however returning with a handful of muslin, which she placed beside Constance, saying, "You see what our caps are like, and you will have plenty of time during class to make one for yourself."

Constance glanced hopelessly at the speaker's head-dress, but Nurse Rose seeing her troubled look, said, "I will lend you a cap and apron for to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," said Nurse MacMahon, "then I'll hand her over to you, but mind she's ready for matron in the morning," then looking at her watch, exclaimed, "Why, it only wants a quarter to six, and the table not cleared yet." She pulled the bell violently, and left the room.

"Will you come with me," said Nurse Rose, "and we can see if my things will fit you, and whilst we are at class I can help you to make the cap: they are quite easy to do, really, though I'm sure I felt as if I could never make one when I first tried; I have been here about two months now; Nurse Dorothy was president when I came; you will like her, I'm sure, she is so very kind, not fit to be mentioned on the same day with Nurse MacMahon," she added in a lower key.

Constance followed Nurse Rose into a room the same size as her own, but full of so many pretty things and with such an air of comfort about everything that it looked quite homelike.

"Oh! what a sweet little room," she said.

"Yes, they are not bad rooms; the worst part of them is that they are only wooden partitions, and if you speak at all loudly your neighbours can hear. We must make haste so as not to be late. There! that apron fits you exactly, we are just about the same height, you see; now for the cap. You really look very nice in it," she said as she gave it a final touch, "just look at yourself."

Constance turned towards the glass and appeared quite satisfied with what she saw there, for she smiled and thanked her friend.

"You have not got unpacked yet, have you?"

"No," said Constance, "I had not been in long when Mrs. Faithful sent for me."

"Ah, well, I'll bring needles and cotton; we can get a cap made to-night quite easily."

The class was held in the same room where the nurses had their tea, but now the cloth was removed and they were seated around the table each with pencil and note-book; most of them had work of some kind in their hands. Constance and Rose slipped into their places just as the matron entered. Mrs. Faithful took her seat at the top, and turning to Nurse MacMahon said she was very glad that she had so soon seen to the new-comer, and she was sure she would do her best to make her feel at home. MacMahon received the praise with a smile quite as though she deserved it. Constance longed so much to say that Nurse Rose had lent her the things, only she was far too shy at present to hazard such a remark. The class was about beds and bed-making, and the ways of lifting helpless patients. It was a free-and-easy kind of class, and ended in a pleasant conversation. Constance was feeling tired, and found it quite impossible to fix her attention; her thoughts would wander home. What were they doing now, and did they miss her; oh, if she could only be alone to think quietly!

Mrs. Faithful rose at last, and as she left the room she said, "If Nurse Constance prefers going to her room she need not wait for prayers. Nurse Rose," she added, "you will have to change wards to-morrow. Sister King George will spare you when the morning's work is done; you will go to Sister Hamilton."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Nurse Burdett as the door closed, "I fear you are to go to King George. It is a men's medical, and the work is so hard." She stopped, regretting she had said so much.

"Very good thing," put in MacMahon, "there is nothing like roughing it at first."

"May I go to my room now," said Constance as the nurses were dispersing.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," replied Burdett, "if you do not want supper; but it will be ready here in half an hour."

"No, I want nothing more to-night, thank you; but what time do we get up in the morning?"

"Breakfast is supposed to be ready by half-past six, any way we have to be in our wards by seven: you will be sure to hear the bell to-morrow, though in time you may be able to sleep through it."

Constance said good-night to Nurse Burdett and Nurse Rose, and very thankful did she feel, when she had reached number thirty-two, to be alone. She took a few things from her box, with the resolve to unpack and straighten her room: but alas, she only made a general litter, and at sight of some little home relic gave herself up to a good cry. Why she wept she could not say. True, it was all very different from what she had expected, still she did not wish to run away from it, at least not yet: the very thought of returning home vanquished made her at once feel braver, and she determined not to be discouraged. She was soon asleep, and in spite of the bed feeling hard, and the many unfamiliar sounds, she did not waken until the loud ringing of a bell



"SHE TOOK A FEW THINGS FROM HER BOX."

disturbed her. It was quite dark. Could there be a fire, she thought? She lighted her gas and opened the door; all was quiet; turning she looked at her watch, a quarter to six, she remembered that breakfast was at half-past.

It was a bitterly cold morning, and it seemed a dreadful thing to breakfast in mid-winter at such an hour. Movements could now be heard in the rooms on either side of her own, also the sound of feet running along the passage, and voices calling one to another. She dressed as quickly as she could amidst her litter of unpacked things, and found her way downstairs to the room she had been in the night before, feeling very much as though it was night instead of day. The room was empty, a small fire looking as though it had not been long in existence burnt in the grate. The table was laid ready for breakfast; a large coffee-pot stood at one end with cups and saucers and at the other end was a piece of boiled bacon. Loaves of bread and two plates containing pats of butter were in the centre. Two or three nurses ran in and exclaimed loudly at the bad fire, saying, "no chance of toast this morning." Each helped herself to what was there and poured out her own coffee; it certainly looked hot and inviting. The last nurse offered to pour out some for Constance, saying, "When Nurse MacMahon is president we all help ourselves or we should never be at the hospital and in our wards by seven." Constance took the coffee and helped herself to bread and butter. The seats were filled one by one, the last comers generally having on bonnets and cloaks, and hardly eating any breakfast: whether they were down punctually or not, they seemed to think it most important that they should not be late at their wards. Two or three spoke kindly to Constance and said she would soon feel at home. They chatted pleasantly amongst themselves, and certainly did not look as though they were worn out with either work or care. Nurse MacMahon was the last to enter, and did not seem so anxious as some of the others to be over soon: any way she ate a very good breakfast, grumbled at the coffee being cold, and on noticing Constance, remarked, "New brooms sweep clean;" finally calling to the last one to wait for her she bounced out of the room. Nurse Burdett had told Constance she must make her own bed and leave her room tidy, so she set about doing this, and then awaited an order from Mrs. Faithful to go to the hospital. She was dressed in a simple but well-made black merino dress, with a close-fitting jacket and princess bonnet, and carried her cap and apron in her hand. The great hall was empty as they passed through it, except for one porter, and though Constance had done, as she thought, a considerable amount of nursing at home, yet the interior of a hospital was utterly unknown to her, and she felt a sickening sense of fear creeping over her as Mrs. Faithful led the way through long corridors to the ward where she was to begin work. A nurse dressed in navy blue and with long streamers from her cap stood in the doorway with her back to them, giving some parting order in a shrill voice: she turned on hearing footsteps.

"Good morning, sister," said the matron, "I am bringing you a new probationer. This is Sister King George," turning to Constance; "do everything you are told," she added kindly, "and you will soon learn to be a good nurse. How are all your patients," she added, addressing the sister. "I hear poor Terry died last night; very sad for his wife, it must have been so sudden."

Constance stood half-listening to the conversation half wishing she could awake and find it had all been a dream. They were standing now in a long ward, about fifteen beds on either side, and she could see as she looked along the row of faces many a line left there by pain and sorrow. One or two she noticed were propped up in bed looking flushed and breathing quickly, and, oh, she said to herself as she listened, what terrible coughs they have! It was a bright pleasant-looking ward, with windows at one end and along both sides. A table stood in the centre on which was a case of ferns, and one or two palms. There was a couch and several comfortable-looking chairs, two of which (standing beside a brightly-burning fire) were occupied. The polished floor was beautifully bright, and as Constance soon had reason to discover very slippery and difficult to walk on, until well-used to it. There were several pictures on the walls, and here and there illuminated texts: one specially attracted Constance. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." She felt braver as she read the words, and a prayer went silently up that her service might thus be accepted. Her reverie was broken by a sharp voice beside her saying, "Well, nurse, you'll find there's more to do here than to stand star-gazing! Here, Nurse Briggs," addressing a nurse who was entering the ward with what looked like a large bundle of blankets in her arms, "put the child into bed, and I'll see to him, and then show this new probationer where to leave her hat and jacket. Just come back sharp," she added, "for we are all behind this morning. Oh, dear," she said to herself, "I'm fairly sick of having new probationers. No sooner does one get to be a little bit of use, than off she goes, and you must begin all over again with a fresh one. I suppose I shall have to keep an eye on her for the next few weeks, or she will be poisoning some one by giving a wrong medicine. She looks a lady, too; what such wants coming nursing, I don't know. Feared of dirtying her hands, maybe. Well, she'll have plenty to dirty them now, and I'll put up with no young lady airs. Well," she said, as Constance reappeared, "the cap suits you and I suppose you know it. Now come along, and I'll show you some of your work. We are shorthanded just now, as we ought to have two probationers, but Nurse Hetherington is away for her holidays. The junior one helps the staff nurse with her side of the ward, but she has to do it all herself just now, and you have the other side. If I am not in the ward go to Nurse Briggs, and don't do anything unless you are told to. You will find plenty of work to keep you well employed, as several of the men are very helpless. This man," pointing to a gaunt-looking creature with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks—"has phthisis, and this next one" (who was lying on his back groaning) "was brought in this morning with rheumatic fever. He cannot use either hand. The next bed is empty. A man with acute Bright's died last night."

Constance felt a shiver run through her at the very thought of the lifeless body that had so lately lain there. She had seen her little dead sister, but was she now to get quite familiar with death and feel it a common thing? It was a great relief when she heard Nurse Briggs tell the sister that she was wanted, and all further explanation was put an end to.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PIANO-PLAYER.

A LIFE PICTURE.

ALL day he played, and long into the night,
But no one cared to hear, or threw him dole,
Yet he the keyboard struck with brain alight—
Full well he knew that he should reach his goal.

"My music will be lovelier far, I trow,
Than that which came before or yet shall come";
So said the genius, but the cost was woe—
His wife to wolf-at-door must fain succumb.

Gone was the player's theme, gone was his heart,
Gone were ambition, aspiration, zeal;
Into the grave to clasp his counterpart
Was all he longed for now—his pain to heal.

Last night I heard him play in crowded hall,
Where golden-throned the vulgar fashion flaunts,
Ecstatic rounds applauded each recall;
But in the sound a sweet face weirdly haunts.

His wife he sees with sunken cheek renewed,
No longer lacks she bread nor joy nor love;
She beckons him to join the multitude
Whose better music he will share above.

So working out his own allotted time
No "goal" is reached; the praise he earns, and gold,
Are like to Dead Sea apples in their prime;
But O, at last, the glories manifold!

C. P.



EDUCATIONAL.

AMPHILLIS WINDHAM and GIPSY.—You should write for the prospectus and all necessary information to the secretary's office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W.

MILDRED.—1. We cannot tell what amount of ability you possess, nor in what department. You might be a clever housekeeper, or dressmaker, or mathematician, or nurse, or anything else, yet not good at learning shorthand. You might possibly be able to teach yourself (not learn yourself), but we think that a few lessons would be essential at first.—2. Your writing is not formed.—3. "Clarise" is only a variation of "Clara," which is the Latin for "bright."

MISS GOODRICH-FREER.—We are happy to remind our readers who are seeking for remunerative work of the women's branch of the Horticultural College at Swanley, Kent, and thank you for your new information and prospectus. Five scholarships of the value of £60 per annum each, and some at £30 are open to competition among girls of between fifteen and twenty years of age. It is desirable that well-educated ladies should apply for such training as this valuable college affords. The course occupies two years, when there is a diploma exam. Board and residence with tuition, £70 per annum. Laundress, fire in a separate bed-room, and books, the only extras.

H. B. had better consult the *Englishwoman's Year Book* (Hatchards).

EGLANTINE G. B.—We regret that you are unable to afford to procure the books of reference to enable you to join our Scripture-Reading Guild; but much approve of your intention of following our course as best you may in private.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ESPERANCE.—We think you are very fortunate in having so much remunerative work to do. We can only refer you to the Articles which recently appeared in this paper on Occupations for Girls and Women. You may find a new idea amongst them.

ANXIOUS ONE (Ararat Road).—1. You should have a doctor's opinion as to the patches of red which are increasing.—2. There is no such ("nick") name as "Minnie" in the Bible.—3. Perhaps your complaint is "land-scurvy." But a doctor must decide the question, and prescribe diet and medicine.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—"At sixteen and eight months" you are not "old enough to judge for yourself," since you are walking out in turns, every Sunday, while your invalid mother "thinks you are teaching at the Sunday School!" What dreadful duplicity, apart from lack of propriety. Comment is needless.

T. S. M.—There is no special day for writing to us, nor any limit of time in answering.

ADVICE GRATIS.—1. Take a situation in a flat, or where you have not got any door-steps to clean.—2. Yes, you could become a hospital nurse if your education be sufficiently good.

GREEN PEAS.—1. Velvet may be cleaned by rubbing lightly with bacon rind; but if of a very good quality, it would be better to send it to a professional cleaner.—2. We think you had better find the guinea-pig's tail before raising the question of "the eyes falling out" "if lifted up" by that member! Someone has been making fun of you. Better make yourself a little better acquainted with Natural History—a delightful study.

ELLEN KNIBBS.—Certainly, your friend should be baptised at once. She might communicate her wish, and position, to a clergyman in a different parish, if she preferred it, and so be eligible for Holy Communion.

MONA.—Try the use of vinolia.

AN IRISHWOMAN.—You are in a highly morbid state. Marry your intended in church—preferably to going through a merely civil marriage. You should not trifle with him any longer, and have no right to ask more of him. Of course the marriage—if not within the prohibited degrees named in the Table in the Prayer Book—must be legal and binding.

MURIEL.—There is no occasion for annoying your parents by loud practising. Sing carefully, adhere to all rules, endeavour to sing with good taste and feeling; but avoid making a noise. It will not strengthen your voice to scream or bellow; but, on the contrary, may crack it. We sympathise with your parents.

E. S.—If you do not wish to call your step-mother, "Mother" you might call her "Mamma"—or some say "Mam." But you had better avoid any way of addressing her that would be likely to widen the distance between you. Rather endeavour to draw the tie closer, even by a "pet name."

MAY LEIGH.—1. All the phrases you have quoted have many times been translated for correspondents already. *Dolce far niente*, means "Sweet do nothing"—otherwise, sweet idleness. *Noblesse oblige*, means "Nobility necessitates"—or demands special high-bred, generous, or dignified conduct; and *Et tu, Brute!*—the last words of Cæsar, when he saw his special friend, Brutus, amongst his assassins—"And thou, Brutus!"—2. Your handwriting is not formed.

FLORA.—1. Never permit any man to be familiar with you, especially in the way you name, until you be actually engaged to him. Win his respect by your own self-respect and dignity.—2. You should go to a music publishers and obtain a recommendation of a good exercise book for the voice. We have no such book amongst our own publications.

EUGÉNIE.—1. We are glad that you like both England and our paper.—2. A little glycerine passed over the backs of the hands after washing them, and while wet, is very healing to them if chapped.—3. You write fairly well.

MAY.—The clock, or Victoria Tower, of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, surmounted by the belfry, is three hundred and twenty feet in height. The clock has four faces, the diameter of each being twenty-two feet; and the bell weighs nine tons. It was set up (the clock) on May 30th, 1859. The first "Big Ben" for the tower was cast in August, 1856, and proved a failure.

MARCUS WARD.—You should call to inquire for the family, and leave your card before the funeral, and afterwards; but do not ask to go in, as no visitors are expected to do so until the cards are issued returning thanks for inquiries.

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.—1. The cook should beat the steak well before dressing it.—2. There is a superstition respecting seventh children. But your escapes from death were providential. Endeavour to fulfil the work for which your life was preserved.

DISTRESSED DAUGHTERS.—We do indeed sympathise most truly with you in such an exceptionally trying position. Naturally you would wish to shut yourselves up; but it would scarcely be good for you. As soon as your mother can rejoin you, it would be well to arrange for your emigration with her; and to this end, when the time draws near, you had better go in person and have a confidential interview with Mrs. Caroline Blanchard, Honorary Secretary of the Colonial Emigration Society, which has a "loan fund" for educated women, 96, Victoria Street, S.W. You will have to write, enclosing a stamped envelope, requesting a personal interview, "under very exceptional circumstances." If this should fail, let us know.

MAUD PARKER.—You might write to Miss G. Lefroy, Honorary Secretary, United British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, London, S.W. Otherwise, you can call at that office for al necessary information, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. Should you prefer to apply to the Government Emigrants' Information Office, at 31, Broadway, Westminster, the hours of attendance are from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., excepting on Saturdays, when the office closes at 1.30 P.M.

ROSA and WILD CLEMATIS.—We should think the trouble arose from errors in diet. Leave off tea, coffee, and sugar; and avoid fat of all kinds. Eat only three meals a day, and take nothing between them; and read the articles by "Medicus" in our paper.

F. E. W.—We thank you for your kind letter. Your hand is not yet formed. Your verses, we regret to say, are incorrect in composition. Also such a line as—

"Appears a form his back upon,"

is scarcely what you would have written after a moment's reflection. Nor would you inform us that the phantom *lady* was not a *saddle*,—

"No saddle she, she rides supreme."

nor such a line as—

"Around her waves that form a zone:"

In the last verse the metre is changed. We criticise, because we think you desire it; but in no unkind spirit.

G. M. M. W. F.—Your card has crossed our thanks for your book. There is a Ladies' Employment Society, 71, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W., entrance fee, £1 1s., commission 5 per cent. Also The Ladies' Work Society, 31, Sloane Street, S.W. The Gentlewomans' Employment Club, 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., fee for entering name 6d. The Needlework Registry, 1, New Buildings, Tenter Street, Whitechapel, E. (Secretary, Miss Denison); and Miss Frith's Ladies' Embroidery Guild, 8, Fulham Road, S.W., besides many other such institutions.

GASCHY.—We are quite *unable to give* you any information as to how to obtain work in translating. Such work is not in any demand. In certain mercantile houses a clerk is kept for reading foreign correspondence and secretary work in general. You might write to publishing firms and inquire for such work.

ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—We think that the position you at present hold, even in your father's house, is little desirable for you; and, perhaps, the influence of your mother, and friends for whom he has a regard, might be exercised in your behalf. According to what you tell us of the character, position, and means of the young man who has asked for you in marriage, we think he would be unexceptionable as a suitor, especially as your mother likes him very much.

E. A. DODD.—(Secretary, 2, Petherton Road, Highbury, N.). We are happy to remind our readers of your Dorcas Society. The subscription is only 1s. per annum, the members providing six garments, ready-made, to you, for distribution amongst the poor of London. We hope this notice will help your good work.

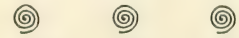
DORMOUSE.—1. We fear our little friend is somewhat too young and small to engage himself even to a playmate of his own age. But he had better lay his case before the "lady of forty-five," to whom he is attached, and let her decide the question.—2. Your little brother of four years old should not drink beer at any time. Milk, hot or cold, is the drink most suitable for his age and yours.

LILYBUD.—We invite girls to write to us, but reserve the right to decline answering when expedient so to do. The subject of instruments of torture is not a nice one for children to enter into. The "thumb-screw" was employed by the Inquisition, and was introduced into Scotland in the seventeenth century. "The boot" was another atrocious instrument of torture, used in the Privy Council and the Justiciary of Scotland. McLaurin says that it was brought from Russia—a new one—by Dalziel and Drummond during the persecutions. In Covenanting times it was used in the politico-military trials. All torture was abolished by Queen Anne; or, at least, in her reign.

UNSUCCESSFUL.—1. From your own account we think it would be wiser to be satisfied with your present position. Being merely "painstaking" would not suffice for making an artist. You should possess genius; especially in a vocation where competition is so great.—2. Read our series on "Occupations for Women," in last year's volume.

WHAT WRITERS HAVE SAID ABOUT DRESS.

"When you appear abroad be clad decently, as becomes your Age and Rank, according to the Fashion of the Race; so as that you may not look as if you thought yourself above the Rest of the World, or a Champion against the Modes and Customs of the whole Country where you live. But be sure to observe the Scripture Directory in avoiding of Prodigality."—Adam Petrie: *Rules of Good Deportment or of Good Breeding*, 1720.



"Christianity does not deny the value of dress. Christianity comes to save the world, and in doing so takes up all the good. But how is Christ to help us in the matter? In this, as in all common things, the help and goodness of Christianity comes out of its general spirit, and here is the one great principle that Christianity is in everything. It is the seeing to the body's requirements and pleasures as the soul's servant, not master; to make the soul of more account than the body, and less the religion of pleasing others rather than ourselves. I can group this question under three heads: First, Christianity condemns all extremes and extravagance in dress; second, it teaches that all elegance must be based on usefulness, and that the body is more than the raiment; third, it teaches us to value what is elegant and best, not merely for society, but for home."—Rev. Brooke Harford: *A Sermon on Dress.*



"Everything which alters or disguises Nature, proceeds from a false Taste.

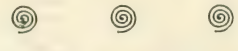
Everything which forces Nature beyond its due bounds, proceeds from a bad Taste.

Everything which eclipses the Beauties, or exposes the Defects of Nature, proceeds from a want of Taste.

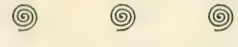
Everything which constrains Nature, or hinders the freedom of Action, proceeds from a depraved Taste.

Everything which loads Nature with superfluous Ornament, proceeds from an affectation of Taste, and, lastly,

Everything which is out of Character, is certainly out of Taste; and tho' the Fashion can never influence Taste, yet Taste should always influence the Fashion."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1738.

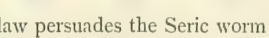


"All the island over they make their own clothes without any other distinction than that which is necessary for marking the difference between the two sexes, and the married and the unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is not ungrateful nor uneasy, so it is fitted for their climate, and calculated both for their summers and their winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned."—Sir Thomas More: *Utopia.*



"A girl not out has always the same sort of dress: a close bonnet, for instance; looks very demure, and never says a word. You may smile, but it is so, I assure you; and except that it is sometimes carried a little too far, it is all very proper that girls should be quiet and modest."—Miss Austen: *Mansfield Park.*

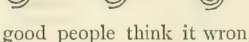
"Outwardly, in her apparel and dyet, she shall proportion according to the competency of her Husbands estate and calling, making her circle rather Strait than large; for it is a rule, if wee extend to the uttermost, wee take away increase; if wee go a haires breadth beyond, wee enter into consumption: but if wee preserve any part, we build strong forts against the adversaries of fortune, provided that such preservation be honest and conscionable, for as lavish prodigality is bruitish, so miserable covetousness is hellish. Let therefore the Housewives garments be comely and strong, made as well to preserve the health, as to adorn the person, altogether without toyish garnishes, or the gloss of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastick fashions, as neer to the comely imitation of modest Matrons. Let her dyet be wholesome and cleanly, prepared at due hours and Cookt with care and diligence."—Gervase Markham: *The English Hous-wife*, 1660.



"What law persuades the Seric worm to spin
Those shining threads, which, dyed with purple hue,
Inflate, yet check the pride of mighty men?
For, whilst they blaze in grand attire, the thought
Steals on,—This splendid robe once cloth'd a worm:
Type of our resurrection from the grave,
It dies within the tomb itself has spun,
That perishing abode, which is at once
Its house and tomb; in which it rots away,
Till at the call of time it gladly leaves
Corruption, and its ancient shape resumes."
Georgius Pisida (circa A.D. 640).



"The Requirements of Dress: The three great requirements of dress are: (1) to protect, (2) to conceal, (3) to display. In proportion to the social condition of a nation the three requirements of dress are observed. The first mostly satisfies primitive peoples; a little later, the second becomes felt; but a high civilisation demands all three; and in some climates, costumes fulfilling all three have been found and preserved, *e.g.* the Greek, Roman, Turkish, Japanese," etc. — Mrs. Haweis: *The Art of Dress.*



"Many good people think it wrong to indulge in a taste for the fine arts. They are very much exercised by conscience for wearing expensive clothing. They lay off broadcloth and silks and dress in linsey-woolsey; but they may then still retrench and retrench, that they may have more for the poor, for this principle, carried out, would lead back to barbarism. It is not the right one. Every man should do his part for the poor, and his heart should enlarge as his means increase; but he who can earn them has a right to refinements for himself and his children."—Henry Ward Beecher: *Life Thoughts.*

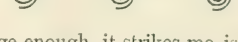


"Why, assure you, signior, rich apparel has strange virtues; it makes him that is without means esteemed for an excellent wit; he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means; it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties."—Ben Jonson: *Every Man out of His Humour*, 1599.

"Her maxime us'd to be
She weares best clothes, that weares to her degree."—Braithwait: *Anniversaries upon his Panarete*, 1634.



"The covering ought, in my judgment, to show that which is to be covered to be better than itself, as the image is superior to the temple, the soul to the body, and the body to the clothes."—Clement of Alexandria: *Pædogogus.*



"Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner; nay his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed-off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall; till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down."
Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus.*



"No woman, unless she be of quite exceptional strength of mind, can withstand the spell of dress exerted upon her by one of her sisterhood. She stands abashed; an atmosphere of awe and reserve breathes from the daintily-dressed one upon her, and bids her hold aloof, conscious of her own exceeding unworthiness. Women know this, and dress to impress one another rather than men. The well-dressed woman is usually aware of the effect she has produced, and when the discomfiture is complete, she feels gratified and complimented, ready to be good-natured to the victim she has laid prostrate."—Lily Watson: *The Vicar of Langthwaite.*



"Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."—George, Lord Lyttleton.



"It is in good manners, and not in good dress
That the truest gentility lies."
Dr. Watts.



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A PLAN OF LIFE.

By A NETLEY SISTER.

To live for praise, to long for ease,
  To count as lost each joyless day,
To care not what may hurt or please,
  So long as Self may have its way;
To let each duty slowly go—
  Awake to mirth, asleep to woe—
Ah! such a plan of life is vain;
Its roses fade, its thorns remain.

To right the wrong, to live the true,
  To nobly serve our fellow men—
To crush the false, the good pursue,
  Turn doubt aside by trust; and then
To hear, when at the longed-for goal,
  The "Welcome" to the faithful soul
Ah! such a plan of life is best;
It finds in God its joy, its rest.



IRONING DAY.

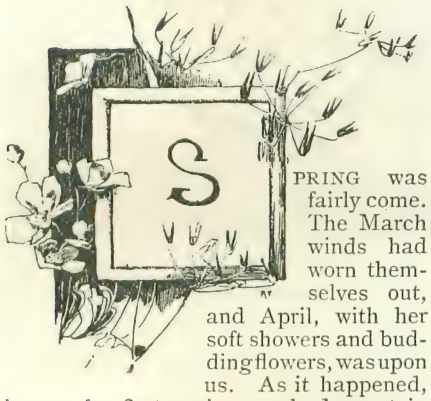
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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A "DOG OF FRANCE."



SPRING was fairly come. The March winds had worn themselves out, and April, with her soft showers and budding flowers, was upon us. As it happened, it was the first spring we had spent in England since we were little children, and a fine English spring in Hampshire is a thing to be remembered even by those who have known the still more luxuriant vegetation of southern Europe. It was a great delight to me to get out of the great, noisy seaport into the quiet country beyond; to cry out at the first bit of golden gorse lighting up a common, and the first primrose under a hedge-row; to pick the first purple or white violet on a sunny bank, or to look at and admire what was to me the comparative novelty of the cottage gardens, with their daffodils and wall-flowers, and their plum and pear blossom. I used to think what treasures these "common objects" would have been to Jane, and what a perfect herbarium she would have made out of them.

My pleasure was less qualified than might have been since Tom's health had shown a marked improvement when the good weather set in. He was still shattered and weak after his long and stormy bout with deadly sickness, but there was now every hope of his ultimate recovery. He was no longer in hospital, and in order to help him in regaining his strength by a sojourn in purer air, we had, according to the doctor's advice, given up our Portsmouth lodging for the time and taken rooms in a cottage in a neighbouring village. We were even more modest in our requirements and more primitive in our surroundings in the country than in the town. Our cottage, indeed, was covered with ivy and honeysuckle, but its ground-floor was occupied by the village tailor, whom we used to see, sitting cross-legged between his two apprentices, on the table by the window, every time we opened the little wicket-gate of the front garden to pass in. We were on the second-floor, and, far from quarrelling with our neighbours, we considered ourselves quite benefited by their presence, since the tailor's wife—a homely, hard-working woman, who had been a domestic servant before her marriage and was a tolerable cook—attended to our wants much better than an ordinary untrained village girl could have looked after them.

Tom took a great fancy to the tailor, declaring that he was a worthy, industrious man, by no means without regard for his country's honour, and with a very pretty conception, for a land-lubber, of the manœuvres of a naval battle when they had been once explained to him. Tom ordered a suit of undress uniform from Mr. Peevor, a commission which the artist in broadcloth and his couple of apprentices executed with great care and equal satisfaction to themselves and their employer. I think the tailors—full-fledged or embryo—would long repeat the stirring salt-water stories of the frank, cheery young captain, who used to drop into their work-room to rest and chat with them in order to recover his walking power before he bent his energies on ascending the steep wooden stair, which creaked horribly, to the lodgers' rooms. Possibly, in the next generation, his Majesty's fleet might owe an able-bodied seaman or two, drawn from this inland Hampshire village, to the lingering echo of Tom's eloquence.

If any of my readers should set us down for vulgar, ill-bred people because we could be content with such rustic quarters, let these readers read and lay to heart the descriptions which are extant of the cottages and farm-houses in which certain great poets and prose-writers in the beginning of the century dwelt with their sisters or spent their honeymoons with their wives.

Tom was talking sanguinely of when he would be afloat again, and Sally and I were speculating on whether we should return to our Portsmouth lodging, or should take a farther flight to Aunt Maria's cottage in Gloucestershire. The cottage had been her own property, which she had inherited from a distant relative, and she had left it and its contents to us girls. We had not been able to take possession of it yet, and we could not think of staying in it permanently with Tom in the naval profession. In truth, it would be hard on us under any circumstances to live long out of the sight and sound of the sea, which had been our home. We had been for these last few weeks away from it, and once before we had dwelt for a season out of reach of what we were inclined to consider our native element. Had we not passed our youth upon it? Had we not consigned all that was mortal of father and Jane to its waves—those waves as free and unfettered by contrast as we were accustomed to regard the spirits which had fled? That one severance from the cradle in which we had been rocked for many a year, was the late summer and early autumn we had spent at Château Beaufoi. There I had been more than reconciled to "the dull, tame shore," even with father and Tom prisoners and Perry a fugitive. Ought I to reproach myself for it? But I could never contemplate the exceptional experience of a charmed region and a charmed time in the light of other experiences. Intoxicatingly sweet as its myrtles and roses, mellow as its moonbeams with a light which never shone on sea or shore, the recollection of that valley in Languedoc stayed in my mind.

On a notable May evening, in our Hampshire village, the world was all aglow with a golden sunset which had succeeded a showery afternoon, and was causing a glitter as of myriads of diamonds on the drops of water still hanging on the sweet-briar and honeysuckle, on the trees and bushes, the corn—already shooting up a foot in height—and the sprouting grasses. That evening is photographed in my memory and has its special glory—that of "the clear shining after rain."

Tom had been out with Sally and me for one of the short walks which was all he was able to accomplish, and was resting as usual, sitting on the tailor's table, holding forth on "the flag which braved a thousand years, the battle, and the breeze," to an admiring audience.

I was loitering by our lattice-window, unwilling to shut it up, and with it to shut out the pleasantness of the evening scents and sounds, the fragrance from the sweet-briar, the lowing of the cows coming home for the day's last milking, the bark of the dog helping the cow-herd to bring them in.

Sally had gone to the bedroom which she and I shared at the back of the house, in order to take off her bonnet and scarf.

Then, as my eyes were idly roaming up the village street, with wives standing at their cottage-doors looking out for their husbands returning from their day's work in the fields, and calling in the children still playing in groups here and there, my attention was caught and arrested by a familiar figure—familiar, yet looking foreign in that scene—walking leisurely down the street from the corner of the lane where the London coach put down a passenger at rare intervals. The figure was that of a tall, dark, young man, with a clear-cut olive face. His coat was different from English coats, well as some of us knew its cut, and he was looking round him with eager inquiry.

Tom saw him out of the work-room window almost as soon as I did, and gave the heartiest "hurrah! hurrah!" (dear Tom!) "I declare here is Hyacinthe Beaufoi dropped 'from the skies!'" And out Tom dashed, as fast as the lameness which still troubled him would let him.

It was Hyacinthe Beaufoi, and what it cost him to come to England at that time hardly anybody in this generation can conceive. Certainly, we had scorned to adopt Buonaparte's unsparing tactics. We had not laid a detaining hand on every French man, woman, and child who had happened to be within our borders when war was proclaimed, and

kept them languishing in exile at our pleasure. Our prisoners were legitimate captives, taken in fight on land or sea. We had a good many French residents among us—some of old standing—fugitives in former centuries from the injuries inflicted by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; men who had been allies and *confrères* of Hyacinthe's ancestors. These had been peaceful, often prosperous, English citizens for many a day. There was also a considerable sprinkling remaining of the later *émigrés*, to whom France, under the republic and the empire, had offered no refuge—aristocrats who had sown the wind and were reaping the whirlwind. To them England, their adopted mother, was kinder than France, their real mother, had shown herself. There was not one of these aliens who was not free to come and go; so were such dauntless travellers as were tempted to penetrate into the unknown by occasional "Orders in Council," which were apparent harbingers of peace. These were supposed to foretell the cessation of hostilities, which broke forth anew again and again, between the two long-belligerent countries. The irresponsible and innocent traveller—a civilian, and not a soldier in disguise—arriving in a neutral or friendly ship from a neutral or friendly country, could also enter England, settle down, intermarry with a native subject, or depart, as he had come, without molestation from Government. But the Government was not everything. The interloper had to answer to the people for his presence among *them*; nor was the answer easy to give when wide-spread animosity had been fostered and intensified by many years of struggles and losses—as well as gains, of paralysis of trade and consequent ruin to whole sections of the community.

Only a serious and important errand could warrant a Frenchman's intrusion into England under the circumstances. What his errand was Hyacinthe soon let us know with perhaps a more solemn formality, and at the same time a more gallant flourish, than would have been natural to an Englishman. But they were quite natural to Hyacinthe, for he was at once a Huguenot and a Provençal. He delivered his credentials to Tom and Sally, as my natural guardians in default of any other. He brought a letter from madame his mother. For this letter he had waited all these months, since his ardent devotion was tempered by his French nature and nurture, and by his Huguenot principles, strict well-nigh to sternness. He had thought he had no warrant to write to me or to my relatives on the subject, which both of us knew was of vital moment to our happiness, without his mother's consent to his purpose; and madame had listened to early prejudices—not altogether ill-founded — against unions between different nationalities. She had hearkened to the remonstrances of her relatives and intimate friends; she had tried—and who need blame her?—to turn her only child from his rash intention of seeking to marry an English wife —a Protestant, it is true, but not a follower of Jean Calvin. She had pled for delay till he was sure his mind was made up beyond the possibility of change.

But in spite of her reluctance, to begin with, when madame did give way she conceded all like a sensible, true-hearted woman, until I felt that if I said "Yes" to her son's suit I should find no more loyal, no more forbearing and tender, friend anywhere than I would possess in my mother-in-law.

Madame's letter to my relatives was in laboured English, which her politeness told her was preferable to fluent French in such a document. She ventured to presume the Lieutenant Thomas Masham and Miss Masham were aware that her son desired, above all things, to "settle himself" and to make a match with Miss Caroline Masham. For herself, she admitted frankly she would that her son had been of her mind on the subject. She confessed she would have preferred that he should ally himself with a countrywoman and a Huguenot. But if that were not to be, she could say, with all her heart, that, of all English women and English Protestants she had ever known, her choice—if the choice had lain with her—would have fallen on Miss Caroline Masham. So she, madame, pledged herself that in as far as she knew her son, and in as far as the result rested with her, if Miss Caroline Masham consented to take Hyacinthe Beaufoi for her husband, she would never have cause to repent of her decision or to regret the friends and the country she had quitted for his sake. Miss Caroline Masham would be welcomed as the daughter, the young mistress, of the Château Beaufoi throughout the Beaufoi village and department of Languedoc. Then followed an exact summary of Hyacinthe's worldly goods, with a businesslike request that madame and the Beaufois' notary might be furnished with the particulars of my *dot*.

Could I consent to leave Tom and Sally, when only we three were spared to be all the world to each other? Could I consent to leave my native England, perhaps never to return to it if Napoleon's decree continued in force; to turn my back upon the sea; to live and die a stranger in a strange land, an alien among the natural enemies of my people?

I don't think either Hyacinthe or I —no, nor even Tom and Sally—ever doubted in the depths of our hearts what my reply would be. For there is a law and a force, ordained by God Himself, which call upon and compel a woman to leave father and mother, or those who come next to them in her regard, and to cleave to her husband; just as it is ordained that a man shall take upon him the ties of wedlock and shall hold them more binding than any other. I knew well that Hyacinthe would so regard them, in spite of the parental supremacy which lasts long in France. I knew also that Madame Beaufoi herself was too just and generous in the middle of her energy in domestic affairs and in business, to desire to exercise such authority and influence in opposition to a wife's lawful claims. I loved Hyacinthe, and he loved me—is not that saying enough? We had been boy and girl friends from the time that he was brought a prisoner on board the *Sea Serpent*. We had been lovers from the day when he helped to take me—a scarecrow at the tail of a band of scarecrows—from the reef of "Never Despair." In those peaceful pastoral days in Languedoc we had given away our hearts beyond recall.

As to approval of my choice I had the great and abiding consolation of remembering that it was to Hyacinthe's charge as to that of a friend he could trust, father had confided Sally and me, when but for Hyacinthe we should have been left alone on the quay at Marseilles while father, Tom and the foresworn Perry were marched off to their prison. Father had never told his midshipmen, in Nelson's words, to hate a Frenchman as they hated the devil. Father had always been temperate in his hates of men, as in everything else. Where he was now there could be no such distinction as French and English, only a gulf between good and bad men, and thank God, both father and Hyacinthe were among the good, while among the bad, as we had learnt to our sorrow, alas! it was not Frenchmen alone who figured. To Tom and Sally, too, Hyacinthe could never be so much a Frenchman as an old acquaintance, liked and esteemed on board the *Guerrier*, a playmate rather than a messmate on board the *Sea Serpent*, a guest instead of a prisoner when we arrived at Portsmouth with our prizes, and saw London in illumination.

It was true our Tom declared that while he had not a word to say against Hyacinthe Beaufoi as a man, as a Frenchman the family connection might be awkward. Dear Tom! I am sure he put the consideration in the lightest form and with the least regard for his own interest when he said that, and he went on to wonder what he should do without me, when he came back from a cruise, for he and I had always been hand and glove, while Sally was getting horribly old, stupid and worldly-minded with her visiting and junketing. Sally cried "every woman to her taste;" she could not have borne to be settled down in a place and among people that bore the most curious resemblance on the one hand to the scenes in an Italian opera, which she had looked at and listened to in London, and on the other to a Methodist meeting. Poor Sally! she was warm-tempered as well as warm-hearted, and her whole nature had to fight at this time against being warped by the wrong which had been done to her. It could not have been easy for her, though I was her sister and she was an affectionate and faithful sister, to know Hyacinthe Beaufoi true and Perry Hood false, to believe herself neglected and forsaken by Perry Hood when the way was all plain sailing before him, while Hyacinthe Beaufoi, a Frenchman, was encountering and surmounting a multitude of difficulties on a path bristling with natural obstacles, in order to make me his wife. The grapes were sour to my poor Sally.

I may say here that Hyacinthe obstinately declined to give anything like

entire credence to Cousin Perry's falsehood and abandonment, not only of Sally, but of honour and duty. He was puzzled, and marvelled like the rest of us—that is like Tom and me. He could not give an explanation of Perry's conduct; he could not interfere in the matter. He could not even speak of it to Sally. But he would not give in to talk of Perry as of a convicted deceiver and traitor. Hyacinthe's eyes were not dimmed and darkened as ours were by the grievous fall from virtue of one so great, so reverenced, so loved as was Viscount Nelson. Hyacinthe would not allow that there was any such resemblance between the two men as need be taken into account in their careers. Captain Hood might be a little man, daring and indefatigable; he might even have been without one of the arms and eyes, of both of which he was in full and undisputed possession, in order to render the superficial likeness more striking and complete, but he was not made of the stuff of which liars are made. Hood's integrity was more sterling, his passions were, by God's help, under his control. No, there might have been an unfortunate misunderstanding between two lovers, even a fatal quarrel where they were concerned. But there was no deliberate dastardly betrayal of the woman by the man who was no passion-ridden slave, so that he who was created in the image of God should be driven to sell his soul to the devil.

I did not receive anything save a very moderate approval from my family who cared most for me, and were ready to make allowance for me, knowing Hyacinthe as they did, and being intimately acquainted with his worth from boyhood. From the world without I was certain to get nothing save sweeping censure and unqualified condemnation. I have often already had occasion to write how hard, well-nigh impossible it is to convince the public in the middle of the century of what were the extreme views and violent opinions held by Englishmen at its commencement. A Frenchman was spoken of much as we spoke of a highwayman or privateer or cut-throat; "the dogs of France" were the words by which our neighbours were indicated in one of those people's songs which were heard on every side of us. I was in mortal terror when Hyacinthe went out unaccompanied by Tom, for I felt that nothing in his good and fearless carriage, his more than usually courteous bearing would save him—supposing the populace were in the mood for a riot—from being grossly maltreated by them the moment they identified him as a *mounseer*. He would be one man against scores of stolid, rude, Hampshire labourers. They would proclaim him "a spy," would hustle him, duck him in the pond, possibly murder him outright, and these ignorant savages would consider that they were doing the government and the nation good service!

Even the better informed of our acquaintances in Portsmouth were horrified by what they viewed as my desertion from the ranks in which my father had held so distinguished a position, and my going over to the side of the enemy. The very authorities took up the tale. Sally and I did not desire or need a pension for father's services; but there had been a movement on the part of the Admiralty to insist on our receiving a recognition from the king and country of what he had done for them. This was dropped when it got known in naval circles that one of father's daughters was about to forget herself so far as to marry a Frenchman. I had the pain of dreading that the step I was about to take would be a serious hindrance to Tom's promotion. In fact, it was shown to me without equivocation or concealment that my action would forfeit—not for myself alone, but for Sally and Tom also, the due reward of father's life of gallantry and death in action.

When I hurried in to Portsmouth to buy my wedding clothes, for if the deed were to be done at all it had better be done quickly, and Hyacinthe delivered from his equivocal and dangerous position, I found myself avoided or cut dead by nine-tenths of the friends who had been so fain to lavish their hospitality upon us not six months before. I could only be thankful that Hyacinthe was not there to see what I had incurred for his sake, and to be insulted in his turn.

Harriet Casey was one of the few people who came up to speak to me. As she did so, she stood at arm's length from me as if she feared that there was something about me which might contaminate her. At the same time she kept glancing over her shoulder as if she dreaded being seen and compromised by the association.

"Is it really true, Miss Car, that you are going to marry a Frenchman." (As if it were a Turk!) "Do you mean to cross the Channel with him and eat frogs and worship images?" (The Caseys were from Ulster.) "Father says," she went on breathlessly, pouring forth her budget as was her wont, "that it has all come of the bad habit of ladies living with their fathers and husbands on board ship, and being wrecked and made prisoners of war like you and your sister, not that you were proper prisoners, you were guests on sufferance, and this is what has come of it! Father says he would rather see me lying in my coffin than married to a rascally Frenchman. But mother says, 'Poor things! what would you have? They were thrown into each other's company, and I daresay could not help themselves;' she always makes that excuse for runaway couples and people who run into mischief. But she has too many daughters of her own to countenance you by presenting you with the bit of Limerick lace she was keeping for the next girl we knew who got married."

"I don't want the Limerick lace, Harriet, thank you," I said, with a choke in my voice. "Please tell Captain Casey M. Beaufoi is not a rascal though he is a Frenchman. We have known him for many years and he is beyond reproach. No Englishman is braver and truer and kinder. I count myself the most fortunate girl in the world for having won him."

If this was the verdict of the good-natured, easy-going Caseys, how must I be regarded by the severely patriotic and insular members of our naval circle?

We were married in the parish church of the little Hampshire village to which we had gone for Tom's health, since the quieter and the more private the wedding the better for the bride and bridegroom. Even as it was, though the clergyman could not refuse to marry us when there was not even a difference of faith between us, the bell-ringers would not do their office, not though Tom offered them twice their fee. They were too good Englishmen to ring a peal to do honour to the marriage of a Frenchman. Hyacinthe had ordered an English great-coat with many capes from our landlord, who executed the order for Tom's sake, but was not to be professionally bribed to smile upon us. On the contrary, Mr. Peevor, his wife, and his two apprentices did not refrain from letting us see how hurt they were by the disparagement I had brought on the roof which had harboured a Frenchman.

When Hyacinthe and I bade Tom and Sally farewell before so many averted and hostile eyes, we dared hardly hope that the farewell was not for ever; when the coach had carried us to Southampton and we had embarked on board a packet which was to take us by a roundabout road to our destination, I believed that I was in all probability looking my last on the white cliffs and green sod of old England.

Still I was willing to go, for Hyacinthe Beaufoi was nearer and dearer to me even than Tom and Sally, and I felt bound like Ruth, the Moabitess, to follow his footsteps to the ends of the earth. Neither did Hyacinthe dream of not accepting the sacrifice from me, though it grieved him, for my sake, that I should have to make it. I don't imagine there was anything morbid or maudlin about either of us. We had no sickly craving for voluntary martyrdom, or for offering up ourselves and each other to satisfy the inflated, exaggerated claims of our neighbours. We feared God and honoured His ordinances, we broke no law human or divine, we respected ourselves and each other, we respected and loved Tom and Sally—who would not come between us—from the bottom of our hearts. We never loved them more than when we were under the conviction that we were parting from them to see their faces no more on earth, though we lived to be grey-headed. Hyacinthe knew as well as I that a good and honest man's abiding honour and love were well worth all I gave up for them, and that he had not asked me for too much, when his suit was that, if I cared for him, I should leave all and follow him.

No, we were not remorseful or even over-burdened with regrets, he and I; we were happy in our integrity, happy in each other—in the midst of my pain and his pain for me—happy in our youth; but all the unclouded sunshine and glad rejoicing of our wedlock were for the days and years that were to come.

(To be concluded.)

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART IV.



HOPE all you girls have brought your weights and measures tables in your minds to-day, for I want you to remember that the old saying, "luck rules the baking" is relegated to the past, together with many other exploded notions and beliefs. "Bridget" and many of her kind have been so accustomed to laying their deficiencies upon the shoulders of this invisible, we have been apt to think there really was truth in their creed.

Laziness has more to do with failures in the baking line than almost anything else, although we must also bear in mind that it is an impossibility to make good bread, pastry, or cake from inferior flour and doubtful material.

It is very bad economy to purchase cheap qualities of flour, common margarine, etc., thinking that the exercise of artifice and skill will cover all defects.

Flour ought never to be bought in just as it is required. New flour contains a good deal of moisture, but this quality (which by-the-bye greatly militates against the lightness of your baking) largely disappears if the flour, being purchased some time in advance and in a good quantity, is kept safe from atmosphere and damp in a dry but cool place.

It is a mistake to attempt baking and cake-making when you cannot give your whole mind to it. If you cannot give the necessary time, or grudge the needful amount of labour and patience which it takes, better far become a customer to the bakery round the corner.

A mistake which amateur bread-makers are very prone to make is making the dough too stiff. It should be as soft as it can be well handled, not soft enough to spoon though.

Bread rises sooner, is lighter, more digestible, and keeps fresh much longer if this rule be followed.

The principle of good bread-making is that after thorough incorporation of your ingredients it be kept in an even moderately warm temperature, so that the process of fermentation which it has to undergo may proceed with ease and regularity. Cold arrests the process, too great heat carries it forward too rapidly. It is quite as possible for dough to contract a congestion, or, say, the influenza, as for you yourself to do so.

Now from preachment to practice.

A large wooden bowl or a trough is best for making bread and all dough cakes in. Stone or earthen panshions are too cold.

Margery, will you weigh out half a stone of flour?

Notice, girls, this flour is of a slight yellowish tinge, a sign of its purity and wholesomeness. Very white flour is only obtained after the most nutritious part of the grain has been extracted.

Now, you perceive, I make a hole in the centre and sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt round the edge, then I first set the "sponge." A large teacupful of this frothing balm, the same quantity of lukewarm milk and a tablespoonful of sugar; then pour this into the middle of the hole, with a wooden spoon lightly stir enough of the flour into it to form a stiff batter. Cover the trough. In the course of an hour this sponge will have worked sufficiently and be ready for kneading.

While we wait for that, let us get the pastry made and off our minds.

We want an apple tart, a rhubarb tart also—the latter shall be an "open" one with a *méringue*. Ah, Ruthie, your eyes twinkle at the thought of *méringues*, do they? Then with the claims of supper in the distance we will also make cocoanut cheesecakes.

All of these require very light and rather good crust. Not "puff" paste, oh, no, that would be a needless extravagance for ordinary family use.

The kind known as "flakey" paste will be very suitable.

Good pastry, unlike bread, requires perfect coolness. A cold basin, a cool place to make it in, a cool hand for the maker, and ice-cold water for the mixing.

Ethel, you are noted for the coldness of your hands, you shall have the honour of making the pastry to-day.

Rose and Margery will please prepare the apples; pare them thinly, slice evenly, and put a tiny morsel of lemon rind in the dish with them.

It is always well to part cook the fruit of a tart previous to putting on the crust. We must also put a tiny glass or cup in the centre of the dish to elevate the crust and prevent it sinking into the fruit.

I want one of you to wipe the stalks of this rhubarb and cut them into inch lengths, then cook them in a little clear syrup as we did the cherries. The fruit for an open tart requires to be cooked and become nearly cold before it is put on the crust.

Now then, Ethel, weigh out a pound of the flour, sift into it a good teaspoonful of baking powder, then take two ounces of this lard and with the tips of your fingers lightly rub it in. Mix to a firm dough with sufficient of this cold water; then, when it is a compact ball, turn that out on to your pastry-board, having dusted that over with flour. Flour your rolling-pin too, then roll the pastry out with long even strokes; when it is the thickness of an inch, spread the remainder of the half-pound of lard over it, squeeze the juice of half a lemon on that, fold it up again, roll out once more to the same thickness, fold over, then it is ready for use. Put your bowl in a cold place while we make the mixture for the cheesecakes.

We shall want an ounce of fine bread crumbs, an ounce of the desiccated cocoanut from that tin, two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, an ounce of fresh butter, the yolks of two eggs (the whites we shall use for the *méringue*, Ruthie), and also a pint of milk. Put the milk into a lined saucepan; when it nearly boils add to it the sugar, salt, crumbs, cocoanut and butter, let all boil together, then pour on to the beaten yolks. Now that is ready for use; let it stand in a cool place until the pastry has been stamped out.

I think we had better look at that "sponge" now—ah, I thought so! it has risen and is full of little holes; we must proceed to knead our bread at once; the pastry will take no harm, Ethel; on the contrary, all uncooked pastry is improved by keeping it awhile in a cold place.

As we are going to have a French *brioche* hot for tea, I must take out a small quantity—about a wooden spoonful, of this sponge, and keep it covered in flour until we want it.

Will you bring me that jug, Margery? You see, girls, it contains a little milk; I am going to add warm water to it, enough to make a lukewarm liquid for mixing the dough. I think milk-and-water makes a nicer bread than water only. Now turn back your sleeves, Rose, you are going to take first turn in kneading. You see I have mixed all the flour and the sponge together with the liquor, I think it is just the right consistency, if it seems too soft afterwards we can easily work in more flour.

Flour your hands well, take firm hold of the dough at the outer edge, work it into the middle with long, even strokes. It is a long process—when you are tired I will relieve you. When the dough leaves the sides of the trough with a "whistle" it has been worked sufficiently, then we shall cover it lightly with a cloth, and leave it in this warm sheltered corner for five or six hours.

We shall have to build up the fire again later in the afternoon, so that our *brioche* will be just ready for baking then too.

Before returning to our pastry, let us make this *brioche*.

We want half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter beaten soft, four spoonsful of warm milk, one of sugar, a few currants, and two eggs.

Work these together with the hand, then into the centre of this paste place the little lump of "sponge;" work all well together for ten minutes or so. Form it into a ball, put it (lightly covered) in the chimney-corner. We must knead it again at least twice during the time it is "rising."

There, now, let us finish those tarts. What sort of an oven have we? Not quite so brisk as I should like—pull out that damper, please, Margery, and clear the fire underneath—there, that is better!

Now then, Ethel, flour your board again, take a small bit of pastry, roll it out thin, cut into strips to lay round the edge of the dish for the apple tart. Brush the strips over with milk, roll out about half a pound of paste to a quarter of an inch thick for the crust, press the edge of it round by the slips, ornament the edges according to the most approved artistic design you can imagine—room for skill here you see! Set the tart in the oven now, not too near the fire yet; it should have opportunity to rise and cook through before browning too quickly.

Roll out a thin crust to fit this shallow tin, a strip to lay round the edge, ornament them both, and put it to bake in the hottest part.

Now another very thin sheet of paste, and stamp it into rounds for these patty-pans. Half fill them with the cheesecake mixture, put the pans on to a baking sheet, and as soon as the shallow tart is done, slip these into its place.

You say you wonder how the confectioners give that pretty frosted appearance to their pastry, do you, Margery? Very easily done. When the tarts are very nearly done, draw them out, brush lightly over with warm water, and sprinkle thickly with castor sugar. Return them to the oven for another moment or two.

This open tart is ready now for filling with the cooked rhubarb, and I see Ruthie is getting anxious about the *méringue*.

Bring the whites of those two eggs and the clean whisk, if you please. I also want a tablespoonful of cream, and two of castor sugar. I whisk the eggs first, until they are solid, then lightly stir in the cream and sugar. Pile this "snow" in rocky pieces over the pink rhubarb; now you see we have a most artistic little confection!

This same *méringue* mixture might have been dropped on to a sugared paper and baked for about two minutes in a cool oven, then the hollow underside filled with sweetened cream and you would have had the confectioner's *méringue par excellence*.

Those cheesecakes must be done now. Slip them out of the patty-pans and arrange them on a dish, one of you; ah, now, doesn't our apple tart look nice—quite professional, don't you think?

You see, being ladies, we have the desire to please the eye as well as the palate of those we cater for. It is more trouble though, do you say? Well, a little perhaps, but it is worth it, don't you think?

While I think of it I must remember to tell you that the outside of that *brioche* (after it has been moulded into a round bun and set on a baking tin) will require to be brushed over with a little melted butter and lightly sifted over with castor sugar to give it the rich brown glaze which is always seen on the genuine article. We shall split it open when baked, butter each half, cut it in squares and eat while hot.

Now we have finished the pastry the fire can be allowed to go down, only keeping it in by a shovelful of wet cinders and small coal. About four o'clock I shall come in and rake it clear, build it up with cobbles, and when the oven has become thoroughly hot, take the bread up, knead the dough very lightly into shapes and put my bread in.

If cooked too slowly bread is apt to be puffy and sour, if too quickly it is crusty outside and pasty within. Like everything else it wants watching and care.

Now let us clear up. Take care to wash that pastry brush well in warm water.

We have done a good stroke of work this morning, I consider. As we are having yesterday's broth rewarmed, and the remainder of the joint served cold, we will prepare a tomato salad by-and-by.

They only require to be thinly sliced, then dressed with salt and pepper and vinegar, and a little oil; but I think a few shreds of onion give just the necessary sharpness to tomatoes which they generally lack. Lay one or two lettuce hearts with them at the last.

I did not tell you, but I washed the potatoes and put them at the bottom of the oven to be roasting while we were doing other things, so economising time as well as fuel, you see. And I always do think roasted potatoes go well with cold meat, don't you?

Now then, girls, away with you! You have time for a good game or a run before dinner; afterwards I shall want your help in cutting-out for the Clothing Club.

LUCY H. YATES.

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

BY S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.

YOU all are probably aware that women took a larger part in affairs at one epoch of English history—not those taken from the illiterate ranks of the community, but persons of the highest culture and most extensive influence. Outside the Houses of Parliament there were also those holding manorial rights, such as are not now exercised in all respects by the existing lady of the manor, some of whose rights and authority are held in abeyance, and will, probably, be never restored. The manors were originally called "baronies," and still entitled "lordships," and each lord or lady was empowered to hold a court, called the "court-baron," for dealing with cases of misdemeanour, and for settling questions of dispute between their tenants. You must not picture to yourself the incongruous presence of these "honourable women" (first above-named) in a bear-garden of roughs, but in an august assembly, where all honour and courtesy was shown them when taken into council. I name these historical facts, quite apart from the expression of any opinion on my part. On one occasion, we read that the special privilege of acting as a judge was granted by Henry VIII. to Mistress Anne Berkeley, of Yale, Gloucestershire, who appealed to him to punish some men who had broken into her park, killed deer, and fired her hayricks. But in response to her request, the king placed all authority for so doing into her own hands, and granted her a special commission to try them. Upon this she acted, empanneled a jury, heard the charge, and pronounced the sentence. In the present day we find that a woman, Mrs. Bartlett, has lately been elected justice of the peace; and, in balloting for the election of a United States senator, in the legislature of that state, votes were being given in her favour, but I am unable to say whether with ultimate success. Here, we have for some few years held appointments as Poor Law Guardians. A precedent has also been established in reference to the office of churchwarden, in the case of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, who has been re-appointed to that office for Machynlleth.

As regards the franchise, New Zealand has recently taken the lead amongst the various parts of the British Empire, and has accorded it to women, who have taken advantage of it, and already recorded their votes.

Miss Collett, M.A., of the London University, and who gained the Political Economy Scholarship, was recently appointed Woman-Labour Correspondent in the bureau of that department.

At the present date there are two ladies practising as conveyancers in London, *i.e.*, Miss Orme, who likewise does special work on the Labour Commission, and Miss R. E. Lawrence, who has just proved a successful candidate for the London LL.B. degree. In France, a lady has recently been called to the Bar, and another is practising as a barrister at Montana, U.S.A., and now seeking the appointment of attorney-general. These cases were mentioned by Mr. G. R. Dod, at a provincial meeting of the Law Society. In America there are more and exceedingly remarkable instances of great talent and efficiency exhibited by practising barristers and pleaders of our sex in those transatlantic States. In the Kansas towns, where women are police judges, the methods adopted are sometimes very original, and, apparently, equally successful. A sentence is very commonly to the effect that the tramp should have two baths daily for a week or ten days, and hard labour on a pile of stones (to be broken for roads), with the order that he was to be fed if he worked, and starved if he refused, thus carrying out the Divine decree, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." The relief from their depredations and other misdemeanours has been marked, in view of all the baths that the lady-judges prescribe! In the State of Arkansas a woman has been elected assistant sergeant-at-arms.

A Health Committee formed of ladies has, I understand, been formed in several English towns and cities, who make house-to-house visitations, armed with soap and carbolic powder. These visitors make suggestions as to cleanliness, report on overcrowding, on discovery of infectious diseases, and on the general condition of affairs to the health authorities. An organisation of this kind has existed for the last ten years in New York, and one has just been instituted in Philadelphia.

A woman sanitary engineer was appointed to represent English women at the American Congress of Hygiene. She is the possessor of certificates for art, music, hygiene, divinity, physiology, and sanitary science. This lady does not play at her profession, nor spare herself in the most disagreeable and trying departments connected with it, for she visits slaughter-houses as well as workshops and dairies, and she understands the laying of drains and water-mains, connections, and so forth. In fact, she is thorough in all she undertakes.

Not only have we stepped into the field of sanitary engineering, but likewise into electric engineering, and that in the person of a thoroughly feminine representative woman, Miss Millicent Fawcett, of whose career and triumphs at Cambridge I have already spoken.

This branch of useful work has also been taken up in America, and with equal demonstration of efficiency. Miss Bertha Lamme of Springfield, Mass., has obtained the diploma of electrical engineer from the State of Ohio, and she has been engaged (some little time since) by the Westinghouse Electric Co., one of the greatest corporations in that line of the United States.

Architecture is selected as a new opening for women, and for those who have artistic taste and are good draughtswomen, it seems a very suitable profession. A well-known firm in London has recently arranged to take female pupils. Some will be failures, no doubt; but how many young men adopt professions and prove failures in every sort and kind of work?

As yet we have no women governors of jails; but for some few years past they have proved highly efficient in more than one great prison for women in the United States. They have the whole direction of them, and carry out their own special theories with very remarkable success. Their main idea is to coerce, punish, and train the wrong-doers with a view to ultimate complete reformation, to raise or bring into existence their self-respect, so utterly lost if ever possessed; to cultivate also habits of neatness and cleanliness, to make them feel that they may still be trusted and raised to the level of useful and respectable citizens. So their surroundings are bright and attractive, their dress is plain, but neat and even pretty. They have the enjoyment of a garden, and the cultivation of flowers; in fact, the best side of the faulty character is brought out and the highest feelings worked upon, and this, with such great and gratifying results that it were well if this talent for reforming the wrong-doers were made more extensively available for the benefit of the community at large in other nationalities.

Women as editors and journalists are now increasing in numbers in more countries than our own. Mrs. Emily Crawford is one of our leading journalists, having been French correspondent of the *Daily News*, *Indian Daily News*, *New York Tribune* and *Weekly Despatch*, besides being a contributor to *Black and White*, *The Century*, and the *Contemporary Review*, besides transatlantic reviews. Mrs. Crawford is a woman of great originality as well as of energy of character,

combined with the charm of a kindly nature and gracious manners.

As yet we have no very remarkable women illustrators; but we have made a creditable beginning, and amongst them Mrs. Allingham in our own country, Miss Alice Barber in America, and Madame Lemaire in France. I might name several more of our own lady journalists, and a legion of clever and useful magazine editors and contributors; but with the one I have named as a representative woman I will content myself, and with scores whom I might do well to name, both in that hot-bed of female writers, America, and elsewhere, I will only name two or more, and these amongst our Italian sisters of the cloth. Matilde Serao of Naples is now conducting her own paper, *Il Mattino*, and for many years she had the charge of the literary department of the *Corriere di Napoli*. She is said to be a brilliant writer. At Rome the daily paper, *Il Torneo*, is under the direction of Olga Assiana Lodi, and *La Donna* has been edited for a quarter of a century by Gualberta Alaida Beccari. In Japan the women's movement has had a rebuff in this connection, for, by a new enactment, women are not permitted to become either editors or publishers. But educational work is on the advance, even amongst these partially enlightened and prejudiced people, and the masculine mind which has made such very great advances in almost all other respects within the last few years will expand considerably more in time, and the prejudices of centuries in reference to women will be thrown off with their old baggy draperies and their ill-fitting, white-soled slippers. A school has been opened by a highly educated Japanese lady, Mrs. Tel Som, for the teaching of women of her own position in life.

To return to the question of women editors, I believe that there is but one at present in India, and she conducts the *Simla Guardian*, viz., Miss Alice Goodall. Here in England we have had and still have lady editors and sub-editors very many, and probably my readers are well acquainted with that fact, and with the names of not a few. Amongst Italian lady-contributors of scientific articles to magazines, reviews, and medical journals, I may name Dr. Giuseppina Cattani, the Assistant Pathologist of the University of Bologna, who writes for several medical papers. She is also distinguished as a clever microscopist. In America the Anthropological Society of Washington has made four ladies honorary members of their institution in recognition of their contributions to ethnology, viz., Mrs. French Sheldon, the African explorer, Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, M.D., daughter of the distinguished astronomer, Miss Alice Fletcher, who has made researches and studies amongst the Northern Indians for the Peabody Institute of Cambridge (U.S.A.), and Mrs. Tilly Stevenson who is completing, if she has not already accomplished, the studies of her late husband of the Zunni tribe.

In the preceding part of this series, I spoke of the "Association of Women Pioneer Lecturers," and I should do well to observe that, taking a leaf out of the excursionist's book, they "personally conduct" visits to the Royal Academy, the Museums, and elsewhere, under the guidance and tutelage of Miss Annie Evans, the lecturer on history and the theory of art at the Datchelor Training College. Courses of lectures on all kinds of subjects—on flowers too, which would probably be very attractive to many—have been and will be given. The strenuous exertions made by clever, well-informed women to help forward the imperfect education of their countrywomen is certainly a remarkable characteristic of the times. The small Directory of Girls' Clubs gives abundant evidence of this, although a large and ever-increasing number of these societies might be added to the list, the most important of which was the College by Post, inaugurated and conducted by Miss M. Petsie, B.A. Not alone in Great Britain and America does this effort exist, but in some other continental countries. In Italy there is good work in progress in behalf of the higher education of women, carried on by distinguished persons of the same sex. The directress of the royal schools of Northern Italy, Felicita Morandi, is a valuable writer on educational subjects for young people, and both Ida Baccini of Florence, and Virginia Treves likewise (who writes also for adults), the Countess Irene Della Rocca supplying girls with stories and valuable historical works. I may add that Caterina Pigorini Beri devotes her pen more especially to the benefit of the lower classes in the labour fields.

A new idea has been started with a view to secure thoroughness in every department of domestic economy, and the High School at Middlesborough has the credit of it. I refer to the Housewife's Diploma. In Chicago there is a new society, entitled the Columbian Association of Housekeepers. Skilled labour in every department of home-work, especially as regards sanitation and the culinary art, are chiefly in view; and the necessity for an absolutely correct acquaintance with them on the part of the mistress of the house, so that she can direct her servants, and rectify their mistakes. A Business Training Class, where students will be prepared for examinations by the Society of Arts, has been proposed, and, perhaps, already inaugurated by Miss Cecil Gradwell and Miss Richards. According to their scheme, the class was to be established at 5, Victoria Street, Westminster, and the course of studies to include type-writing, shorthand, book-keeping, and office work, the French and German languages, and instruction in foreign commercial terms. Although this useful institution is not of very large proportions as yet, I name it as being likely to prove a small item of valuable information to the readers of this magazine.

To return to the subject of new fields of work adopted by women in the great struggle for existence, and the utilisation of all natural gifts to that end, I may name that of female detectives. Across the ocean (at Chicago) these persons earn good salaries. Feminine quickness of intuitive perception would render them specially qualified for intricate investigation. Of course it is always open to a woman to decline to undertake certain objectionable cases, and to accept only the following out of clues that will further the course of justice, and benefit their clients in a multitude of ways, such as the tracing of friends and relatives who may have disappeared; of next of kin heirs and legatees, and of lost property, etc. Two women, Eva Peyser and Lena Vorzemer, are employed in this capacity by the largest New York "provider." These are both young girls, having a remarkable aptitude for their business, and are in the receipt of large salaries, and a very considerable wardrobe. They change their dress twice daily, and so well do they disguise themselves, that it is said no thief in New York could be sure of the identity of either of them. Of course they go through much fatigue, and even personal danger on some occasions.

Still-room manufactories are well conducted under female direction. In the olden times there was always one, with its special superintendent, in every large country house of the nobility and gentry. Now, they are comparatively rare. Mrs. Cornelia Gray has a laboratory in London, where she distils all manner of sweet-scented herbs and flowers in the old-fashioned and well-approved way. This description of industry has always been equally shared by women with men.

Another line of business, in which suitable employment has been adopted by women, is in conducting the trade of dyeing and scouring. The largest establishment in the Southern States of America is owned and directed by a woman—Mrs. Pyle, of Richmond, Virginia.

One of the latest ideas in the business line adopted by a lady is that of commercial traveller. Some of my readers may have seen the account of the experiences of one of them, related by herself, in a contemporary weekly, who sees in this business a future of well-remunerated work for many of her countrywomen. Of course, they should travel in pairs, and if one be young, the other should be of middle or more advanced age, to act as a duenna. The vocation is suitable for tradesmen's daughters, and might be specially so in the drapery, lace, silk-mercery, and underclothing departments, when their chief customers would be of their own sex.

Here, in London, we have a firm of women tea-merchants, who have purchased an estate in Ceylon, and employ women exclusively as agents, blenders, tasters, and packers. Their premises are artistically decorated, and have become quite a favourite rendezvous for members of their own sex. I also know a lady (in Ireland), of one of our highest families, who is doing a very considerable business, first of all as an agent for a friend who has large tea-plantations in Ceylon, and now on her own responsibility. It is a sweet and clean occupation to mix and pack tea, and to dispatch the orders as they come in.

On the other side of the "Great Fish-pond" we have an example of an energetic girl—the daughter of a farmer who met with little success in his occupation—who began with scarcely enough to make bread and pies for customers in a neighbouring large town, and in the course of five years of honest work, with the best materials, has become the most successful baker in New York. When she began to make a little profit, she bought an iron stove for bread-baking, and then a very large brick oven; and now she employs more than a dozen women to bake, and a number of men with waggons to carry the bread and other of her manufactures to her customers, and she is fast making a fortune without ever having raised her prices or adulterated her bread.

New inventions are being produced by women of every description, mostly in small but useful appliances, of which I have recently read accounts, and should like to give a specific enumeration of them. A "flying tricycle" is the last idea, just patented by a woman in America. Hitherto women have never had any instruction in mechanics, but when accorded this, our latent constructive powers may benefit the world with some valuable things.

An "indexing office" has been instituted by Miss N. Baily, at No. 3, Keppel Street, Bedford Square, constituting another advance into formerly untrodden fields of useful labour. Miss Baily was sole indexer of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, and holds high testimonials from the Speaker's Secretary and the Librarian of the House of Commons.

The progress of women's education, theoretical and practical, is so extensive and so full of interest that it would be impossible to limit its consideration to a few pages only. Moreover, it would be a pity to deprive our girl-readers of any information respecting facts so specially interesting and important to themselves. Thus I conclude this part of the series, with a good deal more in my note-books to lay before them: and I hope that many suggestions may be supplied which will prove not only of interest to general readers, but encouraging and profitable to many a would-be worker in the world of women far and wide.



A WALK IN THE WOOD.

THE LADY OF THE WOOD.

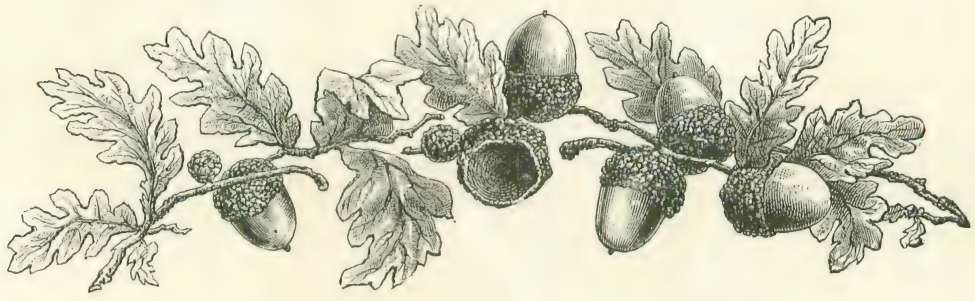
THE Lady of the Wood is dead,
Uprooted by a cruel blast,
Athwart the brook her silver mast.
The manly oak supports her head,
Just like a new bereavèd soul
Who would his ghostly wife console.

The feathery branches stroke his breast,
And as his frame with anguish heaves
All lovingly her fair form cleaves,
And like a lady true is dressed,
For e'en in death her pretty sheen
Is where it might the best be seen.

The tempered wind doth sorrowing sigh,
The clouds a funeral pall o'erspread;
The pheasants screech a *requiem dread*,
The squirrels from the pine-tops pry,
And soothing cushat doves swirl round
As if to consecrate the ground.

The men will come with axes bright,
And in a trice will lay it low;
But all the other trees I know
Will with the widowed oak unite
To mourn in common brotherhood
Our graceful Lady of the Wood.

C. P.



"MANNERS."

By AMY S. WOODS.

"What virtue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
As Courtesie? To know how to beseem
To each and all alike as doth behove?

AND yet in this world of to-day, methinks, we do not set such a high value upon Courtesy. We live in such a hurry that we have hardly time to be polite. Indeed many of the younger generation seem to think politeness is mere waste of time, and so old-fashioned that it is quite beneath their notice. Occasionally they don a thin mantle of courtesy with the raiment in which they are to grace some special function, but when that is over the raiment and the courtesy are folded away together, being of too fragile a nature to stand the wear-and-tear of every-day life.

I do not say that this is the case in every rank of life, but it is frequently so in the upper and lower middle-classes. This is one of the reasons why those who are accustomed to move in "good society" are, as a rule, so much pleasanter to live with. They have been educated in courtesy from their infancy, and have learnt the self-repression and self-control which are such a necessary part of good manners; politeness is to them an every-day attribute, not merely Society raiment.

But are we then a nation of boors?

By no means. In every class there are Nature's gentle-people as well as those who have been refined by education and surroundings, but I do not think we find an overwhelming number of them among the would-be fashionable young people of to-day, of many of whom it may be said with truth—

"Those who see the most of us see the worst of us."

Reginald, from Oxford, will escort Lady Mountfidget to her carriage with the greatest *empressement* at an evening party, but it never enters his head to open the door for his mother when she is leaving her own drawing-room; and while he is indefatigable in handing round the delicacies of the tea-table at the Dean's reception, he will calmly lounge upon the sofa and see his sisters wait upon him in his own home; while Eothen and Ida think that anything in the shape of shabby gowns and untidy locks is good enough for the family breakfast-table, unless they have guests staying in the house.

And between husband and wife too, how little regard for good manners and courtesy often remains when the honeymoon has faded into the mists of the past . . . He, for whom no honeyed words and dainty blandishments were once too sweet, is replied to in careless monosyllables now, and "It really is not worth while to dress for the evening when we are alone, for John never notices what I have on," supersedes the anxiety with which in the "courting days"—

"And thinking 'this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose."

While John peruses the newspaper all breakfast-time, and suffers his wife to put coals on the fire, or open the window without evincing a vestige of the haste with which he would once have sprung to her aid. Ah! how quickly the bloom of home-life is rubbed off when the members of the family think polite attentions are too good for each other, and must be reserved for honoured guests.

I am well aware that these remarks will call forth a great outcry from some who read them.

"Do you mean to say," asks one, "that one is not to do as one likes in one's own home? Is not the absence of ceremony the very essence of home enjoyment? If formality be introduced, comfort will fly." But good manners and courtesy are not formality, only true refinement, and when these attributes are not innate, where can they be so naturally cultivated as in the home circle? To my mind a home that lacks refinement, whether of manner or tastes, is not a happy home, for true politeness and refinement may be found in the humblest cottage, and are the outcome of unselfishness, and an earnest desire to promote and minister to the happiness and well-being of others, whether in the home or elsewhere.

A gentlewoman (I am using the word in its true sense) will always be refined, whatever her surroundings, and therefore will always be polite both to her equals and to those beneath her in social standing. She will treat all alike with courtesy, not because they are ladies but because she is one; and because she holds dear her womanly self-respect she will consider the self-respect of those around her.

Perhaps chivalry would not agree with the airs and graces of superiority affected by the young men of to-day, although occasionally one is charmed to find there are still some men who possess this relic of the past; but it would appear that many of our "gilded youths" would be ashamed to show any deference to women, of whom they speak in terms a little less respectful than those they use when referring to their horses or their dogs. I do not say that Englishmen alone are to blame in this respect. A Frenchman will raise his hat when he meets a lady in the doorway of an hotel, but if his own comfort be opposed to his politeness, the latter proves itself a very perishable veneer.

I remember once when getting into a railway-carriage at a junction abroad, being very unceremoniously pushed off the step by a rubicund priest who called to some younger men who were with him, "Make haste! Make haste! or this lady will get in, and there may not be room enough for you!" I hardly think the average Englishman would have acted thus!

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that many women are guilty of discourtesy in

the manner with which they receive any politeness that may be shown them. I have seen girls calmly appropriate the seat a gentleman has given up to them in an omnibus or railway-carriage, without deigning to utter even the most commonplace word of thanks; while school-girls of sixteen or seventeen, perfectly well able to endure fatigue, or even rain, will allow a man old enough to be their grandfather to give up his place to them and stand in a crowded hall, or go outside an omnibus on a pouring wet day. Such little attentions as these, my sisters, are Courtesies, not Woman's Rights, and should be received and acknowledged in the same spirit of courtesy as that which prompted them. Politeness deserves politeness in return, and very much as we treat others shall we ourselves be treated. A woman who takes every courtesy as her due, and never vouchsafes any recognition of it, cannot be surprised if at some future time she is allowed to look after herself and her own comfort.

Over the porch of an old Norfolk rectory is inscribed the Winchester motto—"Manners makyth man," a motto as true to-day as when it was carven long years ago.

Manners do make men, and women too, especially in the eyes of our fellow-men, who are so prone to judge us by what we seem rather than by what we are. If young people realised how much more lasting is the impression conveyed by good manners than by fine raiment, or even by good looks, they would, perchance, cultivate politeness rather than brusquerie, and gentle courtesy than the off-hand careless manner that they so often affect.

I have heard the charge of insincerity brought against those who cultivate the art of pleasing all whom they meet.

"I don't alter my opinion to suit my company," says one who prides herself on her originality and "down-rightness" of manner.

And far be it from me to suggest that anyone should do so, for then where would individuality be? But it is possible to differ politely, and to carry on an argument without thrusting your colours too aggressively into your opponent's face. Gentleness wins more battles than rudeness, and a cause was never yet lost through kind words.

Perhaps one of the greatest hindrances to true politeness is our inordinate appreciation of ourselves, and our proneness to judge matters solely from our own standpoint. Ten out of every twelve persons one meets can talk most fluently if "self" is the topic of conversation; it may be a most uninteresting subject to the hearers, but to them it is an all-absorbing one, and, mounted on their hobby, they rush away at a pace that renders intelligent listening and intelligent answers almost impossible. It is good for us to remember in conversation that what interests ourselves does not always interest our companions. The fact that our kitchenmaid wasted half-an-hour in conversation with the dustman, may have caused quite a revolution in our domestic circle, but to a lady we meet in the afternoon at a friend's house it is probably a matter of no importance. Nor when we have a clerical caller, brimful of anxiety to get our subscription towards his Sunday-school, or our patronage for his athletic sports, need we preclude his ventilating the object of his call by rushing into an agitated recital of Tommy's prowess in rescuing his kitten from a watery grave. To be courteous we must be ready to hear the conversation of others, as well as to delight them with ours. Good listeners are far more appreciated than great talkers, and a friend to whom you have given a cup of tea, and to whose, perchance, hopelessly dull conversation you have listened with real, not assumed, interest for ten minutes, will entertain a far higher opinion of your cleverness and tact than if you had bored him or her with a detailed narrative of your domestic annoyances. We must be unselfish if we would be courteous, and we must cultivate the art of being sympathetic listeners if we would be truly popular among our acquaintances.

I often think that many a lesson in courtesy may be learnt in the homes of the poor. There is much innate politeness among the working-classes, and the wife of an artisan or of an agricultural labourer has often the instincts of a model hostess developed in as great a degree as her aristocratic sisters. This is especially the case among the older men and women. Partly owing to the school-boards, perhaps, and partly from copying the manners of some of their superiors, the younger generation do not as a rule possess this courtly dignity. They have a more repelling manner, because they think they are every bit as good as you are, and are not quite sure that you think so too! Whereas the elders know you respect them, and they respect you in return.

And here I would venture to say that I think, in many cases, we do not win courtesy by being courteous ourselves when visiting our poorer brethren. Many a woman, whose manners are simply faultless in her own drawing-room, lays aside her courtesy when entering a cottage in her district; while too many parish workers, both lay and clerical, seem to think it no intrusion to enter a poor person's house without an invitation, sometimes without even knocking at the door. Nor do they arrange their visits so as to escape washing-day or the family meal-times, forgetting that they would be extremely indignant if a visitor should enter their dining-room unannounced while dinner or luncheon was going on. It is a golden rule for district-visitors never to enter a house uninvited, and never to make disparaging remarks upon the household arrangements to its mistress.

And lastly, if we would show our good manners "to each and all alike as doth behove," they must spring from an even deeper source than unselfishness—for unselfishness itself is little worth unless it is prompted by love—the love that goes forth in gentle acts and kindly deeds to all humanity, for the sake of Him Who is Himself incarnate love. There is no courtesy to equal Christian courtesy, no power of attraction to equal—

"The half unconscious power to draw
All hearts to ours by Love's sweet Law."
T. G. Whittier.

"Then we wring from our souls their applicative strength,
And bend to the cord the strong bow of our ken;
And bringing our lives to the level of others,
Hold the cup we have filled to their uses at length.
* * * * *
And with reachings of thought we reach down to the deeps
Of the souls of our brothers,
And teach them full words with our slow-moving lips,
'God,' 'Liberty,' 'Truth,' — which they hearken and think,
And work into harmony link upon link."
Mrs. Browning.

DOROTHY'S CAREER.

CHAPTER II.

ACHIEVEMENT.

A YEAR and six months elapsed since Dorothy's career as an artist began; eighteen months had also elapsed since her friend Mabel Fox set up her easel in the same studio; but Miss Fox had no aspirations after immortal fame, no particular desire to have a career, no wish to immolate herself on the altar of art. She had to earn her own living, and she set about it willingly and cheerfully enough, but in a very prosaic fashion, driven thereto by stern necessity.

The two girls got on very well together, despite—perhaps because of—the wide difference of opinions between them. Mabel admired Dorothy's enthusiasm and ambition, though she shared neither, and Dorothy admired Mabel's cheerful perseverance and generous, unselfish nature. They were a contrast outwardly as well as inwardly. Dorothy was rather small and very pretty, with a pale little face, lit up by great brown eyes and framed in a cloud of soft curly brown hair.

Mabel was a very tall, broad, rather awkward-looking girl, with red hair and the freckled skin that generally goes with it, and a good-tempered face. Dorothy admired Mabel's hair exceedingly, and had painted the hair of "St. Ursula," the picture she had just had accepted by the Royal Academy, from it.

The girls lived in lodgings kept by an old servant of the Bruces, in a small house, close to the embankment at Chelsea. An old laundry at the back had been turned into a large studio, and here Mabel had one or two pupils three times a week, on which days Dorothy painted at the National Gallery.

They had both sent pictures to the Academy, and to the wild delight of Dorothy both pictures had been accepted. Mabel's was a landscape, a pretty little bit of a wood in autumn; Dorothy's was a much more ambitious work. It was a fair girl, with Mabel's red hair hanging about her shoulders. She was dressed in white, and lying sleeping on the grass, with some very pronounced daisies and buttercups in the foreground, and Dorothy called her picture "St. Ursula's Dream."

It was now the beginning of May, and Dorothy searched the papers daily for any mention of her picture; but at present neither "Autumn" nor "St. Ursula's Dream" had attracted the notice of the critics.

"No mention of us again to-day, and this is the third notice," said Dorothy, throwing down a daily paper, as the two girls sipped their afternoon tea in their studio.

"I don't expect to be reviewed; you will be, I dare say; but if my picture only sells I don't mind whether the papers notice me or not. I wonder you care so much about it, Dorothy."

"Care! why, it keeps me awake at night, I am so anxious to know what they'll say! If they praise me much, I shall be wild with delight; and if they cut me up, I shall be in despair. Oh, Mabel, can't you understand how I hope to be famous! I have staked my happiness on it!"

"Yes; and very foolish of you it is, in my opinion. You had much better go and marry poor Jack Denton. They say he has grown so cynical since you refused him!" said Mabel, helping herself to more hot toast.

"What, and give up art, and my career, and all my aspirations?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"I should, if I were you. Of course, we have a fairly nice time of it here. We work hard and are very happy; if I could earn more I should be still happier, and if I can sell "Autumn," and send pater the cheque I get for it—well, I dare say I shall think myself the happiest girl in England for a few days. But I frankly confess my heart often aches for home, with all its cares; it has so many joys which we don't value till we have lost. However, I must work for my living, and I make the best of it; but I can't understand you, Dorothy!"

"So it seems!" said Dorothy; and a certain saying about "as gods know gods" occurred to her, and she decided she must be content to be misunderstood by Mabel.

"By the way, Dorothy, isn't Mr. Denton the art-critic for one of the weeklies?" said Mabel.

"Yes; why?" said Dorothy, mentioning the paper he wrote for.

"Because, if I were you, I should write and ask him to mention your picture."

"I would not do such a thing for the whole world! Criticism that is not spontaneous and genuine would not give me one spark of pleasure, however good it might be," said Dorothy.

Mabel said no more about it; but that evening, when Dorothy had gone out to dinner with some friends, Mabel wrote the following note to Mr. Jack Denton:—

"Beaulieu Road, Chelsea,
"Tuesday Evening.

"DEAR MR. DENTON,—Please excuse my venturing to write to you, but Dorothy has a picture, 'St. Ursula's Dream,' in the Academy, and she is crazy to see it noticed in the papers. I know you would do anything for Dorothy. Do mention it in your next notice, and say all you can to encourage her. She is out, and has no idea I am writing to you; she would be perfectly furious if she knew. She is as devoted to art and as anxious to be famous as ever. "Yours sincerely,

"MABEL FOX.

"P.S.—Don't answer this, as Dorothy might suspect I had written to you if she saw your writing."

Mr. Denton attended to the postscript of this letter; he did not answer it, but there was no mention of Dorothy's picture in that week's *Parthenon* for which he wrote the art criticisms. The following week, however, Dorothy gave a cry of delight as she glanced through the article on the Royal Academy.

"Mabel, listen! your picture is noticed. Here it is, 'Autumn, by Miss Mabel Fox, a pretty study of autumn leaves, carefully painted, and showing conscientious work and a true feeling for colour.' I call that capital, don't you?"

"Yes, it is more than I expected them to say."

"But it is true, or Jack would never have said it; he is a very severe critic and most conscientious."

"Is not 'St. Ursula's Dream' mentioned too," said Mabel, fearing her letter had perhaps influenced Mr. Denton in his notice of her picture.

"I am looking. Yes, here it is; it is longer than yours, listen. 'There is freshness and originality in Miss Bruce's conception of "St. Ursula's Dream." The pose of the figure is



very striking, and the masses of hair of the colour artists love to honour are artistically disposed and contrast well with the delicate greens of the foreground. The texture of the drapery is cleverly copied, and lovers of the pre-Raphaelite school will find much to their taste in the picture.' That is all. Oh, Mabel, what do you think of it?"

"Splendid! I don't know what more you want, 'fresh, original, clever.' Doesn't it satisfy you?"

"Yes, coming from Jack it does, because I know what a dreadfully severe critic he is, and I know too he would not praise me of all people in the world, unless he thought I deserved it."

"Why not you in particular?"

"Because it would encourage me to go on with my painting, and Jack's aim and object in life is to make me sacrifice my career and settle down into a humdrum life with him. Not if I know it; even he has to acknowledge I have some talent. I must work harder than ever this year, my next picture must be on the line," said Dorothy, who was greatly elated with the notice of her picture.

The notices were cut out and sent to the parents of the girls, and a few weeks later, to Mabel's intense delight, she received a letter informing her that her picture was sold, and that the buyer would like a companion picture, either "Spring" or "Winter," by the same artist.

"I wonder who the buyer is?" said Dorothy.

"I don't know, I'm sure; I am only immensely grateful to him. I shall have another cheque for father next year. I shall keep to this style of picture, evidently it sells. Don't look so horrified, Dorothy. Have you settled on your subject which is to take the art world by storm next year?"

"Yes; at last I have found one. I shall call it 'A modern Saint Elizabeth,' and it will be a girl dressed in green, coming home and meeting the king with her basket full of red roses. I must find a model for Saint Elizabeth."

"And who will you have for the king? Does he come into the picture?"

"Yes; he is on the right just meeting her. I should like Jack Denton for the king, only he would not sit to me, I am afraid. I may see him this autumn; if I do I will sound him on the subject," said Dorothy.

Mabel made some commonplace answer, but she was inwardly very much amused, for Dorothy said it so naïvely and seriously. "She evidently admires him very much, or she would not want to put him into her picture," thought Mabel.

"Why do you always choose saints for your subjects, Dorothy," she asked.

"Because sacred is the highest art, and I think perhaps my gift is to treat those old hackneyed subjects in a fresh, modern, and original way," said Dorothy, sublimely unconscious of her own conceit.

"Oh!" said Mabel.

It was all she could say, for her faith in Dorothy's powers did not extend to believing her capable of founding a new school, which she apparently aimed at doing. Moreover, the recollection of her appeal to Mr. Denton prevented her from valuing the *Parthenon's* criticism of their pictures so highly as Dorothy evidently did.

By the time the girls went home for their summer holiday, Dorothy had found a model for Saint Elizabeth, and had got on fairly well with her picture; there was a space left for the king, and as far as Mabel could at present judge, pretty as the queen was, she did not think it would be an epoch-making work. Dorothy, however, was very hopeful, and went home more convinced than ever that she had a career before her.

Mr. Denton did not come down to Beachford, Dorothy's native place, that autumn; he went abroad for his holiday, apparently quite determined not to throw any obstacles in her way, even during her leisure hours. So it happened that two years elapsed since Jack Denton parted with Dorothy before they met again, and then the meeting was accidental and most unexpected by both parties.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE HIEROGLYPHS.

PART II.

HAVING now learned how Champollion arrived at his discovery, and having purchased Le Page Renouf's Egyptian Grammar, familiarised ourselves to some extent with the hieroglyphs, and mastered an outline of Egyptian history, let us return another day to the British Museum, and try our apprentice hand on some of the monuments which are clustered round the Rosetta Stone. Not far from the Rosetta Stone lies a splendid sarcophagus of polished black basalt, which the label tells us was found at Luxor.

As we look down its exquisite rows of hieroglyphs, we detect a *cartouche* which is repeated over and over again. Beginning from the left-hand top corner of the cartouche, the first character we notice is the looped cross standing for the word *ankh;* then follows the wavy line N, the hook S, the guitar *nefer*, the jar *ab*, and finally a circle representing the sun-god (from whom the Egyptian monarchs claimed descent), standing for the word *ra;* hence we have the name Ankhnesneferabra. Who,



Cartouche of Ankhnesneferabra

then, was this fair lady with the long name? For that she was a female is evident from the figure in the pleated dress, crowned with the horned disc, cut upon the lid. Fortunately we have an approximate answer supplied by another *cartouche* on the sarcophagus, containing a mat P, a hook S (both already appearing in Ptolemy's name), an owl M, a figure like a sugar-tongs Th, and a bowl K; spelling altogether with the necessary vowels inserted, the name Psemethek. Egyptologists, as well as Bible students are immensely indebted to



Cartouche of Psammetichus.

that very remarkable ruler of Egypt Ptolemy Philadelphus. To his patronage is due the Greek translation of the Old Testament, and it was he also who directed Manetho, a royal historiographer, to compile a list of the dynasties of Egyptian sovereigns, with the names of the kings, a work which is the basis of Egyptian history.

From Manetho we learn that in the twenty-sixth dynasty there occur at least two kings with the name Psemethek (Greek Psammetichus). We may now fall back upon history.

This lady, Ankhnesneferabra, was a queen, a daughter of Psemethek II., the third king of this twenty-sixth dynasty of mighty Egyptian Pharaohs. Not a very remarkable man himself, he had a son and a son-in-law, who by their greatness more than compensated for his want of energy and distinction. His son Apries is known to us under the Biblical name of Pharaoh Hophra (Jeremiah, xliv. 30). So that this lady, whose sarcophagus-lid we are examining, was the sister of that Pharaoh who assisted Zedekiah, king of Judah, against Nebuchadnezzar, when the king of Babylon made that final descent upon Judæa which ended in the Babylonian captivity in 586 B.C. This fair lady was married to a still more remarkable man, Amasis, the successor of Apries, who had been one of his generals. The earliest known Greek inscription in existence occurs in connection with the name of Amasis, inscribed upon the rocks of Aboo-Simbel, which records the fact of a military expedition under his leadership having reached thus far during an attack upon the Ethiopians.

Amasis in his character and career somewhat resembles our Henry V. Before ascending the throne he had been, as a soldier of fortune, the boon companion of his comrades in arms, perchance of some Egyptian Falstaff, but, when elected king, he suddenly developed into a firm and admirable ruler. He adopted a strange method of impressing upon his subjects this change in his character. There was daily placed near his table a golden foot-pan. He directed that it should be melted down and formed into the figure of a god. The image was shown in public, and he then addressed his people and said, "Like the golden footpan out of which this statue was cast, I was once a fellow-companion amongst you, but now I am like this statue itself, moulded into a nobler form, and in this new form I claim your obedience and respect." A hint of this kind could not but be taken. His reign was a period of prosperity. Sculpture and painting flourished, and the sovereign encouraged art in every way by building temples, by erecting statues, and by having portraits of himself painted on panels for distribution among foreign princes; and this, his wife's sarcophagus, is a charming example of the perfection to which stone-cutting had been brought in his days.

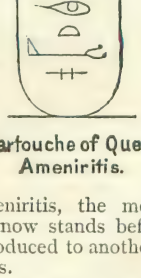
Psemethek II., the father of Ankhnesneferabra, was the son of Pharaoh Necho (612 B.C.), or in Coptic Nekau, who is familiar to us as being the vanquisher of King Josiah at Megiddo, and as the Egyptian monarch who carried Jehoahaz away a prisoner, and placed Eliakin, afterwards Jehoiakin, on the throne of Israel. He was the Lesseps of the seventh century before Christ, for he almost completed a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. Phœnician sailors, under his orders, sailed round Africa, starting from a port on the Red Sea, and reaching the mouths of the Nile after a romantic voyage of nearly three years. Necho's father was the great Psemethek I., the founder of this twenty-sixth dynasty (666 B.C.)

Let us now take another of these monuments for our experiment. Here lies a large oblong slab of basalt with the familiar scene of a king making offerings to his god, upon which we detect the *cartouche* of a king Psemethek, and beside it another one; that on the left contains the now familiar family name of Psemethek, and that on the right the name conferred at his coronation, viz, Uah-abra, represented by a kind of date fruit, a jar, and the sun's disc. This second or *throne name*, which the Egyptian monarchs had adopted since the time of the fifth dynasty, enables us to identify him as King Psemethek the First.

We have taken another step back in time, and are on sure ground. Let us look about once more and see if we can connect this monument with one other in the room. Yes, here it is, the somewhat mutilated statue of a female, labelled Queen Ameniritis; another and perfect statue of this queen stands in the Cairo Museum, of which there are beautiful reproductions in the Edinburgh and Dublin Museums. She opens up to us another vista in the past.

Psemethek the First was a contemporary of the Assyrian monarch Sardanapalus, who had restored his family to the throne of Sais, one of the twelve petty surviving kingdoms which had been established in Egypt by Esarhaddon. Able, energetic, and an opportunist, Psemethek availed himself of an incident to fulfil an old Egyptian prophecy. It was said that the man who first should pour a libation to the gods from a brazen vessel should be king of all Egypt. On one occasion the twelve kings had assembled to do honour to the gods. The priests had omitted to bring their twelve golden goblets. Psemethek was equal to the occasion; he received the libation and poured it forth from his brass helmet. He was a marked man from that day. He became an object of intense jealousy to the other kings, and, being unable to stand alone, called in the assistance of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who were then ruled by Gyges, king of Lydia. Another prophecy was fulfilled by this act. An oracle had foretold that when brazen men came forth from the sea, the line of native princes should be restored to Egypt. Psemethek was not slow, we may be sure, in pointing the moral; the Greeks clad in brass armour clearly fulfilled the prophecy. He became master of the kingdom and destroyed the last of Assyrian influence in Egypt. But that connection with the Greeks eventuated fatally, as centuries proved. Slowly, insidiously, like the progress of some deadly disease, Greek influence sapped and softened the strong thews and sinews of the glorious Egyptian constitution until moral and physical death finally supervened. All over Egypt monuments due to the magnificent enterprise of Psemethek are to be found. At Sais in the Delta, at Memphis, at Heliopolis, at Thebes, statue, temple, and obelisk record his greatness.

It is doubtful whether he belonged to a true Egyptian Royal Family, but he assured his position by taking in marriage Shep-en-Apet, a daughter of Queen Ameniritis and of Piankhi II., a sovereign of the preceding twenty-fifth dynasty.



Cartouche of Queen Ameniritis.

Queen Ameniritis, the mother-in-law of Psemethek I., now stands before us, and by her we are introduced to another series of most interesting facts.

About three hundred years before the accession of Psemethek, King Sheshank, the Shishak with whom Jeroboam took refuge (1 Kings, ii. 40), had driven from Thebes and from Tanis the last of a line of priest-kings. They fled into Ethiopia, and settled at Noph,

the modern Gebel Barkal, not very far from Korti, a spot made familiar to us during the last Egyptian Campaign. The exiles revived their dynasty here, and in 755 B.C. we find a sovereign of this legitimate line reigning as Noph under the title of Piankhi I., first sovereign of the twenty-fifth dynasty. His history, and that of his successors, is merely the incidents of a sore and fluctuating struggle with Assyria. Presently we come across the account of an awful and tragic event. There reigns at Memphis a rival king, Bocchoris by name; Shabak, a successor to Piankhi I., defeats him, seizes him, and burns him alive. This is probably the earliest instance of the infliction of this terrible death, which became familiar in Christian times. Shabak or Sabaco, was brother to this Queen Ameniritis, and is identical with that So, King of Egypt, to whom Hoshea appealed for assistance against Shalmaneser, King of Assyria. It is worthy of note that several of the *cartouches* on the base of the statue at Cairo have been carefully erased; most probably those which contained the name of her husband, and whose memory was hateful to some succeeding monarch. But Shabak had another sister, who married another sovereign of this twenty-fifth dynasty, a king whose name the Bible has made very familiar to us, namely Tirhakah (700 B.C.). What wondrous stirring tales could not these stone lips recite, if the spirit of Queen Ameniritis could but speak through them; would she not tell us of the anxieties and wavering hopes of her sister and of Tirhakah, as fortune favoured one side or the other, in that terrible conflict with the Assyrian king? Would she not tell us the exact terms of that agreement by which Tirhakah bound himself to render help to Hezekiah, King of Judah, when Sennacherib swooped down upon Judæa? Would she not tell us, in exciting and burning words, of the day when the whole land of Egypt rang with the joyful news that the army of Sennacherib had been overtaken by that awful visitation of Providence on its impious march against the Holy City? Alas, these lips are sealed; we have not even the mummy to question, of which this figure is but the counterfeit presentment; where it lies we know not; perchance in some far off and still unrifled tomb—

"Cased in cedar and shut in sacred gloom,
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnabar, and rich with gold;
Silent she rests in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse."

We must be content with this tale, which we have been enabled to weave with the assistance of that magic black stone, which in the hands of the wizard Champollion forced the dead past to burst its cerements and mutter its secrets to the modern world.

L. Edw. Steele, M.A.

SIRLOIN FOR TWO.

"We get so tired of chops and steaks, and a roast of beef always means cold beef or the inevitable shepherd's pie for days afterwards." So said a young housekeeper to me lately, and she seemed so pleased when I told her our way of managing a sirloin for two that I feel encouraged to write out the method for the readers of The Girl's Own Paper.

Choose a small piece of beef from the middle cut of the sirloin. With a sharp knife cut out the fillet, cut off the lap, and then cut the upper part from the bones. If you are nervous about cutting it yourself, get the butcher to do it for you, but there is no difficulty whatsoever in the operation, if your knife be sharp. You have only to keep quite close to the bone in order to leave no scraps of beef behind. You have now three separate pieces of beef each to be treated in a distinct manner. The bones may be broken into small pieces and put down to make gravy. There are two ways of cooking the fillet, both of which are good.

Roast Fillet of Beef.—Trim off the fat and the skin next to the fat, and lard that side of the fillet with fat bacon; put it into a pie-dish with a sliced onion, some parsley, pepper and salt, pour over it sufficient vinegar to cover it and let it remain for twelve hours. Take it out of this pickle and roast it before a nice clear fire, basting it frequently. It should not be overdone. Serve it with good gravy; potatoes tossed in butter are a nice addition.

Stewed Fillet of Beef.—Put the fillet into a stewpan, cover it with stock, and add a tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, some savoury herbs, an onion, a few cloves, pepper and salt, let it stew gently for about two hours. Take the fillet out of the pan, put it on a very hot dish and keep it hot, strain and skim the gravy, thicken it with flour and butter, and if liked, add half a glass of port wine. Pour the gravy over the meat, which if properly stewed should be exceedingly tender.

The stewed Lap with Vegetables.—Trim off as much fat as convenient, cut some carrots and turnips into dice, and an onion into slices, slightly fry them in a little of the fat, but do not allow them to take colour. Lay the beef in a stewpan, then the vegetables, and cover with stock; bring it to a boil and then set it to one side to simmer gently until the meat is tender. Skim the gravy carefully, season and thicken it, serve it and the vegetables round the meat.

The upper side of the sirloin may be cooked in various ways. It is very nice rolled and roasted in the ordinary manner, served with horseradish sauce and Yorkshire pudding; or it may be stuffed with forcemeat, securely bound up and roasted. Plenty of good thick gravy should then be served with it, some poured round it, and the remainder sent to table in a tureen. A third way is less common.

A tiny spiced Round.—Before spicing the beef rub it well with salt and a little powdered saltpetre, and let it remain for a day and a night. Roll it and skewer it into a nice shape, or better still, bind it firmly with tape. Pound a quarter of an ounce of allspice, one small teaspoonful of black pepper, about eight cloves, a quarter of a nutmeg, powder them all finely, and mix with a quarter of a pound of treacle. Place the beef upon a flat dish and pour the mixture over it. Turn the beef daily, pouring the mixture over it with a spoon. In about a week it will be ready for use, and may be boiled in the usual way.

Probably there will be something remaining from each of these three dinners, but it is by no means necessary to have perpetual shepherd's pies. A nice way of re-cooking roast beef is to cut it into three-quarter inch slices, trim them neatly, dip them into egg and bread crumb, and fry them as you would cutlets. Serve them with good brown gravy.

The stewed beef can be nicely re-dressed in several ways. Take some lean ham or bacon in the proportion of one part to two of beef. Mince these very finely. Put into a saucepan a little of the thick brown gravy over from the stew, flavour it with a squeeze of lemon-juice and a little of the grated rind, add some very finely chopped onion, seasoning of pepper and salt, and a little Worcester sauce or ketchup. Stir in the minced beef until thoroughly blended, but do not let it boil. Turn it out on a plate to get quite cold, and then shape the mixture into balls or cakes, dip into egg and bread crumb, and fry in plenty of boiling fat. For variety, little turnovers may be made by rolling out some short paste rather thin; cut it into rounds, lay a teaspoonful of mince upon each, fold them over; moisten the edges to make them adhere, and pinch them. Bake these till the pastry is cooked, or else dip them into a beaten egg, and then into vermicelli broken up very finely, and fry them in plenty of hot fat. Serve them very hot. The chief charm in these little dishes is in the flavouring. It can be frequently varied; for instance, when mushrooms are obtainable, one minced up with the beef is an improvement, but the flavour should always be delicate, and no one flavour should predominate over the others.

Few people object to cold spiced beef once in a way, but for those who do an old-fashioned dish called "bubble and squeak" is a very nice alternative. Cut the spiced beef into thin slices, fry it gently in butter, taking care not to dry it up. Lay the slices upon a very hot dish, and keep them hot. Have ready some cabbage-sprouts nicely boiled, well drained, and minced finely. Fry this with a sliced onion in butter, season with pepper and salt, and pile upon the slices of beef. Serve very hot.

It is so very much easier to have the same bill of fare repeatedly, that one is apt to yield to the temptation to become a monotonous housekeeper. It is a temptation, however, which should be conscientiously resisted, because with many people monotonous diet causes the appetite to fail, and failure of appetite is sure to be followed by failure of health.

S. M. Shearman.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER III.



NURSE BRIGGS meanwhile had been moving swiftly about, attending to the wants of the helpless ones. Many a face lit up with a smile as she drew near and said some cheery word or gave a kind caressing touch to brow or hand. She was not a beauty, she had on the contrary a very plain face, somewhat broad, with large prominent grey eyes, and a square jaw only relieved by regular white teeth; but it was the soul which looked out of her eyes and met yours, which made you feel what she really was. She had been nearly two years in the hospital, and had been a staff nurse for the last six months, having two probationers under her, and being herself supervised by the sister.

As Sister King George had said, she was supposed only to have charge of one side, but the sister did very little work in the ward, though she always accompanied the doctors on their rounds, and in reality the whole work fell on the staff nurse and those under her.

"Come," she said to Constance as the sister turned to go, "I have several poultices to make and will show you how to do them."

"Oh, thank you," said Constance, "but I have often made poultices at home, so I hope I shall not want much teaching here."

When she was told to heat the basin and spatula and given some tow to pull out to spread the poultice on, she felt it was a very different matter; the tow would not lie smooth, or would get into heaps here and there with holes between. Nurse Briggs took it from her saying:

"You will have to practice, and you will soon get into the way. You must not mind Sister King George," she added; "she is a clever nurse, though rough and coarse, and I might add unprincipled. However she is kept on puzzles many of us, but the doctors swear by her, as the saying is, and shut their eyes to her faults. Now I am talking treason, I know, but I was so afraid you would get discouraged. She really knows her work, so you must learn all you can, and just try not to mind if she is hard or unjust; remember, too, I will always gladly help you if I can."

"Thanks, very much," said Constance, "I will indeed try, but it will be much easier if I may come to you."

"Now wash up the things we have used and then go and collect all the dinner-plates, and put them in front of the fire to get hot; then wash up any mugs or basins you find dirty, and place them in rows on the kitchen table, it will soon be time for the dinners."

Constance did as she was told, and returned to know what came next. There seemed no lack of work. Nurse Briggs was busy with cotton wool and flannel bandages wrapping up the limbs of the poor fellow with rheumatic fever, and she told Constance she might stay and assist her, kindly explaining anything she could meanwhile. Then there were medicines to be given, the child of four years who had been brought in that morning suffering from pneumonia to attend to and comfort, for he called sadly for his mother, and Constance was beginning to feel a real interest in her work when Sister King George entered followed by the ward maid with the dinners. Constance was already feeling hungry; it was nearly half-past twelve, and she had had nothing since breakfast. "How good the dinners smell," she thought. Some had fish, some chops, others slices of roast mutton, some soup, and some only pudding, milk or beef tea. As soon as they were carried round, the staff nurse went to her dinner in the hospital, and Constance was told to feed those who were helpless. She felt very awkward and nervous, but assisted by two or three of the men (who were getting convalescent and were up in the ward) did what she could. Little Harry the baby stoutly put his lips together and refused a drink; one man asked why he did not get fish, and Constance appealed to the sister, who told her it was thought better for him to have soup instead, and he made no further objection.

Constance did not know then what she afterwards found out, that the sister often kept back a diet for her own luncheon. The sisters dined at six, and had their midday meal in their own rooms, which were close to the ward, so that they might be at hand if wanted. The probationers went to the home to dine at one o'clock, and the matron always presided. She was extremely particular, too, about their being punctual. At length most of the plates were empty, and King George told Constance to carry them out and not waste time as she did not wish to be blamed by the matron for a lazy "pro." Constance, in her haste slipped on the glassy floor, and though she was soon on her feet unhurt, she had broken three plates, which brought down a severe reprimand; and it was with a decidedly heavy heart that she walked through the passages on her way to the home. In the hall were several students and two or three nurses, MacMahon amongst the number, standing laughing and talking. She was glad to see Nurse Rose coming towards her, and they went out together.

"How have you got on this morning," she said to Constance. "It was very hard for you to have to go to Sister King George first, but she is not so bad as she seems, and as soon as ever you get to know your work a little, she will leave you entirely to the staff nurse. She is not nice, I know, but then she is getting old, and I do not think she has a real friend anywhere, certainly not in the hospital. The first month is very hard, but if you do not knock up, and really like nursing, you will soon get very fond of your patients; and the doctors, too are very kind, and their being nice to you adds very much to the pleasure of your work," she said, the colour mounting to her face. They entered the home as the bell rang.

The dinner consisted of roast beef carved by the matron, boiled potatoes, and a milk pudding. There was sufficient for all, and if a simple meal it was wholesome and well cooked. Each nurse was allowed half a pint of milk or ale. It was a somewhat silent meal, as the matron did not allow work to be mentioned, and possibly this may have accounted for the speed with which it was despatched. It was little more than half-past one when all had finished. Nurse Rose whispered to Constance as they left the room, that on a Tuesday and Friday, which were Dr. Stuart's days in the ward, Sister King George was very particular about their being over early. Thankful for the advice, and wishful to do anything to propitiate the sister, she set off at once. The hall seemed full of people, far more than she had seen when leaving the hospital, and many eyes were turned upon her as she passed along. There had been a lecture that morning, and Constance had seen no doctors in the ward, for the morning visit was over before she arrived. She hastened on and was met with a kind smile from Nurse Briggs, and, "That's right, I am so glad you are over early. When you are ready, get a broom and just sweep the centre of the ward; there are some crumbs and bits of dust, then the fires must be made up. It wants quite a quarter to two, so there will be plenty of time."

Constance took the broom, and did what she was desired, as well as she could. Then there were beds to be straightened and numberless little things to be done ere the ward was considered quite ready. At last the sound of approaching voices and the tramp of feet drew near, and Sister King George came into the ward, looking quite smiling, a small thin man with grey hair following her, and then one after another the students filed in till there were about thirty present. Nurse Briggs had told Constance to keep close to her and Sister King George, and do nothing unless told. She did as she was bid, well aware, however, that she was being taken in from head to foot by many eyes. Dr. Stuart spoke kindly to each patient in turn, asked several questions either of the sister, or of a tall dark man who kept close to him, and who Constance afterwards learnt was the House Physician. Here and there the doctor stood by a bed and talked a long while, asking several of his class to come one by one and feel a pulse or notice some symptom, or make some examination, meanwhile giving them long explanations, and using terms of which Constance had never heard, thus making the whole discourse utterly unintelligible to her. Nurse Briggs had left them, and was attending to a patient who had called for something, and she was getting thoroughly wearied with the long standing (for it was nearly four o'clock), and wondered if the sick men did not wish they would all make haste, when Sister King George, turning, said to her,

"Fetch that stethoscope off the table, and bring it to Dr. Stuart."

Constance had not caught the word, and was asking for an explanation, when Sister King George brushed by her and handed it herself to Dr. Stuart, with the remark, "Some people are so dense."

Constance felt her face flush, but she caught a look from Nurse Briggs, which made her remember her advice to try and not mind. Nothing more happened that day, but Dr. Stuart had noticed that Nurse Constance's face was fresh to him, and on leaving the ward he turned to her, and said, "How long have you been nursing?"

"I only came into the ward this morning," she replied.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but when did you start nursing?"

"This morning," she repeated, a little wearily. "I am a new probationer."

"Oh," he said with a smile, "you have not had much experience of it yet!" And with a pleasant good afternoon to sister, he left the ward followed by his attendants.

Many of the students were mere boys, at least so Constance thought; and had she been more at home and noticed them, which to-day she had not done, she would have seen that her surmise was correct, or at least that they acted as such. Many a quiet laugh and joke they had together, especially those who were farthest away from Dr. Stuart, or when they happened to get behind him.

As soon as the doctors left the ward, Constance felt as though she longed to sink into a chair, but Nurse Briggs said cheerfully, "Now we must see to the tea!"

Three large tea-pots were warmed, and Constance was given a loaf of bread and told to cut some bread and butter. She cut away vigorously, but Nurse Briggs, happening to notice her, said, "Oh, you are spreading it much too thickly; you will never make it last out!"

Then there was toast to be made, and one or two patients to assist in dressing who were allowed up to tea; cocoa to be made for some, and when ready it had all to be served round as the dinners had been. It seemed to Constance never-ending; and though most of the men were extremely pleasant, and those who were up quite willing to help and advise her, yet one or two sick ones, who had been very fond of Nurse Rose, seemed inclined to be irritable and fault-finding, and gave vent to their feelings by wondering aloud as to why their nurse had been moved; they were sure they would never have another like her, which naturally did not tend to make Constance feel either happier or more capable. Nurse Briggs went to her tea at half-past four, and Sister King George had not been seen since the doctors left the ward, so Constance was quite alone. She worked away bravely, going from one to another, and assisting those that seemed to need help. Then she gathered up empty mugs and plates, and took them to the kitchen to wash, mended up the fires, and refilled two large kettles at the suggestion of one of the patients.

As Constance entered the home she saw boxes in the hall, which betokened an arrival or departure; and on going into the dining-room saw two nurses having tea—one was Nurse Burdett, the other she did not know.

"You are last to-night," said Nurse Burdett, "and look as if you were very tired. This is Nurse Dorothy; I expect Nurse Rose has mentioned her, has she not? She has just returned from a case, and I daresay will be left at home for a while now, as two of the private nurses are expected to-night."

"I did not know you were doing private nursing," said Constance. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, very much, as far as my experience goes. I have only been to two cases, and at each place they were all most kind to me; nevertheless, I shall be quite glad to come back to hospital work. You are very short-handed in King George, I hear. Nurse Burdett was speaking of you just as you came in."

"Yes; Nurse Briggs told me there were one or two nurses short," said Constance, rather wearily.

"Now get your tea," put in Burdett; "it is almost cold as it is, and I suppose you have not much time to spare. I expect you feel dreadfully tired to-day, but by-and-by it will not be so bad."

"Possibly, matron may send me into King George," said Dorothy.

"Oh," cried Burdett, "how good it would be to have you back! Only, if you return to ward-work, you will have to live in the hospital and be made staff-nurse. How we should all miss you in the home! I wish Nurse MacMahon could go instead, but your year was completed a couple of months ago, and she has still a month or six weeks before her time is up. Is it not queer that matron never sees through her? I expect that she will do something dreadful one of these days. She is always up to mischief, and yet somehow she gets round the doctors just as she does round matron, and they all think her so good and pious."

"I don't know about that," said Dorothy. "Some of the doctors see through her, I am sure. Whether they would tell of her is another matter; indeed, I feel certain they would not. What do they care about a nurse's character, so long as the nursing is done?"

Constance meanwhile had quickly swallowed her bread and butter and tea, and returned to her work. The snow was falling thickly as she crossed the square, and she was feeling very tired; still her tea had refreshed her, and the ward looked so light and cheerful, and there was so much to be done, that she was soon thoroughly engrossed. There were suppers to get ready and give round, beds to make comfortable for the night, medicines to be given, stupes and liniments to be applied. About seven o'clock the house-physician came round the ward. Nurse Briggs went with him to the worst cases, and told him how they had been doing. There was one poor fellow very ill with heart-disease, but the doctor did not think it necessary to put on a special nurse. "He may last for weeks without getting much worse," Constance heard him say to Nurse Briggs. "Poor fellow, it is very hard on him! but I think it would worry him, having anyone sitting beside him. Of course, it is impossible to say; he may go off suddenly, and the night nurse should be made aware of it." By eight o'clock all the evening work was supposed to be done, and the sister, if at home—or, if not, the staff-nurse—was expected to read prayers and turn down the lights. Sister King George never read prayers, so in her ward, when the staff-nurse was out, the eldest probationer took her place.

"Bring me the Bible and prayer-book from the shelf at the end of the ward," said Nurse Briggs, "and you can kneel down where you like. You will have to read prayers here yourself sometimes. I generally read a short psalm or a hymn, but that is quite optional, and then one or two of the evening prayers, but you can choose what you like. I always find the patients like to have prayers. Once or twice, if I have been very late, I have missed them; but never without someone saying next day, 'You won't forget the prayers to-night, nurse, will you?'"

Nurse Briggs took the books, and, standing at one end of the centre table, read, in a sweet, musical voice, the hundred and twenty-first Psalm. Oh, how restful it sounded! Then they knelt whilst she read two or three short prayers. On rising, Nurse Briggs lowered the lights, saying to Constance, "You can sit down by the fire for the few minutes you will have. I am going to supper, but Sister King George will be sure to be in, in time for you to be in the home by half-past eight."

Constance looked along the dimly-lighted ward, thinking it looked very dreary, and wished she might have kept the lights turned up until sister returned. One or two had already dropped asleep, and gave evidence of it by an occasional snore. The fire-light flickered on the walls and ceiling, and seemed to make the faces of the sick look still more ghastly. She felt a real sense of relief when Sister King George entered, and in her shrill voice bade her "put on her things and be off." Supper consisted of a glass of ale or milk, cold meat, and bread and cheese. The probationers who were on night duty had their breakfast at the same time, as they had to be in their wards by nine o'clock. After supper the matron, if present—otherwise, the president—read prayers, and most of the nurses retired to their rooms. Half-past ten was the time at which all were obliged to leave the day-room, but very few remained after prayers. If the minds were not tired out, at least the bodies of most were so weary that bed was the only place which seemed to offer any attraction. Constance had no wish to linger; her feet were aching from the long standing to which she was unaccustomed, and she was as ready as any nurse that night to go to her bed.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

NAOMY.—1. There have been eight presidents of the Royal Academy, including the present holder of the office. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first, and was elected in 1768. After him Benjamin West, James Wyatt, Sir T. Lawrence, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Sir Francis Grant. Sir Edwin Landseer was duly elected, but declined the distinction. The Royal Academy was founded on December 10, 1768. Its first habitation was in Old Somerset House, granted by George III. It was removed thence to New Somerset House some twelve years after, when it occupied the National Gallery (1834), and was then relegated to Burlington House, Piccadilly.—2. With reference to your second query, there have been about a dozen artists who have contributed upwards of 100 works, accepted and exhibited in its galleries, and two or three of them more than double that number. At the head of this list (last named), we believe we are correct in stating that Sant, the portrait-painter, is the distinguished man. It is said that about 234 of his pictures have been thus honoured. Millais, popular as his works are, stands fifth on the list; H. T. Wells, Sidney Cooper, and Richmond taking precedence; the two first-named ranking in numerical numbers with Sant—having exhibited, respectively, 227, and 217 works. We speak under correction, as to the precise numbers, as our information dates from 1892; but under, rather than over, the mark.

A. H. C. A.—1. If not for republication, or sale, you are at liberty to copy what pictures you please—2. Under our "Art" department of answers to correspondents, you will find the School of Arts recipe for setting crayon and pencil drawings more than once repeated.

U. M. B.—We do not think you could make painting, in any of its departments, a profession by studying a manual. You should join a class, and obtain good and thorough training. You say you have had some good lessons; but you should endeavour to obtain a certificate, and then offer your services to some firm or manufactory where the style of artistic-work you name is required. Probably, when you join a class, the masters would advise you as to what prospects were offered to young artists in the lantern-slide department. Such work could, of course, be executed at home.

"THE IDEAL DAUGHTER" may draw in pencil, or Indian ink, or sepia; but gas, candle or lamp-light are certainly not favourable for painting, either in water or oil-colours.—2. You can obtain colours at an artists' colourman's, or at the Co-operative Stores.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. B.—There is an Early-Rising Society, requiring the members to rise at 7.30 throughout the year. The subscription amounts to only sixpence a term, paid in advance. Prizes in money are awarded every term according to the money in hand. Send stamped envelope for the rules to the Secretary, "E. R. S.," Ballywalter, Gorey, County Wexford.

WALTER OAKLEY.—We regret that we cannot help you, as it is against our rules to supply trade addresses, such information constituting an advertisement. If acquainted with any jeweller you could obtain information as to the purchasers of old coins.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.—The word *inamorata* is Italian, and means a "lady-love"; *inamorato* means a "lover."

ERICA.—Life is sweet to all young people (and old ones too) if in a mentally and physically healthy condition. To feel depressed when not grieving for the sorrows of others, especially amongst those you love, or on account of partings and bereavements, is a very unwholesome state, and shows that you are morbid, and probably your liver is out of order, and you need medical remedies. On reflection you must see two points deserving of serious consideration. You were not put into this world for any other reason than to employ your life in training for that fuller and more blessed life that is to come. It was not to live for happiness, but for holiness, which, however, brings happiness in its train. Secondly, you must see how very ungrateful you are for countless blessings and advantages of which you are quite unworthy, and for which you give no return.

BOARD-SCHOOL GIRL.—The proper pronunciation of the name "Psyche" (not "Phyche") is "Sykee." She was the wife of Cupid, in Heathen Mythology, and put to death by Venus, because she had deprived the world of her son; but Jupiter granted her immortality at the request of her husband. The name signifies "soul." She is generally represented with a butterfly's wings, that insect being the emblem of the soul. This explains the fact that, among the ancients, when any one expired, a butterfly was represented as fluttering above them as if rising from the lips of the deceased.

DODO.—The best diet for a brain-worker must depend a good deal on individual constitution. But in general terms we may say, it should be a mixed diet, taken when not over-fatigued, nor late at night. Oatmeal, whole wheatmeal, bread-and-butter, fruit, fish, oysters, a slice of beef or mutton, and a vegetable.

PANSY L. seems to have behaved in a very silly manner; but now that everything is over, she had better think of some one else. She should have known her own mind better.



A SPRING IDYLL.

FAIR was the land, and fair the sea,
And fair was everything,
For every field and every tree
Was bursting into spring.
A thousand voices from the grove
With music filled the air,
And never a song they sang but Love,
And that was everywhere.
The vales below, the heights above,
And sounding seas proclaim
One only theme—the theme of Love,
And one beloved name!

W. T. SAWARD.

AN IRISH SUBSCRIBER.—The publishers of the "G. O. P." would gladly register the magazine for transmission abroad, if the post-office regulations would permit. Only *newspapers* have this privilege, magazines are excluded, and are charged at *book*-post rate—one halfpenny for each two ounces.

J. R. WEAVER.—It is contrary to our rules to reply to certain questions, some of which being of the nature of advertisements, and some which might lay us open to an action. We regret that we cannot oblige you; and we do not engage to write private replies.

LOHENGRIN.—1. We are responsible for reading what may suggest what is evil, and induce a train of thought which is undesirable. The accidental suggestion of what is evil it is out of our power to prevent, and therefore, beyond the limits of our responsibility. But if such thoughts be encouraged, and indulged in, we must be held guilty, and should pray for grace to triumph in a persistent battle against them.—2. The name you adopt is pronounced as written, only the "h" is mute.

S. T. and R.—If your teachers have ever spoken to you during the lecture hours they will probably recognise you in the street. If so, be ready to bow when they notice you.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER.—It is difficult to go back far enough for the origin of "May day." The original word for "May" is the Sanscrit *mah*, "to grow;" and the Romans held a festival in honour of Flora, the goddess of fruit and flowers. Of "Hack" or "Hoke day" the origin seems doubtful. It is also called "deriding Tuesday," and dates, perhaps, from some Roman festival originally; as the usual idea that it was instituted to celebrate the expulsion of the Danes from England seems to be repudiated by Brand.

E. M.—The use of the word "domineering," as applied to your elder sisters, throws some light on your character and disposition. Probably the sisters find you a troublesome girl to guide or counsel, and endeavour to relieve their mother of unnecessary annoyance of a spoilt child. If really harsh and unkind to you, lay the next case of ill-treatment simply before your mother; and if she see fit to support their conduct, submission is indispensable. Try to deserve and win their love and approval. If angry with you, remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

EDITH F.—1. Every time a sleep-walker gets out of bed she should be put back again, and then wakened and told of the danger incurred by so doing.—2. The window-sash should be secured from opening beyond a foot by a large nail on each side.

DORIS.—The great objection to marriages between first cousins refers to the health of any children born of such a union. If the family be exceptionally healthy it would lead to no ill results. If otherwise, any hereditary complaint would be perpetuated and intensified, any taint in the blood, scrofula, consumption, cancer, gout, insanity, etc. Another objection is, the disadvantage of bringing no new connections into the family, and no additional means.

A. M. and N.—British wines, if taken in sufficient quantities, would certainly intoxicate.

OUR BESSIE.—We do not give private addresses. For persons living in London the great *London Directory*, the *Blue Book*, and the *Red Book*, may be consulted.

LITTLE RED CAP.—We are surprised that so many who say they have been "readers of the 'G. O. P.' for several years," should write for information respecting remunerative work. We refer them all to our articles on "Occupations for Women," which are to be found in the last volume.

RHEUMATIC NELL.—1. It seems to us that you are suffering from want of exercise.—2. Your own, and your friend's writing, are good.—3. "Single Rose" mistakes the spelling of "masquerade."

A YOUNG LADY is one of the people who ask questions, and never read the "G. O. P.," or else she would have seen the article by "Medicus," in vol. xiii., on the subject.

A YOUNG INQUIRER.—The person to speak to on the subject would be your uncle's lawyer, when the time arrives.

A LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.—1. The heat of the fire may affect you.—2. Try to stand upright; stooping, of course, is injurious to health.

NEPTUNE.—1. The next opportunity you have of seeing a medical man you had better name the fact of your shaking hands to him. It may be a slight tendency to palsy.—2. The wandering of the thoughts when engaged in prayer is very sad, and to be combated resolutely with prayer for divine aid. If in a room by yourself you might correct the involuntary habit by praying aloud. Those who are sincere followers of their Heavenly Master may, and do, often stumble in this way, and may be "faint, yet pursuing." Of course you make strenuous efforts to "grow in grace," beginning again day by day; and for your encouragement remember, that "ye are washed, sanctified, and justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." To explain the inspired words, you are washed from your sins and defilement, as regards all past sins confessed and repented of; sanctified by the influence and work of the Divine Spirit who "works in us to will, and to do, of His good pleasure," and justified "in the name of the Lord Jesus," that is, that His holiness and perfection is imputed to our credit, and thus we are complete in Him; and "who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect."

COOKERY.—"Kitchen-paper" is a kind of whitey-brown wrapping-paper used for parcels in the kitchen and pantry; and also blotting-paper, which is used to take off the grease floating on the top of stock or soup.



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MERMAIDENS.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "A Young Oxford Maid," etc.



"THE LETTER WAS FROM SALLY."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

SALLY'S LETTER.

It was my second autumn at Château Beaufoi. In my first I had been somewhat as Harriet Casey had described me—a guest on sufferance, in all eyes save those of the master of the château. In my second autumn I was the wife of the master, the daughter-in-law of madame, and the difference was great. For madame had more than fulfilled her pledge. She had swallowed her scruples and forgotten her prejudices in order to take me to her heart, and I could never forget her magnanimity. She had impressed upon the servants—those of them who were not like old Battiste and Ma'amzelle Ducros glad to see me back and well-pleased with the content of their young master—upon the villagers, upon her kinsfolk and neighbours, that I had paid monsieur, her son, her and them, the greatest compliment in becoming one of them. For I was no longer an English woman and an alien, I was "young Madame Hyacinthe," monsieur's cherished wife, old madame's dear and only daughter, as M. Hyacinthe was her much-prized and only son. You cannot guess unless you have fathomed the mingled strength and tenderness of madame's character, how much her servants and people took me at her word.

I count it a sequel to be humbly grateful for that I venture to think heaven permitted me to be in some measure madame's reward. For not many months elapsed from the date of my return to Languedoc before she told me, as she told me many times afterwards, "*ma chère* Caroline, though thou wert born twenty times an Englishwoman, I might have searched all Europe before I had found a daughter so entirely to my heart. I owe Hyacinthe far more than I can ever repay the boy for bringing thee to me. I understand how Madame de Sévigné doted on her Pauline now that I have a daughter of my own to admire and caress."

France, Languedoc and Beaufoi were now my adopted country, county, home. I only remembered the briny flavour in the sea-breeze, the dash and flash of the waves, as I loved to recall tenderly but without a pang, father's face and Jane's voice. It was wisdom on my part to discover all the merits of my abiding-place, but indeed I had loved them from the beginning. I had loved the old French manor-house with its suites of brown rooms, from which the southern sun was jealously excluded, with its parqueted floors, its furniture which, if it was not black ebony or oak, was enamelled a creamy white as in the days of Louis XIV., with its haunting perfume of *pot pourri*. I had been full of admiration for the garden-terraces with their tubs of cactuses and orange and lemon-trees, and their walls covered with magnolias and passion-flower. And who could prize the cool courtyard with its fern-fringed fountain and its pigeons as I prized it, unless, indeed, Hyacinthe, who had played there when a boy, or madame, who had come there a bride?

But I loved much more than the manor-house and its belongings, now that the village was my village, and the people my people. I had ceased to shrink from them as the people had ceased to scowl at me. We had laid down our hostilities in our common allegiance to Hyacinthe, to madame and to Pastor Augier, a kind, large-hearted man who received me into his church and his heart, and impressed upon his flock that the great question was not who was of Paul and who was of Apollo (who was of England and who was of France), but who was of the Lord of all.

I was learning to have the friendliest intimacy with the occupants of the quaint houses in which the women still spun wool as well as wove lace, and the men, not yet absorbed by chocolate factories, were shepherds with crooks and scrips. I was no longer limited in my walks to the château gardens, meadows and *bocage* of chestnut trees, I could wander at will in the ripe maize fields and vineyards, and up among the rocks where the village goats had their pasture. I could exchange gay greetings with the boys and girls who looked after their restless charge, or chat with the young people, and sing my English hymns and songs as they sang their hymns and romances, for M. Augier loved the old ballads of Provence next to his psalms and hymns.

I had been sitting on the upper terrace with madame in the long afternoon shadows which enabled us to work and talk without discomfort from the heat, when Hyacinthe, who had entered the house by the court-yard, came out by one of the windows opening on the terrace, and presented to me, with a bow of mock profoundness, an English letter. He had been in to Toulouse, and he had not forgotten to go to the post-office and see if it were about to send out anything for me, just as he had catered for news to bring to Sally and me when we were prisoners of war.

I did not open the letter at first. I stood jesting with him on his never coming to me empty-handed, in reference to his habit of arriving with a flower, or a book, or a poodle-puppy, anything which might give me pleasure. Madame called us a pair of children, a pair of married lovers; said it was shameful of me not to open my letter at once, and finally withdrew into the house, ostensibly to show her indignation at our foolish behaviour, really to leave me at full liberty to read my English letter. She called on Hyacinthe to follow her example, but he laughed and refused, as if I received any communication which I would not share with him, as if I wished him away again when he had already been absent all the morning! He threw himself down in madame's vacated chair, clasped his hands above his head, half-closed his brown eyes and cried, "Quick with thy despatch, *chérie*, for the supper-bell will ring presently. Thou and the mother will let me off from putting on my dress-coat to-night, for I vow I cannot tear myself from this chair by thy side, only the bell will remind me that I am as hungry as ten hawks, and I wish thee to have swallowed thy news in good time, to be ready to look me in the face again and to go with me to help me to play havoc on ma'amzelle's soup and partridges."

The letter was from Sally, and began with her usual assurance of her own and of Tom's health, which had advanced with such long strides to complete restoration, during the three months of my absence, that he was now applying for a ship, but before he sailed, he and Sally were to post together as far north as Gloucestershire to what had been Aunt Maria's last home, in order to take possession of the effects she had bequeathed to us, a necessary ceremony which had been as a matter of course long delayed. Sally went on with a list of the new arrivals at Portsmouth, the teas and suppers, pleasure-sails and country excursions in which she had been indulging. I glanced along the page, not specially interested till I came to a break in the letter when a fresh date had been given, and other ink had been used. In fact, Sally's "elegant Italian handwriting" had so run away with her when she wrote the words "Larkfield, Gloucestershire, 10th August, 18—,—I have something most extraordinary to communicate; you will not believe your eyes when you read it," that I doubted if it could be Sally's handwriting, and turned hurriedly to the last side of the paper, on which was inscribed in characters more staring than "flowing," under the agitation of the heart which had dictated the words,—"Your affectionate sister, Sally Hood."

I finished up with a little shriek. "Oh, Hyacinthe, Sally has made it up with Cousin Perry. I believe they are man and wife by this time; indeed, they must be."

"I told you so," murmured Hyacinthe without stirring, looking as if in his satisfaction with things in general he were going to sleep. For even the best of men will not rise to their wives' excitement on hearing of a broken off engagement or a completed marriage.

As I read on I saw how it had all happened as plainly as if I had been present, and I laughed out in my glee at the mingled simplicity and absurdity of the situation. Sally and Tom had fulfilled their intention of taking a journey to Gloucestershire to see Aunt Maria's lawyer, go over her house, and stand by her grave, as the least they could do in return for her faithful affection for us. When they had accomplished their last stage, they found themselves in a sleepy little market town and alighted in the yard of an inn where they were not merely to bait their horses, but to stay the night. There they saw another yellow chaise in the act of stopping, another pair of horses about to be unharnessed, another traveller getting out and preparing to order rooms for the night. The little town was so quiet a place, basking and nodding in the afternoon sunshine, that even the encounter with a fellow-traveller, who was also travelling post, was a surprise. But infinitely more startling was the revelation when as Tom handed Sally from their chaise, out of the other stepped Perry Hood. Oh, how they must have all stood

and gaped! Sally was never a woman given to swooning, but she was taken aback, while she had neither enough of presence of mind nor sufficient time to flounce past the two gentlemen, the chaise-drivers, and the landlord and landlady at the door of the inn to receive their plethora of guests.

Tom and Perry had not the coolness of head and the space in the court-yard to stalk aside and draw their swords, even had they felt the smallest inclination to thrust each other through the body.

The principals simply stared at each other in their tell-tale, honest fashion. Sally panted "Perry" before she knew what she was saying.

Perry gasped "Sally" in response.

"How could you treat me so, sir?" Sally was unable to hinder herself from crying out, half under her breath.

He heard her, however, and protested aloud in vehement indignation for a man so reasonable and pacific as Perry was wont to be, "What have I done, madam? Why have you led me such a dance?"

"I say, you good folks," interposed Tom, who was naturally the nearest to mastering the situation, as he looked comically round at the marvelling spectators, "hadn't you better come into the inn parlour and have your explanation out there?"

Such an easy innocent explanation it was! Perry had written to Sally on the eve of his taking boat from France, but, as might have been expected the letter, which would have been as dangerous to him who conveyed it as to her who received it, never reached her. He wrote again the moment he arrived in England by a circuitous route. By this time he was acquainted with father's death, but he had not heard that Aunt Maria had pre-deceased her brother. Uncertain of our whereabouts in England he had written to Sally to the care of Aunt Maria, and his letter had lain unclaimed at the post-office. His health was so shattered and in so precarious a condition from what he had suffered in prison, and from the exposure and privations he had undergone in making his escape, that he was told his one chance for life was to seek a warm climate without delay. Near as he was to Gloucestershire, he was too ill and too pressed for time to dare to risk the journey thither in the depth of winter. He believed he was preserving his life for Sally. He had no thought of agreeable society and interesting widows on board Captain Penfeather's ship. How should he when he had been bound all these years, heart and soul and word of honour, to his cousin Sally? He had never doubted her, how could she doubt him? He had never doubted her till her persistent silence had gone far to madden him. He had written to her, still addressing his letter to the care of Aunt Maria, Larkfield, near Gloucester, explaining the urgent call for his cruise to the Mediterranean, and intimating his fervent prayer that his health might be re-established, and that he might be back in England to claim her hand in the course of the ensuing summer, though even at the time he wrote he had been puzzled and vexed by the fact that he had received no answers to his earlier letters. He found no letter awaiting him at any of these stations in the Mediterranean—stations which Sally knew quite as well as he did, even if he had not taken the precaution of enumerating them when he wrote at every opportunity on the cruise. No letter in reply to his letters from the various stations met him on his return to England.

At last, in wrath and despair, Perry resolved to start in person for Gloucestershire, Larkfield and Aunt Maria, to see Sally face to face, and to tax her with her faithlessness before he bade her a long farewell.

Such a simple explanation! such a budget of fond, imploring, reproachful, denouncing letters to be got for the asking by Sally at the little Gloucestershire post-office. Yet had the correspondents not chanced to step simultaneously out of their respective post-chaises in the yard of the White Hart Inn, had they not looked into each other's honest faces, it is difficult to say where the misunderstanding would have ended, and whether it might not have divided two loving, loyal hearts to the end of their days, such accidental, but often irreparable divisions were apt to be among the casualties of war-times.

To obviate all danger of their recurrence in the case of Sally and Perry Hood, they were married with almost as little delay and ceremony as had been practised in the case of my wedding with Hyacinthe Beaufoi. True, everybody, unless little Mrs. Merivale, approved of the match between Sally and Perry, were ready to attend them to the church at which the knot was tied, and to overwhelm them with wedding presents and visits of congratulation at Aunt Maria's cottage, where the couple spent their honeymoon as she would have liked them to do, before Perry repaired alone to take command of the *Rover*.

This was one respect in which I was more fortunate than my sister, for Hyacinthe dwelt with me in our own beautiful house of Beaufoi, while Perry was away fighting the battles of his country, and facing squalls and hurricanes on the high seas. Sally had a high spirit and a trust in God who had brought us through so many troubles, but she had to lie in bed many a night quailing before rumours of far-away battles, and quaking at the wind piping in her chimneys as she had never quaked when we were wont to hear it piping in the shrouds and rigging of the *Sea Serpent*.

I was doubly thankful that Hyacinthe had elected to be a man of peace and not of war, under the Corsican usurper, when after a few more years of embittered strife the Emperor abdicated, only to return and fight the decisive battle of Waterloo. If there had been similar fights at sea, if Napoleon's army encamped at Boulogne had taken ship and sailed for the shores of England, and if on the one side had stood Tom and Perry, and on the other Hyacinthe, how our hearts would have been torn, what miserable women Sally and I must have been!

At last "the thirty years of peace" were fairly inaugurated. The "silver streak" was no longer an impassable barrier to friends and foes, between two neighbouring countries. I was no more an alien from my native land and my own people. Tom and Sally with her husband and children were free to come to me and to make friends with my husband's race. On one memorable occasion Château Beaufoi had the honour of entertaining an English admiral and an English commodore, and the Beaufoi people thought only of the honour and forgot the feuds of the past. My husband and I were equally free to go to England and renew old associations, until I was not only forgiven for having loved a Frenchman better than my English kith and kin, my friends were tempted to envy my happiness in the man of my choice.

In a Provençal château and in a Kent country house near the coast to which Admiral Peregrine Hood retires when he is on shore, Larkfield being no longer large enough to accommodate his household, there are to be found daughters, nay, grand-daughters, whose names have the same origin in the remembrance of her whose body was committed to the waves of the Indian Ocean from the coral reef of "Never Despair," in the sure hope of that day when the sea should give up its dead. These Jeannes and Janes serve more than aught else to preserve in fragrance among us the adventures of the Mermaidens.



A LITTLE WHILE AGO.

SARAH DOUDNEY. CHARLES P. BANKS.

Andantino.

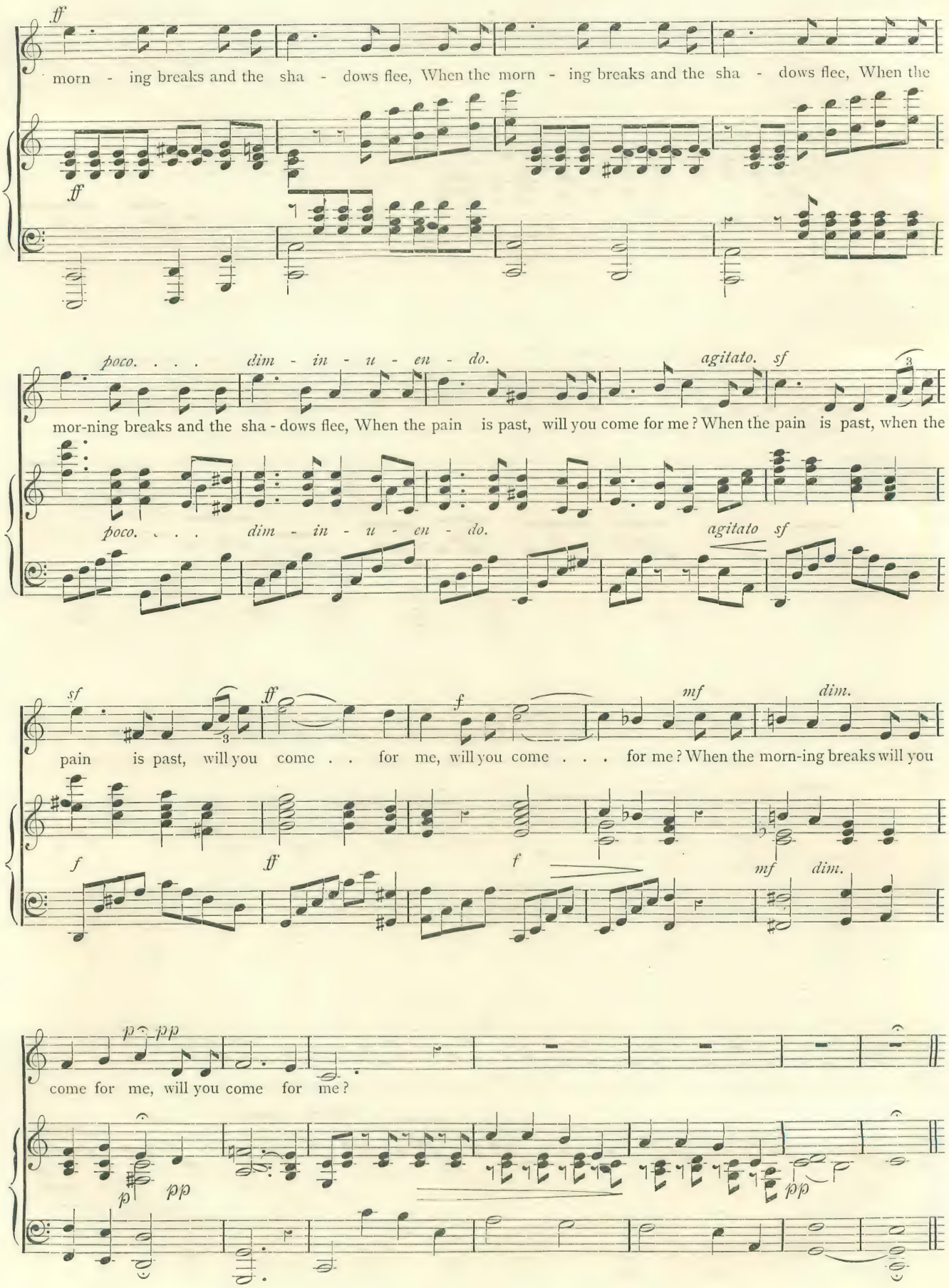
VOICE. PIANO.

1. It was on - ly a lit - tle while a - go, The sun went down and the tide was low, And the light that lies on the rock-strewn shore Is
2. It was on - ly a lit - tle while a - go, The sea was bright with am - ber glow, A - way to the west the o - cean rolled, And

al-ways sweet when the day is o'er. Ten-der and calm to the wea - ry men, But nev - er so fair as it
lost it - self in a mist of gold. And all the years of our life to be Were veiled in light like that

seemed just then, For it shone in the face I loved the best, And you prom-ised a home of peace and rest, of
shin - ing sea; A - las, for the hu - man eyes that fail To see the sor - row be - hind the veil, be -


peace and rest.
hind the veil.
A little slower.
A lit - tle while, and the
A little slower.
dim - - - - - in - - - uendo.
poco rall.
a tempo. p
dark - ness fell With a gloom and an-guish no words can tell, Your soul went out when the tide was low To the
poco rall.
a tempo p
world of love that we may not know. Do you still remember far off or near The faith-ful heart that is
cres
cen - - - - - - - - - - do.
wait - ing here? Do you still re-mem-ber far off or near The faith - ful heart that is wait - ing here? When the
cen - - - - - - - - - - do.


ff
morn - ing breaks and the sha - dows flee, When the morn - ing breaks and the sha - dows flee, When the
poco. . . . dim - in - u - en - do.
agitato. sf
mor-ning breaks and the sha - dows flee, When the pain is past, will you come for me? When the pain is past, when the
sf
ff
f
mf
dim.
pain is past, will you come . . for me, will you come . . . for me? When the morn-ing breaks will you
p pp
come for me, will you come for me?

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART III.

SOME months ago I wrote, for readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, a couple of articles on Jaegar and flannel washing. To-day, I want to supplement these by telling how Mrs. Bowen learned to clear starch and make up muslins and collars.

The little mistress of No. 17 had never intended to undertake all the family washing. Mrs. Brown, as of yore, was still entrusted with sheets, and pillow-slips, and quilts, and cambrics and shirts.

But one fine autumn morning, woeful tidings came from the cottage. Mrs. Brown's twins had the "scarlet-tee."

This was no reason for giving up her clients in Mrs. Brown's eyes. Any sanitary precautions she might think needful consisted of boiling water, soap, soda, and, maybe, a drop of Condy.

But Mrs. Bowen looked on matters with a different eye. Sanitas, beef-tea, eggs, cod-liver oil, blankets, were all dispatched freely to the Gate Lodge. The washing was kept at home.

Miss Bond, of course, had first to be taken into confidence. Mrs. Brown was the only laundress in the village, and the step was a serious one.

"Never fear," responded that energetic spinster in a hopeful voice. "Neddy's Eton collars will never crumple after an hour's wear now; Flora's muslins will have no wisp in them; as to your laces, Mrs. B., they will be like new."

Of course the master's shirts were sent, per parcel post, to the nearest steam laundry.

"The principle in making them up is the same as for all starched goods," explained Miss Bond, "but our physical strength, and Bridget's"—with a smile at her devoted admirer—"would be unequal to SHIRTS spelt in capitals."

Bridget giggled; she quite agreed.

A little list of requisites for a lady in this particular branch of laundry work was handed to Mrs. Bowen, and the commission duly executed by that matron in the nearest town.

She lay in, by direction, a small stock of best Glenfield starch, half a pound of powdered borax, a couple of wax candles and a few balls of blue.

"I cannot come in till Tuesday, this time," said Miss Bond, "but that is all the better. Soak your white things in clean cold water (table-linen, cuffs, collars, and under-clothing) on Monday night. I will be with you as early as possible the next morning." She had just reached the front door when she flew back. "I am always forgetting some important item," she panted. "Keep out anything stained with tea, coffee, wine, or fruit; we will attack those separately."

Very loose seemed the dirt after twelve hours soaking, as Bridget rubbed each article vigorously in the steeping water before adding it to the warm tub. Then a hot lather and a vigorous boil left everything sweet and clean. A slight blueing in the rinsing liquid, and a quick drying in a strong breeze had everything ready for Miss Bond.

"We will commence with the collars," alliterated that lady as she entered the kitchen in her spotless white apron and big cuffs.

Mrs. Bowen was with her, enveloped in a huge holland overall that draped her from throat to wrist and from neck to hem.

"These ladies meant work indeed," decided Bridget quite respectfully; "they were not going to 'mess up' her kitchen for nothing!"

"We have here eight collars and two pairs of cuffs," counted Miss Bond, "so we will make enough starch just to do them. Two tablespoonfuls of white Glenfield, two teacupfuls of cold water, two small teaspoonfuls of borax. Please, Bridget, melt the borax in a small drop of boiling water while I get the starch ree of lumps in the cold ditto. Thank you. Now pour into my mixture."

Into this preparation Miss Bond put all the dry—bone-dry—collars and cuffs at once. Then, taking one by one into her hand she soaped them all over with a bit of hard yellow household, at the same time rubbing in the thick cold starch vigorously.

"It's just like washing in starch," commented Mrs. Bowen. "What is the good of the soap?"

"It takes the place of turpentine which some laundresses use, and prevents the iron sticking," explained the demonstrator.

"And why are you so careful about rubbing in, Annette?"

"It is to distribute the mixture," was the answer. "If I did not thoroughly rub in the starch we should have air bubbles and creases when we got further on in the job."

All the collars and cuffs having been taken out of the bowl, the lady in the laundry squeezed each one and rolled it up separately in a soft towel.

"Not huckaback, Mrs. B., please to observe," she said, "we want no diapering on the stocks."

After a couple of hours (during which time the friends were employed on a muslin dress of Nellie's), Miss Bond went back to the damp little bundle she had patted and pressed together, and began "making up."

"Rub both sides of your collars with a clean dry cloth," she directed, "then smooth on the wrong side first. Good gracious, Bridget, these heaters need polishing with bathbrick sadly! Scrape a little on that bit of spare board and rub the irons on it. That will do. Then Mrs. Bowen, finish on the right side. Press heavily and keep the shape as you go on."

"Neddy's Etons are more troublesome than anything else, I should think," sympathised Mrs. Bowen, as her friend leaned heavily on her iron.

Miss Bond smiled.

"Just try clergymen's stocks, my dear. No wonder the poor men so often put up with celluloid monstrosities! Not one laundress out of ten can do up their collars properly."

"Can you?" Half quizzically the question was put as Mrs. Bowen smoothed the cuffs with a piece of linen dipped in hot water.

"Of course! I am the tenth. The proper mixture is as above, with plenty of elbow grease on your polisher."

By this time the Etons were strung together before the fire, and Miss Bond manipulated the cuffs in the same way, giving an extra glaze with a polishing iron (price 10d.) that she had brought with her.

"I don't like too much 'finish' myself," she said, as Mrs. Bowen and Bridget rhapsodised over the china-like surface of the wristlets. "But it makes them last clean longer and look like new."

Nellie's muslin dress was next taken in hand. It had to be stiffened with hot water or boiled starch.

To every tablespoonful of white starch, Miss Bond allowed two tablespoonfuls of cold water and half a small teaspoonful of melted borax. Upon this "cream" she placed a quarter of an inch off one of the candles Mrs. Bowen had bought, and, while stirring well, cooked with boiling water until the whole was a transparent jelly.

"This would do as it is for making up ruffles or caps, or your white aprons, Bridget, which I know you like very stiff," explained Miss Bond cheerily, "but for Miss Nellie's frock it must be much diluted."

So Bridget poured on cold water while the young lady made "stirabout" of the mixture. Then the frock was dipped in it, wrung out, and left to dry.

"Why cold starch is ironed wet and hot starch needs to be dried first, is for the same reason, viz., to prevent the irons sticking. The scientific reason thereof is beyond me, the fact remains," said Miss Bond as she left last directions with her friend. "When quite dry you may sprinkle the muslin with hot water, cold would spot badly, roll up tightly and iron when evenly damp."

Neddy never complained of his collars being limp after Miss Bond's lesson had been given; indeed, he was sometimes heard to grumble about "boards" and "iron."

Instead of needing a clean pair of cuffs every day, Mr. Bowen wore his new ones with the "china facings" for several consecutive ones, while Nellie was always "the delight of the nobility and gentry" (*vide* Bridget) in her clean muslin pinafores and frocks.

Miss Bond was certainly a genius.

VARIETIES.

"A good wife is none of your dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once."—*Fuller.*

"According to the experience I have learned, I require in married women the economical virtue above all other virtues."
Fuller.

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes."
J. R. Lowell.

"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman."—*Landor.*

"She who does not make her family comfortable, will herself never be happy at home; and she who is not happy at home, will never be happy anywhere."—*Addison.*

"'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."—*Shakspeare.*



AN APPEAL.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

SHE said, "I am so cold, and hungry too,
My naked feet are tired and in pain;
I try to sell my matches, wind and rain,
Or snow, which soaks my ragged frock all through.
I have no boots, no jacket, I am chilled
Right to the bone. Oh! lady, will you let
Me speak to you? For twopence I can get
Some bread and coffee, then I shall be filled
And warm, and lose this gnawing ache inside.
No, ma'am, I have no mother, she is dead,
And father too; he broke his leg and died.
And now there's only me and little Fred."
Down the pale cheek there ran a stream of tears.
"Oh! bless you, ma'am, may you have happy years."

DOROTHY'S CAREER.

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT happened in this way.

Dorothy was not very well in the autumn; she could not get on with her picture; she could not find a model for her king; she was dispirited and altogether out of sorts; so when an aunt in the west of England invited her to Torquay for a week or two, Mabel persuaded her to go.

So Dorothy went, and a day or two after her arrival her cousin Mary asked her if she would like to go to a lecture that afternoon on Venetian painters.

"Do you know the name of the lecturer?" said Dorothy.

"No; it is one of a course—Carpaccio is the subject to-day. You had better come, Dorothy, it is sure to be good, it is one of the University Extension lectures," said her cousin.

"Then I expect I know the lecturer; if it is Mr. Denton, he is a friend of mine," said Dorothy.

"Then pray go, my dear; besides, isn't Carpaccio the man who painted a series of pictures on St. Ursula, Mary?" said Mrs. Bruce.

"Yes, he did; I'll go," said Dorothy, and accordingly the two girls went.

The lecturer had not arrived when they took their seats, rather at the back of the room, but in a few minutes Mr. Jack Denton, in his gown, entered the lecture-hall, and striding to the far end mounted a platform, arranged some papers, and then began his lecture.

"What a fine-looking man! he is just the face and figure for my king," thought Dorothy, as she listened, not very attentively at first, to the distinguishing marks of Carpaccio's paintings.

Presently the lecturer came to the St. Ursula series in the Academia at Venice, and, warming to his subject, waxed eloquent on the grace and finish of his style, his quaintness, his exquisite colouring, and, above all, his deeply sympathetic treatment of the story of St. Ursula.

This was, the lecturer said, more pronounced in the picture of "St. Ursula's Dream," a picture before which one felt inclined to raise one's hat and to lower one's voice as one gazed on the virginal purity of the sleeping girl, her pale cheek pillowed on her hand, as she dreamt of the angel at the foot of the bed, of whose presence the little lap-dog at her feet was obviously unconscious.

"Oh," thought Dorothy, "no one would want to lower his voice or take off his hat before my St. Ursula."

Mr. Denton went on to describe the picture minutely, and to praise it enthusiastically, laying great stress on the moral effect of a picture like this, breathing as it did the very essence of purity; critics might smile at some of Carpaccio's archaisms, at his quaintness, but he, the lecturer, would like to meet the living painter who could treat the same subject in a way that should make his picture worthy to be hung in the same room as Carpaccio's series.

Here Mr. Denton digressed from his subject to have a fling at modern art, and very cynical and satirical he waxed over it, while Dorothy sat and winced under his lash, feeling very uncomfortable, especially as she inwardly felt his criticisms were just, and certainly his knowledge of Venetian art was very exhaustive.

As she listened, it began to dawn upon her that her hopes of treating sacred art in a fresh, modern spirit, were decidedly ambitious, not to say presumptuous; and, as her self-abasement increased, her admiration of Mr. Jack Denton's learning and critical power waxed greater. She had never heard him lecture before; how eloquent he was, and how well he looked, his keen, expressive face all ablaze with interest and enthusiasm; she felt proud of him.

Presently there was a pause, the lecture proper was over, and anyone who liked to ask the lecturer a question was at liberty to do so. A lady in the front row availed herself of this opportunity to ask the lecturer if he remembered a picture of St. Ursula's Dream in last year's Academy?

"It was not by anyone in particular, but I remember it, for I wondered how anyone who had seen Carpaccio's picture, as presumably some of the hanging committee must have done, could have accepted it. It was pretty enough, but it was merely a girl asleep in some daisies—no suggestion of St. Ursula, or anyone else."

"Quite so; I remember the picture perfectly. It was by a young artist, a lady. The subject was far too ambitious. Two or three years' study in the Venetian galleries would nip a great many of our rising geniuses in the bud," said Mr. Denton.

Dorothy's cousin had touched her to listen when her picture was mentioned, and now, turning to look at her, she saw the little face was white as a ghost's, and her next idea was to get her out of the room before she fainted.

"The lecture is over; shall we go, Dorothy?"

Dorothy swallowed down a great lump in her throat, and, rising slowly, followed her cousin to the door. As she did so, Jack Denton caught sight of her, and as he recognised her he inwardly blamed himself for what he was pleased to call the brutality of his last remark.

Had Dorothy heard it? If so, would she ever forgive him? What business had she to be at his lecture? what was she doing in Torquay? where was she staying? and, lastly, how could he get out of the lecture-hall in time to catch her?

All these questions flashed through his brain quicker than it takes to tell; but being a man of strong will, and plenty of resources when there was any question of exercising that will, he very soon answered the last question.

"Would you kindly excuse me one moment? I have a photograph of that picture of Carpaccio's with me I should like to show the class," he said, raising his voice, for several people, who did not care to remain for the informal class which followed the lecture, were now leaving the room. Mr. Denton made his way to the door of the hall, just outside which he overtook Dorothy and her cousin.

"Dorothy, how are you? Where did you drop from? I only just caught sight of you as you rose. I must be back immediately. Where are you staying?" exclaimed Jack, as he shook hands with Dorothy.

"She is staying with us, No. 3, Montpelier Garden. Come and have tea with us as soon as your class is over," answered Mary Bruce; and before Dorothy had found her voice Mr. Denton had returned to the class and the photograph he had left on the table.



"THE BLOSSOMING FRUIT-TREES OF A LOVELY COUNTRY ORCHARD."

"Why did you ask him to tea, Mary? I hate him; I don't want to see him as long as I live! Oh, if you only knew how unkind he has been, how wicked, how untrue! I won't see him!" said Dorothy.

"But, Dorothy, why not? You used to like him. I thought he is the man who stays at Heathford sometimes, isn't he?" said Mary.

"Yes, I did like him then; but I thought he was so truthful and high-principled, and now I know he isn't!" said Dorothy.

"But how do you know it?"

"Did you hear what he said to that horrid old woman about my picture to-day?"

"Yes; but then he does not care for modern art. You see he is quite mad on Venetian painters."

"So let him be, if he is only sincere. But, Mary, that very man praised my picture in the *Parthenon*, called it fresh, and original, and clever; and I, like an ignorant girl, believed it, and thought such praise, coming from him who I never thought believed in my talent, must be true, and I hoped I was going to be—— But never mind what I hoped. You heard what he thought of the picture, and he was right in what he thought, and wrong in what he wrote. I knew that before he said it; his lecture taught me so much."

"Never mind what he wrote; I dare say he did it to help you. Criticism goes by favour very often, and, as for what he said, he did not know you were there, and it might not have been meant for you; it was a general statement," said Mary, trying to make the best of it, and signally failing in her good-natured attempt.

"You don't understand me, Mary, and I can't explain. I am going to lie down: my head aches, and wild horses should not drag me down till Jack Denton has gone!" said Dorothy pettishly, as they reached home.

No persuasion could induce Dorothy to change her mind, so Mary Bruce was left to make the best excuse she could for her cousin. Mr. Denton was evidently very much disappointed, and, after teasing him a little, Mary proposed he should call the next afternoon about the same time, and undertook that Dorothy should be at home.

"I can't. I am due at Exeter to-morrow. I sha'n't be at Torquay again till next Saturday evening," said Mr. Denton.

"Come on Monday, then; we are always at home on Monday afternoon. Dorothy will be with us; I hope she'll be better by then. She is really not at all well; she is so out of spirits, and I don't think London suits her. She is not strong enough for the life."

"Of course she isn't, but you won't persuade her of that. She is bent on having a career, and sacrificing herself to art, and trying to be famous and a great artist."

"And you think she won't succeed?"

"I know she won't," said Mr. Denton briefly.

"Then why did you praise her picture of St. Ursula in the *Parthenon?*"

"I? I never wrote that notice. I never saw it till it was published, or it would never have appeared," said Mr. Denton, in surprise.

"Well, you'll have to answer to Dorothy for that. She thinks you wrote it and is quite hurt about it, because she heard what you said about her picture in the class to-day."

Mr. Denton's face fell lower than ever. "Umph! Well, I must wait till one day next week; perhaps I may have an opportunity of speaking to her then," he said, as he left.

"A pretty broad hint, but he shall have his opportunity. I believe, mother, we are going to have a little romance played while Dorothy is here," said Mary, when Jack had gone mournfully away.

CHAPTER IV.

COMPENSATION.

A DAY or two later Mabel Fox received the following letter from Dorothy:

"Torquay, Friday.

"MY DEAREST MABEL,—You will be surprised to hear I have given up my career as an artist. I will of course pay my share of the studio till you get someone else in my place, but I shall not come up again. I am not well; I am very miserable, and I have come to the conclusion that I shall never make even a living, which is not necessary for me to do, out of art, still less shall I ever make a name.

"I heard a lecture here on Carpaccio—never mind who the lecturer was—which has convinced me how vile in comparison of him my 'St. Ursula' was. I am overwhelmed with shame when I think what I aspired to be; and yet I suppose 'our aim should ever exceed our grasp, or what's a Heaven for?' as Browning says.

"Another thing I have found out, that review in the *Parthenon* was not written by Jack Denton. I don't know who wrote it, but I know he thinks it as bad as it is. Good-bye. I am too wretched to write more.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"DOROTHY BRUCE."

Mabel was very much surprised at this news, but for some time Dorothy had been restless and dissatisfied with her work, still Mabel never thought she would give it up so suddenly; however, as she philosophically remarked, "it is the unexpected that happens," so she set to work to find someone to share her studio.

Meanwhile, Dorothy was very unhappy; she was bitterly disappointed, and to all her cousin's suggestions that the world was not lost to her because Mr. Denton did not admire her painting, and that she should persevere in spite of him, she answered:

"No; merely to make a living out of it as Mabel will do would not satisfy me. I wanted to be famous. I see that I can't, so I shall give it up. Meanwhile I am very miserable; you had better let me go home."

This Mary and her mother would not hear of; and, after Monday, Dorothy expressed no immediate anxiety to return to her family. She received Mr. Denton with much dignity.

She managed very well to conceal the pleasure she really felt at meeting him again after so long, and she also successfully conveyed the fact that he was very much in her black books.

Jack of course knew why, though Dorothy did not know that he knew it, and he was fearing he would have no opportunity of explaining his conduct that day, when Mary came to the rescue, and going to the piano played some quiet pieces, under cover of which Jack endeavoured to make peace.

"I had no idea you were in the lecture-hall the other day," he began.

"I imagine not; you would hardly have been so open in your criticism of my picture had you known I was present," said Dorothy, haughtily.

"I am so sorry," began Jack, but she interrupted him.

"Sorry! why? Because you spoke the truth; I am very glad you said it. But I should like to know how you reconciled it to your conscience to write that notice in the *Parthenon*, if what you said the other day was your true opinion."

"But I did not write it. The truth was I could not praise it honestly, still less could I be so brutal as to say what I really thought of it. I knew you were hungering for a notice," explained Mr. Denton.

"How did you know that?" interrupted Dorothy.

"Never mind how; I guessed it partly, anyhow, I knew you wished it, and you know I would do anything in my power to gratify a wish of yours."

Dorothy blushed, and looked at her toes.

"So I asked a friend of mine to notice it, and I did not see what he said, as it happened, until the paper was out."

"It was very unkind. In fact it was cruel," said Dorothy.

"Cruel! Dorothy, don't say that, when you know that not for the whole world would I willingly cause you pain."

"I did not say you were cruel, the whole thing was. I thought you wrote it, and I knew you would never praise me unless I deserved it, and I knew what a severe critic you are, so I thought anything you said of me must be true, and I believed it. And I have been working and thinking, but you shall never know what I was foolish enough to think; that is all over now;" said Dorothy with a little stifled sob.

"What is all over?" asked Mr. Denton, bringing his head close to Dorothy's curls.

"Everything, my hopes, my dreams, my work, my career," with a bitter little laugh.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean my career is over, I have given up art, and the sooner my life is over the better; I have nothing to live for now;" said Dorothy; and, poor child, she really thought she meant it.

Just then the music stopped, and all Jack's entreaties could not induce Miss Mary Bruce to resume her seat at the piano.

"You'll come to my next lecture, won't you; it is on the Bellinis this week," said Jack, and Dorothy promised to go.

Life seemed a little more worth living on Tuesday, as she listened to Jack expatiating on Giovanni Bellini's masterpiece in the sacristy of St. Zaccharia's at Venice; and certainly she felt no desire to treat sacred art in a fresh, modern, original style after that lecture; in fact she walked back to tea with Jack feeling almost resigned to the abandonment of her career.

She could think of her unfinished picture of St. Elizabeth with equanimity, and during the next few days, while Mr. Denton was away, she reconsidered her views on marriage. After all, was it possible her mother was right. Was marriage a very high state of life? Were the duties of wife and mother so humdrum and commonplace that they afforded no scope for a noble life? Or were they, as Mrs. Bruce had said, the highest duties of a woman?

Dorothy began to incline to her mother's view of life, but she scarcely liked to confess so much even to herself.

One day in the following week Mr. Denton came again, and again Mary vouchsafed to play; but she had not a very attentive audience, for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce slept, and Jack drew Dorothy into the conservatory at the beginning of the performance, and when it was over the two still lingered among the begonias.

"I do believe he is proposing. What fun! I would not interrupt them for the world. I'll go on playing till they come in," thought Mary as she caught a glimpse of Jack's tall figure bending down to Dorothy, who seemed to be dissecting a begonia.

Mary resumed her music, but not until they were summoned to tea did the two come in from the conservatory, and then Mary was not sure what had taken place, though they certainly looked very happy.

That evening Dorothy wrote to her mother, and this was her letter.

"Torquay.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I could not make up my mind to tell you before that I have given up my career as an artist, because I could

never do more than sell a few pictures; I dislike teaching, and I should never have made a name. It was a bitter disappointment to me at first, and I was very miserable for a few days. Now I have another piece of news for you. Jack Denton is here lecturing; I have seen him several times, and this afternoon he asked me again to be his wife. I wonder if you will be very much surprised to hear I said 'Yes?' but you know I always liked him, it was only because I thought I had a career before me as an artist that I refused him before. I know you and father will be pleased, and I am very happy. I shall tell them here to-morrow, but I want you to know first.

"Your loving daughter,
"DOROTHY BRUCE."

And this was the end of Dorothy's career as an artist; as such it was distinctly a failure; but life is full of compensations, and out of failure success sometimes springs. Dorothy's career as a woman may perhaps be more successful, at least so she herself thinks, as she spends her honeymoon with Jack among the blossoming fruit-trees of a lovely country orchard! Mabel Fox is of opinion that it offers more prospect of happiness than the life of an artist, but then Mabel never aspired to being a genius.

LOGIC FOR GIRLS.

By F. RYLAND, M.A., Author of "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," etc.

PART III.

THE SYLLOGISM.

IF some one tells me, Here is a cow, I may at once infer, before I see the animal, that she has four legs and a tail. But this kind of inference depends on my knowledge of cows. On the other hand, if somebody says, No cows are carnivorous animals, I may at once infer that if this is true, no carnivorous animals are cows; and I can do this equally well whether I know what is meant by "cow" and by "carnivorous animal" or not. Here the inference depends on the *form* of the statement and not on its subject-matter. Such an inference, however, is, as we have seen, immediate; there are other inferences of the same formal kind which require two or more propositions. They depend, like the inference as to cows and carnivorous animals, on the form; but they require three or more terms. Since the time of Aristotle, that is for over two thousand years, the syllogism has been regarded as the most typical form of mediate inference, and it is with the syllogism we shall have to do to-day.

Let us take a simple example:—

All English coins are stamped with the Queen's head.
This shilling is an English coin.
Therefore, this shilling is stamped with the Queen's head.

Here then are three propositions; the two former are called the premises, because they are set before or in advance of the third which is called the conclusion. The premises give the justification of the conclusion; the ground on which we base it. In the three propositions there are only three terms; each term appears twice. The subject of the conclusion appears in one of the premises, the predicate of the conclusion appears in the other premise; the third term, called the middle term, as it serves as an intermediary, is common to both premises. The predicate of the conclusion is called the major term, and the premise which contains it the major premise; the subject of the conclusion is called the minor term, and the premise which contains it, the minor premise. The reason of this is, that in the typical syllogism the extent or denotation of the predicate of the conclusion—the number of separate things to which it applies—is commonly larger than the denotation of the subject of the conclusion. Let us write S for minor term, P for major term, and M for middle term. Our symbolical syllogism will now run:—

All M is P (major premise).
This S is M (minor premise).
Therefore, this S is P (conclusion).

How do we know that for the form of the premises the conclusive follows? The nature of the relation between them is perhaps most easily seen by using a diagram something like that we employed to illustrate immediate inferences.

Here it is:—

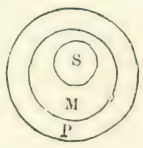


FIG. 1.

We see that our first premise declares that every M is included in the class P, the second that S is included in the class M. It follows inevitably that S is included in the class P. In fact, the principle for this simplest type of syllogism may be stated thus—Whatever is asserted of a whole given class of things (viz., those included in the denotation of the middle term), may be asserted of anything included in that given class (viz., those which the minor premise declares to be included in M). In other words, what is true of all M is true of S which is included in M. Obviously then we must take care that what is asserted of M is asserted of all M. It would clearly not do to say—

Some M is P.
This S is M,
therefore, this S is P,

and for this reason, viz., that the two lots of M's referred to may not happen to be the same, or to include any common individuals. Thus, if we argue—

Some coins are gold.
These shillings are coins,
therefore, these shillings are gold,

we go wrong, because that part of the denotation of the middle term (coins) which is identified with shillings has no members in common with that part of the denotation of the middle term which is asserted to be made of gold. A less obvious form of the same mistake may be given—

All English coins are circular.
These coins are circular,
therefore, these coins are English coins.

Here the conclusion may be as a matter of fact true; but we have no right to draw it. We have no certainty from the nature of the premises that our conclusion is correct, and it is just as likely to be wrong as right. A fallacy, that is an error in inference, has been committed, whether the conclusion be true or not. We have no assurance that there is any inclusion of these coins in the English coins, because we have no assurance that the two lots of circular coins referred to in the two premises are the same, whether wholly or in part. When we use a term to denote only some of the objects to which it applies it is said to be undistributed. And as we saw in our second paper (GIRL'S OWN PAPER, January, 1893) the term used as a predicate of an affirmative proposition is not certainly known to be distributed. In some special case owing to our thorough knowledge of the subject-matter we may know it to be so, *e.g.*, in the proposition, *all even numbers* are numbers divisible by two. But from the mere *form* of the proposition this cannot be known. So we have to be on the safe side and assume that the predicates of all affirmative propositions are undistributed. Our last piece of reasoning fully expressed will run thus—

All English coins are [some] circular coins.
These coins are [some] circular coins.
Therefore, these coins are English coins.

And we may symbolise it in either of these ways:—

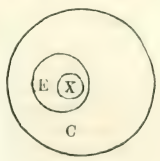


FIG. 2.

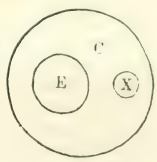


FIG. 3.

when E are English coins, C are circular coins, and X are the coins about which we are reasoning. In the first case (Fig. 2) the X falls inside the class of English coins, and our conclusion happens to be true. In the second case (Fig. 3) the X falls outside the class of English coins—as it will do if the coins we are examining happen to be French or German ones.

In order to guard against this, we must see that our middle term really performs the duty it is intended to do, that it really insures the overlapping of the subject and predicate of the conclusion. We can manage this if we see that in one of the two premises all the things denoted by the middle term are referred to. In one of the premises then the middle term must be distributed—that is, it must in one of the premises be either the subject of an universal proposition (A or E), or the predicate of a negative proposition (E or O).

The middle term must not be a word or phrase of uncertain meaning. Otherwise we shall not insure the overlapping of any part of subject and predicate of the conclusion.

Thus, if I argue:—

All my cards have my address on them.
This ace of clubs is one of my cards.
Therefore, this ace of clubs has my address on it.

I am obviously using the word "card" in two senses; and, although the term "my cards" is properly distributed as far as form goes, the argument is absurd, because two different sets of objects are referred to in the two premises.

We may sum up what we have said so far in the first three rules of the syllogism.

(1) A syllogism must have just three propositions;

(2) It must have just three terms.

(3) The middle term must be distributed once at least, and must not be ambiguous.

It requires, moreover, very little reflection to see that:—

(4) No term must be distributed in the conclusion unless it is distributed in its premise.

Obviously we may not argue:—

All M.P.'s are on this committee.

Some persons present are M.P.'s.

Therefore, *all* persons present are on the committee.

Our next rule runs thus:—

(5) Two negative premises prove nothing.

You cannot get any valid conclusion from two statements that the subject and the predicate of the conclusion are both excluded from the middle term. Thus the two propositions—

No Englishmen are cannibals,

No Christians are cannibals,

tell us nothing as to the relation between Englishmen and Christians.



FIG. 4.

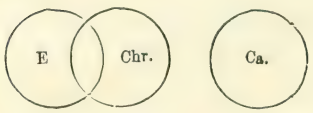


FIG. 5.

Either figure above will satisfy the premises. In Fig. 4 there is no common or overlapping class of Englishmen who are Christians; in Fig. 5 there is such a common or overlapping class. When the form gives no certainty, then we must not attempt to draw a conclusion.

This rule may perhaps be accepted without further discussion; but we may point out that it may be broken in appearance without being really broken. Remember that a proposition with a negative term for predicate is not a negative proposition. If I assert that—

All Popes are infallible,

I make an affirmative proposition. If I assert that—

No Popes are fallible,

I make a negative one. Consequently, if we throw one or both of our negatives into an affirmative form, we may often draw conclusions from premises which, as originally stated, seem incapable of yielding any inference.

The next rule runs as follows:—

(6) If one premise be negative the conclusion must be negative; and, *vice versâ*, to prove a negative conclusion one of the premises must be negative.

If we keep these rules in mind there will be no difficulty, after a little practice, in testing any argument which is capable of being syllogistically expressed.

It is worth while, however, to remember that there are various ways of arranging the syllogism, and that we must not expect every syllogism to have its middle term as we placed it in the first example we took—viz., subject of major premise and predicate of minor premise. This is the most usual and the most convenient form, but there are three other arrangements. If we write M for middle term, S for subject of conclusion (minor term), and P for predicate of conclusion (major term) we shall get these four possible arrangements known as the four figures of the syllogism.

M = P	P = M	M = P	P = M
S = M	S = M	M = S	M = S
∴ S = P	∴ S = P	∴ S = P	∴ S = P
1st figure	2nd figure	3rd figure	4th figure

The fourth may be at once discarded as of very little value; the other three are all used.

The position of the middle term has an influence on the validity of the syllogism, as we have already seen in discussing the example about cows being carnivorous creatures. Thus, if in the second figure both the premises are affirmative, then clearly the middle term is undistributed in both (see rule 3), and the reasoning will not stand. Again, if the syllogism be in the first figure, and the major premise be affirmative, while the minor is negative, we shall break rule 4.

Let us see how this is. By rule 6 the conclusion must be negative. As the predicates of negative propositions are distributed, P will be distributed in the conclusion. In its premise, however, P stands as predicate of an affirmative proposition, and is therefore undistributed. Hence we are forced to distribute in the conclusion a term which is not distributed in its premise, which is a breach of rule 4.

Suppose we argue:—

All followers of Mr. M'Carthy are Home Rulers;

No English M.P.'s are followers of Mr. M'Carthy,

Therefore, no English M.P.'s are Home Rulers—

we commit this fallacy. In the major premise we refer to "some" Home Rulers; in the conclusion we refer to "all" Home Rulers, for we exclude the English M.P.'s from the whole class, and not merely from a part of it.

There is no better exercise of ingenuity, and no better practice, than to take such a set of examples as you will find in Professor Jevons's *Elementary Lessons*, pp. 312, 313 and 316–324, and examine them for yourself. State each piece of argument in rigid syllogistic form, and then see that it conforms to the rules of the syllogism. Sometimes considerable tact will be needed; but ease comes with practice. As girls who have done some algebra know, it is not at first at all an easy matter to state a problem given in ordinary language in terms of x or x and y. Those charming examples of Mr. Hamblin Smith and Messrs. Hall and Knight require judicious handling, and this can only come after a fair amount of practice.

Let us take one or two of Professor Jevons's examples. Here is one:—

"Rational beings are accountable for their actions. Brutes, not being rational, are therefore exempt from responsibilty."

We must express this in three propositions with three terms. This can be done thus. First select the conclusion. Express it in proper logical form: No brutes are responsible (or accountable) for their actions. The two premises must be arranged in their proper order above it, and we get the syllogism:—

All rational beings are responsible,
No brutes are rational beings,
Therefore, no brutes are responsible.

It somehow seems right, because the conclusion is, as a matter of fact, true; but the syllogism is invalid. Rule 4 has been broken. Do you see how?

Let us try a more difficult example. Here is one:—

"His imbecility of character might have been inferred from his proneness to favourites, for all weak princes have this failing."

Which is the conclusion? Obviously the opening statement contains it; but it contains also an implied premise. The conclusion is the statement that he was imbecile in character. Let us put that down. The major term, then, is "imbecile in character." Have we a premise containing it? Yes, we can see that the statement "all weak princes have this failing" means that "all princes imbecile in character are prone to favourites." This will be the major premise.

Major premise: All princes imbecile in character are prone to favourites.

Conclusion: He is imbecile in character.

This leaves us to find the minor premise. It is implied in the first clause of the example given, viz., He is prone to favourites.

Put this in its place, and we get a syllogism in the second figure—

All princes imbecile in character are prone to favourites.
He is prone to favourites,
therefore, he is imbecile in character.

(We might have written "weak princes" in the major premise, and "weak prince" in the conclusion, instead of "imbecile in character.")

Now is this reasoning valid? Clearly it breaks rule 3. The middle term is the predicate in both premises. Both are affirmative, therefore it is undistributed in both.

This will tell us, by-the-way, that only negative conclusions can be proved by the second syllogistic figure.

Sometimes you will see that there are alternative ways of taking the reasonings. You are bound, before condemning a reasoning, to put it in the most plausible form you can. For instance, in Jevons's example, "Mahomet was a wise law-giver, for he studied the character of his people," it is not fair to say there are only two propositions, and therefore it breaks rule 1. We can easily put it into proper syllogistic form thus:—

All wise law-givers study the character of their people.
Mahomet studied the character of his people,
therefore, Mahomet was a wise law-giver.

Is this valid or not?

Conditional Syllogism.

The syllogisms we have taken are categorical syllogisms; they are made up of unconditional propositions. Two other kinds of reasoning in which the first premise is respectively a hypothetical proposition (if A is B, C is D) and a disjunctive proposition (either A is B or it is C) are often used. Stated formally, with letters for terms, the hypothetical syllogism will be in one of these forms:—

1	If	A is B, C is D;
	but	A is B;
	therefore	C is D.

This is the affirmative hypothetical syllogism, and you will notice that the minor or second premise affirms the antecedent of the first premise—*i.e.*, the portion of it which expresses the condition.

2	If	A is B, C is D;
	but	C is not D;
	therefore	A is not B.

This is the negative hypothetical syllogism, and here the second premise denies the truth of the second part, or consequent, of the first premise. A few moments' thought will show you that an error in reasoning will arise if we deny the antecedent in 2 or affirm the consequent in 1. Let us take a concrete example.

If the child's temperature has risen, he will die;

but it has not risen.

From this we cannot infer that the child will not die. Some other change may have occurred which, equally with a rise in temperature, may indicate or produce death. From

a denial of the antecedent nothing can be inferred as to the occurrence or non-occurrence of the consequent, because death may be caused by fifty things besides that indicated in the antecedent; and for the same reason we cannot prove anything by affirming the consequent. But a denial of the consequent involves a denial of the antecedent in the conclusion. If the consequent does not occur, it is a sign that *none* of its sufficient causes—of which the antecedent names one—has occurred.

The disjunctive syllogism has two forms, one of which leads to an affirmative conclusion by means of a negative minor premise, while the other leads to a negative conclusion by means of a positive minor premise. Thus:—

1
A is either B or C.
but A is not B;
therefore A is C.

Or,

This M.P. is either a Unionist or a Home-Ruler.
He is not a Unionist;
therefore he is a Home-Ruler.

2
A is either B or C;
but A is B;
therefore A is not C.

Or,

This M.P. is either a Unionist or a Home-Ruler.
He is a Unionist;
therefore he is not a Home-Ruler.

These two reasonings are perfectly valid if we are certain that the major premise includes all possible alternatives, and that the alternatives are mutually exclusive. But since the disjunctive propositions we meet with seldom comply with both requirements, we must always exercise the greatest care in using or accepting a disjunctive syllogism. Thus, if we use as a major premise the disjunctive proposition, "He is either a knave or a fool," a favourite antithesis with some people, we overlook the fact that there are other possibilities. For instance, a man may be (and, as it happens, usually is) neither the one nor the other. And we overlook the fact that the alternatives do not exclude each other—the classes overlap; some fools are knaves, and most knaves are fools. When anyone begins speaking of a political or a religious opponent in this way, "Now Brown either knows what he is about or he does not know," "Jones either means what he says or he does not mean it," and so on, you may generally suspect that under the appearance for logical precision a fallacy is masquerading. There are few subjects which admit of this absolute division, because language has grown up in accordance with other demands than those of logic. Few of the popular antitheses exhaust the possibilities of nature. Our premise should not run, "A is B or C," but "A is either B or C or both or neither." But these fourfold possibilities do not lend themselves to crisp and spiteful little arguments.

The famous dilemma is a more complex conditional argument, formed by combining hypothetical and disjunctive propositions. There are several forms of it, and we may say that they are all extremely treacherous and unreliable for the same reason as the disjunctive syllogism. Here is one.

If A is B or C is D, E is F.
Either A is B or C is D;
therefore E is F.

If I meet Jones, or if I don't meet him, I shall lose an afternoon.
I must either meet him or not;
therefore I shall lose an afternoon.

This is formally valid. But even here the person of practical knowledge will suggest that possibly a letter, or a telegram, or a message, or an interview with a third person may serve instead of a meeting with Jones. Dilemmas are usually much less formidable than they look. Adroit reasoners and shrewd men of the world can usually avoid being impaled on either of the "horns" or alternatives.

USEFUL HINTS.

OBERGINE FRIED.—The obergine is a Spanish and Indian vegetable. In India it is known as "Jew tomato" or brinjal. In Spain the general way of cooking them are as follows: Wash and wipe the obergine, but not peel. Cut it in as thin slices as possible (like as for potato chips) lengthwise, and sprinkle over them pepper and salt; fry in olive oil until of a golden brown colour, and serve at once.

BRINJAL CURRY.—To make this curry to perfection you must make your own curry powder, as the spiced flavour is very much nicer and far superior than can be obtained in the ready prepared bottled curry powder. All the spices can be procured at any good chemist's. The spices required for a nice dish for six people would be, one dozen cardamoms, eight cloves, half an ounce of coriander seed, one teaspoonful of cummin seed, six chillies, and one dessertspoonful of turmeric. Now put an ounce of butter into a fryingpan, and when it boils put in the cloves, coriander seed, chillies and cummin seed, and let them fry for two minutes, then take them out and put in a mortar with the turmeric and cardamoms. Pound all well till quite smooth, and put back into the saucepan with an ounce more butter. In the meantime have ready prepared two brinjals, which should have been washed and wiped, then cut lengthwise, but not quite through at the end. Take out a little of the inside and put the mixture of spices that you have in the saucepan into the centre of each. Close them together again and put in the saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of water; cover closely and let them simmer gently for half an hour, when they will be quite tender, add a little salt and serve with boiled rice.

RASPBERRY SPONGE.—Rub one pound of raspberry jam through a fine sieve, then stir into it the juice of a small lemon and an ounce of best leaf gelatine dissolved in a pint and a half of water. Set it to cool, and as soon as it begins to set at the sides, whip it well and put in a damp mould. Serve plain or with good whipped cream.

OBERGINE AND BROCCOLI CURRY.—Cut three good-sized onions and fry in boiling butter. When these are a nice dark brown put in one dessertspoonful of mild curry powder, one dessertspoonful of crushed coriander seed, and about as much cummin seed as would cover a threepenny-piece. Fry all for three minutes, then take out and crush in a pestle and mortar. When it is perfectly smooth put back into the saucepan. Now put in the obergine and broccoli cut up in pieces, and fry with the above for ten minutes, stirring very gently not to break; add about half a pint of water and let all simmer gently till tender, but not to a pulp. Time about half an hour, and serve with boiled rice.

MACAROON SOUFLÉE.—Mix a tablespoonful of rice flour with as much milk as will make it into a stiff paste; now beat into it two well-beaten eggs, and mix altogether with half a pint of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a small piece of cinnamon, and one ounce of castor sugar. Pour the whole into an enamelled saucepan and stir continually till it begins to boil, then take it off to cool and take out the cinnamon; when cool put in one tablespoonful of minced lemon peel, six macaroons that have been well crushed, and a dessertspoonful of rose or orange water. Now whip the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, add both to the cream, mixing briskly and lightly all well together; butter a tin or dish and bake in a rather quick oven; when set turn it out and shake a little castor sugar over it, and put back in the oven for a minute or so to glaze. Serve garnished with preserved fruits.

STUFFED OBERGINE.—Cut the obergine in two, lengthwise; take a portion of the inside out and fill in the cavity with some nicely-minced beef or veal, flavoured with a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter; now tie it together and put it in a tin to bake in a moderately quick oven, basting it well with butter. Time, about an hour.

PERSIAN STEW.—Take about two pounds of the middle of the neck of mutton or leg, cut it in good-sized pieces and place in rather a deep dish; over this sprinkle some salt and curd which must have been previously prepared, and let it stand for twelve hours. Now take a saucepan and slice a good thick layer of onions, then a layer of potatoes, then put in the meat and curd and another good layer of onions on the top, add a little more pepper and salt, and cover closely so that the steam may not escape too much; let it come to the boil first, but do not raise the lid to ascertain if it really does so, and then draw it aside and allow it to boil gently for two hours, then serve.

(In Persia they make a paste of flour and a little water, and place it round the rim of the saucepan lid to prevent the steam from escaping so much.)

DELHI HULLUAH.—Put four ounces of good fresh butter in a saucepan, and when boiling put in half a pound of semolina and fry until quite brown, but not too dark; now put in four ounces of crushed sweet almonds, one dozen cardamoms, four ounces of sultanas, and four ounces of moist sugar which must have been previously boiled with a little water until a thick syrup; stir all well together and let it boil for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. It should be quite dry when serving.

BRINJAL BHAHJEE.—Take two good-sized but young brinjals or obergines; wash them and cut about half an inch thick, wipe these dry, and sprinkle over each slice a little ground turmeric and chillies, let them steep in this for half an hour, then fry in boiling oil a nice brown and serve at once.

STEWED OBERGINE.—Peel and cut the obergine in quarters lengthwise and boil for ten minutes, then have previously made some good white sauce; take the obergines from the water and lay them in the sauce and boil gently for twenty minutes.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING FRIENDS.

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles;
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

C. Kingsley.



FOUR WEEKS have passed away since we saw Constance, shy and nervous, entering on her first day's work as a hospital nurse. She has looked forward to the end of these four weeks, and it has seemed long in coming. Not that she has wanted to throw down her self-imposed task and return home vanquished, but she has been very anxious to get over the formality of binding herself for three years to remain where she was or to work wherever sent. Now the promise has been given, and she is no longer free to throw up her nursing, even if inclined to do so; she is bound to remain at her post for three whole years. The very fact of having made the promise makes her feel a longing to break it; the restraint makes her long for freedom. "For three whole years!" she says to herself; "whatever will they say at home? And I shall be getting fast on to thirty by that; what a dreadfully long time it seems!" Life had been by no means smooth during the past four weeks. There had been days when everything seemed to go wrong, when she would wonder whether she had not made a mistake in taking to nursing at all. Days, when as she became familiar with some of the many diseases which may attack the human frame she felt as if surely one, if not another, must come to her; days of depression, when she was wearied out with hard bodily exercise and her mind strained by sights and sounds to which at one time she was a stranger; days when nursing, instead of being the ideal work she had pictured it, seemed but commonplace drudgery—menial, she might have said, only she had not been brought up to think any work beneath her. Constance had yet to grasp a fuller meaning of the words, "ye did it unto Me," and learn that nothing short of the highest motive of the worker can ennoble his work. One morning specially she remembered, when Sister King George made her and her fellow-probationer sweep the ward three times before she was satisfied, when everything Constance did was found fault with, and she became so thoroughly nervous that had it not been for Nurse Briggs she felt she would have lost heart altogether. She often used to say afterwards, when speaking of the first month, "Oh, I don't think I should ever have remained if it had not been for the kindness of Nurse Briggs!" There were bright as well as dull days, and Constance was getting very fond of her sick men. She was so patient and gentle with them they could not fail to love her, and then their smiles helped and cheered her in return. There is a very bright side to hospital life. There are not only the dying to be soothed and tended, and the bereaved ones to be mourned with; there is the joy of seeing the sick ones gaining health and strength; there are the convalescent ones to cheer and strengthen, the children to amuse and play with, and the rejoicing ought to be quite as much, if not more, a nurse's duty as the weeping. Many and many a real good laugh she had with Nurse Rose, or one or another of her friends, in their own rooms as they talked together over hospital details.

One man had been brought in with a severe attack of pleurisy; he was a clerk in some office, and evidently considered himself in social standing somewhat above his neighbours. For a day or two he was very quiet and seldom spoke, but as he got better he was extremely fond of calling out when he wanted anything, "cook! cook!" Once or twice Constance had said to him, "Call me 'nurse,' that is my name here;" and he replied very grandly, "Oh, I beg your pardon, nurse, but I am so used to calling for my housekeeper that I cannot recollect." Constance thought that next time she would let him wait till he remembered, and finally he found that if he really required nurse's services it was best to call her by her right name.

Another patient had most earnestly asked her if she would not like to better her position, adding, "nurses' work is so hard and so badly paid, you would do far better for yourself if you went into some office. I will gladly speak for you, if you like." Constance with difficulty restrained a smile, and, thanking him, said she thought on the whole she was quite satisfied as she was.

One thing that had proved a great trial to her was that Nurse MacMahon, having completed her year's probation, was sent into the hospital as staff-nurse and given King George ward, Staff-nurse Briggs being elected sister of the women's accident wards in place of one who was leaving. Still, as Nurse Dorothy told her, she must not expect to have everything just as she wished, and, after all, Nurse MacMahon did not seem so very bad. The fact was, it needed a much wider experience of human nature than Constance possessed to see through her.

Days and weeks flew by in quick succession. The hospital was a busy little world of its own, peopled by men and women whose natures differed in no respect from those who lived outside its walls. There were many who possessed lofty ideals and high aspirations, and all were more or less engaged in what the great world without might call a noble work, but not more really noble than that of the crossing-sweeper with his broom, unless performed from a high motive and with a pure and noble aim. There was no necessity for striving to make time fly, no feeling of *ennui*—the effect of want of employment—no idle hours to be got through in the least-irksome manner; there was work there for all, generally as much as it was possible to get through in a given time. The hours, indeed, passed far too quickly, and many a worker would often have gladly added another so as to complete her task more thoroughly; and when the shadows of night had closed in, and the weary toiler was free, the hours of the night did not linger but glided swiftly away; and often, ere the tired nurse had realised the deliciousness of bed, she was rudely awakened by the morning bell summoning her to return to her labours.

There were many nurses in the hospital Constance knew nothing of, not even by name; the probationers, living apart in the home, had but little intercourse with the staff-nurses who were not working in the same ward as themselves. Constance was very fond of Nurse Briggs, but Burdett, Rose, and Dorothy were her companions, and Nurse Dorothy, though most senior, became her chief friend. It was visiting day, and Dr. Stuart was going the round of his ward, and was examining a man who had been brought in suffering from pleurisy and had now developed empyæmia. He turned to Mr. Ashton, his house-physician, and said, "If Dr. Bell is in the hospital I should like him to see this patient. Send my compliments to him, and say I am anxious to consult him about a case when he is at liberty."

One of the clerks went with the message and returned, saying, "Dr. Bell would come in a few minutes."

Shortly afterwards he appeared, followed by his house-surgeon. Constance had not seen him before, and looked up as he entered. What was it that made her start, and then get crimson? "Can it be possible?" she said to herself; "but it must be—no other could be so like him. Yes, it is surely my old fellow-traveller, who dislikes lady-nurses. How I wish I might be able in time to make him change his mind!"

He shook hands with Dr. Stuart, and then began his examination of the patient. It was decided the man should be removed to a surgical ward, and the two physicians talked together as they left the bed. Presently, deep in thought and talk, they both faced round. Dr. Bell's glance fell upon Constance, and a sort of feeling flashed through him that it was a face he had seen before. He spoke pleasantly to sister before leaving the ward, and Constance wondered if she could really be the sort of nurse he preferred. When all had left, she turned to MacMahon, saying, "What is that doctor's name?"

Nurse MacMahon seemed irritable; she had been having a quiet conversation with one of the students, and she imagined that Constance must have noticed it. "She is deeper than I fancy, no doubt," she thought; "and I must just be careful;" but Constance's next remark set her at rest.

"How bald his head is! But, then I only saw him with his hat on. He travelled in the same compartment as I did when I came here."

"Oh, is it Dr. Bell you are talking about?" said MacMahon. "His is a canny old Scotchman. His nephew has just been made house-

surgeon here, and very proud his uncle is of him. He was senior wrangler at Cambridge, and left with flying colours. If you want Dr. Bell to like you, you must not set your cap at Mr. Seaton; for I can tell you he is not going to have his nephew marry a nurse."

"Set my cap at Mr. Seaton!" she exclaimed, somewhat angrily. "I have not taken up nursing because I wanted to get married; neither do I care what Dr. Bell thinks of me." She stopped; had she not just been wishing that she might be the means of making him think better of ladies as nurses than he did at present?

"Well, well," said Nurse MacMahon, "you need not get angry if you have not come here to get married; others have and mean to have some fun into the bargain. You would not have us all made after one pattern surely; the world would be dull indeed. Besides, if you are not setting your cap at Mr. Seaton that cannot prevent him taking a fancy to you if he chooses."

Constance turned to her work with a feeling of disgust at the ideas the conversation had aroused, and thought it was little to be wondered at that the patients got such scant attention from a sister like King George and a staff-nurse who had no higher motive for her work than Nurse MacMahon seemed to have.

The next day but one was Sunday; it was Constance's turn to go out, and she was looking forward with much pleasure to going with Nurse Rose to Saint Michael's Church. It was the first time she had been out to a church since leaving home, though she had always gone once on a Sunday to the chapel in the hospital.

The morning work was finished, and Constance left her ward with a light heart; as she crossed the hall, Nurse Rose suddenly joined her.

"Where have you sprung from?" she said. "I did not see you coming."

"Oh," she replied, "I was just looking at a picture inside Mr. Seaton's room, which he wanted to show me."

Had it not been for Nurse MacMahon's suggestions, she would have thought nothing of it; certainly it would never have entered her head that there could be any harm in her going there. Nurses were often sent on messages to the doctors' rooms; she had been in several times, at least she had knocked and knocked when two or three of them were sitting together, smoking and talking, and then at a "Come in," had been obliged to go right in before the one who was wanted would understand what was required of him. Now Constance wondered if Rose was on very friendly terms with Mr. Seaton.

The church bells stopped ringing as they took their seats, and the beautiful old church service brought back to Constance the memory of many a similar one in the little church at home, and for the time being the hospital, its work and worries, slipped out of mind. What a rest it seemed, both to mind and body—the sweet strains of the organ, mingled with the voices around her, soothed and refreshed her, and she felt quite sorry that the time was passing so quickly, when she saw the tall, grey-haired clergyman moving towards the pulpit.

Constance looked at him, and wondered what the sermon would be about. He had rather a severe-looking face, thin and careworn, but when he spoke the deep earnest voice seemed capable of attracting the full attention of his hearers.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He spoke at some length concerning the ritual observed so strictly by the Pharisees, and then brought home to each the thought that unless his righteousness far exceeded such, he need expect no part in that kingdom. Service was over and the large congregation was dispersing each to his or her home. Constance rose with the rest, but she was pondering over the words she had heard and took but little notice of those around her, till she caught sight of Rose on in front, talking to some gentleman who had his back turned to her. As she reached them, he lifted his hat, and she recognised Mr. Seaton, and the thought flashed through her again as to whether Rose was not on more friendly terms with him than she should be. He evidently seemed inclined to walk with them, and Rose looked as if she was quite agreeable, and talked gaily about things as was her wont. She was a thoroughly lively girl, and though her face might not be called pretty, it was certainly very attractive in spite of being set off by decidedly red hair. It was probably her manners more than her looks which won for her the goodwill of all. She had a pleasant word for everyone. She knew every doctor and student in the hospital, and often managed to spare time for a chat with them, and they in their turn were nothing loth to pass a few minutes in her company—"a rare jolly little nurse," they used to say. Do not imagine that she neglected her work; she was conscientious as far as the carrying out of orders went; possibly she got more done for her by her convalescent patients than some did, and she was so bright and cheerful that her patients if not sympathised with, were at least cheered and brightened by her sunshiny presence.

Mr. Seaton walked beside Rose and they chatted together quite like old friends. He had often happened to meet her, when out for a walk or returning from church and had walked with her; he liked her, and never for a moment did he question its being an unwise proceeding. That his uncle would not approve of it he was well aware, but he considered he was quite able to take care of himself, being the best judge of his own actions. Rose always seemed pleased for him to accompany her, and if it was a stolen pleasure, it was none the less sweet; as to being in love with her he was nothing of the kind, and he was not conceited enough to imagine that she cared in any special manner for him. To-day as he walked beside her he glanced now and again at her companion, and seemed wishful to draw her into conversation. He had spoken to Constance once or twice in the ward inquiring how she was getting on, whether she found the work hard, and how she liked King George; but she had given him very short answers, generally saying she was too busy to stop talking. He had noticed her when she had been sent to the house physician's room on some errand by Sister King George, how she had shyly given her message, and quickly retreated, or had seen her pass through the hall on her way to the home, but on such occasions she rarely deigned anyone a look.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



PENNILESS ONE.—1. Put in black velvet, or black velveteen, sleeves into your blue crépon dress. Put a roll of the black velvet round the edge of the skirt; and wear black thread stockings and black shoes and gloves.—2. You will not see this answer until too late for the entertainments you name; but the suggestions may prove serviceable for future occasions.

A. RAIMBEACH.—There are plenty of manuals to be had giving both instructions and recipes for every description of work. These can be obtained at any fancy-work shop. Should there be none within reach, you could order what you require through any librarian or stationer.

E. A. DODD.—We are most happy to draw the attention of our readers to your "Dorcas Society." The yearly subscription to it is very small—one shilling only; but members are required to provide and make six garments for the poor of London, and to transmit the parcel to your address, as secretary, *i.e.*, Miss Dodd, 2, Petherton Road, Highbury, N.

A GRATEFUL READER must go to a good fancy-work shop and ask for what she needs. There are numbers of such instruction-books to be got as low in price as one penny.

WORK.

GALLOWAY LASS.—You should go to a fancy or artistic embroidery shop and show what you have done. Perhaps you might obtain trade orders, which would be far more satisfactory than obtaining a chance sale for a single article.

IVY, LULU, and "DARLING LEONORA."—"Darling Leonora" wants "a crouchet stich for a shall." We think she wants a spelling-book very much more. All three correspondents should procure little knitting and crochet manuals, costing from one penny to sixpence. "Lulu," the quantity of wool needed for knitting a vest entirely depends on the size required; she might select the description on reference to a manual, as also for the silk to knit the so-called "stockings."

NEDMAC.—You must visit the shops where they sell such things and show your work. Orders are only obtained by personal exertion.

BETA.—Deafness is no hindrance to self-supporting work in a very great variety of branches. Even the blind—who must naturally be so much more helpless—find an excellent trade in basket-making. The girl should be placed at work in some manufactory. The envelope making, and the card-box, and cigarette making trades, and such like manual employments involve both simple and light work. We merely name them by way of suggestion. Why has not the girl been sent to the Deaf Mute School, under Mr. Van Praag, in Fitzroy Square? It is a shame not to help her in her life's work, by giving her an education, before putting her out in the world to earn her living. It is no longer at all necessary to make paupers of the deaf; nor waste funds on those who could so easily be helped, by a special kind of education, to support themselves.

SAUCY TOT.—If a girl really desire to cure herself of any bad trick, she will only need to be reminded of her intention to give up the habit; and this reminder, in your case, should take the form of some bitter essence, or liquid drug, which you could obtain from any chemist. Tell him you wish for something with a strong taste, but harmless, into which you can dip the tips of your fingers, to act as a reminder.

ANCHOVY.—We have not an idea what "balm" smells like anchovy sauce, which is sold for two shillings and sixpence, or one shilling with water. You do not say for what it is required. But, in any case, we could not give trade advertisements.

TANTALUS must consult her doctor; we have, from time to time, given a suggestion; but prefer to decline, as some attempted remedies are not safe. Pumice-stone may be employed, as we have often said.

JULIE.—St. Perpetua was a martyr, exposed to be tossed and gored to death by a bull, at Carthage, A.D. 203, at the same time as St. Felicitas. St. Dorothy was likewise a martyr, who suffered some years later than the above-named, A.D. 304.

S. W.—There are more self-supporting women in industrial occupations in Germany than in any other country; but not as many, in proportion to the whole population, as in the United Kingdom. We have only the statistics made two years ago; but then our Islands followed second, France third, Austria-Hungary fourth with Italy. In the British Islands the women employed in industrial work were calculated at 4,500,000, being 12·1 of the entire population. Over and above this, in British India, there are some 36,000,000 women and children thus engaged. But, as we said, this computation not being quite up to date, it is probably under the mark.

STRENGTH AT LAST.—Judging from your writing, you must be very young; and it is not likely that any editor would take a story from an inexperienced and unknown writer. But you can send it for some magazine and let it take its chance. There is no high road to certain success. If the story exhibits genius, it may be appreciated. Your writing promises well, but is scarcely yet formed. We thank you for your good wishes.

E. B. HARRIS.—There are such scores of recitation-books, we could not procure and look through them, to ascertain in which the one piece you name is to be found. You had better inquire through your librarian, and give an order for the book which contains it.

A READER.—Why do you apply milk to your skin? If employed it should be diluted with water. Wash with plain soap and water, and if the latter be hard, a little bran in it will set that right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWNIE.—A man five years younger than yourself would be an unwise choice, we think.

AUDREY.—1. We have ceased to answer queries respecting the complexion and the hair, as our volumes are full of such replies and information.—2. Study spelling.

MURIEL B.—You had better send any card, book, or toy contributions, for the Indian schoolchildren, to one of the training societies for women teachers, and missionaries to that country; of which we have given so many notices from time to time, under the heading "Education." Any teachers going out would be very glad to take them with them for distribution.

NELLIE may derive much comfort from the reflection that she is at least in the path of duty. She should ask for God's grace to aid her in fulfilling her appointed work faithfully and cheerfully, "as unto the Lord," remembering that we are in a trial state, and training school, for another and more enduring home. "Let patience have her perfect work; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." God has graciously given you a "comfortable situation," at a time when there is great competition, and more uncomfortable homes than otherwise. Of course a separation from your own people must be grievous; but their minds, and their means, are thereby relieved. You should study your spelling.—2. December 11, 1872, was a Wednesday.

BABY ALICE.—Get some glycerine, and after washing your hands and before drying them, put a little of it over the backs and over your wrists.

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THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER V.



"AS LONG AS NURSE KEPT CLOSE BESIDE HIM HE WOULD LIE QUITE STILL."

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MR SEATON was almost a stranger to Constance, and yet he felt a charm about her he had never felt with Nurse Rose. There was nothing frivolous in the conversation, and Constance joined in pleasantly and naturally, quite forgetting her fears. Suddenly Mr. Seaton looked at his watch and said he must be off or he would never reach his uncle's in time for luncheon. As he raised his hat and left them, Constance noticed two gentlemen crossing the street a little way in front of them.

"Don't go so fast," said Rose, who had also seen them; "I don't want to overtake those two in front."

"Why?" said Constance; "do you know them?"

"Yes, to be sure I do, and I daresay you would recognise them if they turned this way. They are two of Doctor Bell's dressers, and what is more I do not like either of them. They have seen us, you may be sure, and Nurse MacMahon will

be informed that we have been out walking with Mr. Seaton."

"Was that why he made the excuse of going to his uncle's to luncheon; if he is ashamed to be seen walking with us, I at least shall never again give him the opportunity. You should not have allowed it, Rose."

"Oh," said Rose, "it isn't that, only I fancy he does not care to be talked about, and wouldn't like it for us either," she added. "Mr. Wisdom and Nurse MacMahon would make up a fine story, very likely say we had never been to church, only gone for a walk, and a nice thing that would be to come to Mrs. Faithful's ears."

"Then," said Constance, "it would be much better not to risk such a thing again."

"Oh," replied Rose, "I'm not one to cut my friends because people choose to talk; besides, what harm is there in it?"

Constance did not reply; she was fond of Rose, and did not wish to disagree, but she was thinking that if there was no actual harm, it was at least not wise, and possibly Rose might find it out too late. She felt very sure that Rose loved Mr. Seaton, and wondered whether he cared at all for her. Mr. Wisdom and his companion meanwhile had turned into another street, and were lost to sight.

"What makes you dislike him so much?" said Constance, when Rose expressed her relief that they were gone.

"Oh," she said, "two or three things I know about him and do not like. He is very weak-minded and vain. There was a nurse who left shortly before you came, called Stoneys; she was not a lady, though fairly well-educated, and she came from a respectable home. It got rumoured that she was in the habit of going to his lodgings, and he used to take her out in a hansom. I have myself seen them together out driving. Well, it could mean nothing good, and at last poor Nurse Stoneys was dismissed; mind, I do not say he alone was to blame, but I feel to despise him so much that I can hardly be civil to him when I see him. He and MacMahon are very thick now. His father is a clergyman living in Plymouth. He is a tall, handsome fellow, would do for the Guards; that style, you know; has good manners, goes to church regularly, and is very hard on evil-doers. I daresay Nurse Stoneys took a fancy to him; he is just the sort of man to go down with some women. I can imagine girls going into raptures over him. I might have thought him perfection, too," she went on, "if I had not had a glimpse behind the scene, and now whenever I look at him I think poor little Nurse Stoneys——"

"What became of her?" said Constance.

"Oh, it was the old story, only her friends took her home. She has, I believe, just gone to Australia with a married brother, but wherever she is, as far as happiness goes, her life is ruined; it seems so dreadful, and he going about so smiling and well pleased with himself."

When the mid-day meal was ended, Mrs. Faithful turned to Constance and said, "Come to my office in five minutes, I want to speak to you."

Rose and Constance exchanged glances, but as all the probationers were present they said nothing. Constance went at the time she was told with a beating heart, wondering what the Matron was going to say, and when, after a timid knock, the door was opened by Nurse MacMahon, who was just coming out, her heart beat so violently she felt she could scarcely breathe. Nurse MacMahon looked very smiling and said, as she made room for Constance to pass in, "Thank you very much, Matron; yes, indeed, I will do what I can."

"Well, nurse," said Mrs. Faithful, "I am going to move you. There is a case of tracheotomy in Adelaide, and you are to be night special; it will only be for a short time, but it will give you a little idea of night-work before you start your three months. Nurse Dorothy, as you know, is night nurse, and I think I can safely leave you to her. Do nothing on your own responsibility, merely carry out orders. They are not short-handed in King George now, so you may rest this afternoon and be ready for work by 8.30 this evening."

Constance went first to find Rose and relieve her mind.

"What do you think?" she said. "I am going on night special in Adelaide; case of tracheotomy," and she recounted her visit to the Matron.

"Oh, how nice for you," said Rose, "but I think Matron might have put me on;" then noticing that Constance looked disappointed, she added, "No, I don't really mean that, for I am in no hurry for night-work, and indeed I am very glad you will be in Adelaide and with Nurse Dorothy too; won't you be in clover?"

"I shall indeed," said Constance, "and I will help you in a morning as much as ever I can."

"Who is to be day special?"

"Matron didn't say! Who do you think was coming out of the office as I went in? Nurse MacMahon!"

"Was she," said Rose. "Do you know what she went for?"

"I do not, but she thanked Matron and seemed quite pleased, smiled most condescendingly at me like she does when Matron is near."

"I shall feel very lonely in my time off duty without you," said Rose. "I wonder how you will like night-work. You must try and sleep in the day. If I were you I should have a real good sleep this afternoon, you will make a better start then."

Constance agreed and went to her room, but she sat thinking for a long time before she made any preparations for bed. She had been brought up very quietly, knowing but little of the ways of the world, and had already found that hospital nursing was vastly different from what she had imagined. She was getting deeply interested in the work, and if she did have some rude awakenings, she also realised that there was an amount of nobility and heroism amidst all the sorrow and suffering, alike unknown to her.

She spent a long time trying to sleep, what with the bells calling the worshippers to service, and Big Ben telling loudly how each quarter of an hour was passing, nurses going to and from their rooms, and the traffic in the square, it seemed out of the question, and not till daylight had faded did she attain her object.

It seemed but a few minutes and Nurse Dorothy was standing beside her telling her it was time to dress.

"How nice that we are to be together! Are you not glad?" she said.

"Of course I am," said Constance, now well awake. "Am I not fortunate?"

A few hours later Constance was duly engrossed in her new duties. Sister Adelaide had spoken kindly to her, very differently from Sister King George, and told her what she was expected to do.

"You will find it very trying at first, the mere fact of striving to keep awake, but you will soon get used to it," she had said, "and Nurse Dorothy will make it as easy for you as she can, I am sure."

Constance sat quietly beside her little patient; he was a tiny boy of three years with bright blue eyes and long lashes and fair curly hair. There was not much to be done for him, only to keep the tube in his throat clean, give him drinks, and keep him quiet; poor little laddie, he was very patient, and as long as nurse kept close beside him stroking his hand or head he would lie quite still.

The night superintendent had been into the ward on her way round the hospital, and Mr. Seaton came in at the same time.

It was past midnight. Constance was still seated soothing the child; she had been watching Dorothy moving about so gently from bed to bed, shaking up a pillow or straightening the bed-clothes, tossed by some weary sufferer, talking kindly in low tones to one or another, and performing the many little offices required by each. She was getting drowsy, though she tried hard not to feel so; the lights were low, and the fact of sitting still for so long made the sleep she had before sought for so vainly now seem almost impossible to drive away. Once or twice her head nodded. Nurse Dorothy, who had often been to the bedside to see how things were going on, now came up, and smiling at Constance said,

"Well, you are finding it hard work to keep awake, I can see. I will take your place whilst you make us some coffee and toast; it will help to waken you up and will do us both good. I very seldom make any when I am alone, but we shall enjoy it together."

Constance rose gladly and did what she was told. The coffee was soon made, cups and saucers were brought from a cupboard Nurse Dorothy had in the ward, and Constance seated herself on the large fender in front of the fire to make the toast. She made a pretty picture in that quiet darkened ward, sitting on the fender, her figure looking so neat and trim in a clean print dress and white apron, with a turned-down collar pinned together by a tiny gold brooch, a spotless cap on her head, which well suited the wavy hair and set off to perfection the sweet face, now lit up by the light of the fire; her feet were crossed on the hearth-rug, and in her right hand she held a toasting-fork, whilst her large eyes were looking dreamily into the fire, as though searching for some broken link which she needed to complete a train of thought. Mr. Seaton, who entered the ward very quietly, took in the picture at a glance, and would have lingered for a moment could he have done so unobserved, but Constance, hearing a movement, turned her eyes in the direction of the door, and seeing Mr. Seaton, at once got up, and leaving the half-finished toast on the fender, went to the bed where Nurse Dorothy was keeping watch by her little patient, and said very quietly, "Here is Mr. Seaton."

Nurse Dorothy rose as he came to the bed, and with a pleasant smile he inquired how the child was getting on.

"Oh, very well indeed," said Dorothy, "but he is not my case, you know, he belongs to Nurse Constance. I am only sitting by him whilst she makes us some coffee."

"And toast," added Mr. Seaton, "that was I think your employment when I disturbed you. Well, I must say your coffee smells very good. Have you any intention of offering me a cup?"

Nurse Dorothy shook her head, saying,

"You know how particular Matron is, and does not like us to make coffee for any of you unless you are called up and kept long with a case, and then the night superintendent is present."

"Bother the night superintendent," he said; "why, there are severals wards where they press me to have coffee; you are very strict. I suppose you are instilling your rules into Nurse Constance"—giving a look in her direction. "Do you think you could be so hard?"

"I expect I could," she said, remembering the way in which he had so suddenly left Nurse Rose and herself on their return from church.

"Ah, well," he replied, "I feel myself quite dismissed, and can only hope you will enjoy your coffee. I must no longer hinder you;

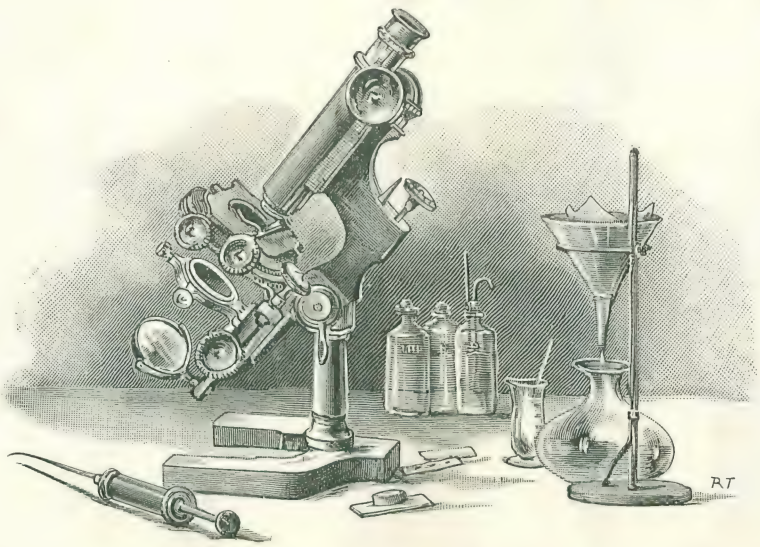
besides, the night superintendent fancies that I have been in the arms of Morpheus for ages, and I would not for the world deceive her," and bidding them both good-night he walked softly out of the ward and soon reached his own room.

The coffee and toast proved very refreshing, and Constance felt wide awake. It may have been that she found food for reflection, which roused her as effectually as the food she had partaken of; certain it was, that she had no longer to strive as before against the awful feeling of drowsiness, which probably overtakes all midnight watchers at some time or other during their vigils. The last few hours passed quickly; her little patient required a good deal of attention, and though daylight on a winter's morning seems long in coming, yet gases were turned up, breakfasts were served round and numberless things accomplished before Old Ben announced seven o'clock, and the day-nurses made their appearance. Dorothy and Constance then went to the home for their breakfasts; they were not long away, as they were expected to return and assist the day-nurses, until all was in readiness for the surgeon's visit. About 9.30 the work was done, and after giving a report of the night to Sister Adelaide, they were free to walk or rest as inclination suggested, until one, when they were obliged to be present at dinner and go to bed afterwards.

Neither felt inclined this morning for a walk, and on looking into the day-room as they passed, they found it already occupied by several nurses, some working or writing, others lounging about chatting and laughing.

"Let us come to my room and we can talk or work undisturbed," said Dorothy. "We can put shawls on and we shall be quite warm. What do you say?"

Constance gladly assented; she had several times before accepted the same offer. She was growing very fond of Dorothy, and much enjoyed a quiet talk with her; besides, she had two such comfortable wicker-chairs with soft cushions which just fitted into the bow window (it was a larger room than Constance's), and the very thought of dropping into one was a delight.



Dorothy had from the first taken a great fancy to Constance; hitherto she had made no special friends, though she had always been pleasant and friendly to any nurse with whom she had to work; she was of a reserved nature, and kept very much to herself. Some of course called her proud, but it was those who knew least of her; she had got on well as a probationer, because she had learnt to give willing and ready obedience, doing pleasantly whatever came to hand. Some of the younger nurses looked up to her with a sort of reverence, and not a few were rejoiced to see her return from private nursing and go back to her work in the hospital.

(*To be continued.*)

CREAM CHEESE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By A CERTIFICATED CHEESE-MAKER.

A VERY welcome addition to the luncheon or supper-table, will be found in cream cheese; and as it is easily made, and by no means an expensive dainty, especially in the country, where cream may be readily obtained, perhaps a few simple directions as to the method of making it may be of use to some girls who like variety in the daily bill of fare.

The first and chief consideration is that of rennet. The ordinary essence of rennet sold by the grocers may be preferred, but in this case the maker will have to exercise her own judgment, to a great extent, with regard to the quantity to use, as the strength varies.

On the other hand, the actual rennet extract used in cheese-making, may be obtained at about ten shillings per gallon, without much trouble; and where junket, cream cheese, etc., are constantly being made, it may be worth while to purchase a quart jar, especially as it will keep good for an almost indefinite period, if carefully corked, and tied down with a piece of soft leather, the jar being kept in a cool, dark place.

We will suppose that a quart of cream is to be converted into cheese.

First stir into it a pint of milk. (This mixture of milk with cream in the proportion of one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter, will be found to make a quite sufficiently rich cheese for ordinary purposes.) Warm the whole to 90° Fahr., and add twelve or fourteen drops of rennet, diluted with two or three times their bulk of cold water, stirring constantly for several minutes afterwards. The quantity of rennet required will of course vary slightly with its strength; but one or two trials will soon decide how much is wanted to set the curd in a reasonable time, and the number of drops given here will be found correct with rennet extract of average strength.

After the addition of the rennet, cover the cream with a cloth, and put it in some warm place, in order to prevent the temperature from falling during the process of curding. At the end of three or four hours the cream should be sufficiently thickened to put into the bag in which it is to be pressed. This bag should be about eighteen inches long by a foot wide, and is best made of unbleached calico of medium thickness, care being taken in its selection, as if too fine in texture the cream will run out and be wasted; while, on the other hand, if too thick, the whey will be unable to escape.

Before pouring in the thickened cream, wring the bag out, first in hot, and then in cold water.

Salt is added at this stage. Half-an-ounce to the gallon is the usual quantity, but this is of course a matter for personal taste to decide. Stir in the salt, and then pour into the bag, which should be placed in a basin to catch the whey that will at once commence running off.

Tie up the mouth of the bag with a piece of string, and leave it for an hour, at the end of which time pressure may be applied.

This is best done by placing the bag between two flat boards, which should stand on a shelf or table, at a slight angle, in order to allow the whey to run off freely. To obtain a gradual pressure is the point in view; and by placing a fair-sized bucket on the top of the boards, and pouring in water, at first until it is about a quarter full, and afterwards by adding water at intervals, within three or four hours, until the bucket is full, this will be accomplished. The cheese should remain under pressure from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to its consistency. As soon as it is firm and dry it may be moulded.

This is done either with a wooden cream cheese mould, or with the tin ones which may now be obtained, and which are easier to work with than the former.

When the wooden mould is used, care should be taken to carefully prepare it, by first scalding it for a few minutes, and then immediately plunging it into cold water in which some salt has been dissolved. This will prevent the cheese sticking to it. A piece of wet butter-paper or muslin laid over the top and bottom of the mould, will also help to bring the cheese away from the wood clean and smooth.

To those unaccustomed to the form of the wooden mould, it may be as well to state that it is sold in four pieces—top, bottom, and sides. When using it, fix the sides, which are in two pieces, on the bottom stand, holding them firmly together with the left hand.

Place the cheese to be moulded inside, and press the top down gently until the cheese is shaped; then draw the sides up, and remove the top and bottom, with the wet paper or muslin.

The tin mould is made with a false bottom, a top, or follower, and a leaden weight. It is merely necessary to place the cheese inside, slip in the follower, and put the leaden weight on the top, pressing it down. The cheese is lifted out by means of the false bottom. Where butter is made the mould may be dispensed with altogether, as the cheese can be made up with the wooden butter-hands, prepared and used in the same manner as for butter.

When the cheeses are all moulded, wrap them in muslin or butter-paper, and put them in a cool place until they are wanted for the table. They will keep fresh for three or four days if it is not very hot; and some people prefer them rather ripe, in which case they may be kept a week, or even longer.

ON BRASSES AND BRASS-RUBBING.

By GERTRUDE HARRADEN.



FIG. I.—FROM FELBRIGG, NORFOLK.

In an earlier paper I said brass-rubbing was my holiday hobby, therefore it was a matter of consideration to choose my summer outing in a county where brasses most abound. Norfolk and Kent yield the largest supply; so by the law of human perversity I chose the county farthest away, and went to Norfolk.

Two of the most important brasses in England occur at Lynn Regis; they are Flemish, and very large, one measuring 10 feet by 5½ feet and the other 8¾ feet by 5½ feet. The "Peacock" brass, so known owing to its representing a royal feast in which a peacock is displayed on a dish, is to Robert Braunche and his wives, 1364. The other one is to Adam de Walsokne, 1349, and wife, with the incident of a harvest-home or rustic games.

Being within fair and reasonable reach of Lynn I did not go either to see or rub these brasses. The weather was very hot and I was perhaps a little lazy. I frankly confess that when a large brass lies relentless before me, involving many lonely hours, even days, of absolute on all-four-char-work, if it is summer my courage fails me, as it did in this case. I grant it was more cowardly than brave; however, I consoled myself with the knowledge that reproductions of both were in *Boutell's Monumental Brasses* and *Cotman's Engravings of Norfolk Brasses*, books to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum if nowhere else.

Apropos of char-work, at one of the churches there happened to be a new hand amongst the cleaners. On being introduced to the brasses (which were certainly of nearly 400 years age and wear), to my astonishment they were as bright as if fresh from the foundry. Upon inquiry it seems this novice had directed all her energy and enthusiasm to cleaning the brasses, and had scoured and monkey-brand-soaped and polished them till they shone like new! Being shroud-brasses, their excessive brightness contradicted their character, and the effect was altogether grotesque and out of keeping. I was sorry for the woman, for her sister-workers had evidently sent her to Coventry, and she was dusting apart from the others, in a very melancholy, spiritless manner, evidently in deep disgrace.

Norfolk being one of the counties in direct communication with Flanders and Germany, from whence the raw material or plate used in brass-making was imported, it is easy to understand that monuments of this kind are exceptionally numerous. It was also at one time the seat of the wool trade, one of England's most important manufactures, and the village of Worstead gave its name to the thread invented by the Flemish weavers, who settled there in great numbers about 1336 (*temp.* Henry I.). To the friendly invasions and settlements of the Flemish, and later on of the Dutch and Walloons in Elizabeth's reign, Norfolk owed much of its former prosperity. These refugees imported of course their art-taste, which is asserted in remaining domestic and church architecture and elaborate decorative work.

All the brasses have been reft from Norwich Cathedral, with one trifling exception, but no city has retained so many parish churches. There are thirty-six, and some of these are particularly rich in brasses, notably St. John's, Maddermarket, which possesses at least fourteen examples.

After Henry VIII. had ordered the dissolution of the monasteries (1536), the plunder of church-treasure began. In Edward VI.'s reign the practice extended to parish churches. Owing to this, Elizabeth, in the second year



FIG. 2.—FROM FELBRIGG, NORFOLK.

of her reign, published a proclamation against the breaking and defacing by "sundrie people, partly ignorant, partly malicious or covetous," of ancient monuments of metal and stone. The offenders were to be punished with fine and imprisonment. Each printed copy of the proclamation was signed by the Queen's own hand.

But it was Cromwell and his soldiery who perfected the work of wanton destruction and sacrilege in the churches and cathedrals, using them as barracks, stables, and hospitals, rifling the tombs, and breaking the stained-glass windows with the bones, tearing up the brasses, and committing every barbarity.

The cathedrals of Hereford, Winchester, Salisbury, Chichester, Exeter, Wells, Lincoln, Lichfield, St. Albans, etc., all suffered more or less; and the empty matrices on their floors testify to the former presence of splendid brasses. In Norwich I had the pleasure and privilege of making the Rev. W. F. Creeny's acquaintance. He is a well-known authority on brasses, and the author of two very important archæological works, one on *Incised Slabs*, and the other on the *Monumental Brasses on the Continent of Europe*, both with magnificent plates and delightful letter-press. Mr. Creeny showed me the originals of several of the illustrations. They cannot be called rubbings in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but are more like large finished pictures in black and white, with every detail most carefully and clearly reproduced. They are mounted on linen, with pieces of wood at the top and bottom, so they roll up easily, and can be displayed like a map. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Creeny for much help and information, and should here like to record my best thanks to him for many kindnesses he has shown me, and much pleasure he has given me.

As the notes on my illustrations (which are all from Norfolk) take up considerable space, I must reserve for another paper further points on which I wanted to touch.

Fig. 1. From Felbrigg, Norfolk, representing Sir Symon and Lady Margaret Felbrigg, 1413. "This monument, after the Lynn brasses, is the most interesting in the county. It was placed by Sir Simon in his lifetime upon the death of Margaret, his first



FIG. 3.



FIG. 5.

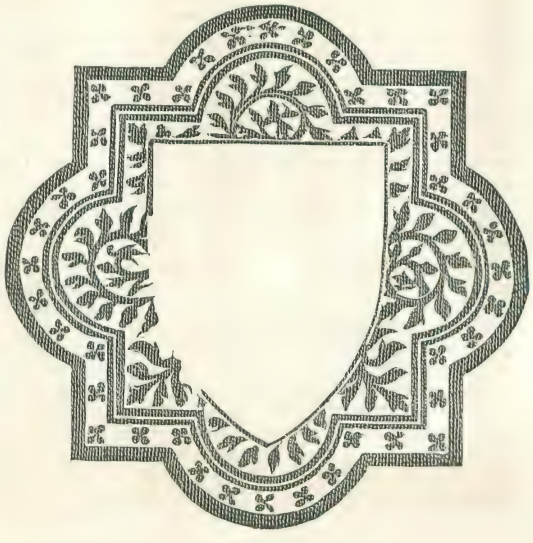


FIG. 4.



FIG. 6.—FROM BEESTON REGIS.

wife, by whose side it was evidently his intention to be buried, though he afterwards changed his mind and was buried in the church of the Friar's preachers (Norwich, the present St. Andrew's Hall) in 1443. The knight is in complete plate armour, and has his shoulder-pieces charged with a plain cross of St. George; round his left leg is the garter with the motto, and his right arm supports a pennon charged with the arms of Richard II., borne by him in the latter part of his reign. In a shield above the canopy on the knight's side, the same arms are repeated as on the opposite side also, but impaling 1 and 4, the arms of the Empire—a spread eagle with two heads crowned; 2 and 4, the kingdom of Bohemia, a lion rampant *queue fourchée* being the arms of Anne, Richard's Queen. The second and third quarters are now blank in the plate. Suspended from the middle pinnacle is Felbrigg or a lion, impaling a spread eagle, the arms of his lady, and below on each side is a fetterlock, his badge, used by Edward IV. also, and the house of York. On the corbel between the arches of the canopy is a white hart lodged, which should have been gorged with a coronet and chain, the device or badge of Richard.

"Sir Simon was the son of Roger de Felbrigg, and a very distinguished knight in Richard II.'s reign, to whom he was appointed standard-bearer in 1395, and hence the representation of the royal standard in the monument. In the first year of Henry V.'s reign he received the order of the garter."

To the Rev. R. J. Simpson, rector of Felbrigg and Metton, I am indebted for these notes taken from his book containing the illustrations and an account of the brasses in Felbrigg church. Lady Margaret is attired in the usual dress worn by ladies of rank in the commencement of the century, viz., a close-fitting kirtle, low at the neck, with tight sleeves buttoned under the fore-arm and partly covering the hands, and over this the mantle, fastened across the breast by means of a cord which usually passed through two metal hoops with studs in front, and generally ornamented with jewels. The head-dress is that known as the crespine, which I think has been described before; in the folds of her skirt is seen a little dog.

The inscription runs to this effect:—"Here lies Simon Felbrigge knight at one time and standard-bearer to King Richard II. who died 1422 and Margaret his wife native of Bohemia and of illustrious birth at one time maid-of-honour to Anne Queen of England who died June 7th 1416. On whose souls God have mercy. Amen."

Height of figures, 64 inches; length of perfect side-shaft, 94 inches; width across brass, 49 inches.

Fig. 2. Also from Felbrigg, representing on the same slab brasses to Simon de Felbrig and wife, c. 1351 (lower part of effigy lost), and Roger de Felbrig in armour, and his lady, c. 1380. These were probably laid down by Sir Symon, K.G., as a memorial of two generations, viz., his father and grandfather.

Symond de Felbrigg is dressed in civilian attire, with a tunic reaching below the knees, and tight sleeves extending to the elbows, and terminating in long lappets. Over the shoulders is a tippet and hood. The legs are clothed in tight hose, and the feet in shoes, either laced up at the side or fastened across the instep. The tunic is girt at the waist by a cord or belt, to which is attached the anelace. Over the tunic is a mantle, buttoned upon the right shoulder. The hair is long (and unkempt, I must add), and the gentleman wears a moustache and beard.

Sir Roger is in complete armour of a period already described, and his lady is similarly attired to Lady Margaret, except for the head-dress, which is of the nebule or zigzag form. The hair was enclosed in a thin net encircling the face, and sometimes falling on the shoulders, and the ornamental fronts, represented by wavy lines, are supposed to convey the idea of frills.

The inscription is in Norman-French, the language of the court and nobility, and commonly used on brasses of the 13th and early 14th centuries.

"Symond de Felbrig gist (lies) icy dieu de sa alme eit m̄cy æsle ymage est fait en remēbrance de Alice q̄ fust sa feme qe gist a

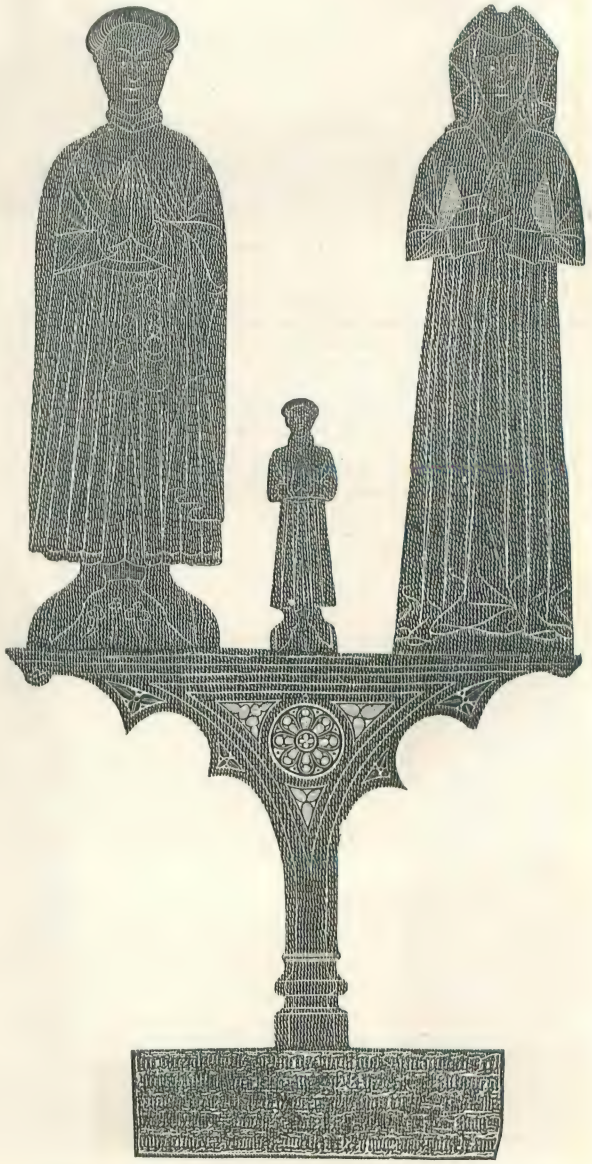


FIG. 7.—FROM ST. GEORGE'S, COLEGATE, NORWICH.

herling . . . icy dieu de asa alme eit m̄cy Ceste ymage est fait en remēbrance de mons Roger de Felbrig qi mūrt en prūs (who died in Prussia) la est son corps enterre dieu de sa alme eit pite amen amen Dame Elizabet q̄ fust la feme mons Roger de felbrig gist icy dieu de sa alme eit mercy amen."

On the same slab two matrices of shields occur, and one remains, which is represented by Fig. 3, and occurs just between and above the heads of Sir Roger and his lady. Height of male figures 35 inches, female figures 32, length of inscription 42 inches.

Fig 4. A design from which the shield has disappeared, with an inscription to George Felbrigge, Esq., of Tutyngton, 1411. In Haine's *Manual of Monumental Brasses*, part i. page 121, this is engraved with the Felbrigg arms (Fig. 3) inserted. Length, 10 inches.

Fig. 5. From Metton, representing Robert Doughty, 1493 and wife Matilda; of no special interest except that the figures are three-quarter length and the male effigy's pouch is shown very distinctly. This type of brass occurs very often in the county; the inscription is of the usual form. Height of figures, 18 inches; inscription, 24 inches, by 3 inches.

Fig. 6. From Beeston Regis. John Deynes, 1527, and wife Catherine. The male figure is very quaint and awkward, and rather suggestive of an overgrown school-boy. The gown is worn shorter, with long sleeves and slits for the free passage of the arms, and Mr. Deynes carries a short fire-arm. His lady is more graceful; her girdle terminates in three rosettes from which by a chain is attached a peculiar shaped pouch or reticule (occurring chiefly on Norfolk and Suffolk brasses). Height of figures, 22 inches; inscription, 20 inches by 6 inches.

Fig. 7. From St. George's, Colegate, Norwich, representing William Norwich, mayor in 1461, and wife Alice with their son. The parent figures had scrolls issuing from their mouths, of the usual invocatory style, which I either lost or omitted to rub. This is a form of memorial known as a bracket brass, not uncommon in the early part of the 15th century.

The inscription is very much worn, and runs to the effect: —"Here lies William Norwiche at one time mayor of this city and Alice his wife who built the chantry to the praise and honor of the holy Virgin Mary and All Saints which said William died Feb. 4th 1463 which said Alice died Jan. 2nd 1472 on whose souls God have mercy. Amen." Height of figures, 33 inches, and the rest of the measurement can be roughly judged in proportion.



FIG. 8.—FROM ST. JOHN'S MADDERMARKET, NORWICH.

Fig. 8. From St. John's Maddermarket, Norwich. John Terri, merchant, 1524, and wife Lettys on large bracket, with her sons and daughters on smaller brackets. John Terri was mayor of Norwich in 1523. The inscription (which is very worn and difficult to reach, being above the figures) records in twenty quaint English verses his virtues and charity: that he gave £400 to those in need.

"Therewyth for a Tyme to easse their Nede and Payne."

And further on it says—

"For the which Dedis, God that is but one.
Extend hys Pety upon the same John."

and the last line is:—

"The Trynyte his Sowle kepe from alle Delour."

I regret that space does not allow of my giving the inscription in full.

The figures both represent types already described; between them occur the ancient arms of the city of Norwich, a castle triple towered, and at the base a lion of England. Below this is a scutcheon composed of the monogram and merchants' mark of John Terri, with the arms of the Merchant Adventurers or Hamburgh Merchants, and those of the



FIG. 9.—FROM CLEY.

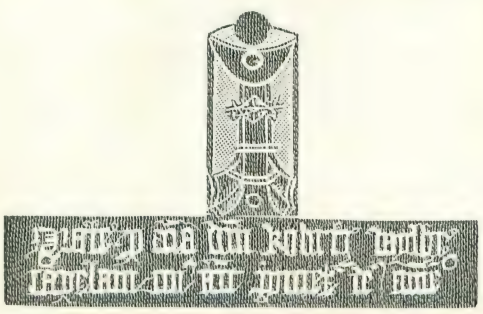


FIG. 10.—FROM NORTH WALSHAM.

Mercers Company, viz., a demi-virgin with dishevelled hair crowned with an Eastern crown.

This brass, like all the others in the same church, has been relaid and made mural; and apart from being very worn, was very awkwardly situated, and difficult to rub satisfactorily. Length of plate, 35 inches; greatest width, 25 inches.

Fig. 9. From Cley. John Yslyngeton, c. 1520. A priest with the chalice and wafer; on the wafer occurs the sacred monogram I.H.S. John Yslyngeton was a professor of theology, and so wears a cap. Length of figure, 16 inches; inscription, 15 inches by 2½ inches.

Fig. 10. From North Walsham. A chalice and wafer, with inscription to Robert Wythe, chaplain, c. 1520. This form of monument was peculiar to priests of the 16th century, instead of the effigy of the deceased. Examples are frequent in Norfolk, but the earliest are in Yorkshire, whence the custom appears to have originated.

Chalice, 4½ inches; inscription, 10½ inches by 2 inches.

(To be continued.)



"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"BENEDETTO È QUEL MALE CHE VIEN SOLO."



THIS story begins on a Saturday evening in September, when the country people who lived in the neighbourhood of Arymor were returning from its market, and toiling up the mountain road that led to their homes. The autumn sun shone on their picturesque dresses, making the scarlet cloaks and short striped flannel gowns of the women look like poppies and asters, dotting the wayside; while round about them grew the purple heath, yellow gorse, and graceful ferns, bathed, like them, in the glow of sunset.

The good folks dawdled slowly up the hill, either gossiping as they went on the scant topics of their monotonous day, or discussing the prospects of the harvest, still uncut on their bleak hills. Now and then the heavy roll of a cart, the brisker wheels of a gig, or the measured tramp of a couple of horses, disturbed the attention of the pedestrians, and caused them to stand still, either to interchange a greeting with the passers-by, or to look after them.

As the little mountain—so the hill was called—was more than two miles long, it took the market people some time to get to its top. Indeed, only a few of them reached it at all, for the greater number dropped off, one or two at a time, into cottages by the way, or into by-paths that led to small farms, or shepherds' huts. The higher they went, the wilder but more picturesque grew the scene. The top of the little mountain was covered with well-browsed turf, on which flocks of sheep, with here and there a solitary goat, were feeding; while rare patches of yellowing corn, growing on land reclaimed with difficulty from the wilderness, scarcely seemed at home in such solitude. At intervals, cottages built of peat or loose stones gave sign of habitation, but these were so scattered, that they, like the wheat patches, looked as if they had no business there.

Lying below the mountain and visible from its summit was the town of Arymor, with its winding river on one side and its expanse of ocean on the other. The setting sun shone both on sea and river, so that the houses lay as if asleep in a golden bed, between, and the mists and clouds hung like purple and red curtains about them.

A group of peasants—a man, woman, and boy—stood to take breath at the top of the steep ascent. They were the hindmost of the knots that had left the town for the little mountain. The man carried various articles of household furniture, the boy held a refractory pig, by a cord tied to its leg, and the woman bore a baby on one arm and a heavy basket on the other. The infant was nearly smothered in a red and black flannel shawl, bound tightly round mother and child, and serving both for support and warmth. The bright colours of the shawl and striped petticoat, and the glowing scarlet of the boy's neckerchief, gave a show, at least, of cheerfulness to these weary wayfarers, which they, perhaps, hardly felt.

But they were sober, and the hilarity of the poor on market days is more generally caused by drink than lightheartedness. They have too much to do and think of to indulge in ready laughter, and cannot be very merry when they have hard work to provide for the necessities of the coming week.

As they stood facing the lovely prospect of sea and land, their shadows fell dark and long behind them, and, like the lengthening shades of the bushes on the rough roads and downs, told that evening was fast advancing. They did not linger long, but slowly pursued their way, until they came in sight of a distant hut, when they quickened their pace, invigorated by the welcome prospect of home.

Before they reached it, something like the figure of a woman was seen to vanish through a rough gate into the down.



"Mother, there's a ghosty!" cried the boy, pulling the pig backwards, in spite of its inharmonious remonstrance.

"Deet, and it do look like one, Billo," said the woman. "I am thinking 'tis the lady that was thrown out of the carriage, by there, years ago, and killed."

"'Tis more likely Vaughan Tymynydd's mare. She is always jumping the fences," said the man.

"Do ghosties cry, mother?" asked Billo. "I was hearing something."

"Husht the pig, Billo. 'Tis a call."

"I am hearing something now," said the man, pausing to listen.

"'Tis the ghosty's babby, father," said Billo.

"'Tis the cry of a babby, seure," said the woman, uncovering her half-smothered, but quietly slumbering infant.

The cry of a baby was, in fact, distinctly audible, and they all stopped to listen; but as the sound seemed still distant, they again walked on. The cry continued, but nobody appeared.

"There must be a child somewhere," said the woman, setting down her basket.

"It do come from the ditch by there," said Billo, pulling the unwilling pig towards a dry ditch, and peeping into it.

He uttered a cry, let go the pig, and ran off as hard as he could.

The man ran after the pig, but the woman advanced in trembling towards the ditch.

There she saw something white moving about, and the cry came from the midst of it. She summoned courage to step into the hollow, and quickly found that the cry proceeded from a lusty baby. She called aloud to her husband, who, having caught the fugitive pig, returned to share her surprise and alarm.

"Hold you Mally *fach*," she said, thrusting her own baby into her husband's arms, and picking up the wailing infant from the ditch.

"There! there! husht my pretty!" she added, striving to quiet the sobbing child. "Come you on quick, Sam. I never see such a beauty," she continued hurrying off.

"Stop, Shanno, stop," cried Sam, I'm not going to have other folks' babbies."

But Shanno was out of hearing before Sam had finished his speech, and the noise of an approaching dog-cart effectually drowned the remainder of it.

"How d'ye do, Sam," said the solitary traveller who drove it.

"Please, sir," said Sam, turning quickly round, "will you stop a minute?"

"Twenty, Sam, if you will. Where was Shanno going so fast?"

"Shanno have just pick a babby up in the ditch, sir, and I am thinking we don't know what to do with it. You see, sir, we have one of our own," said Sam, holding up his screaming baby and pulling hard at the squeaking pig as he did so.

"Well," said the gentleman addressed, "children do increase and multiply everywhere, like ants, but I never before heard of one found in a ditch on the top of a mountain. We'll see about it, Sam, we'll see about it;" and in a moment the horse's head was turned, and the dog-cart pulled up at Sam's cottage.

"Hullo there! Bill, Shanno, Davy, come and hold my horse!"

The alarmed Billo suddenly appeared from behind a bush, and reassured by the sight of the dog-cart, came forward, exclaiming—

"Oh, Capen Herbert, sir!"

"What's the matter, Billo!" asked the "Capen."

"I was seeing a ghosty, and hearing a ghosty's babby cry by there in the ditch, Capen Herbert, sir."

Captain Herbert got out of his dog-cart and went into the cottage.

The cottage, or, more properly, hut, was built of mud and loose stones, and surrounded by a dry stone dyke. It had a poor attempt at a garden behind, and all around stretched the bleak mountain top. One or two stray furze bushes and heath plants had managed to creep within the rough enclosure, and gave a touch of beauty to the desolate spot, while the gold-sprinkled leaves of the polypody fern and the many-coloured cups of some delicate mosses lent a grace to the weather-blackened thatch that would have gladdened the heart of a landscape painter. A low door and two windows a foot square gave the only signs of human habitation without, but the inner ones were numerous enough.

As Captain Herbert entered the hut he came upon a scene which, if common enough in these parts, could hardly be found in more civilised districts.

In a large bee-hive chair, close to the fire, sat the grandmother of Sam Jones, known far and wide as Old Mally, a woman of a hundred years old. Near her stood her only surviving son, the



WELSH PEASANT COSTUME.

youngest of eleven, a hale, rosy, well-preserved man of seventy, and the father of Sam Jones. Half a dozen children of different ages, bare-footed, shock-headed, and ruddy as peonies, were pressing round Shanno and the baby foundling. Health reigned in that poor dwelling, if rosy faces and stout limbs are signs of it.

There was a bright fire of peat in the grate, and the room was hot enough even for Old Mally, who sat cowering over it, unless when directly appealed to. A small round table was spread for the home-comers with coarse barley bread, hard cheese, and tea-cups and saucers. Such superfluities as table-cloth and plate were wanting; but various articles of many-coloured crockery and a few glasses shone from the corner cupboard, sole ornament of the dark little room. A few stools, a rickety table, a clock, two chairs, and a huge cupboard bedstead occupying one side of the hut, made up the furniture. Cocks and hens roosted here and there. A sheep-dog lay under the settle, and a cat on Old Mally's lap.

When Captain Herbert entered the hut the new baby was squalling like an infant Stentor, and if it be true that as a baby makes his cry so will he make himself heard in after-life, this youthful thunderer's future promised to be famous.

"Billo tells me you've found a ghost's baby, Shanno," said Captain Herbert. "Let's have a look at him. Well, he is a bouncing boy! Give him to me; I can always quiet children."

As Captain Herbert took the baby he looked as if he spoke the truth. He was a good-humoured, stout, middle-aged man, with a hearty voice, befitting a sailor, which he was. The baby fixed his large black eyes upon his face, and the cry changed, gradually, into a crow.

"*Cymric* every inch of him," he said, while he dandled the baby knowingly. "Black eyes, round cheeks, and a voice like 'Boreas blustering railer.' Billo's right. He must have had a ghost for a mother. A flesh-and-blood woman would not have left him in a ditch. What's to be done with him? Nothing but the union, I'm afraid. Tidy baby, too."

"Oh, sir! better be leaving him in the ditch than takking him to the union," said Shanno.

"That to me, Shanno, and I one of the Board! Why we've just given old Mally an extra shilling a week."

Mally, hearing her name, looked up.

"'The age of man is threescore years and ten,'" she began.

"Hark to granny," said a child.

When old Mally spoke her words were considered oracular. She knew the Bible by heart, and generally poured forth a string of texts.

"Here's a young 'un, Mally," said Captain Herbert. "Found in a ditch. What shall we do with him?"

"'The son of the bondwoman shall not be heir,'" she began, when Sam entered with his baby and the pig.

"Hold you the child, Peggy *fach*, tak' you the pig, Davvy *bach*," cried he, out of breath. "I did see a 'ooman by there. I'm thinking she's the mother."

"We'll send the police after her," said the Captain, giving the foundling to Shanno and hurrying after Sam.

The infants were making such a noise that poor Shanno was obliged to quiet them as babies will alone be quieted. Sitting down on a low stool she fed the little stranger first, then her own baby, and peace reigned in the darkening room.

By-and-by Captain Herbert and Sam returned.

"'Twas a ghost, sir," said Sam, "for I did see something, seure."

"We must set the police to work, and take the child to the union," said Captain Herbert. "You may bring him down in my trap, Shanno."

"He sha'n't go to-day, sir," said Shanno decidedly, "and to-morrow's Sunday. We 'ont break the Sabbath, so leave you him here, eh, Sam?"

Sam looked in consternation on his wife, the two babies, and the group of children that surrounded them. He rubbed his whiskers contemplatively and said—

"Eight children's enough, and one a babby. I 'ont have no other pipple's children!"

"'Cast out the bondwoman,'" muttered old Mally.

"Treu for you, granny," said Sam.

Shanno began to cry.

"Only till Monday, Sam?" she said imploringly.

"Keep the bappa till Monday, *Datto bach*," cried the children in chorus.

"I'll pay for him till Monday," said Captain Herbert; "he is such a beauty that I could find it in my heart to adopt him. I wonder what Mrs. Herbert would say to that? There's half a crown, Shanno. I'll manage the union for you and set the police on the unnatural mother. Bring the baby to me on Monday. Good-night."

When Captain Herbert was gone, the babies were consigned to two of the elder children, and Sam, Shanno, and Billo, began to eat their supper. When the meal was ended, Shanno put the children through a course of Saturday night washing and combing, while Sam saw to the pig. When Shanno had scrubbed a little variegated body white, it went to kneel down at its great-grandmother's knees and say its prayers. Old Mally joined in every prayer, stroked each rough little head, and murmured a blessing and many a text of Scripture, while Sam finally sat down upon the settle, and sleeping, snored a bass to the old woman's treble.

When all the children were stowed away either in the big cupboard bedstead, or in a room not much larger within the kitchen, old Mally aroused Sam from his slumbers. None of the events of the evening had escaped her observation.

"Have nothing to do with the son of the bondwoman. To the parish with him. Sam and Shanno, he shall not be heir with your children. Herbert Arymor was right. Let him go—let him go!"

Sam looked at Shanno, who hung down her head. Her tender heart yearned over the boy, and she had been thinking that she could as easily nurse two as one. But she dutifully helped to put old Mally to bed, and then climbing herself into that capacious cupboard, slept with the infants by her side as best she could.

(To be continued.)

CALVARY CLOVER.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, but its real Latin name is *Medicago echinus*. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two peculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day stand erect in the form of a cross, with head erect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance to a "Crown of Thorns" is evident, especially if the soft inner lining be removed from the part which carries the thorns, and the latter be then wound round two fingers to form a circle.

It is thus by its blood-stained leaves, by its extended arms and bowing head, and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection, that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary Clover.

These pods contain about eight seeds each, and are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the restoration of the Norman Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.

The pod should be unwound to remove the seeds, which should then be treated like any hardy annual. They will grow as well out of doors as in a cool greenhouse, and may be planted either in the open bed or in pots as desired.

They may be had of the verger at the church, or of Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C.



SUMMER IS COMING.

By "MEDICUS."

YES, summer is coming. A great blackbird on my lawn told me so only yesterday.

"Summer is coming," he said. "Look at my coat, how jetty black it has become. This is not the rusty old jacket I wore all winter. And behold my bill, how orange and golden it is now. Oh, summer will soon be here!"

And the bird warbled out a few flute-like notes, but in a voice of such hysterical joy that I feel sure the songster was nervous.

"Summer is coming," sang the mavis in the Portuguese laurel. "Blackie," he added, "is quite right, and of course you won't hesitate to believe what I say."

"Summer is coming," said cock-robin on the lawn gate. Nothing on earth is calculated to make that bird nervous. I do believe he is the boldest bird on earth.

Well, I went away lounging along the lanes, and there wasn't a bush or tree that did not sing the same song or tell me the same tale. Especially the hickory trees, the honeysuckle, and downy-budded goat willows. The honeysuckle is *so* hardy, and spreads its leaves out to the winter's snow as if to tell us that if we would be really hardy we must despise the bogey cold.

Summer is coming!

The sparrows are laughing. Some call it bickering, but this is all nonsense, for all birds have a language of their own, though we in our weakness cannot understand it. But the sparrows come no more now for their daily dole which they relished so heartily when frost and snow were on the ground, for now things begin to look green; there are beetles and grubs among the grass, and the earth is so soft and warm, and the earthworms pop up to enjoy the balmy air, and the birds are there to welcome and receive them.

Yes, summer is coming. But invalids and delicate people must not forget that just as one swallow does not make a summer so one or two fine days do not assure us of a long spell of dry and sunlit weather. Unfortunately spring in this country is one of our most fickle and changeable seasons, and we do well to remember this.

I think the delicate should dress not for the season, let it promise what it will, but for each day. They should invariably have a good foundation, if I may so call it, in soft warm underclothing, then according to the day their outer garments should be chosen. Let me tell you though that loose clothing is far warmer than tight.

But the changeableness of this spring season is not always a matter of weeks or days. The change may take place in a few hours; therefore I say that delicate people when going out for a walk or especially for a drive should take with them an extra wrap or garment, to get inside of, should a change take place. If this simple advice were taken what a deal of suffering people would be spared in the matter of severe colds, bronchitis, neuralgia, toothache, and rheumatism.

When snow is melting invalids and the delicate cannot be too careful to protect their feet. They must be kept dry. You see that, considering the extraordinary value of fresh air and exercise, I would be the very last to order you to keep the house in damp or slushy weather, but I tell you boldly, because truthfully, that if you protect the feet and keep them dry and warm you can walk through melting snow for hours without coming to the slightest harm. Wear soft, warm woollen stockings, therefore, and strong shoes. What matters appearances when health is concerned? Don't bother to black or polish these walking-shoes, but get a piece of suet, heat it at the fire or make the servant do this, and go over all the uppers. The melting snow will run off your shoes like water off a wild duck's back, and your feet will remain dry.

If you don't keep walking, however, they may be cold, and you will feel this after you come in. Well, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to sit down beside the fire and warm them? Just let me catch you doing any such thing and you'll hear a rumpus. No, listen, you shall retire to your room with a pair of dry warm stockings, you shall place on the floor a basin of *cold* water, a soft towel, and a piece of sanitas or soap, and you shall wash and dry your feet, then put on the fresh stockings and your house shoes. In the last sentence I emphasise the word *cold*. The water must be cold, not an ounce of hot to take the chill off. So shall you avoid chilblains and cough as well. So too shall you harden yourself gradually until there be more of the heather than the geranium in your constitution.

The delicate should make a point in spring-time of not hugging the fire. Nothing is constitutionally more injurious or weakening. I do not mind you sitting in a corner of the room that may be called cosy, where the temperature is equal all round you, but do you not see that if you sit close to a fire the front part of the body gets heated at the expense of the back. The spinal marrow suffers to some extent, and if so, so does every muscle in the body. Then when you leave the fire you suffer reaction. If at any time, say after an outdoor ramble, you feel cold and a little tired, it is far better to lie down on your back on a sofa and spread a rug all over you than to sink into the easiest of chairs by the fireside.

No, we cannot overrate the value of fresh air and exercise in spring-time or any other time for that matter. But in spring, particularly when the east wind blows, we cannot enjoy our fresh air out of doors unless we keep moving. We must move briskly too. Dawdling around looking in at shop windows while shopping, as women-folk call it, is productive of much mischief. When, I wonder, will young ladies learn to shop like reasonable beings. At present the shopmen know that they are not reasonable beings, and they encourage them in their silliness, play up to them as it were, and place on the counter before them all sorts of trash except the particular kind of trash the ladies want to buy. There are exceptions, however. I know some young ladies with whom it is a treat to go shopping. They don't hang around shop windows till their ankles are pained and swollen, nor do they allow shopkeepers to make fools of them. They ask for what they want, and if it is not at once forthcoming they leave for another emporium. Girls of this sort are the cream of the earth.

A very common complaint in spring-time is neuralgia or face-ache. It is sometimes called

hemi-crania when the pain comes on periodically and spreads just over half the face and half the scalp. I do not know a more painful complaint in this world except sciatica, and I speak feelingly, for I have had sad experience of both.

The symptoms of either complaint are far too well known to need definition.

As to the *treatment*, of course this will differ in some cases, therefore I say that it is always best to consult one's own medical man at the beginning of the mischief. But as I know the "G. O. P." finds its way far away into rural districts and into outlying British islands, where doctors are seldom seen, I believe I do well to say a word or two about the treatment of neuralgia in this paper. Well, it is right you should know that anything that tends to lower the system mentally or bodily, or that weakens or sours the blood, is apt to induce an attack of neuralgia, particularly in the cold inclement months of spring.

If it isn't an Irish bull then I should say you must begin to cure your complaint by preventing its coming on at all. The diet must be good and nutritious, and remember, digestible. A fair amount of meat should be eaten, but it must be hung until tender. Good bread a day or two old, with fresh sweet butter, eggs in abundance, any amount of milk. Buttermilk or whey as a drink, and cod liver oil thrice a day after meals, beginning with a dessertspoonful and going gradually on to a tablespoonful. Exercise must be regular and pleasant, never fatiguing, and followed by rest. All the fresh air it is possible to get, and good sleep at night in a scientifically ventilated room. If you sleep in a close and stuffy room you undo all the good your exercise in the fresh air by day has done you. Sea-bathing is an excellent ward-off. Or you may have a sea-bath in your own room. Cold, mind you, and taken immediately after getting out of bed in the morning.

Study must be regulated and reading too. Good, honest, exhilarating study does good. But reading all kinds of stories, and the more trashy of the magazines, gives the mind a list to leeward, if I may be permitted to speak like a sailor, and by-and-by the girl is on her beam ends with neuralgia or worse.

Those inclined to neuralgia must try to get a six weeks' holiday in summer, and spend it in a rational way by the seaside.

Of course I need hardly add that all exposure to damp and cold are exciting causes of neuralgia. A bad tooth may also bring on an attack in a girl disposed to this frightful complaint. People in this country are not half particular with their teeth. They ought to be seen to at once when one begins to go, else the caries will spread. But I am certain that girls could preserve their teeth sound to an almost indefinite time if they would take my advice as to cleaning them. It is here in a nutshell. Let the tooth-brush be a medium hard one. The toothpowder a disinfectant one such as sanitas, or one from some good firm, but not a quack advertised one, if you want to retain the enamel. For if the enamel is scoured off decay at once sets in. Brush the teeth inside and out and up and down as well as across or horizontally. Brush during toilet in the morning and—mark this pray—get into a habit of *brushing the teeth after every meal.* So shall your teeth be like alabaster, and your breath like new-mown hay or honeysuckle.

In the self-treatment of neuralgia the girl sufferer would do well to bear in mind two things, namely, the periodical nature of the attack, and the fact that it attacks the pale and anæmic in preference to the rosy and robust.

If the patient is residing in a district that is in the slightest degree malarious, such as the lands at the foot of the Thames or the fen districts, she will find it advantageous to take quinine. You cannot do better than ask for doses of quinine done up in the palatinoid form. It isn't a pill but a disc of gelatine. The drug is pure, and it slips down the throat so easy.

But iron may be needed. This also may be taken in the double disc, palatinoid or bi-palatinoid form. The mixture takes place in the stomach, and this form does not produce constipation, which some who suffer from neuralgia find so distressing.

Croton-chloral is recommended by some, but, although it may give relief where there are decayed teeth, still it is not a safe medicine to use, and I cannot therefore recommend it.

But the chloride of ammonium is not only safe, but is often marvellous in its effects, especially if the trouble be in the face. It should be prescribed by a doctor, dose according to age. If it fails to cure in that time, it will be useless to continue it; for it is not a specific in every case.

There are other good remedies for neuralgia, but I fear the patient must trust to the family doctor for their administration. These are bromide of potassium, tincture of belladonna, and arsenic. There is also a so-called remedy called tonga, but I have no personal experience of it.

It has become, I think, too much the fashion of late to inject morphia under the skin. No doubt it procures relief for a time, but it induces the morphia habit and morphia mania, than which nothing more terrible can well be conceived.

Warmth in bed, with hot flannels under the face may cure a paroxysm, but a small blister behind the ear may be tried.

A little aconite ointment may give relief if rubbed in front of the ear; rubbed slowly in, and rubbed well in. But I must repeat, that if neuralgia is occasioned by a weakened system, you will always be subject to it until your system be stronger.

I had hoped to be able to say a few words about a complaint which is the bane of this dull climate of ours, namely, rheumatism. I am not sorry I have not done so, because the subject is of such vast importance that it deserves a paper to itself. And if possible it shall have it, if not next month in the month that follows.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART VI.

The rays of the sun are beginning to stir up movement everywhere. The birds that migrate from far distant countries disband their flocks, spread over the land, and those that mate afresh choose their partners, build their nests, and sing. The catkin-bearing trees are topped with the yellow male pollen, and the little embryo leaves that formed at the end of last summer are ready to cast off their winter covering and burst forth into the pure fresh green of spring. The squirrels and hybernating animals, that went to sleep for the winter, with a store of fat collected through the summer to feed on during their rest, are waking up lean and gaunt (they will be wise, and at first eat but little). Insects will soon fill the air with their comforting hum, and the swallows, after their 6000 miles migration flight, will chase and capture them in innumerable numbers. The wayside flowers are brightening up the foot of the still dead-looking hedge, and shafts of quivering green appear here and there. There is a feeling of expectancy in the air, a prophecy of never-dying life, of life ever renewed. The beams of the great solar giver of light and heat are warming the surface of the earth, which causes the air to rise, and the cold wind from the north to rush in to fill the void; bitter blasts they are, from over tracts of country that have lain for months under the stillness of snow and ice. The sun's warmth in a sheltered spot, and the blast of the cold east wind in the open, seems a contradiction, as if life and death were struggling for the mastery. But life, fuller and more abundant, is destined now to be king.

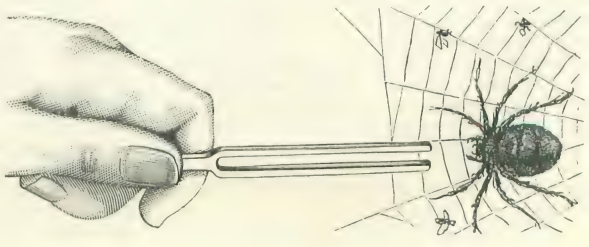
Life, the great and inscrutable mystery. Life, that is made visible in all outward forms, in worm and man, in weed and waving tree; the unnumbered and endless varieties of living things that manifest the life of the great world. The iron is extracted from the iron ore, and the refuse is thrown into huge black banks, and soon life appears there. The big stone is raised from the roadside, and there appears under it creeping lowly forms of life. In all corners, in all crevices, on land and sea and in the air too, is life seeking to burst forth.

Life, deeper and fuller, is the solemn and awful command of the ages; all things administer to it, and when the contribution of any part to this great law has been completed, death removes it with unfailing and merciful hand.

The Spider and the Tuning-Fork.

A friend of mine one day sounded a tuning-fork within an inch or so of several spiders' webs, and found to his astonishment that in every case the spiders came for the fork in an attitude of attack. I could give him no explanation for this, as it had not come under my observation. Since then, I have learnt from naturalists who have studied spider-life, that a certain species of spider will attack the tuning-fork in the manner my friend described to me.

There are three species of spider common to our hedges and gardens. The one a big



one, which can be seen in the autumn in great numbers, sitting in the middle of its web, and the other two of a smaller and more graceful build; they all three spin webs of different patterns. When the tuning-fork is sounded over the web of the biggest spider, it will at once raise its forelegs to snatch at the instrument; when sounded over the smaller ones, one will drop at once by a single web to the ground, while the other will retreat to the furthest end of its web. Is it the vibratory movement of the tuning-fork that is communicated to the web, and felt by the spider through its legs, or does the spider hear the sound? Opinions are divided, but hardening in the direction of the spider hearing the sound. This is not so interesting, however, as Mr. Boys' explanations as to the reasons why the spiders act in the manner I have stated. Mr. Boys thinks that the sound of the tuning-fork is mistaken by the spider for the buzz of its natural enemy, the wasp. The big spider knows from experience that it can kill or keep off its enemy, and so springs forward to the attack. The smaller ones, on the other hand, know equally well from experience that, unless they can escape, they will be snatched by the wasp from their nest, and so they retreat, the one dropping to the ground, and the other seeking the shelter of the far corner of its web.

A spider looks to me such a calmly cruel and merciless insect; think of the tortures of the fly when it gets entangled amidst those deadly gossamer strings, the more it struggles the more completely does that web of death entwine it. But I am glad to learn from Mr. Pocock, that death to the fly after the spider's bite is very quick. Mr. Pocock made several experiments, by placing bees in different spiders' webs that spin amongst furze-bushes, and found that in every case the spider took good care to keep out of the range of the bee's sting, while encircling the unhappy insect round and round with its endless length of web, till all hope of escape was over. The spider then cautiously approached the bee, gave it one bite in the leg, and retreated to the corner of its web to watch the result. The struggles of the doomed thing got less and less, till within one minute of the bite they ceased altogether. The poison of the spider had done its work very speedily. Dr. Dallinger, who for many years has been making a close study of the ways and doings of spiders, speaks very highly of their intelligence, and considers it of a more superior order than has usually been imagined. But all observers are now telling the same story of that particular form of life which they have sympathetically studied.

A Skunk's Weapon of Defence.

"Poor old dog," was my comment, as I read from a letter that a beautiful-looking spaniel, with great, loving, trusting eyes, that I knew in England, had, in the innocence of his heart over in America, gone on the trail of what he thought was probably an English rabbit or hare, and coming up to the animal was seized by the nose, causing the poor old chap to howl with might and main. His master got him free, when the skunk sent over man and dog that awful spray of defence. Mr. Hudson, who has had experience of it in South America, says:—"Crushed garlic is lavender by comparison; it tortures the olfactory nerves, and seems to pervade the whole system like a pestilent ether, nauseating one, until sea-sickness seems almost a pleasant sensation in comparison."



The skunk of America is about the size of a large cat, and so awful is the effects of its spray, that no living thing—unless by mistake—will attack it, and in consequence it is quite fearless and will hardly get out of the way of man. Mr. Hudson tells of how a foolish eagle vulture, pressed by hunger, tried to seize that menacing tail, but immediately afterwards, began staggering about with dishevelled plumage, tearful eyes and a profusely woe-begone expression on its vulture face. After a dog has once experienced those few dreadful drops of perfume, it will hardly ever be induced to attack the little fiend again. But if after much persuasion and banter, a poor brute, bolder than the average, is urged to the attack, and can seize the skunk by the back, then the victory may lie with the dog; but if the spray reaches the dog before it can do this, it will fall down as if shot, and not recover for days. A drop on a man's coat will render it quite useless for further wear. For the preservation of life, man has his developed brain, the elephant its tusks, the tiger its claws and teeth, the deer its fleetness of foot, the snake its poison, the stinging nettle its sting, the bush its thorn, and the skunk its drops of deadly perfume.

A Cobra's Intelligence.

It is a belief in Ceylon and India that certain of the cobra carry about in their mouths a small shining stone, which they place in the grass after dark, keeping careful guard over it by a quick swaying to and fro of their dangerous heads. For a long time this was thought by Europeans to be a foolish delusion (I fear many scientific men are too apt to consider many things foolishness of which they have had no experience, and which does not come within the restricted laws known to them), until Professor H. Hensoldt was shown by a native the stone shining from the midst of the grass, and the cobra keeping guard over it, by a quick swaying to and fro of its spiteful-looking head. The stone was secured by a clever device on the part of the native and given to the professor, who examined it, and found it to be a semi-transparent water-worn pebble of yellowish colour about the size of a large pea, which in the dark, when previously warmed, emitted a greenish phosphorescent light—a rare variety of fluor spar. Professor Hensoldt gives the following explanation of this curious behaviour on the part of the cobra. The female fire-fly sits on the grass and emits an intermittent glowing light, as an attraction to the male fire-flies, that in consequence fly about her. The cobra is particularly fond of fire-flies, and uses the fluor spar stone as a decoy for the males, and as the males fly round the stone, which they mistake for the female, the cobra, by the rapid darting to and fro of his neck, catches them and makes a good dinner on them. Professor Hensoldt also suggests that the cobras made the discovery by accident, as they noticed how night after night the fire-flies gathered about the shining pebble. Several snakes would then gather, and it would require no great reasoning powers for the cobra to learn that the nearer it got to the stone the better chance would there be of its catching fire-flies, and so the law of competition would lead to the snake's seizing and carrying off the stone, and the habit thus slowly learnt from experience has become hereditary.

VARIETIES.

He Was Not Musical.

Mr. Noear: "What's this, another solo?"

Miss Playfair: "Yes; do you prefer the choruses?"

Mr. Noear: "Well, I don't see the use of dribbling the music out to us in solos, and duets, and trios, and quartettes, when they might just as well let them sing all together, and get through with it."

Dolls in Japan.—Girls in Japan are as much devoted to their dolls as their little sisters of other races. The third day of the third month is the doll festival, when every little girl receives presents of dolls from all her friends, and has a doll show in her house. There are also beautiful exhibitions of dressed dolls in certain streets in all the towns and cities, and the whole population turns out to celebrate the day and entertain the little folk.

Having Eyes, They See Not.

An idle poet here and there
Looks round him; but for all the rest
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy eyes, and look,
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

Coventry Patmore.

In Danger.—In proportion as a girl suffers the smooth course of her thoughts to depend on anything external, whether on the greenness of the fields, or the gaiety of the streets, or the constancy of friends, so comes she nearer to the chance of shipwreck.

Help From on High.

A missionary in Alaska saw a Bible tied at the top of a stick three feet long, and placed near the sick-bed of an old man. When asked the reason for this arrangement, the man said—

"I cannot read, but I know that the word of my Lord is there, and I look to heaven, and say, 'Father this is your book: there is nobody to teach me to read. Very good: you help me.' Then my heart grows stronger, and the bad goes away."

Freedom in Friendship.—There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship enjoys a free air, and will not be penned up in straight narrow enclosures. It will speak freely and act so, too, and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, it will easily forgive and forget too, upon small acknowledgments.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "HOW LOVE BEGINS."



SOLUTION.

H owl OVE beg-*in*-S
Some darts FROM cup IDSBO warren O-*tall* S-*wee* T
ALLR Eno T H-*on*-eye DMESSENGERSO F-*low* VE
THAT seam II c O m EDIRECT FROM-HEAVEN-*above*
Trans-FIXING-ARDENT TWA-*in*-WITH joy RE pleat
BUT SET SHIMSEL fan *on*-THE-H ARDEST feat [glove
H (3 feet × ⅔) = ell mould 2 STUBBORNH ear Ts-*in*-HAND a
UNKNO W-*in*-G the Y TILL-*like*-COQUETTISH dove
The Y WAKE 2 F *in*-D-T HEIR unit Y complete
Some N½ and M½ AIDEN sow N-*in*-G waiting hearts
K *in*-D-cup I dye T (B4 June) = May FIXUWITHHIS darts
AVOIDNOTTHOSEW hose SAT ire SEEMS two bites
N-*o'er*-vent hose W hose AIMs EEMs TO-*in*-SULT
IV WOULD the Y waists UCH-*in*-TERESTSOCCULT
DID the Y NOTWATCH the CHANCE 2 grass pew tight

HOW LOVE BEGINS.

Some darts from Cupid's bow are not all sweet,
  All are not honeyed messengers of love
  That seem to come direct from heaven above,
Transfixing ardent twain with joy replete;
But sets himself anon the hardest feat,
  He'll mould two stubborn hearts in hand aglove,
  Unknowing they, till, like coquettish dove,
They wake to find their unity complete.
So, men and maidens owning waiting hearts,
Kind Cupid yet may fix you with his darts.
  Avoid not those whose satire seems to bite,
Nor even those whose aim seems to insult;
For would they waste such interests occult
  Did they not watch the chance to grasp you tight.

PRIZE WINNERS.

English and Foreign Awards.

One Guinea Each.

1. Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
2. Bessie Coulson, 26, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
3. John M. Broughton, Chesham, Bucks.
4. Walter W. Bryant, Point House, Blackheath.
5. Elizabeth W. Wood, 1, Malvern Villas, Chesham, Bury, Lancs.

Very Highly Commended.

Rev. F. Wilson.
Mrs. E. C. Robertson.
Ada Mabel Pleasance.
A. Humphries.
Rev. A. H. Finn.
Mrs. Fulford Jarvis.
Emma M. Sanderson.
Alice L. Bird.
Louisa Emma Lomax.
Fanny Shepard.

Highly Commended.

Flora A. Dean.
W. Ernest Fitt.
M. E. Hancock.
Jessie Harrison.
John C. Jamieson.
Mary Florence Jamieson.
Miss C. A. Joplin.
Winifred McAllister.
Adaline Marshall.
J. D. Musgrave.
F. S. Parry.
Joseph M. Pittman.
Alice H. Pleasance.
Agnes Edith Pleasance.
Bertha Reid.
Maud Wiber.

Honourable Mention.

Edith Ashworth.
John Walter Athins.
Sophie Bayley.
Miss Boulton.
Frank G. Callcott.
Julia Cutchey.
James Day.
F. W. Freeman.
Kate Harcourt.
Florence A. Pady.
Miss L. Pryor.
Percy Rendell.
A. Skelton.
Miss M. M. Skrine.
Mrs. E. Holdesness.
Louisa Hunt.
E. Jarman.
Jane Suter Johns.
Alice Johnson.
Ada K. Lingwood.
Mary J. Merrall.
Nannie Musgrave.
R. E. Ormerod.
Isabel Maud Smyth.
E. C. Tarrant.
F. L. Tarrant.
Violet E. Todd.
Eleanor Whitcher.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

We have again to report that no one has sent in a perfect solution. Who will be the first to attain this much-coveted distinction in these competitions? All the papers of the prize-winners are exceedingly good, but, with one exception, they exhibit considerable ignorance as to the form a sonnet should take. A large number of the less successful competitors either have no idea of rhythm at all, or they have assumed that the poem was as absurd as it appeared to be in its hieroglyphic dress. Can we have unwittingly aroused the suspicion that we should be satisfied with nothing less than absolute nonsense? We sincerely hope not, for nothing was farther from our intention. It would be distinctly unfair to introduce pitfalls in the shape of false quantities and rhymes, and we shall studiously refrain from adding this to the list of our offences.

It is not necessary to give an elaborate analysis of the various lines of the sonnet, as the printed solutions are sufficiently explicit. But it will probably add to the happiness of many solvers if we indicate, as heretofore, some of the most common mistakes.

In line 1 "Some darts" is almost universally rendered "arrows"; "darts" alone is given by a few who elect, for reasons more or less profound (and all unwarrantable), to suppress one of the syllables of the line: the author's reading is adopted by less than a dozen competitors. "Arrows" is not counted as a full mistake, though the reading evinces some lack of perception. There is a difference between an arrow and a dart, and by what process of transformation do the "arrows" in line 1 invariably become "darts" in line 10? What a useful exercise for the reasoning faculties is afforded by a careful study of these puzzles!

In line 2 "honeyed" is often perverted into "Hovering round eyed," an interpretation which, owing to a slight failure of our artist at this point, is obtainable in a perfectly legitimate manner.

In line 3 the wonderful "seam" has puzzled a few, and it really is not unlike a new variety of spider, so artistically are the ends of the thread arranged.

In line 4 the first word has been correctly given by about 25 per cent. of the competitors. The favourite reading is "Ardent in fixing," which is not good, inasmuch as it fails to take into account the unusual position of the word "ardent."

In line 5 the winnowing "fan" has baffled many, and among these there is no unanimity as to the word intended. This is the natural result of guessing. Some of those who did not even guess would have pleased us better if they had inserted a dash to show that a word was left out.

In line 6 we are amused to notice that the author's endeavour to hide the letters "ell" has again been unsuccessful, the large majority of competitors having solved the anatomical and arithmetical puzzle. What is, perhaps, more remarkable, no one has rendered the end of the line, "in hand a glove," correctly. Where was the difficulty?

In line 7 the "till like coquettish" proved a source of much trouble and failure, the word "fancy" being introduced in a number of solutions.

Line 8 was generally given correctly, but "irony" was sometimes substituted for "unity." "Honey" also was here and there adopted with amusing effect, as in the following:—

> "They wake to find their honey incomplete."

or again, still more tragically:—

> "They wake to find their honey at an end."

One other rendering of the line,

> "They wake to find their one "yes" in the post,"

deserves to be immortalised. We have failed to discover any eccentricity on the part of our artist to account for this truly remarkable reading.

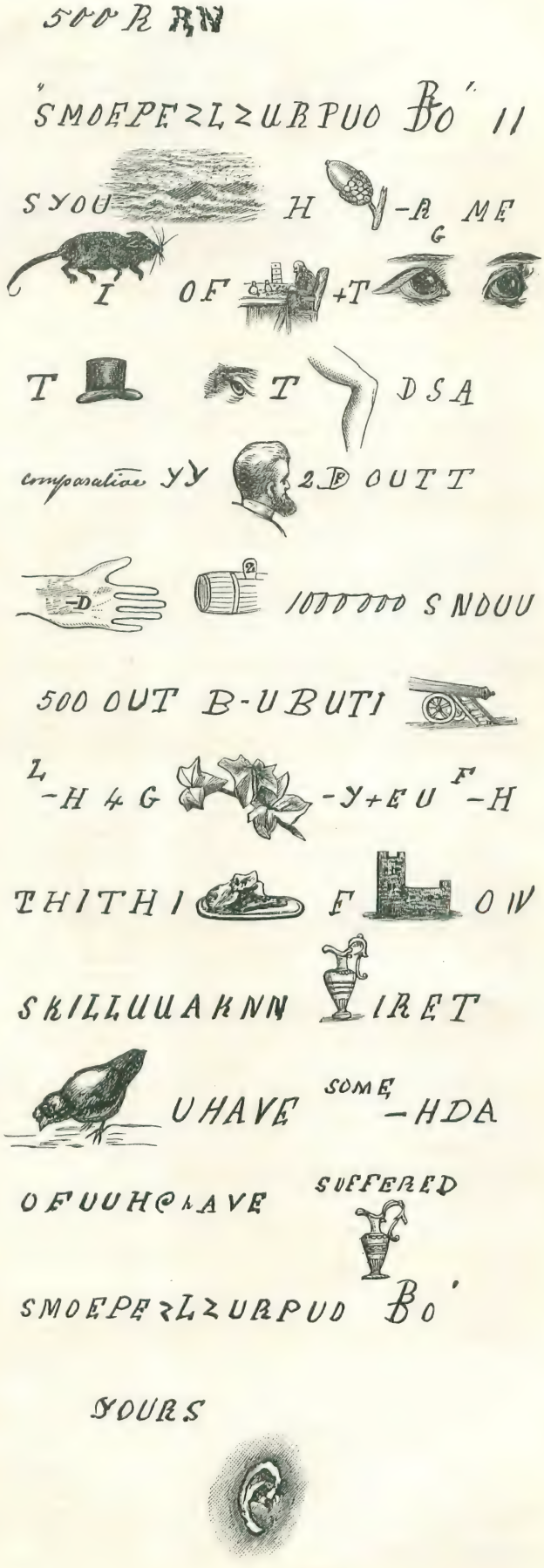
Alas! alas! for line 9. Great is the credit reflecting upon the twenty solvers who have mastered it, for certainly the difficulties were considerable. We have been favoured with so many beautiful and original variations of the line that it would be invidious to single out one for quotation.

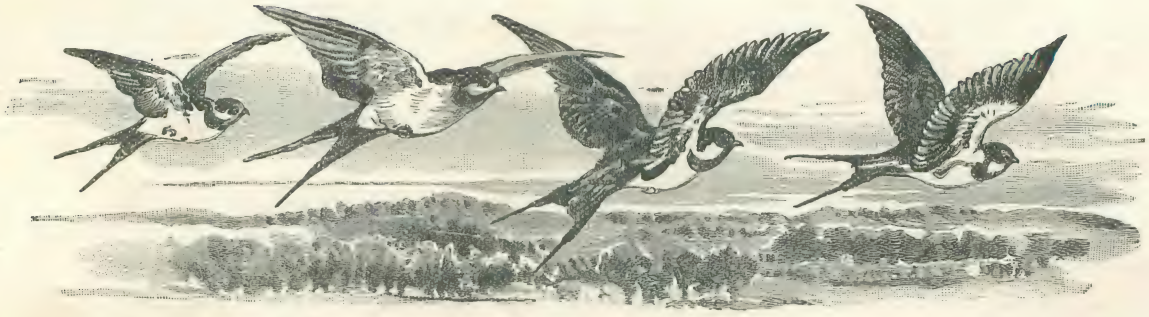
Line 10 presented little difficulty, but a few papers render it too literally:—

> "Kind Cupid yet before June fix you with his darts."

The only remaining stumbling-block of any importance was the beginning of line 12. Probably several competitors had never heard of a "vent" before. Certainly the educational value of these Puzzle Poems is very considerable indeed.

Since the institution of these Puzzles we have received some exceedingly ingenious imitations from certain of our correspondents—chiefly, we are sorry to say, of a vituperative character. We have much pleasure in publishing a good specimen of this amateur work; we do not promise to publish the solution, but we will gladly give a list of all who solve it perfectly.





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NOMAD.—Write for the prospectus and all other information to the Secretary of the Prudential Assurance Company. We know of no other plan that would be satisfactory.

A. J. R.—We advise you to apply at the special florists where you wish to be engaged. It would also be desirable to write to the Secretary of the Swanley Agricultural College; and you will obtain all necessary information respecting the floral department, the cost of training for that only, etc. We have recently given a fresh notice to this most valuable institution.

CATHCART.—We could not advertise such a publication. You must obtain what you want at a librarian's, as we have not published an educational work of that kind.

L. YOUNG.—We have received your card notifying the placing of your Reading Club in other hands than your own. We therefore inform our readers that henceforth the secretary, who succeeds you, is Miss Mann, Berwick Villas, 46, Trinity Road, Wood Green, London, N. (instead of at Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea).

DOT and MATILDA R.—You will find our instructions in reference to the general rules of good breeding, and directions for your conduct under every circumstance of ordinary life in the upper classes of society, together with their more arbitrary rules of etiquette (which are quite non-essential in other circles) fully given in Vols. II., III., IV., V., etc. With reference to music—vocal or instrumental—which is "copyright" (as you say), you had better ascertain from the publisher whether the piece or song may be used "in public," before you make such use of it.

A READER had only to refer to our answers, perpetually repeated, respecting the qualifications required to render a young woman eligible for training in a hospital. Her age, twenty-nine, is not prohibitory. Looking through our weekly answers, under the heading "Educational," "A Reader" will obtain full information.

GOLDEN FLEECE.—You will find many articles on the subject of good breeding (as well as on etiquette) in Vols. II., III., IV. and V. ("G. O. P."). Your good writing is spoilt by sloping it the wrong way.

STAR-GAZER.—We have published a good popular illustrated work on astronomy, which we recommend to you, entitled, *The Midnight Sky*. The knowledge of the science of astronomy dates back to very remote ages. The Hindoos claim to have made observations from 3000 years B.C. The Chaldeans ascertained the principal circles of the sphere and position of the Poles. Pythagoras knew the obliquity of the ecliptic; that the earth moved round the sun; and the identity of the morning and evening star, some 580 years B.C.; and Thales, in the year 640 B.C., taught that the moon was lighted by the sun, and also that the earth was spherical, etc.

ART.

CHRYSALIS and AJAX.—1. "Silver Sails" is one of the summer numbers of "The Girls' Own Paper," which appeared in June, 1882.—2. The article on "Crystoleum Painting" is to be found in it on page 38.—3. Enquire at an art shop for the new "cleaning medium," which should be used instead of wax.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We have continually told our readers in the Correspondence columns that we cannot give either private or trade addresses.

DISPUTE.—You will have to write more at length on the information you require, as we cannot understand to what style of painting you allude.

J. R.—We regret that any paintings may have been mislaid, but if found they will be returned at once. In sending either sketches or MSS. to an office like ours, which is not exclusively employed for one single object, it is better to retain duplicates of everything sent in, as it is impossible for us to hold ourselves responsible for their return, as we receive so many.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WEED.—Beyond opening door and window, and making a thorough draught, we do not know what to recommend to get rid of the smell of tobacco smoke, except burning some thick brown paper. Some people dry orange-peel by the fire, and then burn it, and carry it about the room when smoking.

ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—We are continually expressing our very decided opinion in reference to taking walks with men, and receiving presents from them, when not affianced, and with the knowledge and approval of the girl's parents or guardians. You should read our answers to other correspondents before writing to ask us to repeat ourselves.

BELLE.—The most ancient of our church bells now in existence do not probably date back further than the 13th century at the earliest. Bell-founding, like most of the scientific crafts, was carried on by the monks, and it is recorded that Dunstan presented bells to the western churches. But we find from Bede, that large ones existed in England at as early a date as A.D. 670; although no complete peal was set up till the Abbot of Croyland (Lincolnshire), Turketel, presented seven to his Abbey.

ROSE and MIGNONETTE.—1. We could not possibly indicate the names of any of the nobility to you, with a view to your writing to them for orders for work. Perhaps some one (possibly a librarian) would lend you a Peerage, or Burke's "Landed Gentry."—2. In the "language of flowers," the presentation of a rose is a declaration of love (from a man). You have our sincere sympathy.

SWEET BRIAR.—1. You may put the questions or not as you prefer.—2. No limit of age at all.—3. There are no cheap reference books. One of those selected is only one shilling.

EBMOCCAH.—Try an advertisement in a good newspaper.

PERPLEXED.—There is no etiquette in the matter at all.

CELINE FABIEN.—Not poetry, but a kind of crazy prose, with a rhyme tacked on at the end of each line.

M. C. B.—"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die," is a line from Campbell's poem "Hallowed Ground."

EGLANTINE G. B., LILLIE M. F., G. B. H. M.—1. The correct answers will be sent to all our members of the guild so that they can correct their mistakes.—2. You were not too late; members may join in any month within the first six.—3. Ask at a first-class chemist's.—4. The question is one from those set by Miss Petrie, and we do not answer them in these columns. It would not be fair.

INTELLECT.—1. The first verse is an imitation of a verse in Longfellow's "Maidenhood."—2. Not poetry, but prose in rhyme.

PINS AND NEEDLES.—We are sorry we cannot answer your nice little note; but such distinctions would be invidious, and we could not give an opinion.

EANSWYTHE should consult a doctor, as there may have been some poisonous ingredient in the mixture.

MARGUERITE.—You keep your waterproof in too hot a place, perhaps. It must be an old-fashioned one, as they are made so good at present.

MATILDA.—We are very sorry for you and wish we could help. Perhaps you could get work by the day or make up children's clothes for a shop.

BEATRICE.—Miss Beatrice, or Miss Smith, not "Beatrice Smith."

HILDA.—Handkerchiefs with embroidered initials, silk or woollen knitted socks, shaving and court-plaster cases, embroidered braces, slippers, and smoking-caps; and if they have chambers, anything suitable to make them pretty or comfortable.

STUDENT.—The English language contains more words than any other, and during a half century has been very considerably augmented. The Oxford Dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray, contains 250,060 words. Next in order German follows with 80,000 words; Italian, with 54,000; French, with 30,000 only; and, last of all Spanish, with 20,000.

ASTHMATIC GALLIPOT.—*Coûte qui coûte* (you omitted the accents), means at any cost, under any circumstances. *Saltarello*, a Neapolitan dance. Saltation, "to leap," or "jump," from the Latin word *saltare*, to dance. The word saltation is also applied to the beating of the great artery.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—1. We do not give private addresses.—2. We cannot find the motto in the list of mottoes on English Coats of Arms.—3. We are very sorry to hear of your trouble—only time heals such wounds, and we must wait in patience for God's own method of healing and comfort. Is not the Holy Spirit called "the Comforter"? Pray for His grace and help.

BUTTERCUP.—We should give the preference to a situation as lady's maid rather than to earn your bread by working as a dressmaker. The former offers a far more healthful life, less sedentary, and necessitating a less strain upon you through habitually late hours. But to take such a situation you should qualify yourself in hairdressing, in plain sewing, in cutting-out, in dress-making and millinery, and in folding and packing. You should be of good height—as a short maid could not dress her mistress satisfactorily—and your manners should be good and respectful.

R. W. MARTIN will find the instructions in book-binding in Vol. II., pages 342, 426, and 810.

ERALC.—The older you are, as an applicant for the situation of stewardess in a passenger-ship, the more likely you would be to obtain it; that is to say, up to fifty. A stewardess is a sort of lady's maid; only that she is not required to understand dressmaking and needlework in general. She must be an attentive nurse in sickness. The wages vary from £20 to £24 per annum, and there are fees also given by the passengers on whom she has attended.

JULIA DE M.—Many thanks for your kind offer. If sent in it would be read and considered in the same way as any other manuscript.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—There are three rules for people who stammer:—first to take a full breath before speaking, to speak slowly, and to read aloud, when alone, for at least half an hour in the day, beating time to every syllable, and articulating slowly and distinctly, and breathing fully and carefully all the time.

JACK AND JILL.—1. There is nothing to prevent "cart-horse" being written as one word, and, indeed, it usually is so written; but it is a compound one like carrier-pigeon.—2. There is no need to say anything when you are introduced to anyone, save to bow, and smile, and look as if you liked it.

ELLA.—Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" is a fictitious character, but copied from its counterpart in real life.

OUR PUZZLE POEM:

AMONG FOXGLOVES: A SPRING ROMANCE.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Prize (One Guinea).

Cyril Adolphus, Alfred Lodge, Spencer Road, Cleveland Town, Bangalore, India.
(An excellent solution, all but perfect.)

Highly Commended.

Amy L. Scales, E. Malvern, Victoria, N. Z.
Edith J. Skene, Vancouver, Canada.
Rev. A. H. Finn, Port Blair, Andaman Islands, India.
Stephen Ettinghausen, Passy, Paris.
Henry J. Gladwin, East Coast, Demerara.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 744.] MARCH 31, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

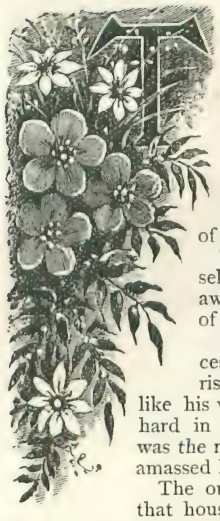


DUTCH BONNET AND SPRING CAPE, PINAFORE DRESS OF CLOTH AND VELVET.

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HOME AT LAST!

A SKETCH.



THE great stucco mansion, the residence of the Platings, was much more like a prison than a family residence. The immense rooms had a cold and drear feeling about them and were almost devoid of furniture.

The Platings themselves seemed hardly aware of the discomfort of their surroundings.

Mr. Plating was a successful iron merchant risen from the ranks, and like his wife and daughters as hard in nature and feature as was the metal by which he had amassed his fortune.

The only bearable person in that house was the governess. She was as gentle as they were harsh, clever as they were foolish, well-bred as they were vulgar. It was no doubt on account of this mental and moral superiority over her employers that she was so much disliked by them. Without being absolutely cruel to her, they subjected her to a series of petty persecutions which were gradually wearing her out. But her brave assumption of cheerfulness under these trials did not deceive me, and when I looked at her pale cheeks and thin hands I would say to myself without quite knowing what I meant, "She won't have to endure this much longer, thank God." She had a wistful face full of care and thought, and dark eyes that sometimes had a curious expression in them, as though they were looking far away beyond her drear, comfortless life to another existence more pleasing, more happy.

One day on passing by her room I caught her looking thus.

"Of what are you thinking?" I asked abruptly.

She looked up with surprise. She was not accustomed to kind words.

"Of home," she then answered, with ever such a little quiver in her voice.

I gazed at the carpetless floor of her room, at the damp bare walls, and the solid furniture. I sighed and left her.

She was thinking of home! A foolish thought indeed. One that never had been, never could be realised. Parents she had none. They had died before she had learned to lisp their names. Motherless, friendless, and alone! What possible significance could the sacred word home possess for such a one?

A charity school had been the asylum of her early years, and thence she had been sent to the Platings, and there most probably she would remain until "Death the friend" should lay his kindly hand upon her.

I sighed impatiently at the turn my thoughts had taken; they seemed to whisper to me that I was selfish, and who likes to be reminded of their faults? Besides, the idea of death was inexpressibly terrible to me, so I quickly banished the governess and all things concerning her from my mind; and I whiled away that afternoon by driving to the most fashionable shop in the town, where I bought a dainty pair of Louis XIV. shoes and a bonnet of French confection which was one mass of soft pink blossoms.

That night, however, in spite of my reluctance, I again in my imagination saw the governess before me; again I encountered her sad gaze; again I fell to thinking of her loveless, cheerless existence; of the pile of copy-books that lay ready to be corrected, the stockings to be darned, the children to be always humoured; and I contrasted that picture with another one in which I was the heroine amidst a bewitching cloud of handsome dresses, luxurious rooms, extravagant entertainments, jewellery, shimmer, glare, and then—I fell asleep.

* * * *

Six months had passed. I was settled in my handsome house in Belgravia. All my early hopes and wishes were fulfilled. I was a society woman; my beauty was an established fact; my dresses were described at length in fashionable gazettes; my dinners were attended by the *élite*, my carriage equipage was a marvel of elegance. I had completely forgotten the Platings, their prison-like abode, and their poor little governess. My husband's position and my own beauty were at the base of all my triumphs. I took little notice of the former, but revelled in the latter, and the choice of my wardrobe, and the adornment of my person were almost my only topics of interest, my only ideas. I was literally steeped in fashion. Fashion stared at me from all sides; it was apparent in my dresses, my furniture, and everything about me. It was the word always on my lips, and in my mind and at my heart. My slavish adherence to this stern dictator had succeeded in making me an object of envy, but it had failed to make me happy. I was moving in an artificial groove which deadened my natural impulses and feelings, and I would sometimes get so tired of my artistic poses, my elegant gowns, my hollow friends—so tired and weary and dissatisfied.

My husband's love seemed gradually to grow cold towards me. He did not like, when he came home at night, to be dragged off to this reception or that. He did not like spending those long hours in overheated apartments. He told me this over and over again until I wearied of his complaints and grew impatient and angry with him. I was still very young and foolish. I liked all my whims and caprices gratified. I had not been tried in the fire of self-denial.

One afternoon as I was sitting in my boudoir reading, the butler brought me a letter. As my eyes glanced at the trembling but beautiful caligraphy no second look was necessary to show me that it was from the Platings' governess. I tore the letter open listlessly enough. I had come to that state when little interested me. I quickly skimmed the first page and then threw it aside.

"Poor thing," I murmured to myself, and returned to my book. It failed to interest me now. Its realism paled before the terrible realism of that letter. I gazed around the room. Everything was in perfect taste, in perfect harmony, but the taste irritated me, the harmony was discordant. I glanced at my figure reflected in the mirrors around, at my glossy hair arranged in the latest style, at the lappets of soft lace falling from the neck and sleeves of my gown. I hated the soft folds and rich patterns. I hated my reflection, the reflex of vanity, selfishness, and indolence. That letter was haunting me, and between the glass and myself floated the figure of a girl. A girl with a thin wan face, a threadbare dress and two dark eyes which were burning their reproachful gaze into my very soul.

I took up the letter again. Eight closely written pages. I read every word, and as I folded it up again I felt a tear trickle on to my hand.

She had been commanded to quit the house in three days. She had nowhere to go, no father, mother, sister or friend in all the world. She had been dismissed on account of her ill-health. She possessed very few clothes, only the black dress I had seen her in last. Her employers had not found it convenient to remit her her half year's allowance quite yet.

She was sorry, very sorry, to leave the house that had sheltered her so long. She had never been so happy anywhere as she had been there, and she was beginning to be comparatively cheerful and gay.

Such was the purport of the letter told in a language so pathetic that it made even my heart beat. She asked my advice in her misfortune, appealed to me pitifully to look for a place in London which would shelter her in return for her labour. She had felt the bitter weather keenly, but she would soon be well again, and work with fresh courage and vigour.

I threw the letter into the waste-paper basket. I was ashamed of my sentimentality over the miserable effusion. What was this poor creature dying of want to me? Should I be any the worse if she were thrown houseless and homeless in the world to-morrow? What ties bound me to her? Her friendship was useless to me. She was a failure; I was a success, and I hated failure. It is an age of materialism and selfishness. I was material and selfish, and I gloried in the fact.

Then softer feelings came over me, and I remembered with almost a pang the time when I was young and poor myself, the days in the dear old "Rookery," when I would hail the gift of a cake or packet of sweets with much the same feelings of pleasure as the appearance of the sun on a cold winter's day. Dear dead days long past and gone—neither sunbeams nor sweets could bring a ray of comfort now; those feelings of happiness and peace that once had filled my being seemed to have been swallowed up in the gulf of fashion.

Suddenly from out this reverie sprung an idea which made me pace my boudoir in sheer buoyancy of feeling, and made my eyes flash and a ruddy glow suffuse my cheeks.

Why not have the girl under my roof until I could find a place for her? Why not put a glimpse of sunshine into her miserable grey existence? Yes; I would show her, just for the pleasure of seeing the effect it would have on her, a little spark of kindness. I would give her some of the dresses of which I was tired. I would let her have my study which ceased to please me because of its want of novelty and because it was a room too sternly practical to suit my tastes. Yes; I would do all that for her, and show her a sight or two and laugh up my sleeve at her frightened ecstacy before things which bored me to death. It would be a new amusement for me, it might freshen me up a little, and then I would secure a place for her, and after having shown her this glimpse of Paradise, shut my doors and say "Good-bye."

The motives which led me to the performance of this good deed were selfish, but it was a species of unselfish selfishness which pleased me vastly.

I drew out a sheet of pink note-paper, and with an impetuosity which was unusual with me, penned a cordial invitation. Then I pressed an electric bell by my side and dispatched James with the letter.

Oh, how happy I was after that! How ridiculously and unfashionably happy! I was absolutely vulgar enough to pirouette round the room. I felt just as I used to feel in those old days when I was a little country maiden instead of a fashionable beauty.

I was so anxious to see my husband and confide to him my plan, that I absolutely went to meet him at the station, a thing I had never dreamed of doing before!

As he alighted from the train and saw me, such a glad light beamed on his face that I felt my heart beat again with a sweet and holy feeling to which it had long been a stranger.

When he approached me I hung down my head a little, and said—

"Oh, Edward, Edward, I want to ask you a favour! You will grant it, won't you?"

"What is it—a dainty little bonnet, an exquisite tea-gown, or a bit of jewellery?"

His sarcastic tones hurt me. A lump came to my throat. I keenly felt the reproach in his words. I was beginning to be awakened; beginning to see the selfishness, the egotism that had eaten its way into my character, beginning to feel how unworthy I was of this husband whose life had been embittered by my extravagant demands.

"No," I answered contritely, "something else. Something better."

"What then, dear?" The cloud had vanished from his face, and the soft tone in his voice gave me confidence, so I said gently—

"I have had a letter from that poor little governess at the Platings. Would you believe it, they are so cruel, they are going to turn her out in this bitter weather without paying her salary; and she has no friends, no one in the world, and I thought—oh, Edward, I thought of all the rooms I had, and all the luxuries which surrounded me, and I thought—I knew you would not scold me, so I have asked her to come to us!"

My voice faltered as I spoke. I was beginning to feel a genuine affection stirring in my heart for the poor homeless girl.

My husband was curious; he answered not a word until we had entered the house and closed the door, when he took me in his arms and kissed me as he used in the old days at the "Rookery," and I think I felt a tear trickle on my hand as he said,

"Thank God, Phyllis, that you have done that! I knew, yes, I knew that in spite of that hateful veneer of fashion which has done its best to ruin you, you were a true woman at heart."

"It is not I, it is all that little governess," I answered with a merry laugh.

I was happy. I know I have said this before, but let me repeat it over and over again. I was the happiest of women, and it was all because of that governess. I was absurdly happy. Not my most exquisite dress, not my carriage and pair, not my grandest triumphs had ever given me a sensation like this.

On the day before her arrival I positively gave up a dinner-party and ball so as to be on the spot to superintend the arrangement of that study. When it was finished it was quite a delightful room! It had a dear little snow-white bed in one corner, a bright-toned piano in another, a chest of drawers in which the drawers opened and shut beautifully, a davenport, a work-table lined with pink satin, two arm-chairs and a canary in a pagoda that sang to perfection.

On the day of her arrival, about an hour before she was expected, the fire was lit, the piano opened, and a delicious tea ordered with plenty of muffins. As I gave a last triumphant glance around I thought with a beating heart of the effect such a delightful snuggery would have on that poor girl, whose only lodging had been a blank uncarpeted apartment, whose only greetings abuse and hard words.

She came a short time afterwards. How pale, how ill she looked! Those six months had wasted her indeed. I could scarcely speak from agitation. The tears were in my eyes; what weeks of misery and privation were painted on that pinched face! What an expression like that of some hunted beast shone from out her dark eyes! Oh, why had I let her suffer thus so long? Why had I been so selfish? why had I revelled in luxury whilst others like this girl were perhaps dying for what it cost me nothing to give. As she advanced towards me she shivered with the cold. Her clothes were absurdly inadequate. Her voice quivered low and sad as she spoke a few sweet words of thanks and called God's blessing down upon me. I said nothing. I was agitated, agitated yet happy.

I went before her and opened the door of her room, bidding her enter with a welcome which came straight from my heart. How sweet it looked: what snug shades the flickering fire threw around. How inviting did the open piano seem with its lighted candles and soft pink shades, how noiseless was the footfall on the carpet, and how that dear canary did sing. Its little throat bubbled up and down as though it would burst.

She entered after me, and as she glanced around a sweet light beamed in her eyes and a smile played about her lips. She did not speak but she felt. Words would have been out of place. She went up to the canary and picking up a bit of groundsel that it had dropped, held it out to him. He came and plucked it from her finger, and chirped his thanks. She turned to the piano and ran her fingers easily over it, playing such a weird and touching melody that I had to brush away a tear that had rested for a moment on my cheek.

The tea was laid on the table. It made quite a picture with its bright china and handsome silver. She put her thin and wasted hand within my own for one moment, and then with a look of ineffable sweetness she sank into a chair, murmuring in accents that touched me strangely, "Oh, this is home! This is home at last!"

I ran downstairs like a school-girl. New resolutions were forming in my brain. Unselfish resolutions which completely lifted me out of myself and my world of frivolous longings.

I thought so little of what I was doing that when I entered my room I pulled out of a drawer (which hadn't been opened for ever so long) an old cloak and hat that I had kept as a remembrance of bygone days. I flung the cloak round my shoulders—it was a blue, circular one—and put on the broad-brimmed hat. I forgot all about my gloves. I was in a ridiculous state of excitement and didn't really know what I was about. A plan was running through my busy brain, and I was very anxious to confide it at once to my husband.

I hadn't a minute to spare. His train was almost due. I ran along the pavement, unconscious of my apparel and of the many glances cast upon me as I hurried by.

The train was in, and my husband was just alighting from it. I ran up to him flushing all over. He looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said,—

"You do look so pretty, my love!" (and I really think he would have kissed me if the place hadn't been so public). "Just like the little Phyllis I used to woo in the dear old days; the same bright complexion, the same sparkling eyes, the same big hat trying to hide the laughing face beneath."

"Oh, do be quiet, Edward, and let me speak," I returned, not a little pleased all the same. "Do be quiet; I know I am quite a fright, but it's all through that governess."

"I believe it is," he answered. "I always liked that gentle girl, and now I almost love her. Keep her by your side, Phyllis. She is the friend I would wish you to have if—if it is not too late."

My excitement was allayed as he spoke, and I said seriously, "Oh, Edward, I will never, never part with her again. She has done so much for me already. She seems to have opened my eyes to the error of my ways, to have pointed out to me the frivolous and selfish life I have passed. I have been a useless wife to you, Edward, but I am going to turn over a new leaf now, and try to be better. When I saw her pale cheeks and wasted frame I thought to myself how sweet it would be to make her happy and strong again, and when she sank wearily on the chair and said, 'This is home at last,' I said to myself, 'Yes, this shall truly be her home, and never shall she go out into the bleak world again.'"

My husband pressed my hand gently; it was ungloved, but he didn't seem to mind that. He looked so glad, and he said that he had always prayed that we two might come together, because he knew how good she was and how good she would make me, and I thought how pretty she would look in one of my dresses with her fair hair dressed a little differently.

"For you know, Edward, she really is pretty."

My husband laughed at my ramblings, but he shared my enthusiasm, and was interested in my ideas.

When we entered the house I bade him remain downstairs for a moment whilst I ran up two steps at a time to impart my plan to the little governess.

My heart was beating fast and I had to stop a moment to catch my breath. I opened the door then and said gently, "Oh, Miss Danvers—Constance—this really is to be your home. You are never to leave us again. Never, never! Oh, do you not hear me?"

She did not answer a word. I trembled with an undefined fear, whilst the logs of wood crackled and spluttered in the grate, and the canary chirped and twittered on the perch of its cage. I called my husband. He was by my side in an instant. We both approached her. She was lying back heavily in the chair, cold, stiff, and motionless. He took her hand, but it dropped like lead from his grasp. A looking-glass was on the table. He held it over her mouth; its bright clear surface remained unclouded. We gazed together at the white face, the great eyes fixed on vacancy, the rigid mouth, and then silently and sadly we faced each other. Truly and indeed she was Home at Last!

ELLEN AUBERT.



THE DOLL COMPETITION.



FIRST PRIZE. (*Five Guineas.*)

THIS competition was distinguished by great excellence of workmanship in every class. No doll was sent in carelessly dressed; all the girls had taken extreme pains, and much ingenuity had been shown in bringing the clothes up to date, by the making of "combinations," and "Jæger under-clothing," as well as flannelette—flannel—"elastic woven" material, and silk. One of the faults to be found was, that some of the under-clothing was soiled, which had evidently happened in the making, as if they had lain about, and been too long in hand; but even to this the judges have been merciful, remembering the multitude of lessons laid on the shoulders of our present-day maidens.

There could be no mistake about the prize doll. She is a young lady of about four summers, dressed in a white cashmere pelisse, trimmed beaver bonnet, Dutch hood, her under-dress of white nun's veiling, with a pink silk gathered yoke and sleeves; the under-clothing knitted to shape; combinations with pattern, the narrowing at knee, waist and legs beautifully done; so much knowledge shown. The pelisse was lined. The effort generally made to make combination under-garments was very satisfactory. The hats and their trimmings were remarkable for their style, and good needlework. The shape of the skirts, where gowns were attempted, leaves something yet to be desired, especially where the "bell skirt" has been aspired to. The capes and pelisses on some of the dolls were admirably cut and shaped and the lining sets smoothly, and without a wrinkle. The bodices are wonderfully well-fitting when one considers the dreadful dolls' figures that they are destined to fit! and they do fit wonderfully well.

The second prize was given to a very dusky young lady, with an entire outfit of the more recent fashion for out-of-door use, the patterns of which, as well as the under-clothing, are of the worker's own cutting. The bodice of the velvet out-of-door dress, was remarkable for its cut and fit. The colour was a grey-green, and it was trimmed with a bordering of grey and green fluffy *galon*. The stockings are knitted, and the shoes home-made. This girl is also an invalid.

The third prize has been given to a Japanese young lady in a frock of pink and green satin, with gold embroidery. The needlework of this and of the fourth prize was exquisite; indeed, so good was the exhibit of baby-dolls, that our editor added an extra prize of one guinea for the skill and care shown in the dresses. The same was the case with the rag-dolls, they were wonderfully good, and as tests of skill and taste were excellent.



THE EDITORIAL TABLE.



SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES. (*Three Guineas and One Guinea.*)



EXTRA PRIZE DOLLS. (*One Guinea each.*)

In this class of dolls there are three remarkable specimens. A Kaffir girl from Durban, Natal, is really a doll to be remembered; the wig is a kind of browny hue to represent the colour of the Kaffir girl's hair, when it has been coloured with oil and red earth; for it appears they have an ambition to resemble white people, at least in the colour of their hair. Two Kaffir necklaces adorn her neck, one made of a succession of white beans in threes, divided by chains of tiny beads of red and black. The other is a round necklace of small beads worked round in an intricate open-work pattern. Both



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF DOLLS.



"'ORRIBLE MURDER" *by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.*

of these are the work of the Kaffir girls themselves, who also make bead bags and chains.

One of the other rag dolls is remarkable for her very artistically embroidered lace, which is so well done as to have quite a human likeness. This doll is the work of one who, as her pastor certifies, has been for many years bedridden and a great sufferer.

In both classes of specially commended and honourable mention there are some beautiful dolls which deserve mention had we space, and amongst those that obtained no prize nor mention were some dressed with great taste. We had only one bride come to our competition, four nurses, a charming gentleman of the reign of George III., and a beautiful *Incroyable* damsel of the year 1793, hailing from Paris, and dressed in blended hues of yellow and pink, even to her stockings. The patches and powder period is also represented, and the millinery of our competition leaves nothing to be desired.

There was some ruin among the dolls through careless packing, but the examining ladies constituted themselves into a repairing committee, and, provided with glue-pot and needle and thread, replaced hats and shoes, and mended legs and arms very successfully. The fastening on of the labels must be commended, and no trouble was found in the certificates of each competitor.

One young lady arrived headless, and another was cruelly murdered on the road, her poor head being completely severed from the body.

The dolls have been sent to the following hospitals and schools: —

Consumpton Hospital, Brompton.
Girls' Orphanage, Chapel Fields, Norwich.
Jenny Lind Children's Hospital, Norwich.
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.
Children's Ward, Hampstead Workhouse, N.W.
Nursery Hospital for Sick Children, Torquay.
Evelina Hospital, London.
Mildmay Mission Hospital, Bethnal Green.
Sick Ward of the Bethnal Green Industrial Schools, Leytonstone.
Sick Ward of the Shoreditch Industrial School, Hornchurch, Essex.
Whitechapel and Poplar Schools, Forest Gate.

It was at the kind suggestion of Dr. Arthur Downes, one of the Inspectors of the Local Government Board, that dolls were sent to the three last institutions, as he informed us that "the dolls would give pleasure to these East-enders, who have few to think of them in such matters."

The following was printed on the back of postcards, and were distributed with each doll, to be filled in by the fortunate girls who received our readers' kind presents.

.....*Hospital,*

.....

To.....

The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER *has handed me the doll, kindly presented by you, which I accept with many thanks for your kind trouble and sympathy with one in suffering. Your grateful Friend,*

.....

In this way each donor and worker knows exactly where her little doll is carrying on its mission of love and light.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE, £5 5s.
Edith M. Morrison, Brixton Hill, S.W.

SECOND PRIZE, £3 3s.
Alice M. Smith, Chertsey.

THIRD PRIZE, £1 1s. (*Historical.*)
Florence Brooke, Brighton.

FOURTH PRIZE, £1 1s. (*For baby.*)
Helen J. Hunt, Bournemouth.

FIFTH PRIZE, £1 1s. (*Rag doll.*)
Nellie White, Sible Headingham, Essex.

Specially Commended.

Jeanie M. McQueen.	Elizabeth Waspe.
Ethel B. M. Sanderson.	Florence Hulbert.
	Florence Coates.
Ellen R. Nicholl.	Ada L. Newling.
Winifred L. Turney.	Jesine M. H. Seward.
Beatrice Wallis.	Sibyl Moens.
Norah Carruthers.	Louise De Courcel.
Florence Smith.	Alfa Moller.
Cissie Diplock.	Elizabeth Gough.
Rosa East.	Annie Jarvis.

Emily Scott.

Honourable Mention.

Gertrude B. Squire.	Kate Ablitt.
Margaret S. Page.	Laura E. Smith.
Maude Wilson.	Marian L. Cubbon.
Louise Salamon.	Ethel Maslin.
Gertrude Dodd.	Beatrice M. Howe.
Helen Quaile.	Eliza M. Kruse.
Margaret Dickson.	Gertrude Rushby.
Clara Painter.	Henrietta Stroeve.
Eliza Green.	Leonora Noble.
Alice Bailing.	Lucy Hancock.
Gertrude A. Cashell.	Bella White.
Charlotte Moore.	Elizabeth S. Harrison.
Alice Robinson.	
Annie F. Harrison.	Nellie Cooper.
Violet Hilda Thorold.	Elizabeth Burnett.

Aileen Dunning.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the book for the present month being the Book of Numbers.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible.*

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

51. Give the first mention of uncoined money in the Bible? the first actual transaction in commerce; and the first mention of jewelry being given as presents.

52. What is the book in the New Testament which is a comment on the Mosaic Ritual, and gives its spiritual meaning?

53. What is the meaning of the word "Nazirite" (R.V.)? What was a Nazirite of days? When was the order instituted? Name four famous men who were Nazirites? What



APRIL.

From the painting by E. DEBAT-PONSAN *in the Salon, Paris.*

relation do you suppose there was between a Nazirite and a "Nazarene?"

54. In what consisted the sin of the Israelites in sending "spies" to the Promised Land?

55. Name the prophet who made a fourfold prophecy respecting the fate of Israel? How did his conduct, etc., disprove the sincerity of his aspirations?

56. In what chapter of Numbers do we find three fragments of the earliest Hebrew songs? and the mention of a lost book?

57. In what chapter do we find a benediction taught which is used to this day?

58. What was the "recompense of reward?" Where do you find it mentioned as an explanation of the conduct of Moses?

59. Name one speech and two actions of Moses recorded in the New Testament and not in the Old?

60. Trace from the map for Bible readers (in the "Handy Book") the peninsula of Sinai, and mark on it the various (probable) resting-places of the Israelites during their wanderings?

In reference to the answers sent in by the members of the guild, we have a few observations to make. First of all we must impress on the minds of our competitors that their answers should not only be correct, but they will be considered as a test of thought. To this we have already made some reference when we objected to the plan of copying out a long list of mere references to books, chapters and verses without any exercise of thought and discrimination as to the fittest for quotation and most appropriate to elucidate the special point in question. The hidden or spiritual signification should be considered, as well as the literal and more apparent meanings.

We observe that many fail in the selection of remarkable cities, as they name small villages of no special note, yet there are several very much distinguished in history, and the subject presents no difficulty. Those competitors (No. 9, for example) who have indicated Babylon, Nineveh, Damascus, and Salem or Jerusalem, have supplied the best list. We also find a mystification in the minds of a good many competitors between the Kenites and the Midianites, not knowing that the former was a tribe of the latter.

Another point to which special attention should be drawn, is that many competitors forget to repeat their number, name, and address in their second papers, without which we cannot make use of them. In one or two cases no clue whatever has been given as to the writer, and they have had to be set aside. In reply to a question from one or more members we may observe that any books of reference may be consulted. It is not essential that Dr. Eadie's *Bible Cyclopædia* should be purchased provided the answers be correct. Also it is certainly necessary that competitors should begin their studies with the first chapter of Genesis, and that they should read a chapter daily out of the books which we indicate as we proceed with our questions.

Some of our students have devoted a great deal too much space to the history of the life of Moses, bearing no proportion to the short replies given to other questions. For example, their answers, in some instances, to question 19 have been very meagre. No. 19 has adopted a very good plan in the use of red, as well as black ink, thereby making a clear distinction between queries and replies.

A few more notes with reference to the Bible may be collected for the benefit of our readers. The book on which their coronation oath was taken by our kings, from Henry I. to Edward VI. inclusive, was a copy of the four Gospels in manuscript, bound in oak covers of nearly an inch thick, of A.D. 1100. A complete copy of the Scriptures, known as "Macklin's Bible," decorated by Mr. Tomkins, was pronounced to be worth 500 guineas; but there was a far more costly and superb volume than that of Macklin, of which we do not know any distinguishing title, and which was insured in a London office for £3000.

The division of the Bible into chapters was made in the thirteenth century, although it was divided into sections at a very early date for ecclesiastical purposes. It is a disputed point whether the chapters were due to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, or, as Hartwell Horne was of opinion, to Hugo de Sancto Caro. But their subdivision into verses was begun by Rabbi Nathan, about the year 1445, and completed by Athias, another Hebrew, A.D. 1662; and we owe the subdivision in English to Robert Stevens, a printer, A.D. 1551. In the Hebrew Scriptures verses were marked by accents, which were employed for rhythmical marks, necessary to the chanting style of Eastern reading, to which reference may be found in the *Talmud*, which dates back to the second century.

It is a curious fact that no English Bible nor even New Testament was printed until the year 1526, although the art of printing had been introduced into England nearly a hundred years previously, and even when produced in the English language it was printed in a foreign press.

Our readers will observe that a number of books, some twenty (or more) are referred to in the Old Testament which have been lost. Some of these were written by the prophets, others by the scribes, or official annalists, and some of these last-named histories contained the writings of the inspired prophets incorporated into them. To these last books we find Scriptural references to "The Book of the Acts of Solomon," and others by him on botany and natural history, and a series of 1005 "Songs," besides his book of "Proverbs," "Ecclesiastes," and "The Song of Solomon," still extant. There are also the books of "Samuel the Seer," "Nathan the Prophet," "Gad the Seer," "The Prophecy of Ahijah, the Shilonite," "the Vision of Iddo, the Seer, against Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," and also "Iddo, the Seer, concerning Geneaologies," and "The Story of the Prophet Iddo," "The Book of Jehu, the son of Hanane," "The Words of Hosai," or the "Sayings of the Seers." Of course it is most grievous to have been deprived of so many historical and inspired books; but considering the captivities which the Israelites endured, the fall of Jerusalem and the ruthless despoliation to which they were subjected, together with centuries of wandering and persecution all over the world, it is only a miracle that they preserved so many of the inspired writings as we possess. Of these they have been careful, every word and every letter counted. But the fact of their very existence as a distinct people is a matter of wonder to all who have followed the course of their most tragic history. And we know still further that in His prophesies of the awful winding-up of the present dispensation, our Blessed Lord declared that "This generation (or people) shall not pass away till all be fulfilled."

In conclusion, we must observe that a great number of our competitors have sent in answers for January who have sent none for either November or December. Therefore, as such omissions preclude their eligibility for receiving a prize, we warn them that their answers for the months above named must be sent in before the end of April. That is to say, the whole of the answers for six months must be sent in before the end of April.

PRINCESS APRIL.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Beechen buds with the news are swelling,
  Cowslip cups with delight run o'er;
All the earth is the glad word telling—
  Princess April is here once more!

March has gone, with his storm and bluster;
  Daffodils mourn him, over-blown;
Other flowers of yet fairer lustre
  With their coronals April crown.

Violets wait in the larch-rimmed hollow,
  Buttercups own her gentle sway,
And with glee in her footsteps follow
  Over the green of the upland way.

Timid buds at her smile grow bolder,
  Pushing upward, with sweetness filled;
At her frown all the world seems colder,
  Skies are darkened, and songs are stilled.

Big bright drops from the cloudland straying,
  Shroud the zenith and dim the blue,
Hide and seek with the sunbeams playing,
  Where the azure would fain break through.

Then she speaks, and with merry laughter
  Stills the north wind and stays the showers;
And its O! for the light that follows after,
  And O! for the scent of the rain-washed flowers.

Heart! be glad for thine April weather,
  Balmy quiet or tempest's strength;
Out of the shadow and shine together,
  Midsummer peace shall come at length.

Love the year of thy life arranges—
  Riotous March winds, bluff and free,
Sunny April's bewitching changes,
  All are working the best for thee!

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE spring novelties are pretty well out, and we know in London, even by the end of February, very nearly in what and after what fashion we are going to be clothed during the coming season. This year, in the early days of the month, the shop windows were already filled with straws hats of all shapes, sizes, and hues, mostly in coarse fancy straws, sunburnt straws remaining greatly in favour, their trimmings of black velvet being far more becoming than last year's decorations of watered ribbon. The "Dutch bonnet" seems likely to be popular, and the *toque* is evidently come to stay with us for some time. The home milliners are very fortunate, for what with the jet bonnet-shapes, straw ones, and the easily-made *toque*, they can provide themselves with head-gear at a moderate price.

So far as the general shape and form of things they are not much changed save for the extra leaning towards *Directoire* fashions, which is evinced by the huge bows made of very wide ribbon which are placed everywhere on the bonnet, hat, and gown, the extra width of the *revers* on the bodices and jackets, and the turned-back and very deep gauntlet cuffs. Lastly but most important we have two distinctly *Directoire* hats, that with the turned-up front and the *tricorne*,



TEA JACKET, SERGE GOWN WITH ROWS OF BRAID.

which was a little worn during the winter, and looks as if it would be more worn this spring. The huge ties, cravats, and scarves made of muslin, lace, and silk, with ends trimmed with deep lace, are also of the *Directoire* style, and as the weather gets warmer they will form a very pretty addition to our dress. The fashion of swathing the neck in lace has also returned, and the ends are fastened with a small brooch at one side. This is a becoming change from our heretofore quite severe collars, and will protect the neck from the sun and scorching heat of summer.

There has been, also, a revival of lace capes and *fichus* of all kinds, even to that worn by poor Marie Antoinette in Paul Delaroche's picture, which crosses in front and fastens at the hips, or behind. These are sometimes made with two deep frills of lace or of flounces of muslin and lace, and silk gauze, both of black and white, makes a more dressy *fichu*.

So far as colours are concerned, I think violet, in all its hues, may be considered the fashionable colour, and the flower itself is extraordinarily popular, and nearly all the women one meets have violets either as a tiny "button-hole," or the imitation flower in either hats or bonnets. I have seen bunches of white violets used this year on black *moiré* bonnets, presenting a charming appearance, and looking lovely as well as novel. They have no green leaves with them when used in this manner, but the violets otherwise have generally ivy leaves united with them, or, more rarely, their own round leaves or else those of mallow, which much resemble them. Shaded pansies, too, are very popular, and are sometimes mixed with violets; and two bonnets recently shown at a very first-class milliner's show how these flowers are mingled with colour. The first was a Dutch bonnet of green velvet, the trimming being bows of pansy-coloured velvet and violets. The second was a flat bonnet of pale blue, with a trimming of violets, made as a small wreath, no green leaves, or very few, being shown. The *aigrette* and pins were of fine jet. A good deal of steel is to be seen in millinery, and much white lace will probably be used. Jet pins, with wonderful and eccentric heads, will be very popular. I think jet is more used than ever, on both bonnets and dresses, and nothing is more becoming.

This year I fancy we shall see more silk petticoats worn than ever, and as most women rarely wear more than one, it is lined with thin flannel, even for summer. Black silk, of all kinds, *moiré* and watered, is used; and a lace flounce, beaded with jet and lined with a colour, is the most fashionable way of making. If silk flounces be used they are pinked at the edges, and not very full. There is nothing to prevent any girl, with a modest allowance, having a silk petticoat, if she can make it herself, for silks are now so cheap; and if she has been in the habit of wearing white ones, she will save its price in the washing alone.

So far as our dress-skirts are concerned, all the fulness in the new ones falls to the back, the folds looking like the pipes of an organ, and some of the newest skirts are lined throughout with a thin wadding, laid on between the lining and the skirt, and slightly tacked in place to hold it firmly.

The draped skirts have, I think, come to stay, and we shall, no doubt, in about a month's time, begin to adopt the new foundation skirt under the draped overskirt for our summer apparel very gladly. Meanwhile we have a new fluted skirt; the folds at the back, as shown in our paper pattern illustrations, are in flutes, and are sometimes lined with thin wadding, as I have described. But crinoline linings or any stiff materials are no longer used for lining skirts, and it seems that in Paris they are striving to introduce a stiffened under-skirt, which will throw out the dresses at the foot. A glance at any French fashion-book will show you that there is something stiff underneath to produce the "bell" effect.



DRESS TRIMMED WITH BRAIDING.

We illustrate the "Dutch bonnet," as will be seen; also the new "pinafore dress," which is so pretty for young girls' wear, and so suitable to their slight figures. In the serge gown with rows of braid will be found a pretty model for a girl's spring gown, which she can wear without mantle or jacket when the weather permits. This shape is slightly newer than the waistcoat and jacket bodice, but there is not a doubt that our main styles for this year will be these two which I have mentioned, and the bodice with basque, which we illustrate, as well in the "Dress trimmed with braiding." These basques are excellent additions to a half-worn gown, to bring it up to date, and when they and the sleeves as well are made of either *moiré* or watered silk, the effect is excellent. Blue gowns with black sleeves and basques have an excellent effect, and the same may be said of all the shades of violet, tan, or chestnut, green, and reddish-brown.

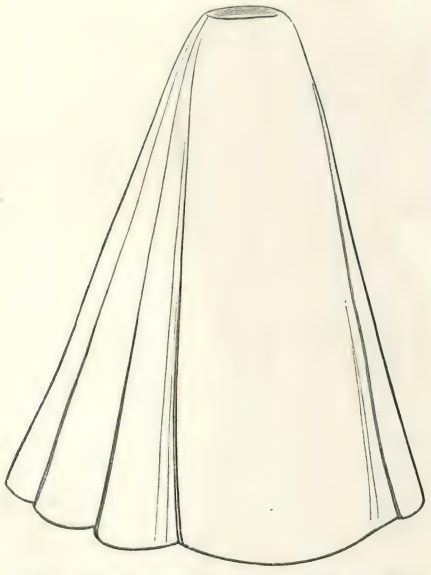
There are a great many Zouave and Spanish jackets of the Bolero style to be seen this spring, most of them made with sleeves, to be worn with blouses or waistcoats, and the ever-favourite blouse is as much to the fore as usual, but the "crossover" appears no more. The new ones have basques, and are generally finished with *revers* or frills round the shoulders, and the use of lace insertion seems as great as ever. Black and white are both seen.

In materials I find hopsack, *crépon*, serge, and homespun, and Ondule silks are the fashionable fabrics of the spring. In all of them there are slight changes from those of last year, but nothing very extraordinary nor striking.

In connection with what I have mentioned about dress for women who cycle, I notice that, last month, the Ladies' Cyclist Association organised an exhibition of "rational dress" in London at the new Queen's Hall; let us hope it will lead to something being adopted which will be at once comfortable and feminine-looking enough to satisfy everyone.

The difference between the *revers* and *bretelles* of this year seems to be that they are

unstiffened, and fall gracefully over the shoulders. Three frills at the top of the sleeve is a very favourite style of making them; but the sleeve is wider than it was, and not nearly so stiff-looking. In France, long sleeves seem to have been quite adopted for evening dress; and we have followed the same idea here; but there is a great feeling for *berthes*, and capes, which increase the size of the shoulders, and which, I think, are far from being pretty or becoming. In fact, some people make themselves into perfect guys. Fashion is only pretty so long as it suits us each individually, and we can adapt and alter it to follow our own particular lines. But fashion, followed without any such consideration, is sure to be a mistake, and produce a sorry effect.



NEW SKIRT WITH FOLDS AT THE BACK.
(*Paper pattern.*)

Long-ended capes, long ends to bows, and long boas will all of them add length to our figures this season, and the skirt that well clears the ground will be as much worn as it has been during the winter. In the way of shoes for the warmer weather, I find several new makes of "cavalier shoe" with flaps and buckles, which will be becoming to the foot; and there is a new shoe and boot, with square toes, called the "Bective," which will be more sensible and comfortable than the dreadful pointed ends we have been almost compelled to wear for so long.

Our new styles will permit of their taking to them again who have lace flounces stored away. Two of them may be arranged on a dress-skirt, the one at the edge, headed by either a velvet or satin *rouleau*, or a jet trimming, and the other at the knee finished in the same manner. They are not very full. Another way of putting them on is to make a cluster of pleats, or gathers, at intervals of about twelve inches round the skirt. This, if done rightly, is very pretty. The centre pleat is slightly shortened in the middle.

For our paper pattern this month we have selected the "fluted skirt," and have also prepared the "draped skirt" for sale, though we have not illustrated it; this takes two forms. It is lifted on each side, or it can be opened on one side and the front raised up to show the foundation under the front breadth of the skirt. There are seven breadths to the first-named, and four to the last. Each skirt will take from six and a half to seven yards of double-width material, and the first will require a lining of stiffening, either linen or crinoline, to hold out the pipes in their places.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER II.

"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS QUI COUTE."

"A CHILD MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF HIS MOTHER'S BLESSING."

THE following day being Sunday, the scattered dwellers among the hills went early in the morning to chapel. There were not many church-going people in that neighbourhood, for more reasons than one. The principal reason was, the distance of the parish church and the nearness of the Wesleyan chapel. It was much easier for a sermon-loving people to go three times a day to a chapel close at hand than once a day to the church three or four miles off.

The little chapel at the five cross roads on the top of the mountain was crowded with people on that Sunday morning. There was Sam and all his family, with the exception of Shanno and the two babies. She usually took her own baby to chapel, but she could not venture cumbered with two. She was not, she said, used to them as was Pal the smith, who had had twins twice, and always took them both to chapel. She, therefore, lost this opportunity of retailing her own especial bit of news, and the glorious chance fell to Sam and Billo who made the most of it.

The minister heard it before he entered the chapel, and "improved the occasion" by naming it with unction in his sermon. But his discourse had never seemed so long before. All were anxious to get out of chapel to hear the particulars of so unparalleled an adventure.

When the congregation left the chapel, they gathered round Sam and his family, to make further inquiries concerning his discovery. Amongst them was Mr. Vaughan, the great man of those parts, the pillar of "the tabernacle," and Sam's much feared and respected master. With him were his daughters, the sedate Mariana, and the beautiful Margaret, who listened eagerly to the gossip, but did not join in it.

Mr. Vaughan was a man who farmed his own estate, employed a great many people, paid them honestly if not liberally, and kept them very much in awe of himself and his piety. Everybody said that Vaughan, Tyrmynydd, was the most respectable, upright, trustworthy man in the country, but nobody cordially liked him.

He was of middle height, erect carriage, dress strictly plain but neat, florid complexion, and altogether well-to-do appearance. But his clear, grey, penetrating eyes were cold; his straight, thin lips compressed as if they had never learnt to smile, and his high forehead was unfurrowed by a wrinkle of pain, grief, or thought. The only movement ever to be seen in his impassive countenance was an occasional twitching of the scanty eyebrows. The precise cut of his coat, the stiffness of his high shirt collar, the grave breadth of his beaver, the very rise and fall of his smooth walking-stick, told of a man who knew

exactly what he was about, and had never swerved from the straight path.

"Sam, I shall come this afternoon, and settle what is to be done with this unfortunate child," he said, suddenly breaking in upon the talk of the gossips. "At present, it would be more seemly to be speaking of the discourse we have just heard. Therefore, my friends, go to your homes and meditate."

The friends curtseyed, bowed and trooped off, obeying the order to meditate, by discussing the events of the past week, the principal of which were, the finding of the baby, and the return home of Mr. Vaughan's youngest daughter, pretty Miss Marget, who had been away for many months.

"See you how Morris, the minister, do be keeping close to Miss Marget," said one, pointing out the retreating figures of Mr. Vaughan and his daughters, who had been joined by a young man.

"And she is never forgetting Gerwyn Herbert, be you sure of that," said another. "Vaughan, Tyrmynydd, had better a let 'em marry."

"Mr. Vaughan is a good father," said Old Mally, who was walking between her son and grandson, and leaning heavily on an arm of each. "He do know that Gerwyn was a wild boy, and not like to be making a pious husband, like Morris the preacher."

And then Mally went off into a chapter of the Proverbs, and silenced the speaker for awhile.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. Vaughan appeared at Sam's cottage.

"This is the baby, I suppose, Shanno," he began, as soon as he entered, glancing at the foundling who was asleep on Shanno's lap. "The relieving officer shall come here to-morrow, and take the child to the union."

"Please, sir, I'd rather be carrying it myself," said the trembling Shanno. "I'm not liking Davvies, relieving officer. I am thinking, too, that the Board might allow me a trifle to nurse the babby with ours, sir, if you'd be saying a word for me."

"That would not do at all. A deserted child must be brought up as a pauper, if the mother is not found. If not we shall have more children left in ditches."

"Look you at him, sir. Such a beauty! I 'ould be takking him myself if Sam was willing."

"That would not be just, Shanno. If you could afford to do this, the parish would give you nothing for Mally."

"The parish is as hard as iron, sir," said Shanno; "I wish the union was dead and buried, I do."

"The union is what government made it," said Mr. Vaughan, severely, "and by it the child will be brought up decently and taught to work."

"Treu for you, sir. To pick stones, perhaps. But who's to be a mother to it, bless it's sweet heart? Look you at him, sir. Who could have the heart to send him to the workus?"

Mr. Vaughan glanced at the child held towards him by Shanno.

"A fine baby, I daresay, Shanno; but he must go to the union, nevertheless. We must be just—we must be just."

"I'm not knowing much about what's just, sir," said Shanno, "but I'm knowing that Roderick's cross to all the babbies, and Miss Jones do pinch the children's ears."

Mr. Vaughan's eyebrows moved, and Shanno understood that he was displeased.

"They are very upright officials, Shanno," he said.

"I'm not knowing what that is, sir," said the good woman, stoutly, "but I do know that all the poor people hate 'em."

"You will take the child to the workhouse to-morrow," said Mr. Vaughan, once more glancing at him.

"Ah! look at him, sir," said Shanno, resolutely holding the infant close to Mr. Vaughan's face; "he 'ould melt a heart of stones."

The child began to cry.

"Husht, *bachgen anwyl*," said Shanno.

"Good-morning — good-morning," said Mr. Vaughan, hastily. "We must be just—we must be just."

"He's as hard as the workus, he is," muttered Shanno, as he hurried away.

Soon after his departure his daughter Margaret appeared at the cottage.

She shook hands heartily with Shanno, then, seizing the baby, began to caress it eagerly.

"Well, Miss Marget," said Shanno, "I am glad to see you. We were thinking you 'ould never be coming home again. You have been away almost a year."

"Yes, Shanno; but here I am, you see."

"Was your father sending you away because of Gerwyn, Miss Marget, *fach*?"

"I suppose so, Shanno; but never mind that now. What are they going to do with this darling baby."

"They'll be sending him to the union. Isn't he a beauty? Can't you be saying a word for him, my dear?"

Shanno had been an old servant at Mr. Vaughan's, and had nursed Margaret. They were very fond of one another.

"Father will not listen to me, Shanno," said Margaret, who continued to hug and kiss the little foundling.

A word of Margaret Vaughan. She was about nineteen years old, with hair smooth, glossy, and black as water in the moonlight, and eyes so large and sparkling that it almost dazzled you to look into them. Her expression varied every moment. Now grave, now gay—now sad, now sarcastic. Nobody could describe her face. As she moved about that dark cottage, tossing the baby in a sort of wild delight, you would have thought her a school-girl, mad with animal spirits; but if you had looked under the long lashes of her wonderful eyes, you would have seen two large tears, hanging like pearls of dew on lily-bells.

It was Mr. Vaughan's pleasure that his daughters should dress with great simplicity. Margaret, therefore, wore a silver-grey silk gown, a white shawl, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon. Her mother, whom she greatly resembled, died in giving her birth, and she was named Margaret, after her. Her father had shortened this pleasant name into Mara, in token of the bitterness that she had brought with her.

"Now, Miss Marget, please to be sitting down," said Shanno. "You're frightening the babby."

Mara sat down on one of the low stools, and began to cry violently.

"What is the matter, Miss *fach*?" asked Shanno.

"This darling baby! I cannot let it go to the workhouse," sobbed Mara.

"'Tis a beauty, seure, miss; but I'm fearing it must go," said Shanno, beginning to cry for company.

"What shall I do—whatever shall I do?" cried Mara. "I shall break my heart—indeed, indeed, I shall!"

"Husht, miss, husht," said Shanno, surprised at this outburst. "Has master been cross again about Gerwyn?"

"No, no, Shanno. Have you had a letter—have you heard from Toom? Do they know anything of the ship? What does Captain Herbert say?"

"He do say there is no time lost yet, and that we mayn't hear for ever so long. You know, Miss Marget, you have had wan letter."

"Yes, yes, Shanno. I got the one you sent me when I was away. Such a dear, dear letter. Did your boy, Toom, write with it?"

"Yes, miss, as jovial a letter as could be. He did say that he and Master Gerwyn were as happy as kings, and bound for Africay."

"But we ought to have heard again by last mail, Shanno?"

"Dear, no, miss. They are saying that it do take two years sometimes to get a letter from those parts."

"Then I shall break my heart. And father wants me to marry someone else—you know who, Shanno. I am afraid it is all coming over again. I wish I were dead—I do! I do!"

"Perhaps it 'ould be better for you, Miss Marget, to try to please your father, and then you 'ould be happy yourself."

"How dare you, Shanno? You know that there is no one in the wide world like Gerwyn. Everybody knows it but father. So brave, so gentle, so loving! I can never be happy without him, and if he doesn't come back I shall die."

"He was very wild, Miss Marget. Perhaps it is all for the best."

"All for the best for him to be drowned or murdered, and for me to die of grief? You cruel woman, say that you do not mean it."

"Well, Miss *fach*, I don't mean that 'sactly. You know what I mean. Master Gerwyn was as nice a young gentleman as ever did live, and was always giving the children money and sweets, and all sorts. But he was as wild as a hare, and Mister Edwin's as steady as—a minister should be."

"Don't name him to me, Shanno. I—I—hate him. Don't cry, you darling baby, or I shall break my heart."

Here Mara began to rock the baby to and fro, and was silent for a few seconds. Then she suddenly said—

"Shanno, I can never live at home again with them. I shall run away."

"Nonsent, Miss Marget; they do love you dearly, only Master is a God-

fearing gentleman and a Wesleyan, and he don't approve of a wild sailor and a churchman for your husband. Don't be so fullish."

"*When must you* take this darling to the union, Shanno?"

"To-morrow morning, miss."

"Who will nurse him?"

"Maybe Gwenny, Big Jackey's daughter. She's in the house, and her child's dead."

"What does Miss Jones do?"

"She's going to be married when the guardians can be finding another school-mistress."

Mara started.

"Then I know what I will do," she said. "I will go and be school-mistress to the workhouse children."

"You are by the head, seure enough," said Shanno, looking with real alarm at Mara. But she was smiling on the baby through her tears.

"No, I am not, Shanno. It came into my mind like a flash of lightning. If you take this darling to the workhouse to-morrow, I will come and see him before you go. Then I will tell father what I mean to do."

"Likely he 'ould be letting you go there."

"He must—he shall. And perhaps they will let me nurse this darling sometimes."

As Mara said this she bent over the baby, now asleep on her lap, and gazed at him with an expression of such eager love that Shanno was startled. Her cheek nearly touched the child's sweet face, and his little hand grasped one of her fingers.

As Shanno looked at the pair, a strange terror crept over her, and she knelt down before Mara, and said kindly but sternly,

"Now, Miss Marget, this is fullish. You must give me the babby, and go home at wanst."

Shanno put her arms underneath the baby, and took him gently from Mara's lap. The little hand still held the young girl's finger, and Shanno was obliged to unclasp it.

"How dare you, Shanno?" said Mara, starting up.

"Now go you, Miss Marget," said Shanno, firmly, "Sam and the children will be home from chapel 'rectly."

She carried the baby to the cupboard-bed, opened the door, laid him gently down within, then pulled to the door again.

Mara dashed the tears from her eyes, and left the hut as impulsively as she had entered it, leaving Shanno in sore consternation.

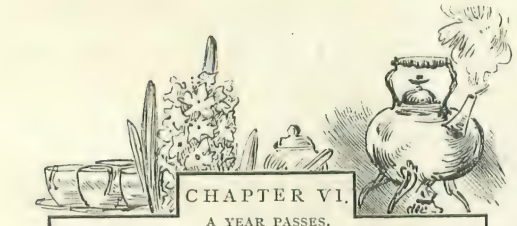
"Better 'a let 'em marry—as Sam and I did," she muttered; "Sam was takking to drink, when father said we hadn't nothing to begin the world with, and we must wait. But after all we did marry, wi' this round table, and two stool, and a couple o' plate, and a cup and saucer; and now we've all this! and are comforble enough, thank God, and don't want for nothing. Better 'a let 'em marry."

Shanno little imagined as she made these reflections that the young couple concerning whom she was meditating, had, as they say, taken French leave, and been married in spite of opposition. The wilful Margaret Vaughan, who has just been introduced to the reader, had been secretly wedded to the thoughtless, careless Gerwyn Herbert for more than twelve months. The infant now slumbering in Shanno's cupboard-bedstead was the fruit of the union. The secret had been so well kept that neither relative nor friend suspected it, and as the luckless hero of this stolen match had been lost to his friends ever since it took place, Mara had been well punished for her disobedience. Its origin and consequences will be told in the following pages, therefore the announcement of the bare fact will suffice at this critical period of the history of the rebellious daughter of Vaughan of Tyrmynydd, as her father was always called.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.



CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR PASSES.

"They came, they went; of pleasures passed away
How often this is all that we can say!
Came, like the cistus, with its purple eye;
Went, like the cistus, blooming but to die.
Unheeded in their flight they glided past,
We sighed not, for we knew not 'twas the last."



"I DO WISH Constance would make haste; the coffee and cakes will be quite cold!" The speaker was Nurse Rose; she was standing in a small but lofty room outside the men's surgical ward, which constituted Sister Adelaide's bed and sitting-room. You would hardly have taken it for a bed-room had you glanced around it; indeed, you could not possibly have recognised a bed in what, to all appearance, looked like an ordinary couch. There were a couple of hand-painted screens in the room, a small writing-table, and two or three comfortable-looking chairs. A square table stood at one side, and on it was spread a real north-country tea. In the centre stood a pot of single white hyacinths, which gave out a delicious fragrance. The room was well lighted, and a bright fire burnt in the grate, completing the look of thorough comfort.

Rose, who had just finished her arrangements of the table and was contemplating her work with a certain amount of satisfaction, turned towards Sister Adelaide, who was seated in an easy chair by the fire, apparently deep in thought, and repeated her anxiety about the coffee and cakes.

"You are a trifle early, I think," she answered; "but they will be in directly. Constance is never late, and I saw Dorothy and Burdett upstairs a few minutes ago. The tower-clock has not yet struck five." As she spoke the door opened, and the three entered together with exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" said Rose. "I was dreadfully afraid the cakes would spoil."

"I had no idea," replied Constance, "of the treat in store when you told me to run over here before getting my tea."

"It was intended to be a surprise," said Sister Adelaide, "and Nurse Rose has made all the preparations; but let us sit down at once. We have nearly an hour, and can have a real good gossip! Quite an old maid's party, is it not?"

"Oh, none the worse for that," said Constance; "but how good of you to have taken all the trouble you have! Just tell me," she added, "is poor Haley alive still?"

"Yes, and decidedly better," said sister.

"And little Tommy?"

"Yes, he is going on fairly well; but you must ask no more questions. We will quite forget our wards for the time being."

"Very good; I promise not to mention them again, but I shall enjoy my tea all the more now."

Burdett, like Dorothy, was now a staff-nurse, and lived over in the hospital. The former was with Sister Hamilton in the men's accident ward, the latter with Sister King George. Rose had been doing "day special" for the last few weeks in Adelaide, and Constance was just finishing her three months' night-work in the same ward. They had had a very happy time there until a week before, when MacMahon had been sent as staff-nurse, and she proved a decided thorn in the flesh to Nurse Rose. Sister Adelaide never spoke of MacMahon to either of her nurses, but they fancied from little things they saw that she did not trust her very much; at any rate she was seldom out of her ward, personally superintending a great deal. She was short and stout, with a clear complexion and soft brown eyes, and her once jet-black hair was now sprinkled over with silver threads. Her face would hardly be remarked on as either good-looking or plain; but it was a kind, motherly face which carried confidence and comfort to those she tended. She was a thorough-going religious woman, true as steel, and in every sense of the word well fitted to occupy the position she held. It was not the first time these three had spent an hour with her in her cosy room; only once before they all had tea together, but many a pleasant chat they had had with her, and a great privilege they felt it to be. To-night she was

thoughtful and preoccupied, though only Constance and Dorothy noticed it, and each wondered whether anything was troubling her. Possibly, had they asked her, she would smilingly have said "No;" and yet she had a feeling as of something which she could not throw off. Call it what you will—a dim foreboding of evil, second sight, or electrical affinity—there it was, and she could not get rid of it. Rose laughed and chatted, and seemed to have more than her usual spirits. Possibly, the fact that the examination was over and she had come out top may have been the cause of her lightheartedness; certain it was that she and Constance had both done very well, and had received much praise from Surgeon Harrison, Dr. Fen, and Mrs. Faithful, who had examined them. They had, indeed, worked hard, studying many an evening after supper (as long as they were allowed lights, and when they would otherwise thankfully have gone to bed), and it was a great relief when it was over.

"What a lovely hyacinth!" said Burdett.

"Yes," replied sister. "Dorothy and Constance brought it to my room on Christmas Eve."

"We had such pleasure," said Dorothy, "in watching it grow. I had several bulbs sent me in the autumn, which I potted, hoping to have them out about Christmas; but Constance and I wanted this to be ready for you, and we got quite nervous as the time drew near."

"Yes," put in Constance, "and a few days before Christmas Day it grew rapidly, leaf after leaf unfolding, and the white-tipped flower in the centre getting larger and taller, and it burst into full bloom just the very day we wanted it to."

"I prize it doubly for all the care it has had expended on it," said sister. "I suppose, Constance, you have never seen Covent Garden? You must really go there some day," she went on, as Constance shook her head; "about Easter-time, quite early in the morning, it is a sight well worth seeing. Numberless vehicles of all sorts drive in the early dawn up the almost deserted streets, and soon men, women, and children are at work, and the empty sheds and courts are suddenly transformed into a huge market of flowers and fruits."

"When I think of flowers," put in Burdett, "it brings to my mind the basketsful of rubbish which are sent in the summer-time for the sick, thank-offerings from churches given to our hospitals. It sounds very excellent, but it is a little hard on the flowers to expect them to do double duty, and hard, too, on poor nurse, who has all the sorting, and arranging, and caring for them added to her other duties. I think it is a great mistake sending flowers to hospitals."

"Oh, no, no!" put in the others simultaneously. "We don't agree with that, and, indeed, are quite sure you do not think so yourself. Why, think," went on Dorothy, "how dearly many of the patients love to look at them, and say such and such a flower reminds them of their mother's garden, or the little country home where they grew up; and surely anything which brings back happy childish days, and memories of homes, however humble, must have a good and soothing influence."

"Yes," added sister; "we certainly cannot spare our flowers, though I own, with Nurse Burdett, that the numbers of withered ones that are sent are rather a trial; and if those who so kindly take the trouble to send flowers knew more about hospital work than they do, they would certainly stop to consider whether a few really fresh flowers would not be much more acceptable in a sick ward than basketsful of half-dead or withered ones!"

Just at that moment came a knock at the door, and Mr. Seaton entered with an apology to sister for troubling her; then, on glancing round, exclaimed, "Well, I say, you have got a select party! If only I had time I'd ask leave to join it; I'm sure you would allow me, sister? Come!" he added, looking at his watch, "I have just ten minutes to spare. I'm not on duty to-night, Ashton is on;" and he drew up a chair to the table, as he interpreted by a look from Sister Adelaide that she did not mean to say him nay. Rose fetched a cup from sister's cupboard. "I really came," he went on, "just to get the particulars for my uncle about that lad who is going out. He thinks he knows of something to suit him, if the people are willing to give him a trial."

"Oh, I am very glad," said sister, and Rose joined in. "How very good of Dr. Bell." Mr. Seaton seemed quite at home, and thoroughly enjoyed his tea; he could hardly have dropped in upon four nurses he would have been more pleased to meet, and they also were pleased; his bright sunshiny manner had such a charm, and even Sister Adelaide seemed roused and brightened. He was liked more or less by all the nursing staff of the hospital, for he was courteous to all, but there were not many he cared to make friends with as he did with these.

Rose laughed and chatted, whilst Constance grew quieter, and of the four seemed least at ease. Sister entered heartily into the lad Turner's case, and told Mr. Seaton all she knew of the boy and his family, and hoped Dr. Bell might be successful. When he rose to go, his ten minutes had lengthened into twice that time, and it was nearly the hour for the sister and nurses to be at work again. No one cared to resume conversation, and Constance remarked that she thought they ought to be going, as she had to run to the home and get her books in time for matron's class. With many thanks to Sister Adelaide and Rose for all their trouble, Dorothy, Burdett, and Constance left the cheerful room, feeling rested and refreshed, and sallied forth, through long cold corridors to their respective work. Nurse MacMahon, meanwhile, had not been idle; she had kept a sharp look-out on Sister Adelaide's room, and imagined Mr. Seaton's visit to have been pre-arranged, as she had seen him conversing with Rose in the morning. Just as the door opened for him to leave she found it necessary for her to give a look at a patient in a special ward, opposite to sister's room, and on coming face to face with Mr. Seaton, started as though extremely surprised at meeting him there, and then smiled meaningly.

"That woman is a fiend," mentally remarked Mr. Seaton to himself as he went his way; "she'll make mischief yet before she's done. It would be a good thing for the hospital if she and some of her colleagues could be got rid of. She is no nurse, and fancy," he added, "such women as those I have just seen having to associate with her; it is horrible to think of," and he struck his stick against a lamp-post with more force, thought a passer-by, than the occasion seemed to warrant. "What's the use of a matron," he went on musing; "it would be far better to have a doctor as head of every nursing home, a woman is so easily hoodwinked. If only I had her place!"

When Sister Adelaide had finished her work that night, she returned to her room and once more seated herself in the arm-chair in front of the fire. "Constance is a good girl," she said to herself, "and will make a capital nurse. I wonder whether she will marry, perhaps it will be best for her if she does. A nurse is apt to be rather lonely as she gets old; she is so little with her own people that their lives necessarily drift apart, and in some cases they have not much left in common.

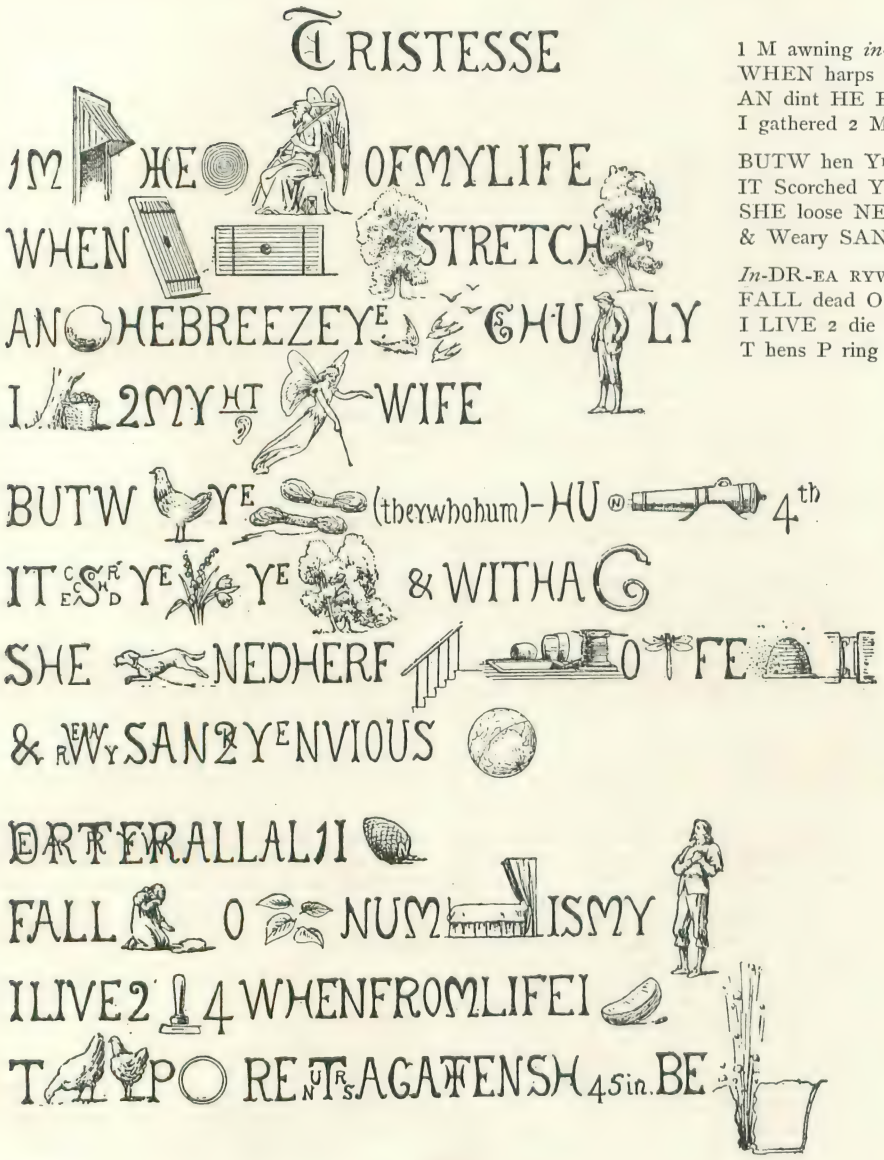
"I should not like to think of Constance as old and lonely; but no, I do not think it would be possible, she is so very lovable. I thought to-night when Mr. Seaton came in he seemed specially pleased to see her, though I do not think they even spoke. Poor little Rose, she carries her heart on her sleeve, as the saying is. I often wonder what her life will be.

"I do wish we had a matron who knew us all better, and took more personal interest in her workers; surely she is as it were head-steward, and in a large measure responsible for them. What are they but girls from two to four and twenty when they arrive fresh from their homes. It often seems to me that the ideal nurse is missed, because the training of the woman is neglected; she must be a womanly woman first to be a true nurse afterwards. A sister busy in her ward can do so little, and those under her are so constantly changing, she can at the most strive to help them the short time she has them with her."



(To be continued.)

OUR PUZZLE POEM: TRISTESSE.—EXAMINERS' REPORT.



TRISTESSE.

1 M awning *in*-T-H E spring Time OF MY LIFE
WHEN harps æolian STRETCH-*from*-tree-*to*-tree
AN dint HE BREEZE Ye birds s-*in*-G HU man LY
I gathered 2 MY H ear T a fairy WIFE

BUTW hen Ye crewels hummers U N-shot 4th
IT Scorched Ye flowers Ye trees & WITHA G-asp
SHE loose NED HER F rail hold O fly FE swarm clasp
& Weary SAN K-*in*-2 Ye NVIOUS earth

In-DR-EA RYW-*in*-TER ALL AL one I pine
FALL dead O leaves NUM bed IS MY *aching-heart*
I LIVE 2 die for WHEN FROM LIFE I part
T hens P ring RETURNS AGA *in*-T-H EN SH ell BE mine

TRISTESSE.

One morning, in the springtime of my life,
When harps Æolian stretch from tree to tree,
And in the breeze the birds sing humanly,
I gathered to my heart a fairy wife.

But when the cruel summer sun shot forth,
It scorched the flowers, the trees—and with a gasp
She loosened her frail hold of Life's warm clasp,
And weary sank into the envious earth.

In dreary winter, all alone I pine,
Fall dead, O leaves! numbed is my aching heart;
I live to die; for when from life I part,
Then spring returns again—then she'll be mine!

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Elizabeth W. Wood, 1, Malvern Villas, Chesham, Bury, Lancashire.
2. M. Phillips, 42, Downshire Hill, Hampstead.
3. Ellen Rothery Smith, 11*a*, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.
4. Bertha A. Willey, Bonchurch, Molyneux Park, Tunbridge Wells.
   Hilda Murray, Sunnyside, Banbury Road, Oxford.
5. George Murray, Dyce, Aberdeen, N.B.
   Margaret A. Todd, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland.

Highly Commended.

Margaret Crosland Battye.
Walter Bryant.
Geo. H. W. Calcott.
Kathleen Vaughan Coulson.
Reynold A. Cuthbert.
Margaret B. Dobson.
Florence Hayward.
G. M. Hollis.
G. N. Johnson.
James M. Macalister (Edinburgh).
Winnie McAllister (Plumstead).
Marion Pearne.
Alice May Potter.
Edward A. Virgo.
Robina Whyte.
Rev. F. Wilson.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Archer.
Annie A. Arnott.
T. Brown (Ventnor).
John Read Burton.
Miss C. M. Campbell.
Leonard H. Clark.
Ellen Clarkson.
A. E. Cotterill.
Miss E. Cresswell.
Constance A. Curtis.
Julia Cutchey.
Annie B. Day.
W. A. Dobbyn.
Margaret M. Fitzgerald.
Florence Frost.
Edward Gardiner.
Grace Muriel Gerring.
"Joan."
Florence Hillyer.
Margaret Jaques.
Lilian Jones-Henry
"Logomachy."
Ethel C. McMaster.
Annie Manderson.
Kathleen Marsh.
Héline Mearns.
Mabel Mearns.
C. M. Moulton.
Nannie Musgrave.
A. Phillips.
Margaret Protheroe.
Miss Catherine Pullein.
Mrs. Robertson.
Mary Scobie.
Miss M. M. Skrine.
C. Ellen Smith.
G. W. Staunton.
"Tempest."
Emily A. Tipton.
Florence Vaughan.
Mrs. Elsie Watson.
Frances H. Webb-Gillman.
Helen B. Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Some weeks ago the hieroglyphic author of this puzzle was much gratified by overhearing the conversation of two elderly gentlemen of benevolent aspect relating to his work. One of them seemed much afflicted by the discovery of what he was pleased to term "two spring mattresses" in the second line, not being able to work them in harmoniously with the rest of the poem. The other, not having seen the sketch, was not in a position to offer a satisfactory opinion; but, while holding his judgment in abeyance, he was unflattering enough to throw considerable *doubt* upon his friend's discernment, and attributed the "discovery" to some failure of his intelligence.

Whatever the final result of the conference may have been, we are able to affirm that no "spring mattress" solution has reached us, though "spring beds" has been adopted by at least one competitor. Considered from one point of view the competition has proved a great success, nearly five hundred attempts at solution having been sent in, but strangely enough not one is quite correct, and the number of really good ones is much smaller than usual.

Of the 2nd line quite two hundred different readings have been submitted, the block of stumbling being the Æolian harps. We should like to give a complete list of the various interpretations of these instruments, but space forbids, and we must content ourselves with a choice selection:—

"Araneolas," "filmy webs," "chords of music" (several), "hammocks," "harmony can," "primrose patches," "silken webs," "slanting panels," "shadows," "sounds melodious," "tendrils," "tuneful murmurs."

One whole line in particular shows a daring disregard for the original, and soars gloriously away from every inconvenient restriction as follows :—

"When pear-trees' branches spread their bloom on high."

We suppose it would hardly have occurred to our hieroglyphist to attempt to depict anything so intangible as a "sound melodious," or a "tuneful murmur"; and as for an "araneola," we doubt if he ever heard of such a thing—if it is a thing. He clearly has much to learn, and we shall not hesitate to instruct him—with what result succeeding puzzles must show.

Why did so many solvers substitute "angel" for "fairy"? Surely the wand, that universal sign of fairy power, was sufficiently in evidence, and ought to have prevented such a mistake.

The crewels in line 5 were identified by a large number, but they were also responsible for some very curious readings. One competitor abandons herself to her despair and exclaims—

"But when the (horrid missing word!) shot forth."

a reading more rhythmical than elegant.

The 10th line, somewhat to our surprise, appears to have been the most puzzling, and less than ten competitors give the author's solution. A very favourite rendering is—

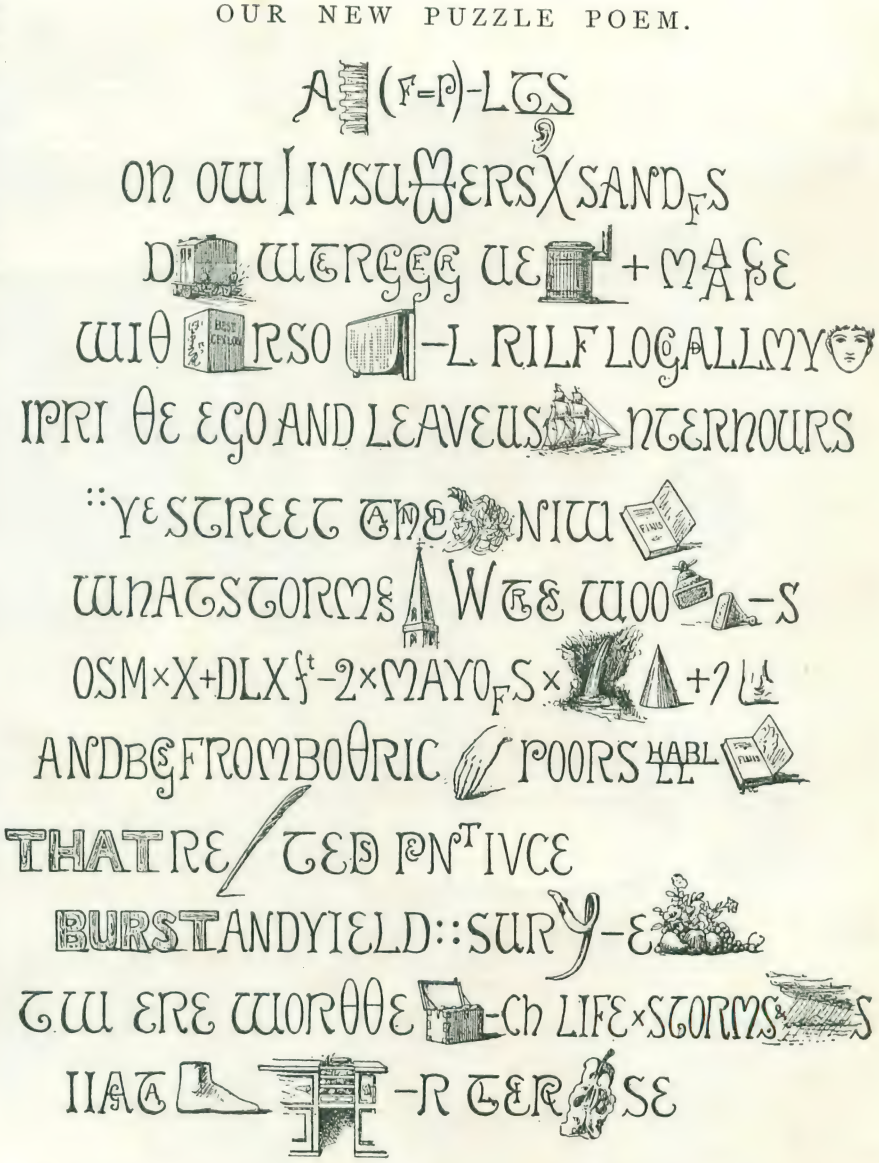
"Fall dead, O leaves, for numbèd is my heart,"

and as the leaves are unhappily four in number, we have accepted it as almost equal to the original. Still, we think the convulsive attitude of the man possessing the heart ought to have suggested some abnormal condition of that impressionable organ.

But whatever care is taken by the compiler of these puzzles, it is naturally impossible to altogether guard against alternative readings; and due credit will always be given for those which are legitimately obtained.

It shall not be said that the solution is after all a matter of mere guess-work.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention to be paid to punctuation and general neatness.
4. Analyses of solutions are not required, but may be given to justify doubtful readings.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be April 26th, 1894; from abroad, June 9th, 1894.
6. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IVY.—You should mention the case to the police inspector and ask his assistance or advice. Otherwise you might employ an agent at a Private Enquiry Office, giving all information in your power—dates and descriptions, and also any friends' addresses and names of family connexions.

F. G. G.—We are not acquainted with the private family circumstances of any "Clown." It is not to a Society like ours you should apply for information.

IVY-LEAF.—We continually tell our correspondents that they should not correspond with any man to whom they are not severally engaged.

LONDONER.—Bran enclosed in small bags to soften bath-water, and oatmeal in a bowl of water on the washing-stand for washing the hands and face, are very reliable things to soften hard water.

HOLMDALE.—There is nothing better to remove grease from a carpet than the benzine which you can purchase at any oil-shop.

QUESTIONER.—1. The hair should be arranged as loosely as possible for the night.—2. We suppose you do not include learning your lessons in the four and a half hours devoted to lessons; if so, it would not be enough.

MARGUERITE.—You ought to have taken off your right glove when you went up to receive your prize. There is no law to govern such cases, only good taste and feeling.

ELINÉ.—1. Use a wash of rosemary for your hair. Perhaps you wash it too often, or are not taking sufficient care of it.—2. Your handwriting seems very good.

NELL.—You had better send your hat to a cleaner, and have it blocked and properly cleaned.

PRINCESS CHARMING.—We think it seems a case for your father and mother to give advice, being too young to carry much authority yourself.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."—It would be highly improper for you to call on any man—even where he your own *fiancé*—not to say a cousin's intended husband. If his sisters, who live with him, called on you, common politeness would require you to return their visit, whether you liked them or not. It would not necessitate your keeping-up the intercourse, or doing more than bowing, *en passant*, when chancing to meet.

L. E. J.—Should any man venture to invite you to go anywhere with him, say, "I am obliged to you, but I go nowhere without my mother's knowledge and sanction. In the higher circles of society it would be a gross liberty for any man to presume to give any girl such an invitation.

ALICE.—1. Your verses are quite below par.—2. A king may "reign" over a country, he cannot "reign the world."—3. Your handwriting is not yet formed. Accept our thanks for your praise of our paper.

P. C. W.—The verses are rhymed prose—not poetry.

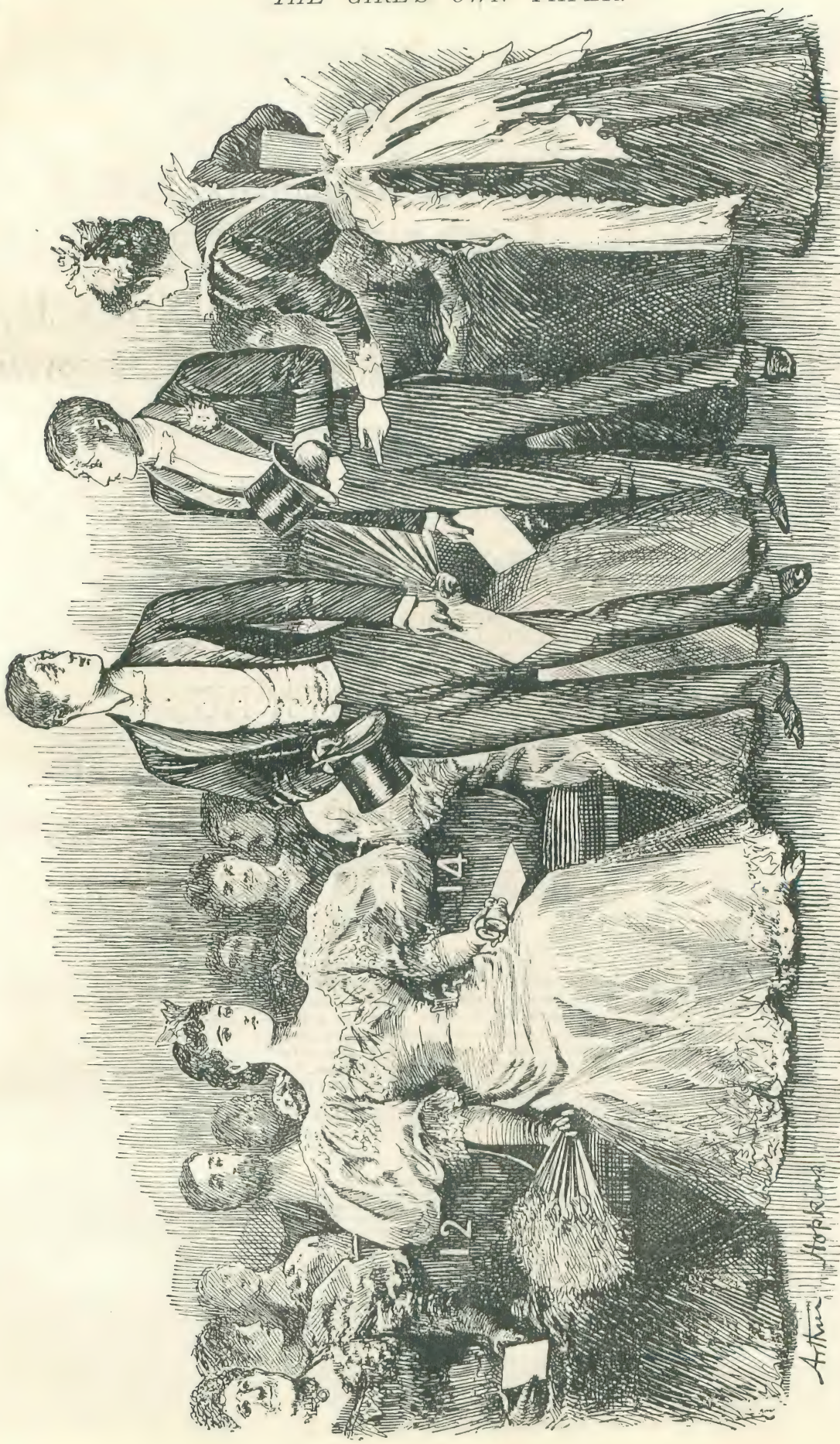
VISION OF WHITE need not be afraid, she will become thinner as she grows older. So long as she is well, that is the great point. It is best not to eat between meals, and not to take a second helping at table. Thus we may ensure that we do not over-eat ourselves.—2. The 25th January, 1876, was a Tuesday.

NOTA BENE.—Pronounce "Mont-a-gue and Fort-escue." Both are words of three syllables. There is no choice in the matter; they are pronounced as written.

FRÀ.—Would it not be better to try to find some private family to take the old lady? It seems a pity not to keep her with you, as she is so advanced in years.

SENSITIVE should use oatmeal water instead of soap, and never use anything but distilled or rain water, the former to be got of any chemist.

YAM had better read the articles given by "Medicus" respecting the care of the hair. We have nothing to add to them.



A PROBLEM.

Attendant: "Nos. 12 and 14. Take your seats, gentlemen, please." (Now, how can they?)



VOL. XV.—No. 745.] APRIL 7, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



PARTING SONG.

BY E. NESBIT.

"GOOD-BYE, sweetheart, how hard to part!
To let you go away,
To think of you the long night through,
And through the tiresome day,
When we might go where bluebells blow
And pluck the scented may—
How hard to part, my own sweetheart,
How hard to go away!

"What joy to meet, my love, my sweet,
When I come back again,
When love and time at last shall rhyme
And sing the dirge of pain.
Then hand in hand through the quiet land
We two will go full fain,
And life grow sweet when we two meet,
And your true love comes again."

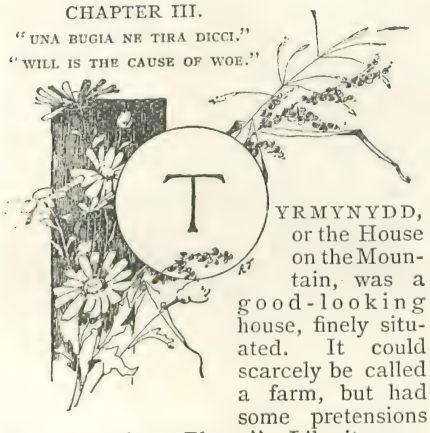
All rights reserved.]

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"UNA BUGIA NE TIRA DICCI."
"WILL IS THE CAUSE OF WOE."



TYRMYNYDD, or the House on the Mountain, was a good-looking house, finely situated. It could scarcely be called a farm, but had some pretensions to be named a "Place." Like its master, it was essentially stiff and respectable. It was white, even to the roof, as the whitest lime could make it, and showed well amongst the dark firs that partially surrounded it. A plain stone porch, and five symmetrical windows adorned its front, before which was a round plot of grass encompassed by a gravel drive. There were few symptoms of taste, either without or within. Mr. Vaughan disapproved of the ornamental. There was a walled garden at one side, and farm buildings behind, but in spite of the general well-to-do air of the place, it looked bleak and cold. It was situated at some distance from the mountain-road already described, and lay in a sort of hollow, with part of the hill behind, and the great expanse of downs, mountains, and distant sea in front—a glorious but barren prospect.

Within doors the rooms were furnished plainly but well. Dining-room with the necessary amount of mahogany; and parlour—Mr. Vaughan objected to the word drawing-room—with the usual complement of rosewood. Everything was shining, clean and cold. All that Mara could do, when at seventeen she returned from school, could not make the rooms either bright or cozy, her furtive attempts in this direction being generally rendered abortive by her father's conscientious scruples.

The morning after Mara's return home she and her father were alone in the dining-room, each having sought a private interview.

Mr. Vaughan was a man of few words, and generally made up his mind as to what he wished to say before he said it. He rather prided himself on this, and was fond of such phrases as, "According to my opinion," "Upon due consideration," "Conscientiously speaking," which always meant that he knew he was quite right, and was not likely to change. He had always a text of Scripture ready in support of his opinions, and if his opponent ventured upon a counter-text in rejoinder, he would bring forward so many on his own side that his antagonist was generally silenced. Like most of the people in that corner of the world, he had been originally a sailor. He had traded honestly and successfully with the vessels built by his father at Arymor—had increased in wealth and importance—and had finally bought the property on which he lived, built his house, and settled down as a gentleman-farmer, not without some pretension to rank as squire. He had been greatly disappointed that no son had been given to him to succeed to his estate, and it was shrewdly suspected that the great interest which he took in the young minister, Edwin Morris, proceeded from a desire to leave his property to a godly son-in-law of his own persuasion.

This subject was uppermost in his mind when he began his attack upon his daughter on the morning in question.

"My dear Mara," he said, in his usual measured tones, "I hope you are come home to be a useful member of society and a God-fearing young woman."

"I hope so, father," said Mara.

"And to look more favourably than you did on Edwin?"

"I always liked Edwin, father."

"You have been nearly a twelvemonth absent from us. During this time Gerwyn Herbert has left the country, and I trust your absence which I intended as a cure has been an effectual one."

Mara coloured, but made no answer.

"I will take this for granted, and that you have come home to do your duty. I still wish you to marry Edwin."

Mara suppressed her rising irritation and said—

"Mariana is better suited to Edwin than I am, father, and would make a better minister's wife. I wish he would think of her instead of me."

Mr. Vaughan looked keenly at Mara. He knew that what she said as to her sister's fitness was true, and in his own heart he wished that Edwin's choice had fallen on his favourite daughter, Mariana; but he knew that the young man's soul was bound up in Mara.

"Edwin asks for you and not for Mariana," he said.

"Edwin and Mariana would be happy. I should not make Edwin happy."

"Why not? A humble and obedient wife makes any man happy. Such was your mother."

"But she died, and so should I."

Again Mr. Vaughan glanced at Mara. What did she mean? He did not suspect any intention to pain him, but she looked so stern and pale that he wondered.

"We must all die, Mara, some young, some old."

"Yes, father, but I want to live; and I cannot marry Edwin."

"I choose you to marry him. He will be a covert from the storm for such a nature as yours."

"Perhaps he no longer wishes to marry me."

"Such a young man is not given to change."

"But perhaps, father, his conscience may tell him that I am not fit for him."

Mara emphasised the word "conscience," and Mr. Vaughan paused, as she expected.

"I will speak to him on the subject," he said, after a short silence.

"Father, I have a favour to ask," said Mara, abruptly.

"Say on," said Mr. Vaughan, sternly.

"I am useless here, you have often said so. I cannot make good butter and cheese, or keep the house, like Mariana, but I wish to be of use in the world. May I be schoolmistress at the workhouse in the place of Miss Jones?"

"The workhouse! You!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, astonished into momentary animation. "Who has put this into your head?"

"God and my conscience," said Mara, with a firm voice, again slightly accenting the word conscience.

She looked steadfastly at her father, but anyone who had been near might have heard her heart beat.

Her words checked Mr. Vaughan's intended remonstrance, and he added sternly, "What do you mean?"

"You have always told me that I must take conscience as my guide, and now I wish to do so. May I at least try, until a suitable mistress is found?"

"The workhouse! So low a place!" said Mr. Vaughan, off his guard.

"You tell me, father, that my pride wants humbling. Where can it be better humbled than there? I should teach the outcast and the orphan."

Mr. Vaughan felt just then that his pride was at war with his conscience, and he was puzzled.

"Mara," he said, "I must think this over, and wrestle with it in prayer," and he abruptly left the room.

"I shall succeed if Edwin does not come in the way," said Mara to herself. "I must prevent that."

She hurried out in search of Edwin Morris, who had slept at Tyrmynydd the previous night, and who was at that moment pacing up and down the sheltered walk behind the house.

Edwin was an orphan, who had been partly brought up by Mr. Vaughan; he had a small property, which had sufficed to educate him, and was a zealous minister and eloquent preacher.

Mara found this young man in a state of great excitement. He was trying to compose a sermon for the following afternoon, when he was to preach at a monster gathering of Nonconformists on a neighbouring hill. But while he was trying to bring his mind to his work, and even reciting his sermon to the cawing rooks over-head, his thoughts kept wandering to Mara's changed appearance, and tormenting him with the fear that Gerwyn absent was as powerful as Gerwyn present.

When Mara appeared, he advanced

to meet her, and asked if she were going for a walk, and if he might walk with her?

Mara answered in the affirmative, and led the way up the hill.

They were silent a few minutes, when Edwin said, "I am afraid you have been ill, Margaret. You do not look as well as when I saw you last."

"I have not been well. How should I be well? All unite to annoy me."

"I am sure I, for one, would do anything to please you, if you would let me."

"You have a strange way of pleasing me, Edwin. As soon as I return, my father begins to talk to me about you; at your desire, of course."

"I have not named you to your father, Mara; but am I so disagreeable to you that you cannot bear to hear me mentioned? Why do you hate me so?"

"I do not hate you; why should I? You are simply indifferent to me; but my father does his best to make me dislike you."

Mara stood still on the hill-side, and suddenly fixed her eyes on Edwin's face. There was a wildness in them that he had never seen before. The mountain-breeze blew her dark hair about her face, and blew off the straw hat she had on.

"Edwin, do you really care for me?" she said.

"Do I love you, Mara? Bid me prove it."

"I will. If you love me, you will think more of me than of yourself. You will tell my father that you have not made up your mind—that you love someone else—that you do not wish to marry me—that——"

"Not even for your sake would I tell a lie, Margaret. My mind is made up. I love no one but you, and do wish to marry you."

"Edwin, for your own sake as well as mine, you must make some excuse to my father; he wants me to marry you, but I cannot. I ought to be grateful for your love, but I can think of no one but myself. I am going to teach the workhouse children, if father will let me. Tell him you think it will be best for me; he will listen to you. If you only knew how utterly wretched I am, you would move heaven and earth to help me—I know you would."

"Those are strong words, Margaret. You love another hopelessly, and you want to escape from me. I see how it is. I will not stand in your way; I will go."

"Edwin, you must not be hasty with me. Can I help it if I love Gerwyn best, and if I cannot give him up? Oh, if you knew all, you would pity me, help me, pray for me!"

Mara clasped her hands, looked imploringly at Edwin, and burst into tears.

"Try to be calm, dear Margaret, and I will say anything that I can say with truth; but I dare not promise to give you up for ever."

"Leave the future alone; I only care for the present. Let me do something at the workhouse until we hear of Gerwyn. Let me go away from this place. Help me, and I shall never forget your kindness; you alone can, for you have influence with father. If he thinks I am fretting for Gerwyn, he will discard me; he said he would rather follow me to my grave. If you will not befriend me, no one can, and I shall die."

Margaret sat down upon the turf and sobbed. Edwin seated himself by her side, covered his face with his hand, and prayed.

This young man had a strong faith and asked for direction in all emergencies. This was the result of his momentary abstraction. He spoke gravely and almost severely.

"Margaret, I will do what you wish. Your desire to be of use may have been inspired from above, but you must listen while I warn and counsel you. I will not speak selfishly. Gerwyn Herbert does not deserve your love, and you should stifle your love for him as you would a fire that had taken hold of you. You know that he has been wild and reckless all his life. I know that he has trifled with other girls beside you, and I do not believe that he will ever make you his wife; he is not a man of honour."

Mara rose from her seat and stood before Edwin. Her dark eyes full of tears, her dress and hair ruffled by the mountain breeze, her hands moving with the emotion of her heart, she looked the wild unhappy creature that she felt. But she spoke proudly and collectedly. The town of Arymor was visible from the spot where she stood, and a little to the right of it a house of some pretension. She pointed to it now with one hand, now with the other.

"Edwin Morris, you tell a lie!" she said. "No one who has ever lived in that house, brought up by those loving parents, and growing up happy as all their children grew up, ever did a dishonourable thing. Gerwyn may be wild, thoughtless, idle, without vital religion, but neither wicked nor dishonourable. I know how tender, how considerate, how devoted he is. Oh, if he were here now! Dishonourable! I say, sir, that I have seen worse things done by your so-called religious people than I ever saw within the walls of that house, where parents and children never spoke an unkind word to one another in their lives. You can go; I ask you no more favours."

Mara turned away and ran quickly down the hill, leaving Edwin distressed and confused. He followed her slowly, and at the bottom of the hill met Mr. Vaughan who asked him of Mara, who had avoided her father by taking a path at the back of the house.

"She is gone in, sir," said Edwin.

"Have you spoken to her?" said Mr. Vaughan.

"I have."

"Does she give you any encouragement?"

"She seems to wish to undertake some useful work," said Edwin evasively.

"Ah, she has told you of this union scheme. In my opinion—my carnal opinion, I mean—it is wild and foolish; but perhaps I have no right to oppose what may be for the taming of her proud spirit."

"I think it is a passing fancy, sir, and will hardly stand the test of a few weeks' trial."

"Would you advise me to let her make the trial—and would you wait?"

Edwin coloured. He did not answer immediately, and when he did it was with hesitation.

"I think you have no right to oppose her wishes if, as it seems, they spring from a righteous source. For myself, I scarcely know what I should wait for; but at all events, I am going away for a time."

"Edwin, you have changed your mind as regards Mara. Perhaps you are growing wiser, and find her wild and trifling."

"I have not changed, sir, but I think I should like to travel before settling for life; and it might be better for Margaret to have other thoughts than those of love and marriage. These subjects have been thrust upon her of late, to the exclusion of holier ones. If she has set her heart upon teaching the workhouse children, it might be well to indulge her."

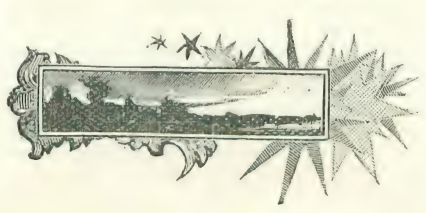
Mr. Vaughan's eyebrows contracted slightly. "I will try to do what is right," he said, "but human pride is against such a descent. According to my conscience I dare not oppose a wish of this kind, as I did her passion for that worldly youth. He was gall in my cup, and would have been wormwood in hers."

"Margaret has a generous and affectionate nature," said Edwin, "and if not too much thwarted she will come right at last. But I should have fancied that her pride would have refused what her imagination has proposed in this strange scheme. Still, let her try, sir."

"I will not hinder her spiritual good," said Mr. Vaughan, and walked hurriedly towards the house.

Edwin did not follow, but remained a long time under the trees, sadly ruminating on what Mara had said, and what he had to do.

(*To be continued.*)



FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

PART II.



IT is my design in this paper to take a slight review of the influence of Christianity on painting and sculpture, and to introduce you to certain little known princesses of intrepid character who positively upheld the artist in the tyrannous Dark Ages. It will be seen how these royal women helped in consummating the slow transformation of an art profoundly ideal, and glowing with a splendid poetry associated with a Pagan mythology, into an art whose highest function was to inspire worship, and whose delicate and restful charm we owe to Christ's gentle teaching. It will be seen, moreover, that all great art, like all great literature, is an enduring product and expression of national life at its acme, that is, in its prime. This is why masterpieces of original art are to be regarded as the fruit of the noblest epochs in the world's history. Vigorous and active talents and true taste, ripened and refined by the proper cultivation, are not alone sufficient to produce any species of genuinely great art. There must be a spirit at once religious and heroic in the decades that herald it, in the country that witnesses its birth and nurses it to maturity. The amazing art of Greece, like our Elizabethan literature, illustrates the truth of this. It was precisely at the time at which Greece rose to the zenith that her arts reached their highest mark of attainment, and was it not precisely at the time at which the Greeks lost their liberty, and with it their self-reliance, that their unsurpassed power of artistic expression began rapidly to depart from them. There was, it is true, a revival of the Hellenic arts at Rome by Grecian sculptors mainly, about a century before the birth of Christ. But it is to be remembered that this renaissance was noticeable and serviceable only because it sought to reflect the nameless glory of the old masters, those kind giants of the age of Pericles and the age of Alexander. In fact, it marks an epoch of cultivated taste, whereas the work which it strove to imitate, the work of Phidias and Polycletus, Myron, Scopas and Praxiteles, reminds us of times that were militant and patriotic, enlightened and honestly religious.

This brings us to yet another important truth, which I hope you will read between the lines of this essay—I mean, all real masterpieces have a creative influence on talent. In sick seasons, in loose, vainglorious days like the present, they are apt to give origin to works like themselves, only disfigured as a rule by a "cheeky" and braggart kind of affected originality. And how do they accomplish themselves in periods of lusty patriotism, gladdening prosperity, and unalloyed faiths, when the returning flood-tide of national life rolls grandly on to its high-water mark? Then they call up and stimulate all the imagination, give up their secrets to the noblest talents, and become the body so to speak of a beautiful new art whose living soul is the spirit of the new heroic age. Thus then, the later great schools of art reveal to us the essential beauty and worth of the early great schools, and this will not surprise you when you consider that all genuine greatness is a lofty manifestation of truth and that truth is immortal. It is indeed as natural for men of genius to turn with a hungry love to such greatness as it is for bees to dive into flowers in search of honey. It is natural, too, that tasteless nondescripts should babble "of planning glorious new schools of painting without wasting time by studying the over-rated Old Masters." A man's mind is pictured in the things which it is able to appreciate.

We are told that the renaissance of Art in Italy began in the thirteenth century, in the times of Cimabue and Giotto. As well might we believe that children are born on the twenty-first anniversary of their birth when they come rejoicingly to the age of indiscretion. Carlyle remarks, "The acorn contains the oak with its future and fruit." Even so, in my private opinion (let me whisper in your friendly and discreet ear), the very rudest remains extant of the very earliest Christian art contain the wonderful achievements of later times. They are seeds and seedlings of excellence, and, should you ever see them at Rome, or in engravings and photographs by the fireside, I hope the poet in your nature will silence the pert critic. In each rude and coarse wall-painting, in each rugged bit of sculpture, there is something inexpressibly touching—something that moves one like the first lisped words of a child. And it is extremely interesting to note the curious intermingling of Christian doctrine, antique art teaching, and antique fable. On the same wall, for example, Christ may be seen represented as Orpheus playing on the enchanting lyre, and as the Good Shepherd with a lamb held lovingly round his neck. Yes, the earliest Christian artists could distinguish beauty and feel with reverie, and it behoves us not to grumble at, not to be discountenanced by their want of technical skill.

Of all the many critics who speak of the influence of Christianity as manifested in the arts, perhaps Miss F. Mabel Robinson is the most pleasing. I need make no apology for the length of the quotation. "Although the art of Italy was to a great extent taught and inspired by the art of ancient Greece and Rome, the old art and the new differ as widely as the faiths, and times, and civilisations they represent. Sincerity is the first essential of greatness, and all great literature and all great art reflect the age, and faith, and country of which they are the outcome; and the ideal of mankind having been changed by Christianity it follows that the great art of Christendom is in many ways unlike the great art of earlier times. The Italians made the antique their master. From it they learned a thousand lessons of form and style; but their imitation was a wise imitation, and realising that ancient art was great because it was true as well as beautiful, they borrowed its beauty and kept their own truth, so that the masterpieces of the renaissance represent neither athletes nor disc throwers, nor gladiators, nor Amazons, nor Aphrodites, nor Phrynes, but the wounded body of the Saviour hanging upon the Cross, the Virgin Mother with her Baby in her arms, and the saints and martyrs who had died for Christ. The new faith had produced a new ideal, and from the time when the three kings had knelt before the manger at Bethlehem all childhood acquired a new importance as the type of the new unworldly virtues, innocence, lowliness, guilelessness, humility—the model for all men to emulate.

"To this changed ideal are due not only the broad distinctions between antique and renaissance sculpture, but also the relative positions of sculpture and painting in the old art and the new; for while the old ideals, strength, comeliness, and seductive loveliness, are well adapted to the sculptor's art, such virtues of Christianity as austerity and modesty are inimical to its full development.

"In the early days of the art revival in Italy, beauty was still dreaded as a snare. Thus the aim of art was changed; it became to a great extent a teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered might read and learn the truths necessary to salvation. Thus the sculpture of the early renaissance is largely pictorial, and is often employed on matters that could have been better dealt with by painters. But sculpture being a simpler art than painting is always of earlier development, and it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century that painting came to the front and forced sculpture to content herself with her proper province of single figures, busts, monumental and decorative work. The genius of Italian painting is so transcendent that its glory is apt to blind us to the beauty of the earlier art; and yet Italian sculpture has very high claims on all art lovers, not only as the pioneer art of Italy, but as the inventor of the most beautiful of all forms of sepulchral monument, as the model of all modern decorative detail, and above all as the creator of the human child in art. For the child of antiquity is something more and less than human: he is strong, he is swift, he combines the alertness of the boy with the roundness of the suckling, he is always beautiful, and very often he is winged. In the curiously-blended art of the renaissance, where Christian doctrine and antique art-teaching each flourish and bear fruit, the infant of antiquity retains his place; sometimes figged out a little as a boy angel, but more often in his true character of winged genii or amorini of pagan birth. But side by side—often literally side by side—with these plump survivals of antiquity we find the new children, the Divine Christ, the Baptist, and the child of nature—the long-limbed lanky urchin and the helpless, formless babe in swaddling bands."

This citation has shown us the ripened fruits, if I may so express it, of the influence of Christianity on painting and sculpture, and perhaps you wish to know why these fruits should have been more than fourteen hundred and fifty years in growing to perfection? The truth is, nearly all young and virile movements, like nearly all young and healthy children, are apt to be headstrong and unruly, and when many of the early Christians burned and otherwise destroyed such productions of the Greek genius as reminded them of a pagan religion,

"Art after Art went out, and all was night."

But it ought never to be forgotten, though it often has been, that they acted quite honestly. They firmly believed that Grecian sculpture was an attractive teacher of idolatry, and therefore an abomination in the eyes of God. Nor will this, their belief, appear very strange when we consider how insincere and depraved were the Romans and the Greeks with whom

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ERRATA.

Page 133, the nineteenth line of the third column: Read, instead of "to slowly increasing store," "to a slowly increasing store." Page 134, the forty-fifth line of the second column: Read, instead of "That this treasure," "That dearest treasure." Eighteen lines below, substitute "Novalis" for "Horatio." In the next column, line sixty, read "simple" instead of "single." In the third column on page 135, line twenty-four, the word "painter" is wrongly used. Write "artist" in the margin, for the more celebrated Myron was a sculptor. "Sportive kitten" will be better than "spiteful kitten": see the first line of the first column. Again, turning to Cirene Cratinus, read "daughter and pupil" instead of daughter of a pupil." "Lala" for "Sala," and "Saga of Cyzicus" for "Laya of Cyzicus."

they came in contact. The pagan sins of the present, recollect, were both very terrible and very near to their Christian critics. The sincerity and glory of the past, shining in the arts, were seen with untrustworthy eyes through the horror which those sins called forth. In fact, the grace of the past was sullied and estimated by the disgrace of the present, and it was against an imaginary danger—a danger existing only in their troubled and excited thoughts—that those early Christians tried to protect their dear religion. Nor is there anything in this to astonish you. When our minds grow excited and circumstances stimulate their unrest, we all of us are prone (as Shakespeare says) to imagine in every bush a bear.

For these reasons, then, it never occurred to the early Christians that "the Being who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him," was the Giver of that sublime genius whose calm creations they so often touched with ravaging hands. Happily, however, a few of the noblest Grecian statues survived all dangers. Long hidden in the bosom of the all-nursing earth, and found at a time when men could appreciate their majesty, harmony and variety, these statues were a perpetual source of delight, and wonder, and stimulus, to the greatest masters of the Italian Renaissance; and again and again since then they have had magic to imbue the sculptor's art with life. "All true work of a man," says Carlyle, "hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself." For the truth which the divinely gifted put lovingly in their handiwork, what is it but the soul that they leave in this agitated world?

And now remark that religious fanaticism was not the only enemy to art in the obscure ages. Constantine the Great was another. In the year 330 this intrepid and unconquerable prince removed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, and beautified his new capital with the best works of art that could be found in the principal cities of the East and the West. All the narrow main streets were adorned with wondrous statuary in bronze; there was a dazzling Olympus of marble gods and goddesses before the Church of St. Sophia; while indoors, within Constantine's brilliant Court and the luxurious houses of his retinue, almost every nook was an eloquent historian of Grecian art. But one reads that many of the bronze statues were afterwards destroyed for their metal's sake, presumably by daring thieves; that whole collections of invaluable things, pictures and pottery and statuary, were lost through accidental fires; and that gross neglect and carelessness ruined other masterpieces. It is certain, therefore, that the gathering together of the finest specimens of antique art was an ill-fated achievement. Also, without all doubt, it was an exceedingly mischievous achievement, because the artist in many cities was deprived by it of his best models, and I am sure you will believe me when I say that such models are to talent and genius what fertile soil is to corn, and plants, and trees.

Meanwhile several Popes had been trying, but in vain, to save such works of art as Constantine had left in and near the Eternal City. On the 24th of August, 410, Rome was sacked by Alaric, elected king of the Visigoths; and forty-five years later, Genseric, king of the Vandals, and the most pitiless of all the barbarians that ravaged the fallen Roman Empire, plundered the great city for fourteen days; indeed, according to Gibbon, all that yet remained of wealth, public and private, of treasure, sacred and profane, was diligently carried to the vessels of the conqueror.

Return we now to the mischief done to the cause of art, of learning, of charity, by religious fanaticism. For example, the Sepapæum of Alexandria, one of the most renowned temples of the ancient world, was desolated in 389 by Theophilus, one of St. Chrysostom's bitterest enemies. And shortly afterwards there went out decrees from Arcadius and Honorius, the sons of Theodosius I., that all pagan temples and pagan statues should be instantly demolished. As to the Iconoclasts, whose long and furious crusade against images convulsed the empire, and sometimes made the highways and by-ways run red, we must consider their doings dispassionately, remembering that they were sincere men, that they lived in times when "the wild beast in the breasts of mankind" was easily maddened, and that they were silenced at last by a bloodhound kind of horrible persecution.

But why did they begin to fight? For three reasons. They believed it "to be unlawful to possess images pretending to represent the Saviour either in his spiritual or in his human nature." They feared a revival of olden, variegated forms of idolatry; and they "dreaded beauty as a snare." For they had inherited an old, severely simple faith, a faith that had kept alive during hundreds of years, both the ardent austerity of the first Christians, and the Jewish detestation of images. Also, perhaps, they not only recalled the fact that pagan worship had been to a great extent extinguished by stern laws, but conceived that laws, however stern, were little likely to uproot those affections, prejudices, and superstitions, which centuries of pagan worship had fixed in the national character.

The first really formidable leader of the Iconoclasts was Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, who in 726, the eighth year of his reign, issued an edict to free the Church of the East from "the idolatry of image worship." Leo not only commanded his subjects to break every kind of image, he also sent officers to throw down the statues of Christ and the apostles that were standing in the streets. But the citizens threw down the officers, and poor Jovinus, Leo's equerry, was killed by frenzied women. Meantime the Bishop of Rome, Gregory II., had been invited, by imperial letter, to proscribe images in the churches of the West. Gregory replied by excommunicating Leo, who then began to execute his decree with merciless severity. Useful schools founded by Charlemagne were laid even with the ground; a monastery with all its monks was burned to ashes. The population revolted at this, and for a time it fared ill with the Iconoclasts; but eventually the government won the day, and the leaders of the insurrection were put to death.

It would be superfluous and might be boring to linger over the early vicissitudes of this memorable war, in which the next Pope, Gregory III., and the next Emperor, Constantine Copronymus, were bold, revengeful fighters. Let us then skip to the troubled reign of Leo IV. Chazarus, who ascended the Byzantine throne in 775, and died five years later, leaving his queen, Irene, to reign as regent for their ten-year-old son. Irene loved images, and in thinking of her character, of her chequered life, I cannot forbear likening her to a Goneril with a touch of Portia's wit and generosity. Born at Athens in 752, and married at the age of seventeen, this extraordinary woman became regent in her twenty-eighth year. Wisely she encouraged art, cruelly she persecuted the poor wild Iconoclasts; and she founded homes not only for the poor and the blind but also for indigent strangers; and taxes were reduced by her, very considerably, and when her troops were thoroughly well beaten by Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid she seems to have accepted her defeat with dignity. But, as Constantine the Great put to death his eldest son Crispus on a doubtful charge of treason, so Irene, in order to prolong her reign, did not hesitate to murder her only son, a spirited young fellow that tugged too fearlessly at her always tightening leading-strings. "In the very porphyry-chamber where he first saw the light, his eyes were stabbed out by fierce blows of a murderous dagger." An eclipse of the sun and an obscurity of seventeen days were attributed by the common superstition to the horror of heaven at this crime." This happened in the year 797. The four sons of Constantine Copronymus conspired against Irene; so she deprived them of sight, and three—three had the tongue torn out. But I rejoice to say that she could not prevent the imperial sceptre from departing from her. The intrigues of two favourites, Aetius and Stauratius, had already undermined her power, when Nicephore, the Lord High Treasurer, dethroned her. She was banished in 802 into Lesbos, the island-birthplace of Sappho, Arion, and Alcæus; there she survived a year, the distaff and the bickering loom giving her daily bread. Seemingly the good which she did lived after her, for one finds her name among the saints of the Greek church.

Another noteworthy Byzantine empress is Theodora, for in 851 she put an end to the Iconoclastic war. This she did by convoking a general council, the decision of which was, that not only the figure of the Cross but also all other sacred images, whether painted or represented in mosaic or other material, might be set up in churches, placed on ecclesiastical vestments and vessels, by highways and in houses, on panels and on walls: and thus, after a piteous and hideous struggle of a century and a quarter, "images asserted in the Greek church that ascendency which they have ever since maintained."

"As human nature persistently demands a moral," what is the lesson of this desperate feud? "So people may ask, and yet how futile is the answer!" Things have "a different meaning, a different riddle, a different reply for all of us. There is not one sphinx, but many sphinxes—as many as there are women and men. We must all answer for ourselves." For my own part, the feud in question teaches me, a member of our beautiful English church, that it is frequently impossible for a small party of enthusiasts to decide what is best for the great majority of human kind. It shows us, too, I take leave to think, that we all ought to cling tenaciously to our beliefs, and not bring them to dishonour by making them the occasion for contests and disputes. There are importunate, magnificent philanthropists, there are schemers of irritable convictions, who fondly believe that if they persist in exhibiting their darling faiths and foibles in public, nothing can prevent them from becoming public and private benefactors. What amiable, expansive, bewildering creatures! How smugly humane, as a rule, is their expressed contempt for our beliefs! and how extravagantly eloquent is their expressed reverence for their own! One cannot but regret that they should so often be the bugbears of social life, and fatal enemies to happiness in their homes.

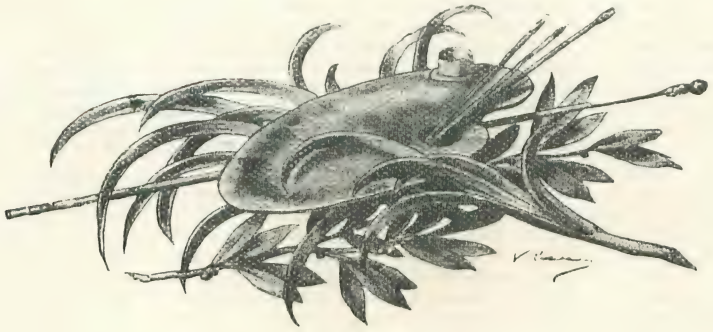
As for Theodora's victory, I think of it with gratitude; because, if the Iconoclasts had won the day, it is very probable that art would never have become "to a great extent a teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered might read and learn the truths necessary to salvation." Yes, in the Dark Ages, and during the later renaissance, painters of genius were in sympathetic touch with the ignorant and the enlightened, the happy and the utterly wretched. Their work, that "sought to express humility and tender charity and the love of all beautiful natural things," was everybody's dear friend, everybody's comforter,

everybody's preceptor; and "its stars still lead us to Assisi, to Fiesole, to Nazareth."

Turn we now to another topic, to woman's influence among those nations that were builded on the ruins of the Roman Empire. That art-protecting King of the Ostrogoths, Theodoric the Great, who died in the year 526, had a dearly loved daughter named Amalasontha, who was distinguished alike for her polite learning and her knowledge of statesmanship. She is said "to have surpassed her father in general cultivation, and to have rendered him essential service in his building enterprises," such as the restoration of those Athenian schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay. In Paul the Deacon, a man whom Charlemagne esteemed, and who "shuffled off this mortal coil" about 799, one reads how Queen Theudelinda, in the sixth century, built a noble basilica at Monza, consecrating it under the name of St. John, and embellishing it with paintings representing the gallant deeds done by her art-loving ancestors, the first Lombard kings. Indeed, from the time of Charlemagne, there were women whose genius diffused a lustre on every age. Let me mention Ava, the first German poetess; and "the famous nun, Hroswitha, who, in her convent at Gandersheim, composed an ode in praise of Otho, and a religious drama in the manner of Terence"; and Heloise, for ever to be beloved of Abelard; and Christina Pisani, whose exceedingly interesting book, *La Cité des Dames*, was published in Paris in 1498. Meantime, in prattling Italian convents, as in gruff Italian monasteries, two very beautiful and useful arts were being steadily prosecuted, for penance sometimes, sometimes for pleasure. You will guess that I allude to the arts of transcribing and illuminating manuscripts, which manuscripts were copies of the classics and the Scriptures. The nuns, like the monks, had a devout love for their peaceful occupation, that "required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other and higher forms of art." "It is preaching with the hand," cries Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting the devil with pen and ink. . . . A recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is left even where he is not." Nearly every Italian nunnery possessed little cells, wherein laboured the bookbinders, the miniaturists, and the miniature caligraphists; and, when a great undertaking was accomplished, a gentle tired hand would write the colophon, expressing humility and joy, or else "entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins."

In the 14th century, oddly enough, there was but one Italian female painter, and she is interesting only because her name, Laodice, reminds the scholar of twelve notable women of antiquity, of whom you will find a little information in Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary.

W. S. S.



THE SALAD-BOWL AND CRUET-STAND.

THE bright days of spring and early summer are the true "salad days" of the year. We have not to seek long to find materials to fill our bowl, for at this period kindly Nature provides in such abundance and variety, in field and wood, that even if the garden crops have disappointed our expectations the salad-bowl may still grace our table. It is strange in these days, when botany is a subject for study in Board-schools, to find that the ideas which most people hold with regard to salads are restricted to lettuces—cabbage or cos—and not even the familiar watercress enters into their limited range, while the hundred-and-one other plants and herbs, which are just as edible and wholesome as the ordinary lettuce, are apparently unknown.

Still more strange—even barbarous—is it to find people who cling to that greatest of abominations, the combination of sugar and vinegar as a dressing; or, what is even more abominable, the ready-made "cream" dressing which adorns the grocer's shelves. It is no wonder that the salad-bowl fails to be popular in our country as long as it is maligned in this manner.

Let us first understand what are the essentials of a good salad; then we will take a look round on the variety of choice presented for our use; and lastly, but not least, pay attention to the dressing for our bowl and the contents—or what should be the contents—of our cruet.

Prima facie, a salad must be dry. It may be composed of the choicest collection of plants and herbs, but its moisture drains from the leaves "love's labour's lost," though every other attention has been given.

When possible to do without washing the leaves it is better to do so, using a clean, dry cloth to wipe them; when too gritty or soiled for this, break every leaf off separately, dash each one in water and dry thoroughly, then hang the basket which holds them in a current of air for a time. Avoid cutting salads with a steel knife. Break the leaves lightly with the fingers, and never "dress" a salad until the very last moment; it is better to do it at the table, if possible. Again, be very sparing in the use of vinegar; a very small proportion is sufficient, but it so happens that having either an insufficient supply of oil, or having an oil of inferior quality, perhaps even rancid in flavour, it is thought that by doubling the dose of vinegar all these defects may be covered. There can no greater mistake be made. Of oil itself we shall have more to say later on; suffice it to say here that its place can never be taken by any substitute, and that the digestibility and wholesomeness of salads depend chiefly on this ingredient. Another essential point to bear in mind is that everything that is used for a salad—plant, herb, or vegetable—must be young and tender, in season, and very fresh, "morning gathered" whenever possible.

Also, vegetables of all kinds lose much of their flavour if allowed to lie in the water for more than half an hour; where they have lost their first crispness it may be partially recovered by letting them lie for a short time in ice-cold water; but when perfectly fresh, rinse them through it as quickly as possible.

"In short"—to borrow Mr. Micawber's favourite expression—a salad well prepared is a charming compound; but if carelessly and badly put together it is an abomination. Now let us consider what are the legitimate and available means which we have for supplying our salad-bowl.

Naturally lettuces take the first place, and there is a very considerable variety of these if we care to cultivate them. The "cabbage" variety, Malta or Drumhead, Tom Thumb, and all good "hearting" lettuces make the best salads. Cos lettuce, unless very young, is too tough. Perhaps what is known in France as "*petite laitue*" makes the nicest salad of all. Gathered when only an inch or two high, at the time of transplanting, it is tender, succulent, and refreshing.

Next to lettuce we may rank watercress, now so largely cultivated. It is an agreeable change to make use of this as a salad; and there are few green things which contain more medicinal properties. Owing to the nature of its growth, watercress requires scrupulous cleansing in several waters, then break the stems lightly, excluding all thick and tough parts.

Dandelion is by no means so common with us as it is in France, where it is now cultivated, sown, or planted, and as soon as the tender leaves show through the ground they are covered over to the depth of two or more inches with more soil. Through this they grow, producing long leaves, bleached white, and as tender as could be desired. The slight bitterness is most pleasant to taste.

Chicory of two kinds, the "barbe," which has long, fine strands, and the short, thick variety are both natives of southern France and Algeria, but like many another product of those climes, they are familiar to the customers of our best shops.

Endive is well-known as one of our best winter salads; by spring-time it has disappeared from our ken.

Sorrel, with its slight acidity, is rather to be regarded as an adjunct of the salad-bowl

than as a staple ingredient, but a few of the youngest and tenderest leaves are a great improvement always.

Celery, which is so important to a chicken salad, is sometimes out of season when it is most wanted; its place may be excellently well-filled by shredding the firm white heart of a young cabbage, and sprinkling that with celery-salt. Very few people would detect the subterfuge.

* * * *

Many cold-boiled vegetables make most excellent salads, and in warm weather quite a substantial addition may be made to our bills of fare by this means.

"French beans" boiled, well-drained, with the addition of some finely-chopped parsley and chives, make the vegetable salad par excellence; but closely rivalling this come cold kidney beans, broad beans, white haricot beans, flageolets, peas, asparagus, cauliflowers, and artichokes—even cold potatoes sliced. Parsley is a great addition to all these.

Foremost amongst salad herbs we must place mustard and cress. These two, which are generally sown together, are both of such rapid growth that on board ships which take long voyages, they are grown in boxes to keep a succession for the supply of the table throughout the journey. There is another variety of garden cress which has short thick wavy leaves, it is aromatic and pungent, really an American variety.

Radish tops, if quite young, give a pleasantly sharp flavour, and the smallest scarlet radishes are a very good addition to the bowl. A variety of beetroot known as "la Carde" which has a small root and large leaves, furnishes another salad material, the leaves being used as are lettuce leaves. The ordinary beetroot boiled and cut in slices is much liked for either garnishing or mixing with other ingredients. The leaves of the burnet (a wild plant on dry calcareous soil, but which is occasionally grown in the garden), are sometimes added to the list of the smaller salad herbs. When bruised they smell like cucumbers.

A sprig of tarragon is considered a *sine quâ non* in a true French salad, and this plant deserves to be more widely grown.

Chives, too, are far more delicate in flavour than any species of onion, therefore far more suitable for using in this way. Shallots rank next to chives in supplying the needful soupçon of onion. Mint, chervil, parsley, thyme, the savorys, basil and rape, are all more or less indispensable where the true art of flavouring is attempted.

"Nettles, and the twigs of rosemary formed delicious salads for our forefathers," says a great culinary authority, "and they ate leeks cooked in the wood ashes, seasoned with salt and honey; borage, mint and parsley, with salt and oil; lettuce, fennel, mint, chervil, parsley and elderflowers all mixed together, and to these they sometimes added pickled gherkins." Truly, a combination of ingredients more varied than elegant, one would think.

The following is the recipe of an old-English spring salad of 1682.

"There is a sort of salad commonly gathered in the spring, consisting of divers young buds and sprouts, both of trees and herbs, the which, being gathered discreetly, with nothing but what is very young and tender, and so that no one thing exceed the other, but that there may be a fine agreement in their relishing, so it will be very acceptable to many. Violets, small sprouts of burnet, young leaves of primroses, and flowers, mints, sorrel, buds of gooseberries, roses, barberries, flowers of burrage, bugloss, cowpagles, and archangel." Truly a most poetic salad, and one requiring "Attic" salt for the seasoning thereof.

It may be argued that many of these herbs and plants are not to be found in our shops and markets, or if found there they are often so limp and stale, yet withal so expensive, that they are practically worthless. This is true. In London lately I inquired at a large greengrocer's for some tarragon, and was offered one half-withered sprig for threepence.

Where anyone has a plot of garden-ground, be it only a "handkerchief square," it is well worth their while to invest in two or three pennyworth of mixed herb-seed from a herbalist's. Chives must be bought in the root; tarragon also, if possible; sorrel is easy to grow, and once sown gives no further trouble, appearing year after year with faithful regularity. Lettuces of all kinds, mint, parsley, radishes, mustard and cress, and even the dandelion, are all such homely, hardy things they will flourish almost anywhere, even in a London back-yard, therefore there is no need for us to be deprived of these. Watercress we have in abundance all the year round, and those who are able to make excursions into country fields and lanes will find most of the other things which have been mentioned growing wild in field and hedgerow. So much, then, for our salad-bowl. Now let us turn to the all-important "dressing," and study the contents of our cruet-stand.

First in importance we must place oil. Although there are various kinds of salad-oil, there is none so wholesome and really reliable as pure olive-oil. It is not tasteless, having both the flavour and aroma of the olive from which it is drawn; but once one has become accustomed to this no other kind will be used. In sunny Languedoc groves of olive-trees are as common as are firs and holly-hedges in our northern clime, and the oil which the fruit yields is used for a great variety of purposes. It replaces butter very often; it is the fat, *par préférence*, for frying purposes, and it enters into the composition of many dishes where we should use suet or lard.

It is quite an unaccountable prejudice which so many English housewives have to the use of oil. Really, it is the purest form of fat which we can have, and therefore of necessity the most wholesome. Much of our butter, all margarine, lard, dripping, and suet, are products of overfed animals, and consequently there is a certain amount of unhealthiness to contend with at the start. Another point in favour of oil is that its purity and easy digestibility make it an invaluable aid in cases of sickness, notably in consumption. Wherever cod-liver oil has been prescribed, its place may be taken by olive-oil with equal benefit and without the nauseous sensation which deter so many from following their prescription. Strips of dry toast soaked in oil have little to distinguish them from toast and butter, and quite a large dose may be pleasantly administered in this way. Light biscuits, to serve hot, made from self-raising flour, salt, and mixed with oil, then baked crisp and brown, are delicious for serving with an invalid's cup of milk. When using oil for frying fritters, potatoes, vegetables, etc., always allow it to boil a moment or two before putting anything into it, as it is apt to expand very much. Keep oil in a cool, dry place; damp and warmth will cause it to become rancid, and then it is fit for nothing whatever. Keep the bottle in your cruet-stand quite clean; one drop of stale oil will spoil all the rest.

A clear, light-coloured vinegar is the best for salad-dressings. Do not use vinegar from bought pickles; there is generally some other acid, as well as ginger and other ingredients, in that, detrimental to a salad. Above all, be sparing in your use of it altogether; remember it was the *navier* who had to contribute this portion in the old Spanish proverbial salad-dressing.

A little made mustard is always an improvement in a dressing, so also is a fine scraping of horse-radish; pepper and salt should be sprinkled over the salad dry; sauces, etc., are no great addition, but an egg, hard-boiled and cut small, is a decided gain.

Lastly use a wooden or tortoiseshell spoon and fork to toss the whole together, and perform this operation with all the grace, skill, and dexterity, of which you are capable.

The poetical directions for a salad-dressing composed by that witty divine, Sydney Smith, are well worthy of repetition, although to a few they may be trite and stale.

He says—

"Two boiled potatoes, strained through a kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give;
Of mordaunt mustard take a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
Yet deem it not, thou man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True taste requires it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs.
Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, in the favoured compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh, great and glorious! Oh, herbaceous meat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat.
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl."

Chaptal, a French chemist, gives us what we may call a valuable "wrinkle" on salad-dressing.

"The dressing of the salad should be saturated with oil, and seasoned with salt and pepper before the vinegar is added. It results from this process that there never can be too much vinegar, for, from the specific gravity of vinegar compared with oil, what is more than useful will fall to the bottom of the bowl. The salt should not dissolve in the vinegar, but in the oil, by which means it is more equally distributed through the salad."

Enough has been said to show that the salad-bowl is worthy of being more liberally patronised with us than it is at present; but one other merit which it shares in common with all other dishes of vegetables may be mentioned in its favour, namely, economy, for a joint accompanied by a salad will not be so freely attacked as it would be without it, and an unattractive one is often made acceptable by its simple aid.

LUCY HELEN YATES.



QUEEN MAB'S MISTAKES.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, Queen Mab. You have not spoken for ten minutes, and a great deal of thinking can be done in that time."

"Yes, if one had either any person or thing worth the trouble of thinking about. Your bid is too high, Elsie. You are welcome to know my thoughts, only you must catechise me and I will answer truly. It will be something to do."

The latter speaker, Mabel Barclay, was a tall dark girl of twenty, who would have been handsome but for the look of discontent on her face. She had thrown herself on a couch a few minutes before as if weary of everything, and though her cousin, Elsie Raynor, was in the room when she entered, she had not spoken a word then or since.

Queen Mab, as she loved to be called, was much given to spending her hours in idleness, but was seldom silent when she could find a listener. She had so many grievances, real or imaginary, and demanded sympathy in proportion to her own view of these troubles.

Mabel had only spent a week at Brayle Manor, the house of her uncle and guardian, Mr. Raynor, but she was already disgusted with her surroundings and sighing for change. Brayle was probably the last place she would have selected as a home had choice been allowed, and she was wont to explain her presence there in words anything but complimentary to her relatives.

"I am here because I cannot help myself. Uncle Raynor has sentenced me to a year's penal servitude, and from his decision I have no appeal. Brayle Manor is to be the scene of my punishment."

Most people would have thought it no trial to pass a year with such a family as the Raynors, and amidst such beautiful surroundings; but to Mabel Barclay a country life seemed insupportable after that to which she had lately been accustomed.

The girl's mother, herself widowed very early in her married life, had died two years before when Mabel was nearly eighteen and on the point of being introduced to rather gay society. She would have come straight to Brayle after Mrs. Barclay's death, but there had been a serious fire at the Manor, and the house was undergoing restoration.

Mabel's aunt, on the father's side, had spent several weeks in loving attendance on Mrs. Barclay, and when the girl became doubly an orphan, she begged that Mr. Raynor would allow her to take charge of her niece until he could receive her at Brayle.

The arrangement seemed the best that could be made at the time. Mabel's stay with Mrs. Allington was however extended from the six months at first named, to a couple of years, though the Raynors were ready to receive her before the end of the former period, and Elsie was counting on having a companion who would fill the place of a sister.

Mrs. Allington, being a widow and childless, was loth to part with her niece, to whom she was warmly attached. As she had given Mabel a home when Mr. Raynor was unable to receive her at Brayle, it seemed ungracious to remove her when her presence was so earnestly desired and she could be a comfort to her aunt. By yielding in this matter, some return would be made for Mrs. Allington's devoted attention to Mrs. Barclay during her last illness.

So Mabel stayed on for two years with a relative who was equally indulgent and injudicious towards her charge. By her very

affection she fostered Mabel's natural selfishness and fed the vanity of which she had already too large a share.

In Mrs. Allington's partial eyes the girl could do no wrong. Of wholesome control or discipline she knew nothing, and naturally, she became daily more self-willed and less amenable to guidance.

Mrs. Allington had a large life-income which she spent to the utmost farthing and shared most generously with her niece. But she encouraged Mabel's love of dress and costly surroundings, regardless of the fact that the girl's unaided means would permit only a modest expenditure. The wrong done by such over-indulgence was the greater, because Mrs. Allington would leave Mabel nothing which would enable her to go on as she had begun.

Mabel's second year in London passed in a round of gaieties, and it was with equal distaste and indignation that she at length left Mrs. Allington to spend the last year of her minority at Brayle Manor.

"I shall come back to you the very day I am my own mistress, auntie," she said to Mrs Allington. "It is cruel both to you and to me to part us when we have been so happy together."

"You will be fearfully dull in that country house, my darling, after the happy time you have had with me. We are very much alike in our tastes, Mabel. I never could endure being condemned to the wearisome round of such an existence as your aunt Raynor has to put up with. And then to think of all your lovely dresses! You cannot wear them at Brayle, and fashions change so rapidly now that everybody knows a last season's garment, even if it has been remodelled."

The very thought of her niece's wasted finery renewed Mrs. Allington's tears, and she held Mabel in a close embrace, being unequal to words that could express her feelings.

"But uncle Raynor's family mix with the best people in the county. Surely there must be some decent society," said Mabel.

"Of course they do, dear child. The Raynors of Brayle may hold up their heads in any company, and your uncle is a rich man too. You ought to have been well off, Mabel, for your mother had a very handsome fortune, only my poor brother managed to spend it all except the little that was strictly settled and which you will have a year hence. You do not remember your father, Mab, but he was a fine dashing officer, just the one to spend any amount of money. He had a fair income of his own too. I once asked your mother how much, for I knew they ought to be comfortable. She said, 'I do not know, only that it is never enough for Fred.'

"She was right, my dear Mabel. Everything went that could go, and really, looking back, it seems quite a providence that your father died young, or I don't know what he would have done for a livelihood. He spent magnificently, only it was money which came to him from other people, as he never made any for himself. You are very like him in the face, Mabel. He was my favourite brother."

Mrs. Allington shed an extra tear or two for poor Fred, and from her mode of speaking about this favourite brother deemed that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

At any rate she had never checked Mabel's tendency to extravagance, or taught her to think of others as well as of herself.

"I am afraid I am like my poor father in disposition as well as in looks, and you have helped to spoil me by your goodness and generosity," replied Mabel with a trembling voice. Then trying to overcome her emotion, she dashed away the rising tears and added, "Uncle Raynor may force me to leave you, darling auntie, but before I have been a week at Brayle, he will find he has taken a nice handful and will wish me at the Antipodes. If I can make him send me back to you I will. The dulness will be frightful. My one comfort will be in thinking over the time I have spent with you, though that will only increase my longing for a repetition of it."

"If only the boys had been at home they would have made Brayle more lively for you."

"Yes. Lance and Chris at home would have made all the difference. But Lance is away with his regiment, and Elsie hinted at an engagement between him and the chaplain's daughter—a goody-goody girl—who hesitated to accept him because he was such a fine fellow and would be rich some day."

"Oh, my dear, if you could have been Lance's wife and prospective mistress of Brayle," exclaimed Mrs. Allington.

"But Lance means to marry Miss Goody—I don't know her real name—and bigamy is contrary to the laws of the realm."

"Chris will be a good match for any but a rich girl, Mab. He will have a very handsome fortune, for things are so arranged under the grandfather's will that all good things do not go with the estates to the eldest son."

"Please don't mention Chris to me, aunt Maud. He is just the very last person in the world to suit me. He is Quixotic to a degree. He is always off on some philanthropic mission or other. He cares nothing for society that is worth the name. He would never know if I were well or ill-dressed, a thing I could not endure. We have not a taste in common, and he is two inches shorter than I am. Tell me, have I not cause to be glad that neither of my male cousins will be much at Brayle during my residence there? Lance, whom I admire very much, admires somebody else, and Chris is simply out of it altogether. He and I at Brayle would turn the Manor into a bear garden, and drive the rest of my respected relatives mad."

Mrs. Allington laughed through her tears at Mabel's chatter. She guessed that the girl was indulging in it to keep herself from giving way at the parting now imminent. At the sound of the carriage wheels, however, the girl broke down, and clasping her arms round her aunt's neck she exclaimed, "You have been a mother to me, auntie. It is cruel and wicked to part us now."

A minute later Mrs. Allington watched the disappearing vehicle with a painful sense of bereavement, and Mabel was on her way to Brayle Manor.

As to the Raynors, they were not looking forward to her arrival with unmixed pleasure, for Mr. Raynor had told his wife that he was uneasy about Mabel.

"I have done wrong to let her remain so long with her aunt Allington," he said. "She has meant to be kind to the girl, but she has made of her what I never thought my sister's child would become. She is wilful and frivolous, and has become terribly extravagant. She will be no good companion for Elsie, but we must do our best to counteract the mischief already caused by my weakness in yielding to Mrs. Allington's entreaties."

"You acted for the best," said Mrs. Raynor. "Mabel is more her father's child than Ellen's."

"And for that very reason needed greater watchfulness. I feel that I have neglected a sacred trust, for I have been uneasy about Mabel, whilst I wished to show my sense of her aunt's goodness in taking her at a time when we could not have her here. I hope her stay at Brayle will bring about a change."

"Elsie will help us," said Mrs. Raynor.

"Aye, dear Lillian. She is the very opposite of Mabel, and I think must influence her for good. But Mab is strong-willed, and it would be sad for us if in our attempt to benefit our niece our one dear daughter's character should suffer. Would she be able to withstand the influence which Mabel will bring to bear upon her?"

"Not in her own strength any more than we shall work wonders by our own unaided efforts. But there is a better and more enduring strength to be had for the asking, and shall we not seek it together?" said Mrs. Raynor.

The look on her husband's face and the pressure of his hand on hers were answer enough without words.

CHAPTER II.

THE story told thus far will account for Mabel Barclay's presence at Brayle Manor, and to some extent for the look of discontent which spoiled her face when her cousin Elsie disturbed the tenor of her thoughts by offering a penny for them.

"Tell me just the subject of your thoughts before I begin my catechism," said Elsie.

"Braylebridge," was the answer.

"The whole village?"

"Yes. Surely you do not think the subject worth dividing," was the contemptuous reply, and Mabel's lip was curved in proportion to the spirit of her words.

"To me it seems a pretty wide subject."

"That is because you live such a narrow life, Elsie. All your desires seem to be bounded by the river Brayle, which parts this wonderful village from the rest of the known world. If your last years had been spent as mine have been, you would realise the littleness of everything connected with it."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Elsie good-humouredly. "No doubt you and I look at the village from different points of view. You know very few people in it as yet."

"There is no one worth knowing—outside the park gates at any rate," added Mabel, as she noticed a pained look on Elsie's face and the flush which rose to her forehead.

"You will speak differently when you have lived longer amongst our neighbours, even the poorest of them," said Elsie. "I know them all, every man, woman and child by sight, and most of them much more intimately. Oh, Mab, if you had been in and out amongst them ever since you were a child as I have, you would feel so differently towards them! You would see how brave, patient, and uncomplaining most of them are in times of suffering and trouble, how forgetful of themselves for the sake of others, and so self-denying too. They are such true friends when they profess to be friends. They do not forsake each other in times of poverty and trouble as many greater people do. Trouble brings out what is highest and noblest in these toiling people who work for their daily bread. Each tries to do a little to help a neighbour who has come to a rough place in his life's path, too rough for him to pass without kindly helping hands. They don't do it expecting anything back, but just remembering that they are children of the same Almighty Father, with common wants and common trials, and that they should bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.

"I wonder," continued Elsie, "how many amongst the fashionable people you think so much of, would trouble themselves to follow and help and cheer those who had for a time been rich, but who had lost all or spent all and then dropped out of their set. Lance and Chris have told me a good deal about the want of heart shown in such cases. How men and women, idolised by Society so long as they could spend with the best, were forgotten when their money was gone, or just alluded to with contemptuous pity for not having taken better care of number one."

"My dear Elsie, I have no doubt you are right. I have heard often enough that we do live in a very heartless world, and that we are

apt to think a good deal more of ourselves than of our neighbours. I may as well own at once that I do, and especially of my present neighbours, always excepting those under the same roof with myself. I wish I could look at Braylebridge as an earthly Paradise, and regard its inhabitants through rose-coloured spectacles, as you do. I should look forward to spending a whole year amongst them with much greater satisfaction than I do at present. Perhaps it will be as well for you not to catechise me too closely, seeing that in my eyes Braylebridge and its people are simply detestable."

Elsie remained silent for a few moments, then replied, "Perhaps it will be better for me to ask you no more questions. I love the village, near which I have spent most of my life, and the people who have always been so kind to me and to each other. I will wait until you know them better before I speak of them again."

Mabel felt that she had gone too far, and was sorry after her fashion. Not that she would have unsaid a single word, but Elsie was her one companion and her uncle's only daughter. For her own sake she must not quarrel with her, or even try her too much by her sarcastic remarks. She must pacify Elsie, or life at Brayle would be less worth living than ever, if a worse state of things could be imagined.

"Do not take too much notice of my nonsense, Elsie," she said. "I am horridly ill-tempered, I know, and I say things just on the spur of the moment, without thinking how other people feel about them. You must sympathise with me as well as with all your poor neighbours, for I am just now on a very rough spot on my life's path, and I want a great deal of helping on my passage over it. I dare say you cannot see the roughness, any more than you can enter into every difficulty in those cases you have been talking about. But it is very real to me. I miss so many things to which I have been accustomed. You do not miss or want them because you have never had them. To me, life in this village is like being buried alive. To you, Braylebridge is a little haven of peace and the home of all the rural virtues, and society life as I have known it, would be one of constant turmoil and unrest. A striving after the unattainable all through the season, then a running away to gain strength to renew the struggle when the next comes round."

"I could not endure a so-called fashionable life; it must be so hollow and unsatisfactory," said Elsie, softened by Mabel's frank words.

"It is, of course, for nobody ever gets what he or she is striving after. But," and here Queen Mab dropped her voice to a whisper and a smile stole over her face, "I can't help liking it, and I hate quiet. Please don't hate me for having the courage to say so, but be as helpful to me as your poor folk are to each other, and perhaps in time Brayle may be at least endurable."

What could Elsie do but kiss the arch face which Queen Mab bent over her, and promise to do her best to brighten her time of residence at the Manor.

Mabel left the room after this and proceeded to her own, where she relieved her feelings by writing them at length to her aunt, Mrs. Allington.

"You have had a few moans from me already, dearest aunt Maud, but hitherto I have refrained from saying much about my surroundings. You and I have been alike content to grieve over our parting and pity each other for our isolation, or rather mine. How difficult it is to realise that we have only been a week apart. I feel as if years had passed, and I catch myself looking anxiously in the glass for the premature appearance of grey hairs. They are not visible as yet, but I have fifty-three more weeks to spend here before my day of freedom will arrive. I was not quite twenty when I left you. I had a passage of arms with my demure consin Elsie this afternoon, on the subject of Braylebridge, its charms and the perfection of its inhabitants. I ventured to say that both were detestable, for it is very hard to believe that anyone can be in earnest in thinking them otherwise.

"Elsie's remarks were as good as a sermon, and much more lively to listen to than most discourses from the pulpit. How she did hold forth on the virtues of the Brayle clodhoppers, and insist that the denizens of the fashionable world were not worthy to be named in the same breath with nature's nobility, as seen in this village.

"I could not help admiring her earnestness on their behalf, especially as I had been no less earnest on the opposite side. In fact, to avoid a rupture, I had to plead my own ignorance of the subject, and to demand a share of the sympathy she so readily showers on them. Elsie was quite touched at my appeal, and ready to promise anything, greatly to my relief, for her good-will is valuable to me. Lest I should make any more mistakes, I fled to my own room, and I am relieving my feelings by a pen-and-ink talk with you. Oh, for a real talk! Surely I shall be allowed to spend a few days with you, dearest of aunties, before very long.

"You asked if my surroundings are pretty and comfortable. They are simply charming. If a perfect nest of a bedroom with pretty appliances, dainty draperies, abundant accommodation for gowns without risk of creases, could console one in banishment, I have all these. My little sitting-room matches the sleeping apartment, and adjoins it. Within its four walls I am safe from intrusion. Even aunt Raynor and Elsie respect its privacy, and only enter when invited. In this respect I am better off than my cousin, whose rooms are less dainty, and far less private than mine. Of course I do not undervalue my tasteful surroundings, and I hope I am not ungrateful to my aunt and uncle for having provided them.

"You, darling aunt Maud, taught me not to think lightly of pretty things, in fact I fear I am too fond of them, seeing that I shall never be able to indulge my tastes to any great extent. But there is some consolation in using pretty things for which one has not had to pay, and uncle Raynor told me he wished his sister's child to have all the comfort her mother was accustomed to when she was a girl at Brayle.

"This sounded very nice, as you may think, but after all, I could not help thinking that uncle was only doing his duty in giving me these things. As the one son, he had a great deal more than my mother had, and now her fortune is gone, all but my little pittance, it is only fair he should do his best to prevent my feeling the immense change from your dear home to this.

"No! dearest auntie, I have not a maid all to myself. Even Elsie has not that, and moreover she is foolish enough to say that she does not wish for one. She likes to wait upon herself as a rule, and when there are any special festivities, aunt Raynor's maid, a fearfully old-fashioned person called Stubbins, is allowed 'to assist the young ladies to dress.' I wonder what I should look like if I placed myself in her hands.

"A village seamstress comes pretty often for plain stitching, and so far as I can find out, gala garments are ordered when the family are in town. I must confess though, that both aunt Raynor and Elsie show very good taste in dress. Quiet certainly, but style and materials are high class. This is a relief, for I hate dowdy good people beyond anything. My relatives do not think it wicked to dress becomingly, which I was afraid they might do.

"Now about the village folk. You have been at the Manor, so you know what the neighbourhood is like. One can find no fault with the scenery. Turn where one may the eye rests on some picture of rural beauty. What it wants is more of humanity to enliven the scene—that is humanity of another kind. Here it is nearly all of one type, and exactly like what every other rural village furnishes.

"As to these inhabitants. There are eight hundred and five, according to the last census, a net gain of three over that taken ten years before. The result caused much rejoicing. It was satisfactory to know that the population had not gone down, and that the importance of Brayle had been maintained in the eyes of the world.

"Does not this show the dead level of everything connected with Brayle? People even die and are born at the same rate almost, from one decade to another.

"You will want a description of the inhabitants. It will give me occupation for an hour which would otherwise be an idle one, and it may amuse you. I will begin with the vicar.

"He is a bachelor of sixty, and has spent more than half his life here. They say he is a profound scholar, and ought to have been a bishop on that account, but that his modesty has always stood in the way of preferment.

"He is held in high esteem at the Manor, and when he passes through the village, the inhabitants, young and old, bow and scrape in the correct fashion of past ages. It is so funny to see the women making their little bobs of curtsey 'to their betters' as they pass. They do it to me, because I am part and parcel of the family at the Manor.

"The parson, Mr. Patey, plays croquet, by way of dissipation, and Elsie actually joins him in the game when no one else is available. Her good nature reaches the verge of folly. Mr. Patey asked me to join him, but I do not think he will repeat the invitation.

"Would you believe it? This stout elderly parson prides himself on being able to pass his ball through all the hoops and strike the goal with it in sixty seconds. He gave me just a minute's amusement and a good laugh by performing this feat under a blazing sun.

"To see his elephantine skips after the ball, and the mopping of his moist forehead with a red silk handkerchief at the finish, whilst he triumphantly proclaimed that he had done it in fifty-nine seconds and beaten the record, was quite too funny.

"When I think of our delightful tennis parties and the golfing at the seaside in August last, my laughter is apt to turn to tears. We have lovely tennis courts here, but oh, the paucity of players!

"Now for the doctor. He is married, and has a very large family of daughters and boys. None of the latter above sixteen, though they are fine manly lads. Some of the girls are out as governesses. The eldest, Mary, is the mother's helper in making ends meet and patching for the half dozen juniors. Doctor Cairns has a large practice, and works tremendously hard, without gaining an income in proportion. He never has time to call here except professionally, but I think he will have a new patient in me before long if this monotony continues.

"Dr. Cairns is another of Elsie's heroes. I said something about his being brusque in his manners when we were discussing our neighbours. 'You little know how good he is,' she replied. 'If he were less kind and generous to poor patients, he and his would be richer.' I suppose I shocked her by replying that he would interest me more if he were less good, and more agreeable in his manners.

"There is an elderly maiden lady who does interest me. She frightens the children, scolds

the mothers and fathers when she sees them, but they generally get out of her way. She persists in physicing the doctor's patients, and compels them to swallow physic, prepared from the recipes of her lamented grandmother, under his very nose.

"Dr. Cairns laughs at her, and tells his patients that they are welcome to swallow her doses, for they will do neither harm nor good, and they know without his telling them that Miss Pottleton's preparations are much nastier than his. I don't like this adjective, but I am quoting the doctor's words.

"Miss Pottleton holds advanced views on all matters, specially the rights and wrongs of her sex. She has put Mr. Patey in a fever of anxiety and terror three years running, by getting two parishioners, who occupy as many of her cottages, to nominate her as people's churchwarden. About a dozen others supported her, for fun or because of Christmas gifts, for she is liberal in her way, so she means to contest the office every Easter until elected. No fear of her being eventually successful. But she makes herself conspicuous in the meanwhile, worries the vicar at parish meetings and gives Braylebridge clodhoppers a little excitement at Eastertide in particular.

"The other notabilities are the new board-school master, who has passed no end of exams., holds sheafs of certificates, but speaks as broad Meadshire as anybody in Braylebridge, the gentlemen farmers who do likewise, and so on to the labouring folk who work for them and bow and bob to their employers.

"A retired tradesman sometimes acts as deputy-curate and reads the lessons on Sundays. He reads very well on the whole, and is most conscientious on the score of H's. If he leaves one out where it ought to be, he restores the average by placing it where it ought not to be.

"Having gone through this account of Brayle and its surroundings, do you not pity me more than ever? Of better class folk I have seen none as yet, but there are tennis-parties in prospect and a solemn dinner looming farther in the background.

"By the way, there is an old woman, Bess Cradock, the pariah of the neighbourhood, who lives just beyond the village. Most of the folk shake their heads when she is named, and whisper, looking over their shoulders between whiles as if they thought she might be within hearing, though out of sight. I gather that she is regarded as 'a bad 'un, but one you'd better be friends wi' if ye can.' I am naturally anxious to make Bess Cradock's acquaintance.

"I am at the end of my list now and within twenty minutes of dinner-time, so with much love, believe me as ever,

"Your affectionate child,

"MABEL BARCLAY.

"P.S.—Write very soon and a long letter or I shall be more miserable than ever."

(To be continued.)

A PRETTY WEDDING OR BIRTHDAY GIFT.

THERE are numbers of girls who, when wishing to give a present, are obliged to think carefully over ways and means.

If any of their acquaintances have evolved some pretty article from their own clever brains they are quick to copy and improve upon it. So much more show can be made for a few shillings if materials are purchased, and a true friend always appreciates the handiwork of a friend in preference to the prettiest thing bought in "enchanted Regent Street." The outlay for the pretty splasher and mats depicted here would not come to more than seven or eight shillings, while their value when completed would be treble that sum. The materials are one yard of creamy tinted marbled oilcloth (not the hard white kind), half a pound of double Berlin wool for the splasher, and about a pound and a half the same shade for the mats, a yard or so of wall-paper from which the sprays can be cut for the splasher, a very little size and a little varnish.

The manner of cutting out the oilcloth to the best advantage is clearly shown in fig. 1. From experience I find that it is best to lay it on the floor shiny side downwards, and to do the marking out in pencil. This is easily done on the woolly wrong side, and dinner plates of various sizes are helpful in drawing the true circles, and also the curves at the top of the splasher.



FIG 2.

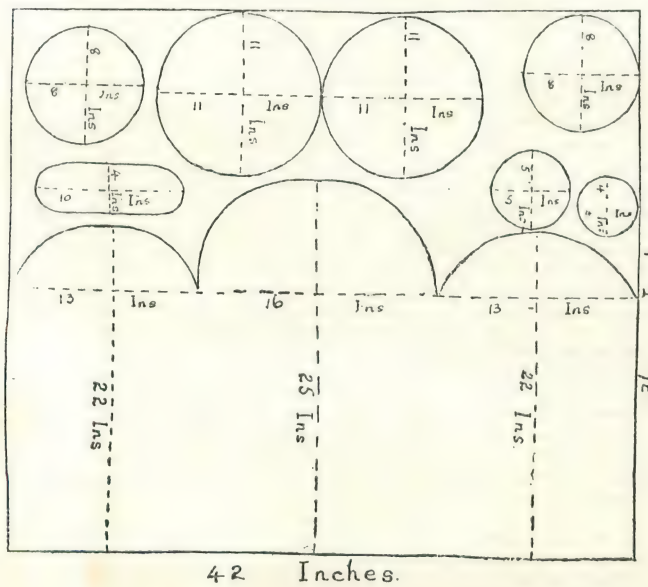


FIG. 1.

When correctly marked and cut out, draw a line round each mat and the splasher a bare half inch from the edge, on the wrong side of course. Next with a sharp stiletto make holes three quarters of an inch apart on the line previously drawn, putting the stiletto in on the right side; the work can easily be turned over to see if the line is being kept.

Then put a row of double crotchet round the splasher, making a stitch in each hole. After this cut out the sprays of flowers from the wall-paper and gum them in the position shown in fig. 2; if only small ones they may be placed close together to form a larger one. When dry give them a coat of size and afterwards a coat of varnish. This makes them look as though they were inlaid in the oilcloth. When dry crotchet three or four loops on the border so that it may be easily hung up. For the mats, after making the holes and putting a row of double crotchet round, for the second row put one treble and one stitch between each double crotchet, and for the third row four chains and one double crotchet between each treble, pulling it out as the work proceeds to make a nice wavy edge.

It is sometimes advisable to use a rather thinner hook for the first row, so as not to enlarge the holes more than is absolutely necessary. A spray of flowers on each mat treated as described for the splasher adds to the appearance of the mats, but they also look nice without.

The colours are of course a matter of choice, yellow marguerites with a deeper shade of yellow, looks well. Crimson, yellow, or pink roses perhaps look best.

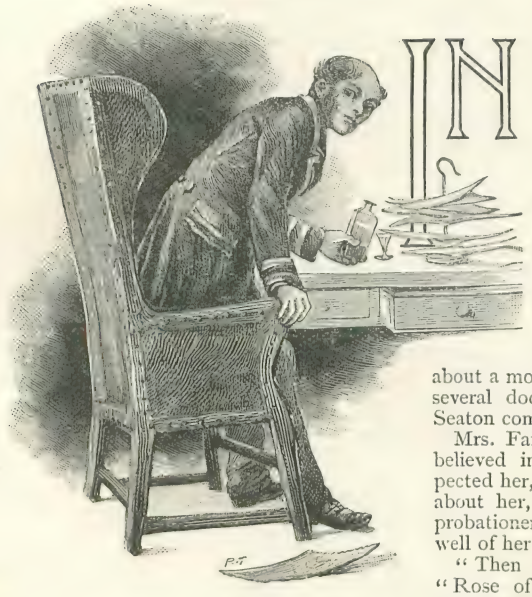
When the wool gets soiled it can be cut off and another set of holes made, and a fresh edge worked, and the mats will look fresh again for a long time.

ANNIE E. D. THORNLEY.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER VII.



IN the hospital neither sister nor nurse could go out without a written pass from the matron, which she handed in on her return to the hall porter. It was his duty to fill in the time of the nurses' return, and take the passes to the matron's room. George, who was one of the day porters, was a very steady, well-conducted man, but the night porter Thomas was often the worse for drink, and never above taking a tip from a nurse who exceeded her time out, and asked him to put it down as though she had been in an hour or two earlier.

Many and many a night did Nurse MacMahon and one or other of her friends remain out into the small hours of the morning when their passes only indicated the hours of ten or at latest eleven P.M.

Thomas would know beforehand when to expect them, and at a little tap on the door or window he would let them in. It required some care not to be caught, for not only had the night superintendent to be evaded, but several wards had to be passed before the dormitories could be reached, and if discovered the fact might come round to the matron. Nearly a month had gone by since the evening we saw the three friends having tea with Sister Adelaide. Rose and Constance are now in the hospital, Rose as staff-nurse in King George, and Constance again for a few days on night special, this time in the women's accident ward. It was the usual time for nurses to go to the matron's office to get their passes; several were waiting outside (Rose amongst the number), as only one went in at a time. Nurse MacMahon, too, was there, and she seemed in no hurry, always pressing others to go before her; not till the last nurse with pass in hand had disappeared into her ward did she knock gently at the door.

"Good-morning, nurse," said Mrs. Faithful, "wanting a pass to-day!"

"If you please," she said, "but only till nine-thirty. I am going to supper with my friends, but they are early folks, so I need not be out late. I wanted to speak to you, too, matron, if you have time. I know you have trusted me a good deal, and will not think I wish to be interfering or make any unpleasantness amongst the nurses"—she hesitated.

"No, nurse, I understand; I shall say nothing of what you tell me, but I am always glad to hear what goes on. What is wrong?"

Thus questioned MacMahon felt fully empowered to say all she had intended, and began without hesitation. "It is about Nurse Rose, matron; I think she is a regular flirt and is trying to lead on Mr. Seaton; it is no use my speaking to her; she is very wilful, and then Sister Adelaide (though I should not say one word against her) backs her up. She had a party of nurses about a month ago in her room, and I daresay several doctors too, at any rate I saw Mr. Seaton come out myself."

Mrs. Faithful's face fell; she had always believed in Sister Adelaide, and never suspected her, not that she knew personally much about her, but she had heard no tales from probationers, and the senior doctors had spoken well of her.

"Then I think," continued MacMahon, "Rose often goes out walks with one or another of the doctors, and I don't think she could help herself talking in the wards to them, and it is such a bad example to the probationers; things might have improved if only Mr. Seaton had left, but, unfortunately, as he has obtained the vacant appointment, he will be here another six months. I thought, perhaps, you might think of transferring Rose to the private nursing staff now that she has completed her year's training." Then seeing by Mrs. Faithful's face that she had said quite sufficient, added, "I am so sorry to have troubled you, for I know how you dislike this sort of thing, only I thought it best to tell you."

"You did perfectly right, and if anything else crops up, you had better let me hear of it. I shall decide meanwhile what steps to take."

"One for you, Miss Rose, and your friend Mr. Seaton," said MacMahon, as she left the office. "I expect your little game will soon be played out; anyway, it won't be my fault if it is not."

Mrs. Faithful sat on after MacMahon left her, with an anxious worried expression on her face. She was a widow, her husband had been a doctor, and was one day thrown from his dogcart, and killed, and she was left with three boys to bring up and educate on small means. Her friends suggested several plans to her to enable her to increase her small income; at length she decided to take six months' training in a London hospital and then seek an appointment as matron; this she had most successfully accomplished, and as far as appearances went she filled the post well.

She was not unkind to the nurses; she had a good housekeeper and wished them to be properly fed; as to details of nursing, with a six months' training she knew far less than many of those working under her, and wisely, perhaps, she did not interfere. She was working for money to support herself, and assist her boys, and this thought came first in everything.

She disliked quarrels and jars, and personally had but little to do with her nurses; she found it a much easier matter to take a report from what she heard or was told, than to have to find out things for herself. Suffering had not softened or elevated her, but had rendered her unsympathetic and sometimes hard; she would not tolerate acquaintance between the doctors and nurses; said they had no business ever to get to know each other, and consequently much that went on that was quite harmless was kept from her, and the nurses looked in vain for the motherly counsel and sympathy which they needed.

"I suppose I must have a talk with Sister Adelaide," she mused; "she ought to know better than countenance such doings. One good thing, I have only to express a wish to the committee and they act upon it. It is not at all a bad plan of Nurse MacMahon's, though I must not let her dictate to me, but if there is any more trouble I can easily cope with it."

It was past midnight when MacMahon and one of her friends were returning to the hospital; neither looked as though their evening's amusement, whatever it had been, had given them much pleasure. The fact was, things had gone wrong, and it seemed very much as if they were to continue doing so, for when they tapped as usual on the little window, there was no sound of the porter coming to let them in. He might, of course, be busy, they reasoned: possibly some serious case had been admitted, and he was occupied.

They waited patiently for some time, but all was still; again MacMahon tapped, but with no better result; presently, however, they heard sounds within, and after waiting a few minutes longer tried again. The door was opened by Thomas, who looked decidedly more under the influence of drink than usual. He was inclined to be noisy and talkative, and MacMahon thought it wisest to go quietly on and risk meeting anyone, rather than wait for him to see, as he usually did, that the coast was clear.

It was a relief to be rid of him. "It will be just our luck to be caught to-night," she whispered to her companion, and as she spoke she saw the night superintendent coming from one of the wards at the farther end of the corridor. Nurse James had turned the corner, so she alone was visible. "Miss Peacock is very near-sighted," she said, "so I may still escape."

She hurried up the next flight of stairs, knowing that once up there she was practically safe, as the entrance to the dormitories was close by; meanwhile came the thought, if discovered, who was to be made to bear the blame. She had her own life to live, her own plans to carry out, and to get into any disgrace just now would be to spoil everything. Once again fortune favoured her; on reaching the next floor her difficulty was solved; there, though she could hardly believe her eyes, stood Nurse Rose and Mr. Seaton. They were at some distance, and had their backs turned to her. Would they look round? No! In a moment she had gained her room, and laid her plans. It took but a second to don cap and apron, and with noiseless tread retrace her steps to the hall. The porter had sunk into his wooden seat and slept soundly. MacMahon stepped softly to the desk and turned over one or two passes; "not yet filled in," she said to herself, and very carefully she wrote on each and returned them to the drawer where they were kept ready to be handed up in the morning. Then she returned with a firm step, and just outside the dormitories met Miss Peacock.

"May I ask what you are doing about the

hospital at this time of night," she said; "it is most extraordinary, I have just met Nurse Rose."

"I came to try and find you and tell you about Nurse Rose," said MacMahon. "I thought it was better than waiting till morning. I was not sleeping well to-night, and I distinctly heard her in her room; it sounded as though she had just come in and was taking off her bonnet; then she slipped very quietly out, shutting the door behind her. Thinking she might be ill or walking in her sleep, I dressed and followed her, and to my astonishment saw her standing talking with Mr. Seaton."

"I can hardly believe it," said Miss Peacock. "You are quite sure," she said, "that Mr. Seaton was with her."

"I could swear to it," replied MacMahon.

Miss Peacock looked troubled. "You had best go to your room and try to sleep now," she said; "I daresay you were right to come and tell me, but I must report everything to matron in the morning; such breach of discipline cannot be overlooked."

Miss Peacock was a conscientious woman, who did what she considered to be her duty, and aimed at rising in her profession. She did not know the nurses individually, and was not prepared to judge between MacMahon and Rose, but she had an instinctive feeling of distrust towards Nurse MacMahon.

Next morning when Rose had finished her ward work and gone to her own room for a tidy up before the doctors' visit as did most of the nurses, her attention was caught by seeing groups of two and three nurses chatting together, and the fact that as she approached they stopped talking. Then she met Constance who seemed unusually quiet, and spoke in a gentle pitying sort of way to her. Hitherto utterly unconscious, she had begun to realise that something was wrong, but not till she returned to King George, and was accosted by sister's shrill voice, "Well, you've managed to get yourself talked about at last," did she connect it in any way with herself.

She had no time to ask questions, as the house physician entered, and before the work was finished a message came from the matron to the effect that Rose was to go to her office at twelve o'clock.

* * * *

When Rose left Mrs. Faithful's office, she felt as though she had left behind her all that made life worth living. Accused of having been out till nearly one in the morning, and her pass signed twelve-forty-five by the night porter, proving that such was the time of her return, met in the corridor about that time by the night superintendent and accused of having been talking to Mr. Seaton, which she did not deny, she felt utterly powerless to bring forward anything to prove her innocence. Mrs. Faithful met her statement (that she had forgotten something in the ward and accidentally met Mr. Seaton) only as fresh proof that she was merely excusing herself.

"You will be suspended from duty," said Mrs. Faithful, "unless you can bring proof to show me that you are being falsely accused."

Rose hurried at once to Sister Adelaide, and poured out to her all her trouble. "I came in punctually at ten," she said, "and George took my pass. I cannot think why he should have put down the time he did; in fact I do not believe he did put it," she added. Then as a bright thought seemed to strike her, she said, "but I think I can get proof. Night nurse was not in the ward when I went in, and I just slipped a bit of paper into the night book; it was only about little Tommy's cocoa for breakfast. I had forgotten to leave word about it, and I did not want to seem careless the first day I had taken over. How I wish now I had left it and remained in bed." The night nurse was asked, and said she had never seen a bit of paper, but as she saw the cocoa left out and Tommy asked for it she gave it.

Mr. Seaton, on hearing of Rose's trouble, sought an interview with the matron, and told her how he had been in to see a case, and on returning met Nurse Rose coming from King George, and not having seen her for a few days, stopped to congratulate her upon being made staff nurse; she said she had forgotten something and must not stop.

The matron bowed smilingly to him as though to say, "Doubtless you would gladly screen her, but I do not credit your story."

It seemed useless to try to get proofs, none were forthcoming.

Sister Adelaide suspected Nurse MacMahon of having something to do with it, but had no idea that she had made up so much merely to screen herself. She did what she could for Rose by speaking to Dr. Bell, and it was at length decided that the case should not be brought before the committee. He was naturally anxious that his nephew's name should not be mixed up in it, and the matron was quite ready to let the matter end. Rose must be moved from the hospital anyway, she had said, and without any difficulty she obtained leave from the committee to place her name on the list of private nurses.

Three days later, Rose bid good-bye to her old friends, and set off with a somewhat heavy heart, it must be confessed, to her first case. She was naturally light-hearted, and after all two or three she had left behind did believe in her in spite of everything, and they had told her to be brave and it would all be cleared up. The excitement of the journey and the change of scene roused and refreshed her, and by the time the train stopped at a small station which she recognised by name to be her destination she felt quite a different creature from the sad Rose who was in such disgrace. On alighting she was met by a young lady who inquired if she was the nurse from St. Margaret's, then adding, "the porter will bring up your things," she led the way from the station across a country lane, through a little wicket-gate and into a shrubbery.

It was early summer, and to Rose the fresh green leaves unspoiled by dust and smoke, the delicious fragrance of the air, as though laden to overflowing with the scent of countless flowers, the song of the birds, made her feel as though she had entered paradise.

A few minutes later they were in view of a large stone house, and Rose had to make quite an effort to pull herself together and remember that she was not here for her own enjoyment, but in the official capacity of a nurse, coming to a home where there was sickness and trouble. She need not have made such an effort; once within the house, and fairly in charge in the sick room, birds and flowers were alike forgotten in the all-absorbing interest of her little patient.

Alice was not much more than twelve, the pet and darling of the house, bright as a summer sunbeam, until a week before Rose's arrival she had grown languid, and one morning her mother was greatly distressed to find her very feverish. The doctor came, looked grave, mentioned typhoid, gave many directions, but said a nurse had better be sent for at once.

(*To be continued.*)



AMERICAN SCHOOLGIRL LIFE.



READERS of American tales often form most erroneous ideas about American girls, and still more so about the ideals which prevail in my country respecting education and training of the young amongst the more cultured portion of their teachers. There are many causes which tend to make the American girl, with all her faults and excellences, different from her English cousin in both, we think, but at the root of the American teachers' theories and practice lies just the same old reverence for true womanliness that inspires the English education the same ideal—the Anglo-Saxon one—is set before our girls in the States as is set before English maidens, and I do not think the result is widely different on the whole. American girls are seldom educated at home. The domestic governess is an almost unknown institution with us, as is also the small private school. The public schools in the States are so excellent that private enterprise can hardly compete with them, and thousands of girls get all their education without any cost whatever side by side with their brothers, and all classes mixing in perfect equality. At the other extreme of custom are a few fashionable boarding-schools where the terms are enormously high, and to which the daughters of our millionaires repair attended by a maid. Then there are the State universities, where a higher education begins after the public school system, and some colleges for girls, like Vassar, all of these non-sectarian. Many girls, more so in the past than now, are sent to convent schools, of which the most renowned are in Canada, and others are educated by the Moravian nuns in their famous school at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Then there are schools carried on by theorists, as I may call them, which have great reputations for training pupils according to certain ideas, such as Mount Holyoke, where domesticity is the dominant feature, or Dr. Dio Lewis's Academy, whose principal aim is health-culture. Lastly, and perhaps most respected of all, there are what are called Diocesan schools all over the United States, the foundation of the Episcopal bishops and clergy, for the training first of all of girls of their own religious faith, but open to any who will not object to the discipline and order of a church school. As a matter of fact, hundreds of girls are sent from homes where another form of religion or none at all is observed, and Diocesan schools are becoming more popular and more useful every year. They come nearest to the English High School in tone and ideal of all our institutions, except that all the girls are under one roof, and that the bishop is the house-father, the head both of the discipline and education, and thus has practically the forming of the future wives and mothers of his large flock. The saintly Bishop Doane, author of several well-known hymns, was the pioneer in this educational movement, and St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, the oldest foundation of this sort, has an almost sacred reputation amongst church people. Bishop Doane made some very strict and quaint rules for the management of his girls. For instance in whatever way a pupil's hair was dressed on arrival, that must be her style of coiffure until her final departure, be it after one term, or ten years. I do not know whether the rule has ever been repealed, but I was told this by a graduate of over thirty years ago, and such was the custom in her day.

There were no such stringent rules at my St. Mary's, although the discipline was strict enough to satisfy the most particular, and too much so very often in the eyes of some of us, when wilfully inclined, as the best of girls will be at times. Yet what happy days they were, on the whole, even in actual experience. Still more happy they appear now, in the rosy light of retrospection. What excitement there was in the little western town of F. on the opening day of the schools—for there was a military Diocesan school for boys, corresponding to ours, in the place, besides a theological college, and all three had been closed for the long vacation of nearly three months, to the great detriment of trade and loss of social interest. Youth dominated F. in those days; we were nearly two hundred and fifty, and with our several staffs of professors and teachers, and our brigades of servants we made a perceptible difference in the population. And the people liked to see us about, with our bright young faces and lively ways. The "young girl" is popular everywhere, but nowhere is she so lovingly regarded, and so respectfully, I may say, as in the States. We were arriving all day by every train, in batches. New girls—some timid and pale, with father or mother—others coming alone, with curiosity indeed about the new school, but no alarm, as they had been to half-a-dozen others in their time; girls from the sunny south, well-mannered, and proud in their poverty caused by the late war; rich Chicago or San Francisco girls, not ungenerous nor empty-headed were known, with the worst of them on the surface; sensible, home-bred New England girls; bright and clever ones from everywhere, and now and then a wild creature from some remote ranch or prairie farm, who sobbed herself to sleep every night for the first fortnight, and then suddenly made up her mind to be tamed, ending by becoming the most popular being in the school, if not one of its most brilliant pupils. These were the "new girls." They sat about disconsolately, or watched with a pretence at indifference the arrival of "old girls," who were chiefly to be recognised by their shouts of joy and enthusiastic embraces of each other. Then followed eager chat about their standing in their classes for the New Year, the choosing of desks and desk-mates, and most important of all, of their alcoves; a choice determined by the seniority of the girls apportioned off to each dormitory. The new girls were put in the unappropriated alcoves and desks, far away from the "registers," or too near the teacher's observant eye and ear perhaps, or for some other occult reason considered undesirable. And then, poor things, came the ordeal of being examined and put into their respective classes, of the first meal in the big dining-room, surrounded by lively chattering companions who were used to everything, and the first lonely night away from home and friends. But out of all this chaos was gradually evolved order and happy routine. The lovely autumn days were just the best for settling into harness, and for making headway against low spirits and loneliness. Some of the new girls found themselves quite unexpectedly in the front rank of school favourites from the start—we were all imbued with the democratic spirit, or perhaps I should say the aristocratic spirit, which recognises superiority of mental or moral worth alone. So it often happened that plainly-dressed, shy new-comers were found to take the lead in class-work, and their standing after the first few weeks was an assured thing. The spirit of caste was kept down amongst us by rigid sumptuary laws, not often evaded, and cliques were broken up by the wise arrangements of the school which put different sets of girls together at table, in walking parties, and in dormitories. An endeavour was thus made to bring together at some time during the day those of different ages and position in class, and prevent the school from crystallising into a dozen different parties. I am sure we owed to this wisdom of our principal much of the *esprit du corps* which characterises the school to this day, though we used to grumble at it, I well remember.

The Indian summer is a grand season for energetic work, but suddenly and sharply came other days upon us. One morning we awoke and found ourselves overtaken by winter—and oh, such winter weather as no English girl can possibly conceive of. The days rapidly shortened, and at the extremity which concerned us most materially—the morning end. Think what it was to get up in a dormitory only yet half warmed, with the thermometer 40° below zero, and dress by lamplight, then practice scales with frigid fingers until the roll-call bell rang—miserable moment for girls whose names began with early letters of the alphabet, and who were of the sleepy order of maidens. But breakfast thawed us out a little—such excellent hot breakfasts we had at St. Mary's in winter, and by prayer time the world looked a little brighter.

Still there were trials besetting us. It was so cold to turn out for our regulation walk, sometimes; and then on shopping-days, when we were permitted to go into the town, a privilege highly valued, there would come a blizzard, and the expedition would be stopped. Sometimes we were "snowed up" for days together, and then I fear the much-enduring teachers had a bad time of it with us. But it was not all misery, even in winter. We would be taken out in great omnibus-sleighs, like brakes, on runners instead of wheels, for a long drive occasionally, and if there were a good concert or lecture in the town, the Bishop would reserve a portion of the hall, and send us all to hear it. Then, once a fortnight was visiting-day, when all the girls who had brothers or cousins at the college

could receive them from three to five, and I never knew a blizzard bad enough to keep the dutiful young relatives away, never! Then, too, just before Christmas, the last Thursday in November, came our national festival, Thanksgiving Day, which we observed in orthodox fashion at St. Mary's, by going to church in the morning, eating a wonderful dinner, and amusing ourselves all the afternoon and evening. I call it a wonderful dinner because many of the things we had to eat would surprise you, I think, by their names, though they are very nice indeed, I can assure you. One year a very funny thing happened on Thanksgiving Day; we had as matron a most kind and motherly lady, an English officer's widow, who had not long been over, and of course did not yet know all our ways, perhaps did not even conceive that a country so new could have cherished traditions. But it so happens that we have a few, and amongst them is one that on Thanksgiving Day we must eat turkey with cranberry-sauce, and both pumpkin and mince-pies, especially the latter. Well, this particular day found us feasting in the most approved method. We had turkey and the acidest of cranberry-sauce, sweet potatoes, succotash and baked beans. Rumours had reached us that there were tins on tins of oysters thawing against a box stove for our supper, and that our cook, who made chocolate better than any I have ever tasted since, except once in a French restaurant at Bristol, was intending that favourite delicacy to be served to us after dinner, instead of coffee. So we were all in great good humour when "dessert," as we called the "sweets" course at an English dinner, came on — apple-pie, custard-pie, lemon-pie, pumpkin-pie, all as it ought to be, so far, but where was the *bonne bouche*, the climax of all—where was the mince-pie? Alas, it never appeared at all. Now don't think us very greedy; I assure you it was the sentiment of the thing that touched us. What would English girls think of being put down on Christmas Day to all the delicacies of the season minus plum-pudding? All interest in the dinner was over after that fatal discovery; some murmured openly, and at last one very small girl burst into tears, and had to leave the room. Another followed, and another—it was very ridiculous, but some of us bigger ones had to choke down our feelings with a second help of lemon-pie, and we all said a very mournful "amen" to the Bishop's grace. Of course we knew we were being laughed at, as we passed out of the dining-room in mournful procession, but we were too miserable to care. After dinner our custom was to line the three sides of the schoolroom, standing, and so wait for the teachers, who would soon come in and seat themselves on one of the forms in front of the principal's desk. Then Miss D——, our lady principal, read the reports, and also took that opportunity of delivering a little lecture, if cause had arisen for it, upon any minor matters affecting the behaviour of the school. This was always done in a playfully-sarcastic way, not solemnly, as upon great occasions, and we rather enjoyed our after-dinner five-minutes' harangue; even if we sometimes winced at Miss D——'s keen thrusts, they never left any soreness behind in frank young hearts. To-day we were prepared for some fun at our expense, but Miss D—— was very merciful, on the whole, and when she said that she was the bearer of a message from Mrs. L——, our matron, who wished us to know how sorry she was at not having been thoroughly coached as to the historic routine of a thanksgiving dinner, we laughed away the last traces of our disappointment.

You must not think a Minnesota winter all dreariness. There were sometimes weeks together of bright frosty weather, when a brisk walk over the crisp white snow was a daily enjoyment. Not every winter, but sometimes, we had skating on the river, which ran along between the town and the "Bluffs," which faced our school buildings. On the Bluffs were the colleges, and occasionally during the winter we girls were invited and allowed to go to the meetings of the debating society, and great fun that was. The debates used to stimulate us to greater efforts in our own essays, which, in turn, the boys were invited to hear about twice a year. In imitation of their societies some of us older girls, all eager students, formed ourselves into a secret society one winter, with the mystic initials "L. W.," the meaning of which, even at this remote period, I feel bound not to divulge, a badge, and a Greek motto, chosen for us by a learned friend.

We always opened our meetings with our "L. W." song, the words of which the present writer is guilty of having produced and set to the convivial air, "Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl." Miss D——, a governess, passing our secret chamber one day while we were singing it was rather scandalised, and I was obliged to explain that the Greek motto was to blame for the selection, since we wanted it for the refrain to each stanza, and it would by no means adapt itself to any other tune I knew of. Although I admitted it was hardly the tune for the dignified association of "L. W." to use in connection with classical words when in solemn conclave assembled, as Miss D—— expressed it, with a twinkle in her bright dark eyes, I secretly thought it very jolly, and enjoyed my production immensely. We issued a fortnightly publication, to which each member was bound to contribute, either tale, verses, essay, travels (some of our girls had even been to Europe, and most had varied adventures in different parts of our continent to tell of), or sketch of some sort in regular turn. I remember the *Desideratum*, as we called the little paper, was read with interest, not only by our own staff of teachers, but by the professors at the colleges, who used to take a great interest in our welfare, and always attended our public entertainments. These were three—one at Christmas, consisting only of essays by the best writers in each class, including the youngest, and with a very limited audience; one at Easter, on a somewhat more extended scale, with recitations and a little music; and the third, at the end of the school year, which was a very grand affair indeed, and one of the social events of F. Only the very foremost of our girls—the survival of the fittest after a year of keen competition—took part in our "closing exercises," and they were attended by a large and select audience of friends, relatives, and as many ladies and gentlemen of F. itself as could be made room for.

At Christmas a great many girls remained at the hall instead of returning to homes often very distant, and in weather that rendered travelling dangerous for the delicate ones. It was rather melancholy to watch the other girls off full of excitement at the prospect of home joys; but holidays at St. Mary's were very enjoyable too. Under certain restrictions we were all given the liberties of the place as soon as the last bus load had driven off. We could roam over the house at will, sit in our dormitories all day if we so pleased instead of entering them only at stated times, go into the town every day with a monitress and "shop" to our heart's content. The library was always open, the gymnasium available for any amusement we might devise, and special pains were taken to render our three weeks' vacation as happy as possible by the Bishop, principal, matron, and those teachers who stayed like ourselves. One great privilege we enjoyed was to help decorate the Cathedral for the Christmas services, and very bright and happy were the Christmas festivities altogether; but I have not time to describe events which were so like what happens in England every year. Our "watch" service on the last night of the year was, however, a special feature of St. Mary's. New Year's Eve was begun by some unusual provision for our amusement early in the evening. One year it was a lecture by the Bishop on his tour in Spain, another it was recitations by a lady elocutionist, another time we organised an entertainment amongst ourselves and invited the faculty to be amused in their turn. At ten o'clock we were summoned to supper in the great dining-hall, a supper of oyster-stew, of delicious brown-crusted corn-bread, and fragrant coffee, amongst other good things a speciality of our hot-tempered but skilful foreign man-cook. After supper we wandered off in groups or set apart with only a cherished friend, perhaps talking quietly over the past and making good resolutions for the coming year as the Bishop in a few gentle words had begged us to do. At a quarter to twelve the bell called us to chapel, and after a few collects and a hymn there was a solemn silence, broken at last by the first stroke of the clock. We sprang to our feet, sang "Gloria in Excelsis," the Bishop gave us his blessing, and then we exchanged New Year's greetings all round and went off to bed to have an extra allowance of slumber in the morning in lieu of the beauty-sleep we had lost.

Quiet steady work began to tell upon the weekly reports, and already we canvassed amongst ourselves the winners of the most coveted prizes, girls who were coming rapidly to the fore from out the mass of ordinary students, and we were seldom wrong in our speculations. It was well we found enjoyment in our work now, for the most trying time of the year in some ways was upon us, early spring, which comes heralded not by primroses and violets, but by mud and floods caused by the sudden thaw of the heavy snow. It was a time of colds and catarrh, toothache and neuralgia, when few escaped a day or two in our pleasant "nursery" or sick ward, under merry little Miss P.'s autocratic but beneficent rule. Indeed, it happened sometimes that girls, dropping in to visit a sick friend, became enamoured of the place and "shammed" to get in themselves to partake of the petting and laugh at Miss P——'s quaint stories. But our little matron-nurse was not easily deceived, and malingerers were soon sent about their business good-naturedly but firmly, hard-heartedly they, of course, thought. Lady-day brought round the annual *fête* day of our school, the anniversary of its inception, if not of its foundation. It was a whole holiday, and if weather permitted we spent it as much as possible out-of-doors, driving or walking, of course having first our service in chapel. In the evening we assembled in the school-room for the distribution of the ring-cake, our annual custom. The cake was a huge one, and contained a plain gold ring marked with date and name of our school, which was to be a memento of school-life to the fortunate drawer of the lucky number. Each slice was numbered, and as it was laid upon a plate and the number announced, the youngest girl in the school drew a ticket from a vase on which was the name of that recipient. We used to try hard not even to look for the glimmer of gold as we sat before our plates, which honour forbade our touching until all were served. Then some one called out—never the happy finder, I think—that it was discovered, and then followed congratulations more or less hearty according to the popularity of the heroine of the day. And so spring passed, brightening as the thaw subsided, and yielded to balmy delicious weather overhead and firm footing beneath.

(To be concluded.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ISABEL TURLE.—There are two or three institutions where ladies are trained to be children's nurses. The last inaugurated is the Norland Institute, 9, Norland Place, Holland Park Gardens, W., of which the Principal is Miss Sharman. The training is a very thorough and elaborate one, occupying a period of nine months. The first three are spent in the institution, the next three in a hospital for children, and the last three in a private family as a probationer. On the completion of the training a salary will be given—£20 the first year and rising to £36—at the rate of £4 per year, during a course of four years, which salaries will be paid by the institution. The fees for girls who reside at home amount to £25, inclusive; for those who live at the establishment, they amount to £36. The age of candidates should range between eighteen and thirty years.

E. HOUNDSELL.—All our Study and Reading Clubs specify the nature of the studies to be pursued, but few prescribe particular books. There is a Reading Society conducted by Miss Mann, Berwick Villas, 46, Trinity Road, Wood Green, London, N.

RUBY.—There is a French Postal Library, conducted by G. B. C., Hon. Sec., 15, Venner Road, Sydenham, S.E. This lady likewise has a German Library, conducted like the French one. All information will be supplied to those who send stamped envelopes. No reply given to cards. It is very mean to put a benefactress to the further expense of postage.

PATTIE.—Yes; we have named a Shorthand Correspondence Class, under the direction of Miss P. Vincent, Simplemarsh, Addlestone, Surrey. Besides the Libraries named to "Ruby," there is a Foreign Literature Club, M. E. Ellin, Secretary, Kingfield Road, Sharrow, Sheffield, Yorkshire. The choice of foreign books is left to the members.

CLIO.—You did nothing contrary to the rules of good breeding in thanking your hostess for her agreeable entertainment. You may say, "Thank you for a pleasant evening" (or afternoon). When you meet her in the street look as if ready to return a bow, and, after entertaining you, of course she will bow.

MUSIC.

MIZPAH.—1. We think you will certainly improve with continued practice, patience is needed for all such things.—2. The duet you mention was perhaps from some old English collection.

SPRAY OF PINK TI-TREE (New Zealand).—1. Fasten the fern on with gum arabic made very strong.—2. The guitar-strings should be unstrung at night, and are always affected by the weather in some degree, they will break in spite of every care.

A. D.—Yes; there is a so-called "Musical tree" or plant, which is a native of the West Indies, Nubia, and the Soudan, and is a species of acacia. The pods have an open edge, and the leaves are peculiar in their formation; and when the trade winds blow across Barbados these trees continually moan and whistle, producing sounds like "Fa" and "Me," and half-tones likewise. The music of the trees in Africa is produced by the holes made in their trunks by insects whose *larvæ* has been deposited in them. The wind then passing through the open holes, makes sweet-sounding tones like those of a flute. In the tropical forests of the East such-like music is to be heard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPANISH GIPSY.—In some of our English colleges those who are not of noble birth are entered on the college books as *s. nob.*, that is, *sine nobilitate*—"without nobility." The word "Snob," which Thackeray engrafted on his language, was probably thus originated.

EDELWEISS.—The fact of your taking letters and speaking to the "College boys" clandestinely out of sight and hearing of those under whose guardianship and direction you are placed, is in itself an amply sufficient proof that you are doing wrong. Of course both they and your parents would be justly displeased with your sly underhand conduct.

E. N. P. D.—"If he do not" is a correct mode of expression.

FRANCES S.—We are glad that the advice we gave in our November monthly number was of some benefit to your friend. We have nothing further to add to what we then said.

THE ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not at all understand what you mean by inquiring "How could I best show my young man I did not care for him without breaking his heart too much?" How came you to take him as "your young man" if you did not love and intend to marry him? You have evidently been trifling shamefully with him. We have no advice to give you. It is too late as regards this man; beware of misleading anyone again. Of course, however, he may have given you just cause of offence, and in that case you should tell him so.

NOXID SEMAJ.—The mockery of so sacred a ceremony as that which was enacted—in very unseemly fun—was not a legal marriage. It was a *travestie* of the real and religious rite. The young lady before whom the young man and woman so profanely knelt—as in prayer—was not licensed to perform the service. There was no qualified registrar present, no entry made nor signatures attached, no marriage license duly made out and dues paid for it, and no banns called in the parish of either party. So the foolish young man who says he "could take the girl away" does not know what he is talking about.

WALTER'S PET and ATLANTIS have mistaken their vocation in trying to write verses. Their handwriting is not formed, but give good promise.

KIU KIANG is six years too young to go to the entertainment she names, unless it be one exclusively given for children.

MOLLY BAWN.—Why do you think it incumbent on you to choose between love for a man or for his social position? Why marry either of them?

A LOVER OF THE SEA will find her inquiries answered in reply to "Eralc" (Clare). She should send in her application to the various great shipping offices, stating all particulars about herself.

G. M. M. W. F.—We do not know in what way you are likely to find remunerative work at home. Perhaps you could arrange to give a home to some child sent home from India, and devote your time to her care and education. We regret that we have no such work as you name to offer you. Our writers either copy MSS. for themselves, or employ their own people; otherwise we would help you with pleasure.

GEORGIE.—Your handwriting is quite unformed. One letter you should change. We refer to what you have invented—the capital M. There is no such letter in any of the copper-plate copies sold to teach the right form of every letter.

HARNESS, ALICE.—The 1st Nov., 1870, was a Tuesday.

VERENA.—A flirt is one who coquets with a person of a different sex; who trifles with the affections of another by familiar badinage or joking, and a kind of sham love-making. One who, for the sake of idle amusement, loses all sense of propriety and self-respect. No well-principled persons, thoroughly well-bred, would demean themselves to what is termed "a flirtation." It is a vulgar, undignified amusement, and no man respects a girl who allows him to be so familiar.

BARBARA, NUNN, NELL, CONSTANT READER, BEATRICE, MABEL all inquire about dates.—1. Oct. 2, 1867, was a Wednesday; Jan. 8, 1872, a Monday; Dec. 28, 1871, a Thursday; Aug. 19, 1877, a Sunday; June 20, 1875, a Sunday; Oct. 24, 1863, a Saturday; May 21, 1879, a Wednesday.—2. See our Indexes for "Pot-Pourri."—3. No one would purchase silkworms' eggs unless by the ounce weight, and then their origin (of what locality, in what country).—4. "Constant Reader" had better use a soft pen with a finer nib. A "Jay pen" is unsuitable for you.—5. Mabel's handwriting would be improved were she to slope it the right way, from right to left.

WHITE HEATHER will find directions for the preserving of seaweed. See our Indexes, and when next you wish to write the word "especially," do not spell in your own fancy style—"espechally."

RADEGUND.—Your verses are poetical but need revision, being wrong in their composition here and there. Verse 2 is a shocking allusion! viz.—

> "I thought of the lives which had vanished;
> Of the light feet *now in decay!*"

HESTER TOWERS.—If your height be 5 feet 10 inches, and you are twenty-six years of age, you need not feel uneasy about your weight. You appear to be well and naturally healthy; and as you are strong, your weight is not so much from fat as from bone and muscle. One of the strongest and healthiest women we happen to know is only 5 feet 5 inches, in stockings, and weighs 12 stone. Though the bones are small, the muscular development is unusually great, and must account for the weight.

THOMASINA.—1. You are quite right. It is a very common practice to call apples baked under pastry, in a pie-dish, an apple-pie (though scarcely in the highest circles of society). But it is not correct. You say a tart when the pastry covers fruit, and a pie when containing meat; but the term pudding may apply to either fruit or meat when enclosed in boiled pastry, and boiled in a bag.—2. You must already know our opinion as to writing backwards as you do.

AVITH MOORE.—1. Your fellow Sunday-school teacher and friend has no sort of authority over you as such. Were you at school, and placed under the authority of a mistress by your parents, whilst under her roof, the case would be different.—2. We can only give brief answers, as the space allotted to them is very limited.

MARGUERITE should practice some simple exercises without appliances, which she will find much more useful. The weak back will be much benefited by being sponged with tepid salt and water every day.

MOTHER'S HELP.—The only way to proceed is to send your stories about till you find a publisher or a kindly editor. There is no "royal road" to success in literature.

VIOLET.—Your mother is the person to appeal to. Nine P.M. is quite late enough, and everyone who wishes to be young and beautiful should go to bed at ten o'clock.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GOLF FOR GIRLS.

By GARDEN G. SMITH.

THE origin of golf is lost in the mists of antiquity, and many theories have been advanced in regard to it. Without attempting to settle the vexed question as to who was the first golfer, there are those who affirm that the game was known to the early Italians, and that it owes its development to the Dutch, sundry works of art being produced in support of these contentions. Quite lately the ingenious Mr. Hutchinson has unearthed a drawing by Raphael from the Gallery at Venice which he says represents an Italian swinging a golf-club, and on the principle that there is nothing new under the sun, he points out that the said golf-club has a distinct resemblance to the modern bulger. This, however, is only a vain imagining. The drawing is nothing more than a study of a young athlete exercising himself with the Indian club of the period. As for the Dutchmen, here are a couple of illustrations of golf as it was understood by them, taken from tiles of the period (*see* figs. 1 and 2).

I can see no reason to doubt that the game originated in Scotland, where it certainly has been practised much in its present form for some centuries, and if the Dutch played the game in any form it seems much more reasonable to suppose that they copied it in their clumsy way from their merchant friends whom they would see playing on the links of Leith.

Since golf took serious root in England some five years ago, its popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. No week passes without some new green being opened or new club formed, and in view of the boon which thousands

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A FULL SHOT. (*Drawn by Garden G. Smith.*)



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

of the bored and bilious of both sexes and all ages are daily finding it, the wonder is that it has taken so long to become popular.

It seems incredible nowadays, so widespread is the golfing epidemic, that there should be anyone in this country ignorant of the character and history of golf. And yet only last Christmas at a fancy fair in Edinburgh a benighted cockney had a stall where for a penny one was allowed three shots with a mashie at what was naively advertised as "The new game of golf."

The other day too I met at dinner a young English lady who filled a pause in a very golfing *causerie* by asking the appalling question, "What is golf?"

Golf consists, as a prejudiced observer has remarked, in striking a small ball into a succession of small round holes with a number of instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose. Though this is a limited definition it is strictly true as far as it goes. The golf club is not a weapon of precision. And leaving out of account the length of the club and its exceedingly restricted hitting surface, the small size of the ball, the state of the weather, the inequalities of the ground and the physical and mental infirmities of human nature, are all matters that make a successful stroke most difficult of accomplishment. Whence arise, pray, these painful divergences of style and address that the incompetent exhibit? What is the meaning of those weird and monstrous contortions which many a golfer's body goes through in the act of striking? Are not these things the painful efforts of the earnest to adapt the awkward machinery to its work the result of their consciousness that the instrument is very ill-suited to its purpose, and that it is necessary in some way to compensate its unhandiness. And yet there is a right way and a wrong way to use a golf club. It is not, in fear and ignorance, out of attempts to counteract the length and spring of your golf club and defeat the operations of natural law by the convulsions and contractions of your body that success will emerge. And here I would say that in its proper nature a golf stroke is not a hit but a swing. This hitting with a tight undergrip and a strong fore-arm that one sees so much of in England is cricket and not golf, and is against all the best traditions and practice of the game. It is this fact that golf is not so much a game of strength and agility like cricket or football, but rather of skill and address that makes it of all out-of-door recreations the most eminently suited to women. I can see no physical reason, except perhaps on the very longest and most tiring courses, why women should not play golf as successfully as men, and indeed one knows already many lady players who can play better than their husbands and brothers.

In driving the club should be grasped firmly but not tightly with the fingers of both hands equally, the handle resting on the part of the palms just below the fingers and not gripped with the hollow of the palm. The hands should rest on each other, and the thumbs should lie over the handle of the club, and not point down it. These points are important, as it is only by having a correct grip that the club will have the requisite play in the hands during the process of swinging. The feet should only be so far apart as to preserve the balance firmly when the club is swung, and the ball should be more opposite the left foot than the right, at a distance from the feet varying with the length of club used.

The wrists should always be kept free and supple, and the club should be swung firmly but easily over the shoulder, the body taking part in the movement, and swinging with the arms both backwards and forwards.

In a full shot the whole force and weight of the body gradually accumulated in the act of swinging should descend on the ball at the moment of impact, and should not be checked there, but allowed to follow on after the ball. There should not be an ounce of force or weight wasted. It is no use expending one's energy in savage feints at the ball before striking, as I have seen some players do, nor in pounding at the ball with the arms alone in the manner of a stonebreaker. A great deal of nonsense has been written and talked about the necessity of swinging "slowback;" and the curious thing is that the very players who are responsible for the dictum, are themselves notorious for the rapidity with which they swing both backwards and forwards. The truth is that so long as it returns faster on the ball than it went up, and the balance is preserved, the club cannot be swung too fast back; the upward stroke and the downward, are one act, and should be as harmonious and continuous in every respect as possible. This holds true with regard to most golfing strokes. Even on the putting green, the backward movement of the club should be of the same nature as the forward, and the ball should not be hit with any sudden or jerky motion.

Another axiom dear to those who teach is, "Keep your eye on the ball." This is of course essential, but these professors usually omit to mention that the part of the ball to be looked at is not the top, but that part which it is desired to hit with the club, a point usually somewhere about the centre at the back of the ball.

In playing out of a sand bunker, one seldom tries to hit the ball directly if the lie be deep. A firm downward and slightly forward stroke, with a niblick, or mashie, immediately behind the ball, on which spot and not on the ball the eye must be fixed, will cause the ball to spout upward and forward. If a ball lies in blown sand in the position represented in the diagram it can be very simply extricated. It is only necessary to hit it straight in the centre against the sand with any flat-faced club such as a putter or putting iron, and the resistance of the sand will cause it to jump upward and forward.

In putts of a yard or under, many nervous people, and most people are nervous at these putts, make the mistake of aiming for the near edge of the hole, with the result that very often the ball either "lingers shivering on the brink" and does not go in, or rolls off to one side or the other before reaching. This would be avoided in most cases if the point aimed at were the back of the hole, and the ball played firmly for that. In this connection it should also be remembered that in many cases of a yard, or thereby, owing to the nature of the ground, there are various ways of holing the ball. For instance, supposing the hole to be on such a slope as is shown in the diagram, it is obvious that the line chosen will be determined by the speed with which the ball is propelled. If hit with the proper force it can be holed in a perfectly straight line in spite of the slope; if with a lesser degree of force allowance will have to be made for the slope of the green. When a ball has been played on to the putting green, and is still some yards from the hole, it is well, before approaching the ball, to walk first to the hole and examine the geography in its immediate neighbourhood. The reasons for this are obvious. In the first place a putting green is not like a billiard table,

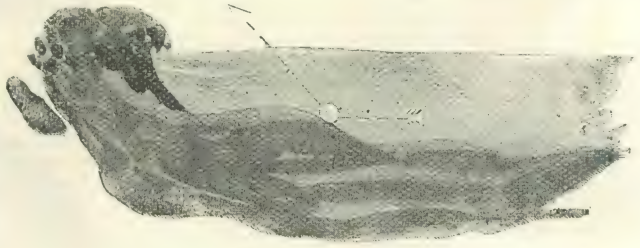
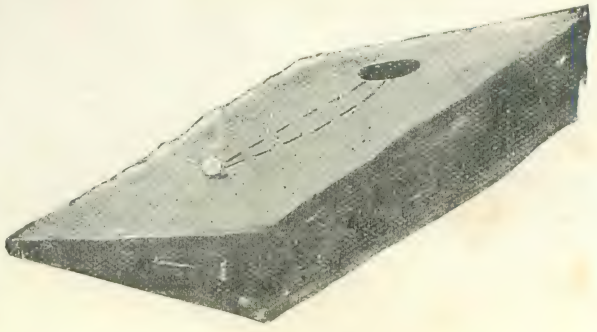


FIG. 3.

and even the best of them have their differences of surface, one part being stiff and rough and another part keen and smooth, according to the nature of the grass. Then there are little hollows and hills which will have their effect on the ball as it travels towards the hole. Secondly, and more particularly in a long putt, the ball will be travelling slowest, if it has strength to reach the hole, in the last yard, and it will consequently be then that it will be most affected by the irregularities of the green. What line then you will ultimately select to play the ball at the hole will be determined chiefly by the character of this last crucial yard or thereby, and those few feet of turf therefore ought to be the first object of consideration in studying a putt. When that examination is made, walk slowly to the ball, taking a mental note of any other facts likely to in-



fluence its course, but bearing in mind that the higher rate of speed at which the ball will be travelling at the start will minimise considerably the effect of any inequalities of the green. These considerations may seem obvious, and even trivial to the reader, but it is astonishing how few people who play golf regard them in practice. Most players putt in a more or less perfunctory and careless manner, trusting to luck to land the ball into the hole, or somewhere near it, and oblivious of the fact that it is after all on the putting green that matches are lost and won.

It is quite true that the greatest care and the most skilful play will very often be rewarded by the worst luck imaginable, and that careless and poor players often have an aggravating way of escaping the punishment which their strokes deserved, but the fact remains that the careful player will in the long run have the best luck, and when hazards have to be negotiated will generally emerge quicker and better than the careless.

The question of what ladies ought to wear in playing golf is one of such profound difficulty and to the male mind beset with so many impenetrable considerations that a positive finding is impossible. One may, however, without undue presumption, venture to point out that there are certain varieties of dress which ought not to be worn. Close-fitting skirts, tailor-made jackets with tight arms, stiff shirt-fronts and stick up collars, straw hats and high-heeled boots, however beautiful in themselves, and necessary as adjuncts of female attire, are not precisely the kind of articles that conduce to the freedom of action so indispensable to the playing of golf.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"AS YE MAKE YOUR BED, SAE LIE YE DOWN."

"VIA CRUCIS—VIA LUCIS."



WHILE these conversations were going on at Tyrmynydd, a chorus of lamentations was heard in Shanno's humble dwelling. She was taking away the foundling, and the little ones were using all their childish eloquence in entreating her to keep him. Barefooted, shock-headed, dirty urchins! how they surrounded their sobbing mother, and kissed the new baby! and what Christian love and charity were in their overflowing hearts! But the sentence was spoken by all the authorities, and Shanno left her home with the child tightly swaddled in the scarlet shawl.

She thought herself in duty bound to carry the baby first to Captain Herbert's, as he had requested, but when she reached his house he was not at home. She asked the servant to inquire of Mrs. Herbert if he had left any message, but no message had been left. Mrs. Herbert however begged to see her and the baby.

Shanno was ushered into a comfortable room, where she found Mrs. Herbert and her only daughter Angharad. The latter at once seized upon the baby and began nursing it energetically. Mrs. Herbert asked Shanno to sit down and tell her all about the foundling.

Mrs. Herbert was somewhat of a character. She had been an heiress, and had married Captain Herbert for love, when, as she sometimes expressed it, he was only a crwt of a sailor. This marriage had been such a happy one that both husband and wife had resolved never to cross their children's inclinations in matrimony, and their offspring had made some incongruous matches. She prided herself on being essentially Welsh, and lineally descended from a remote prince, whose line of ancestry she knew by heart. She affected everything Welsh—the language, costume, music, names, and was in short, eminently patriotic.

When Shanno had finished her story, Angharad brought the baby to her mother, saying, "Mamma, it is a shame to send such a child to the workhouse. Let us adopt it."

As if to negative this proposal a pretty young woman came into the room, followed by four children, wife and offspring of Captain Herbert's eldest son, who was a physician, and the one medical practitioner of Arymor.

"Look at this lovely baby, Sophia," cried Angharad, rushing towards Mrs. Llewellen Herbert with the foundling.

"Oh, what a darling!" said Mrs. Llewellen, taking the child. "Is there a mother in the world who could forsake such a beauty? I would adopt it myself if Llewellen would let me."

"Do mamma dear!" cried the children pressing round their mother.

Another negative arrived in the person of Mrs. Rhys Herbert, who led a small boy by the hand. She was the wife of Captain Rhys, second son of the family.

"Look at this poor little foundling, Nina," said Mrs. Llewellen. "I wish we could save him from the workhouse."

"He is not half as pretty as my baby," said Mrs. Rhys, flitting round the foundling. "I have heard all about him. I wouldn't touch him for anything. He was found in a ditch."

"He is much handsomer than Lancelot," said Angharad, taking the baby from her sister-in-law and tossing him in the air. "You care for nothing but yourself, Nina."

This was true. Angharad knew her sisters-in-law well, and loved Sophia best. They had both been portionless, both pretty, and both married for love. The worthy Captain and his wife had received them into their hearts and homes as they would have done Mara, had her father consented. Their only fault was, in the eyes of Mrs. Herbert, their being English. The Captain had established Llewellen and his wife in a good house that belonged to him, situated on the pier. He said that Sophia was a fortune in herself, and had made his son as steady as a compass. He had also furnished a pretty house for Rhys, not far from his own; and when the wind was boisterous he consoled his little fine lady of a daughter-in-law by assuring her that it was as calm as cream where Rhys was. He commanded one of his father's merchant vessels.

While Angharad was dancing about with the baby, followed by five nephews and nieces, all appealing to her to let them have him, a stentorian voice was heard in the passage. It proceeded from Captain Herbert, who said,

"Come in, Mara, and see the womenfolk first; then you shall speak to me as you like."

"Mara! Mara!" cried Angharad, rushing into the hall, the baby in her arms.

Mara's arms were instantly round the pair, pressing them closely and kissing them.

"I declare you kissed the baby more than me, Mara," said Angharad. "Take him, dear. Isn't he a beauty?"

Mara took the child and turned away.

"Come in, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert, getting up to meet Mara, and giving her a hearty kiss. "How ill you look, child! You have been fretting, and that's no good. Gerwyn is sure to come home all safe—isn't he, Captain? Why, I've lost the Captain for more than a year, haven't I, Captain? And here he is safe enough. If I had fretted I shouldn't be as jolly as I am now. But I always believed in the Captain, and so I do now. He says Gerwyn is sure to be all right, and he will be all right."

Mara's tears began to fall, and to change the subject Captain Herbert spoke of the foundling.

"He is expected at the union, Shanno. We will make something of him. All our children turn out well."

"Now, Mara, give Shanno that baby and come and tell me what you want."

Mara followed Captain Herbert out of the room.

When they got into another parlour she hurriedly told him of her wish to be mistress of the union school, and asked for his help.

"Dear me, girl, what shall we hear next?" said the astonished man. "Where's the wind now? Is this all along of poor Gerwyn? He'll be back in a few months. I wish from my heart your father had let you marry—the pig-headed old idiot."

"You were just as obstinate, Captain Herbert," said Mara stoutly.

"No, my dear. You should have had our blessing and a part of what we had if your father hadn't said such things. Now, by Neptune, I'll never speak to the old hypocrite again, and I'll show him I'm as stiff and proud as he. He sha'n't say we want him or his money. But what did you mean about the union, my dear?"

"I want to be of use and to be school-mistress there. I cannot live at home—I am so miserable."

"I don't wonder, I'm sure. Those people 'ould be enough to turn anybody's brains inside out."

"Will you give me your vote, Captain? Will you promise?"

"I can promise easily enough, but I shouldn't like to see you there, my pet."

"Dear Captain Herbert, I shall die if I do not go!" said Mara passionately.

"Whew! Miss Jones has a temper, and boxes the children's ears; but so have you my darling."

"I will command it. You don't know what power I have."

"You're not your father's daughter if you haven't, my girl. It puts me in a passion even to see him command his temper."

"You will help me, dear Captain Herbert?"

"I will say that you wish to be a stop-gap until that Jezebel, Miss Jones, has a successor. I know she is in a hurry to get married. I wish her intended joy."

"I have your promise?"

"Yes, since you are so anxious. But it is very foolish."

"Do you really think there is any chance of Gerwyn's return?"

"Of course I do. Why not? There's no time lost."

A bright flush of joy overspread Mara's face. Captain Herbert saw it, and put his hand kindly upon her shoulder.

"I love you better than ever, my dear, because you are constant to our dear boy, the apple of our eye, our Benjamin, as Mrs. Captain calls him."

Mara's tears began to fall. The Captain dried them by leading her back to the dining-room. She glanced eagerly round as she entered, but Shanno and the baby were gone.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Herbert," she said. "Good-bye, dear Harrie."

The kindly family clustered round her and began to question her of her visit to Liverpool. She replied hastily, and hurried away followed by Angharad.

"Stop a moment," said Angharad, and they walked together to the gate talking of Gerwyn, equally beloved as lover and brother.

Plas Arymor, where Captain Herbert and his family lived, was a cosy pretty place. The house itself was large and roomy, one-storeyed, and surrounded by a verandah. It was well-protected by hill and wood behind, and by hardy shrubs in front. It stood high, and commanded a view of the town of Arymor and the grand expanse of ocean beyond. It was evident that the Captain was not ashamed of his profession, for the grounds were adorned everywhere with symbols of it. Shells of all seas and nations were scattered here, there and everywhere. Two arbours rose behind the house, made of two old boats, from the top of which floated union-jacks. These arbours were made picturesque by their situation amongst the shrubs that half-covered the terraced hill on which they stood. They were covered within with shells, pebbles, crystals, and other marine curiosities, and floored with a mosaic of many-coloured sands. On the pillars that flanked the iron gate of the principal entrance were stone effigies of some wonderful sea monsters, and across the pretty side gate at which Mara and Angharad stood for a few last words were the massive jaws of a whale.

Angharad was wont to call her father a Cockney sailor, and he was wont to say in return that she owed all her smart gowns to old Neptune, and ought not to be ashamed of the boats in which her grandfather went a-fishing, or the jaws of the whale that her great-uncle speared in the Polar seas.

When the "last words" were said, Mara took her way to the town, which we will visit with her.

Arymor, or On-the-Sea, was a small sea-port, and had its harbour and quay, built mainly by the exertions of Captain Herbert. Its one long street led to the quay, and from it many scattered sailors' and fishermen's houses diverged right and left. The spot that looked so lovely from the little mountain as it lay asleep in the sunset was in no wise picturesque on a nearer view, though not without its points of interest. Dr. Herbert, who hated Arymor, would have said that these were its pigs. These unclean animals wandered unmolested through the streets and on the beach, poking their noses into everything, and upsetting unwary passengers. The patches of grass that grew here and there also attracted stray donkeys, and numerous puddles drew together all the ducks of the locality. In addition to these, dirty children played marbles and heck-step-and-jump from morning till night.

Nevertheless, Arymor had its Town Hall, its good inn, and good shop. It was, in short, the principal town of a circle of about some ten or fifteen miles, and as such, not unimportant. Large fortunes had been made there by small shipowners and shipbuilders, who, like Captain Herbert, usually had that *mal du pays* which brought them home to spend their money when they had gained it. There was little stir in the place, except when a vessel came into port or left it, then all the population thronged the pier. Usually little was seen upon it but its merchandise of stray barrels, or a few sailors, waiting equally for shipment.

As Mara walked rapidly down the street, all the people bowed and curtseyed and made efforts to speak, but she nodded hurriedly and passed on. The general remark was, "Indeed, Miss Marget do look bad, and 'ont be speaking to no one. That's because of Gerwyn Herbert."

When she reached Pier Street she knocked at the door of the principal house and asked if Dr. Herbert were at home. She declined being shown into the sitting-room, walked into his study and told the servant to send him to her there. He came immediately.

He was like the rest of his family, handsome and good-tempered. The Herberts were all known for black curly hair, bright laughing eyes, and very white teeth. They all seemed to take life easily, and in return life dealt with them in the same spirit.

"My dear Mara," said the doctor, "I am so glad to see you! When did you come home? You are just arrived in time for first hearing of the good news. Gerwyn's ship has been spoken 'all safe' four months ago."

Doctor Herbert little thought what effect his communication would have upon Mara. She uttered a shrill cry of joy and fainted. He quickly brought her back to life and comparative happiness, without letting anyone but himself see her emotion.

"I am so thankful," was all she could say when she recovered.

"My dear child, so am I. But I did not know that you still felt so deeply," was the reply.

"Not feel! Ah, you do not know! Will he really come back?"

"Of course he will, dear fellow. Providence is sure to watch over him. Besides, you know that those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned, and your worthy father has prepared the rope for him."

"How can you jest on such a subject? It is life and death to me."

"I must have my jokes, ma'am, as Betty True Blue would say, and I am too happy to be serious. Tell me what your especial business is to-day, for I must carry the good news to Plas directly."

Mara briefly recounted her workhouse scheme.

"This is simply preposterous. I will have nothing to do with anything so absurd," said the doctor.

"I must go from home. I cannot breathe where they hate Gerwyn. I am neither fit for a governess nor a servant, but I could teach the workhouse children. Will you help me?"

"Certainly not. You mistress of a union-school! a set of fatherless brats, some of 'em wretched foundlings."

"For pity's sake hush, Llewellen. You will not help me, so I will go. But you spoke of foundlings. Shanno has taken a baby to the workhouse that she found on the little mountain. Will you look after it when you go there?"

"I will give it magnesia, and Daffy's elixir, and various other nostrums. And I should like to give its unnatural mother a dose of prussic acid. What's the matter, child? How pale you are again?"

"Nothing. I must go. You are very hard-hearted. Good-bye."

Mara hurried out of the house to the pier, and thence to the beach. She walked a quarter of a mile over the rough shingle, and then sat down to pour out to the sea her burden of mingled joy and sorrow. The tide was coming in, and huge waves bounded

one after another up the steep shelving beach like fiery horses urged on at the bottom of one hill, the better to mount the next. The foam and spray wetted her dress, but she took no heed as she poured out to the great waves words she dared not utter in the hearing of man.

Truly the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the knowledge that such bitterness is the reward of disobedience is no alleviation to the suffering. Poor Mara, may the future deal lightly with thee in the way of that punishment which always must follow disloyalty to God's most just commands.

And so she sat until her tears were dried, and she felt strengthened by the keen beach air. Then she took a cliff road to the mountain and reached home in time for tea.

Happily her father had sent word that he should not be at home, as he had arrangements to make with Edwin and others for the conference. Mariana and her maids had also been making preparations. There was to be open house at Tyrmynydd for as many of the preachers as chose to come, and Mariana had reason to feel vexed that Mara had in no way assisted in her labours. This was an old grievance. While Mara wandered about, nursing her fancies and worldly imaginations, Mariana toiled *the livelong day*, with little to cheer her but that religion which was, in truth, her joy and stay. But Mariana Vaughan is not to be described at the end of a chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

AMERICAN SCHOOLGIRL LIFE.



ENT brought us deepening spiritual life through the earnest efforts of our Bishop and Chaplain. Many of us can never forget the Sunday evening "talks" of our beloved Bishop, so simple and yet so penetrating, piercing the depths of our young hearts, but drawing us lovingly to love better and holier things than fun and frolic, or even than our studies and our hope of excelling in the year's reports. The chaplain held a confirmation class, and Easter always saw some ten or a dozen white-robed "St. Mary's girls" among the candidates at the Cathedral service. A few days' respite, a few long happy rambles through the glad spring woods and fields, and we settled down to the final term. And now came the "tug of war" and the proof of endurance, as well as the reward of it in the added momentum gained by past good habits. If Easter were late, it was a short time until the end of June in which to make up lost lessons, and the growing heat made industry difficult, even to those who were least inclined to yield to the temptation to be idle. We used to get up now from choice long before the waking bell roused the heavier sleepers, and roll-call found us buried in the sorrows of Troy or pondering over the *Association of Ideas* in the coolest and shadiest nook of the garden. "We" were the graduating class, who during this last term were given special privileges both of work and recreation, exempted from several rules, and generally set upon an enviable pinnacle of greatness for the few short weeks that remained of school-life. And we did work hard in return for our generous treatment, scarcely giving ourselves the full benefit of Thursday's holiday, but carrying work with us down to the river, where we used to sit through the hot afternoon in the shade of the frowning bluffs which stood like giants guarding the broad flowing stream at our feet. There in the stillness of our busy study, or across the chatter of the girls who were not trying for honours, came the sweep of oars, and past us would glide the boats training for the approaching regatta, one of the events of our exciting commencement week.

How peacefully in those rushing days used to come Sunday, like a rest in a brilliant passage of music. Sunday at St. Mary's used to dawn as it never has dawned since anywhere in the world. There was a subdued sense of joy and peace resting upon everything that morning, from the moment we met together in the homely school-room or wandered about the quiet garden, arm-in-arm, waiting the summons to roll-call. It was a day of privileges, not an austere Sabbath; we loved the hearty worship at the cathedral, in which our own choir had part, and our own short service in the afternoon was bright and musical. We were not expected to listen to a second sermon, but in the evening we had half-an-hour or perhaps less with our bishop, or, in his absence, one of the college professors; which was sometimes a talk about woman's work and mission, sometimes an interesting lesson on Bible subjects, sometimes deeper discussion of some sacred theme than a mere lesson, sometimes a thrilling account of some recent brave or noble action, some missionary enterprise or philanthropic work. Whatever it was, it made the half-hour the best of all the day, and gave us subjects for eager converse until the bell rang again for our Sunday evening hymn, prayer and benediction.

Lastly, and with wonderful swiftness came commencement week, and our final examination. The Church State Convention met then for its deliberations, and so F—— used to swarm with visitors, clerical and lay delegates, many of whom were our girls' relatives, and would come to see them during the intervals of business. The written examinations had been got over the preceding week, but now we had to exhibit to our committee what we could do orally, and so every morning we were reading in French, German or Latin, demonstrating problems in Euclid, experimenting in chemistry, or in some other way putting our year's work into our own language, and proving we had not been merely crammed, but could readily turn our beginning of knowledge to account. In the afternoons we had a share in the festivities of the week. There were the sports and the annual prize-giving at the boys' school, there was the boat-race at which we all appeared with the colours of our favourite boat, there was sometimes an unusually interesting debate on at the convention, and always there were friends to show over our buildings or to go out with; and so much delightful anticipation and joyous realisation from hour to hour in one way or another marked this week, that even the girls who did not like school-life confessed it was worth coming for. The climax of all was our "Closing exercises." The day was spent in a whirl of sights and sounds—carpenters hammering at the temporary platform and moving the two best pianos, hampers of flowers arriving for the decoration of the room and ourselves, furious practising in all parts of the building, wherever there was a piano to be seized upon, eager appeals for teacher's permissions to go after some forgotten purchase, and despair at finding them all closeted together for hours to come, deciding our several claims for the evening's awards, rapturous welcome of arriving parents, and lamentations over telegrams from some who could not come. Dinner passed in a bustle and unchecked clatter of tongues, and tea scarcely touched at all, so excited had we become, especially the graduating class. And what a pretty sight it must have been when at last the eventful hour found us, robed in simple white, with flowers our only ornament, seated in rows around the platform. The room was filled with guests, and numbers of young men yielded their places to ladies, and crowded the large windows which opened on the verandah, while on the verandah itself, and even about the grounds were many more who preferred the cool night breeze without, and were content to enjoy what they could hear of music and speeches borne upon the air.

The valedictory essay, the only one of the evening, and the coveted honour of honours, had been of course awarded weeks ago, but intense suspense was always felt at the last moment about the medals. The first and most valued of these was given for conduct and scholarship combined; no merely clever girl could get it, only the best representative of what St. Mary's could do for the culture of girlhood in qualities of heart as well as head could carry off the prize, and the award was received as a rule with enthusiastic assent by the girls themselves. I do not mean there were never disappointed hearts, that could not be possible, but in the anxious deliberations of the faculty the school-feeling was always taken into account, and had great weight in the decisions as to honours depending, wholly or partly, upon character and conduct. The diplomas and certificates distributed, the last act of our school-life was over. There remained now but to receive our Bishop's blessing, and the partings after the last night had been spent in our little white-curtained alcoves. But we could not be allowed to go out into the world after years of anxious love and care without a final word of advice from our beloved head. The most cherished, the best-remembered event of this eventful evening was the Bishop's address. He, who has held spellbound great meetings at Exeter Hall, who delivered the opening address at the Pan-Anglican Synod, whose personality won him a grand reception at Oxford, on the occasion of that university conferring upon him an honorary degree; eloquent, forcible, magnetic as he is, never is he more so than when meeting for the last time, as he must each year, a class of girls as his own special charge, and bestowing upon them his farewell counsel.

"O thou child of many prayers
Life hath quicksands, life hath cares,
Care and age come unawares."

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

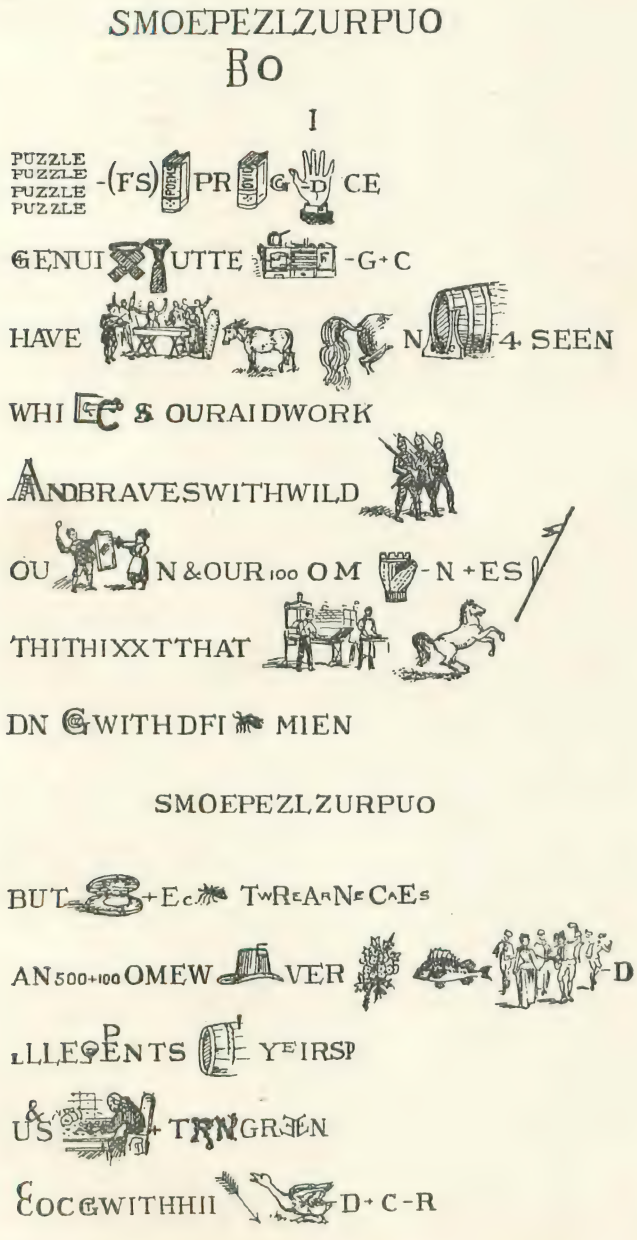
These lines of the poet seemed to embody what I recall of those last words. "It has been the day-dream of my life and my daily prayer that those whom we lovingly call our daughters may bring gladness to hearts and homes, and blessings on the world." Such is his ideal of woman's mission, private and public, the old Anglo-Saxon ideal, which our race on both sides of the Atlantic—aye, and beyond further seas, have never ceased to cherish, and never will. It is the ideal which is wrought into our language, in which the wife is the "woof" of the home where the husband is "houseband," in which the lady is the merciful "loaf-giver," by her just, order-preserving lord or "law-word." And so, with all the little differences inseparable from different circumstances and environment, the American girl is trained on the old lines, to aim, like her English cousin, at becoming

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

It was several years before I had an opportunity of revisiting Alma Mater, and when I did all was the same, yet not the same, in that sad way which is worse than any change. It was commencement week, and my heart beat fast as I drew near the familiar white building, with its shady verandahs and expanse of lawn. There were girls all about, just as usual, and pianos sounding through the open windows with much the same old strains. But the faces were strange and only one, after a curious look at me like the rest, brightened into a smile. The owner, a tall slip of a maiden, then ran towards me with open arms, to my wonderment, and called me by my Christian name. It was the school baby of my time, developed into a "sweet girl graduate," the only one amongst all the bevy who knew me or my times, for the generations are brief in the world of school. It was very sad, and made my visit a disappointment. But here, in my English home, the old times seem always as they seemed before I went back to risk the spoiling of my recollections; and I think as I grow old and the present becomes the dream, the past the reality, as they tell us is always the case with aged folk, the dear old days at St. Mary's will return to comfort me for many a sad day since, and perhaps to come and be "The most blessed memory of mine age."

M. B. BYRDE.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: RONDO.—EXAMINERS' REPORT.



R-on-D O

Four puzzle poems PR Ovid *in*-G-c hand CE
4-*in*-GENUI ties UTTE range C
HAVE wake ned tail N tun 4 SEEN
WHI C-*hung* A-*in*-S AID-OUR-WORK-*between*
Steps-*in*-ANDBRAVESWITHWILD advance
OU row N & OUR COM mitten ES lance
Two THI*s* X ten TTHAT printers prance
DN ounce-*in*-G WITH DFI ant MIEN
OURPUZZLEPOEMS

BUT E case *wes*-c ant WEREAS-*in*-TRANCE
AN D COMEW hat EVER may perch dance
Wes-L LLE top P-*on*-ENTS vent the IRSP-*lean*
On-US-& mister RN-*old* GR double E N
C-*on*-COCT-*in*-G WITHHI*s* arrow gander
OURPUZZLEPOEMS

RONDO OR RONDEAU.

Our puzzle poems, providing chance
For ingenuity's utterance,
  Have wakened talent unforeseen,
  Which, ungainsaid, our work between
Steps in, and braves with wild advance
Our own and our Committee's lance
To this extent—that printers prance,
  Denouncing with defiant mien
    Our puzzle poems;

But cease we can't—we're as in trance—
And come whatever may, perchance,
  We'll let opponents vent their pleen
  On us and Mister Arnold Green,
Concocting with his arrogance
    Our puzzle poems!

AWARD (*English and Foreign*).

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.
2. A. Phillips, 29, Eresby Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
3. Helen Janette Simpson, 32, Brighton Place, Aberdeen.
4. Bessie Coulson, 26, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, co. Dublin.
5. Mrs. Robertson, Bank of Scotland, Blairgowie, N.B.

Very Highly Commended.

Charlotte Archdall.	Miss J. T. Meely.
John Walter Atkins.	Lucretia Milton.
Walter W. Bryant.	J. D. Musgrave.
Hannah Crabtree.	Miss E. A. Phythian.
Ethel M. Edgley.	Ada M. Pleasance.
F. H. S. Escott.	Agnes E. Pleasance.
Miss A. M. Gordon.	Bertha Reid.
Miss E. E. Grundy.	Clara Robinson.
William Hughes.	Miss A. C. Sharp.
D. Hurley.	E. A. Stuart.
H. J. Liggins.	Chas. H. Wimpress.

Elizabeth W. Wood.

Highly Commended.

Rev. C. F. Archer.	R. Gill.
Miss M. Ashworth.	Henry J. Gladwin.
Ethel Lucy Bayley.	G. M. Hollis.
H. Bennett.	Louie Humphries.
Sara Bond.	Margaret Jaquer.
Edith J. Brayshaw.	Annie W. Marston.
Mrs. N. Browne (Madhupur).	W. H. Rich.
	Miss E. J. Shepard.
Wm. M. Crawford.	Mrs. A. L. Stevenson.

Edith Thomas.

Honourable Mention.

Emily Bergin.	Agnes E. Parkhouse.
Frank G. Callcott.	George C. Pile.
C. Crosby.	Hannah E. Powell.
Julia Cutchey.	Miss S. R. Smith.
E. M. Glendinning.	Sadie Stelfox.
E. Jarman.	Annie Stevens.
Lillie Mason.	E. C. Tarrant.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

At last the spell is broken! Five perfect solutions (excepting mistakes in spelling!) confront us, and "Mr. Arnold Green" is reported to be racking the remnant of his brain for symbols which will invest the word "mystery" with a deeper and more terrible meaning.

This remarkable achievement of the five naturally raises the standard for the whole competition, and it accounts for the absence of many names from the award lists which, under a less trying ordeal, would have been handed down to posterity.

We communicate this little bit of information to spare ourselves the distress of receiving pathetic letters assuring us of the excellence of the writer's solution, and appealing for a reconsideration of our verdict. To give a more definite idea of the requirements for the various honours, we may say that no paper having more than one mistake was marked "Very Highly Commended," and more than three mistakes disqualified even for "Honourable Mention."

Errors in spelling have to be taken into account in the adjudication, but they are not reckoned as equal to failures in interpretation; still, it is very sad that so many competitors, presumably not infants, are so lamentably ignorant of their own language. We shall soon be compelled to offer English Dictionaries for prizes instead of guineas.

The absence of any serious difficulties in the puzzle renders it unnecessary for us to say much about it. The attempt to convey the impression of antiquity in the letters R N (line 13) does not appear to have been brilliantly successful. This is the most polite way we can think of in accounting for the great number of failures at this point. "Mr. R. N. Green" is unsatisfactory, for it leaves the character of the letters out of consideration altogether. "Mr. R. N. Wood Green" contains a syllable too much, and Mr. Wood N. Green (disguise it as you will) is extremely disrespectful. One reading, "Mr. Arnwood Green," we accepted—not that we ever heard the name before, but it is obtained quite fairly, and shows a thorough appreciation of the requirements of the case.

The only other points, where anything like general failure occurred, were in line 4, the "C *hung*," and "aid, our work *between*," giving much trouble. We do not mean to say that the rest of the puzzle was solved by all, or nearly all, but there is no concensus of opinion as to the difficult parts, and the errors and blanks are dotted about with delightful impartiality. As an experiment we are shortly going to publish a puzzle after the same fashion, which, compared with its predecessors, will be simplicity itself. We shall await the result with some interest and much trepidation.

The number of letters sent in with the solutions makes it impossible for us to refer to them individually, but we heartily appreciate the graceful expressions of goodwill which reach us from time to time, and return our warmest thanks for them all.

In answer to one correspondent, we are able to state that the words of the Puzzle Poems are in every case quite original, and appear for the first time. For obvious reasons it would not be desirable to use for the purpose any poem previously published.

TRISTESSE.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Honourable Mention.

E. Blazè, Kandy, Ceylon.

USEFUL HINTS.

SOUR MILK CAKES.—In summer-time milk frequently turns, if left over from one day to another. A thriftless housekeeper will throw it away, but a thrifty one will use it, knowing that for many purposes it is better than sweet, making cakes and other things lighter.

Pancakes, for instance, are usually a welcome addition to the sweets at either lunch or dinner, particularly when there are unexpected guests. Made in the following way they are delicious: Put twelve dessertspoonfuls of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar in a bowl. Mix well up and add sufficient sour milk by degrees to make a smooth batter—not quite half a pint. Then pour it into a jug and beat up two eggs in the basin; pour this into the batter, and add a teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder. Measure a teacupful for a pancake and bake at once, taking care that the *friture* is as hot as possible. If it is not, the batter will not run, and the pancake will consequently be thick. Sprinkle castor sugar over and roll up as each are baked. Surround with slices of lemon.

CHESHIRE PUDDING.—Make the batter in the same way, only one egg; pour the batter in a hot tin well greased; put in a hot oven, and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes. When cooked cut it downwards into slices. Arrange them nicely on a hot plate, and put a spoonful of jam on each; contrasting jams, such as apricot and black currant, look best.

Yorkshire pudding: make and bake in the same way, substituting a little pepper for the sugar, but send it in on a hot dish whole, and let the carver cut it up.

TOURNE DOS AUX OLIVES.—Cut some thin slices from the undercut of the sirloin of beef, and fry them in butter, also cut as many pieces of bread as you have fillets, and fry. Dish them in a circle alternately and fill the centre with a ragout of olives stoned, made thus: Fry an onion to a nice brown in butter, then dredge in lightly a little flour, stir it till it is coloured, then add enough stock or gravy as may be required, season with pepper and salt and a few cloves. Let this boil up well, then strain, put it back into the saucepan, and lay in as many olives as you require, and let all simmer together, but must not boil after olives are added.

GREEN PEAS À LA FRANÇAIS.—Put a quart of nice young green peas and about an ounce of butter into a saucepan, and a small sprig of fresh green mint and as much warm water as will cover, and let them stand for ten minutes. Then strain off the water and put them back into the saucepan. Cover it and stir every now and again. When they have become a little tender add a dessertspoonful of castor sugar and an ounce of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of flour; keep stirring them every now and again, and if you find it become too thick you might add a tablespoonful of cream, milk or hot water.

TOMATO SALAD.—Twelve smooth-skinned, round tomatoes, cut in slices, two eggs hard-boiled, rub the yolks to a smooth paste, cut the whites into strips, one small onion finely chopped, a raw egg well-beaten, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of pepper, same of salt.

Lay the tomatoes in a bowl or glass dish, the onion and whites of the eggs over them, also a few bits of ice; mix the pounded yolks and the raw egg, mustard and seasoning together first, add the oil by degrees, the vinegar last of all. Pour over the salad, and set on the ice for a few minutes before bringing to table. This is delicious with cold-boiled salmon, boiled poultry, or with meat.

Fresh crisp celery cut into inch lengths may be dressed in the same way, only eat at once, as the dressing is apt to destroy the crispness.

CHEESE SALAD.—Half a pound of picked shrimps, half that quantity of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and one tablespoonful of celery vinegar. Stir the grated cheese and the other condiments together, then pour over the shrimps in a shallow glass dish. Place little triangles of cut lemon and tufts of parsley round the edge.

Both these salads might appear as "relishes" where five o'clock tea is a substantial sit-down meal, and with a little contrivance both are excellent picnic dishes. Salads are a very suitable and often welcome accompaniment to baked or broiled fish; and I need hardly say they are just as good with hot meat and gravy as with cold. French people serve the salad alone, at the close of the savoury course, and it is by no means a bad arrangement, as it acts as a refreshment to the mouth, and removes all traces of meats and sauces, preparing the way for the sweets which follow.



"THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE QUIET WAY."

SOME WORDS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

ONLY some words about the dear old times,
Spoken amid the clamour of the street,
But they were like the music of the chimes
Drifting across the meadows, faintly sweet.

Only some words from one who knew the past,
Whose eyes had seen the light of suns gone down—
Such simple words! and yet a spell was cast
Upon the tumult of the noisy town.

I saw once more the home among the hills,
The lights and shadows on the quiet way,
The budding boughs, the gold of daffodils,
The long, soft grasses waving all the day

The shades grew deeper, and, behold, *I dreamed*
A dream of summer woods in gloom and glow.
Leaves changed and fell, and scarlet berries gleamed,
Dropping, like coral beads, on heaps of snow.

Only some words; but neither brush nor pen
Could paint such pictures for my weary eyes.
Beyond the crowd—beyond the strife of men—
I looked, and saw those lovely visions rise.

Such simple words! But words are mighty things;
They cast us down, or lift us up to rest;
They charm and strengthen, till our angel sings
The last of all the life-songs, and the best.

EASTER IN LITTLE RUSSIA.

By ERICA GLENTON.



HALL we go?"

"Certainly."

"I was so afraid something would prevent us."

"You will find it very unlike an English Easter."

"I am sure, but very interesting."

Madame D—— and I were sitting upon the balcony just after luncheon enjoying the warm spring sunshine when the above conversation took place. Some months previously I had been engaged by M. and Madame D—— as English governess to their one little girl, Olga. Their estate, known as Féderofika, was in that part of Russia taken by Catherine the Great. It is now called New Russia, and M. D——'s estate was in the government of Ekaterinoslav, which, translated into literal English, means "Catherine's glory."

Madame D—— had a married daughter living at Kurulka, a village some versts away, and it was at her house we were to spend my first Easter in Russia.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear.

"Come along, Miss Glenton," called Olga outside my door. "The carriage is given; we are going to drive troïka."

"Troïka. I am glad. How I like to see the centre horse step out with his great strides, shaking his bells, while the side horses gallop so lightly with gracefully curved necks."

Five minutes later we were seated in the equipage, driving over the vast "steppe" as only a Russian coachman can drive. On we went, six inches from a ravine, through pools of water, through a river—a Russian coachman would drive you through a stone wall if you would let him—until, delightfully bespattered with mud, ornamented with lumps of earth, we arrived at the station Losovaya. The Russian trains are constructed upon the American fashion, and are far more comfortable than our English ones, but they have one great drawback, they are remarkably like snails in their movements, one feels one must get out to push behind.

It was dark when we arrived at Stavrakova, where horses awaited us, this time "four-in-hand," and to judge from the size of the coachman and footman, I secretly thought they were needed. Again we started through the mud and water, while a man with a droskhi followed behind with the luggage. Presently we stopped.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"We are only going to take out two horses in order to cross this bridge," replied our host who had met us at the station.

"No, no!" from Madame as the droskhi driver banged into us from behind.

"Doorak—idiot!" screamed the coachman. "Why on earth can't you look where you are going?"

"As if anyone could see in this darkness," grumbled the driver.

"Then feel," retorted our Jehu, "only be good enough to keep well behind."

And keep behind he did, for he lost his way, tumbled himself and belongings into a ravine, and then lustily shouted for help. Again we stopped. The coachman's fat companion got down from the box and went to the help of the unfortunate droskhi driver.

After waiting some twenty minutes our host said:

"Drive on, Ivan, we cannot wait here all night."

After being several times threatened with a complete turn-out we reached our destination, to my great relief; for the roads in Russia are simply lanes through the fields, and after rain greatly resemble the bottom of a pond.

We were met with a very warm welcome. The gentlemen kissed each other as heartily as did the ladies. I stared in bewildered surprise, for although I had seen our men at home pale with suppressed feeling, had seen them almost shake each other's hands off, yet never had I seen two men kiss in this way. I followed them into the dining-room, where the steaming samovar awaited us—tea is deliciously made in Russia—feeling somewhat shy, but the delicate kindness and warmhearted ways soon put this feeling far away.

There are no people so simply frank, so generously hospitable as the Russians. They do not treat a governess as a machine, but as one of the family; English girls being specially liked.

The next day—Thursday—Madame said: "We are going to church this evening, Miss Glenton. Would you like to come?"

"Oh, yes please."

"But there are no seats as in an English church."

"And no carpeted, cushioned pews in which to take a nap," added our host slyly.

"Take a nap!" exclaimed Olga. "Do English people sleep in church? Have they no beds at home?"

"Any amount," I replied laughing, "but they do sleep in church sometimes."

At 8.30 P.M. we entered the church, which was already crowded, and pushed our way to the altar steps. Beyond the steps, from wall to wall, were beautiful paintings of our Lord, the Virgin, and various saints. In the centre of this wall of pictures was a door, through which only a priest can pass. There were also two other doors through which a man may pass, but no woman, unless she has built the church. The centre door when opened revealed an inner altar and more paintings. Before each picture numberless candles were burning, also every worshipper held a lighted taper during the reading of our Saviour's sufferings from the four Gospels.

"Why do you hold candles?" I asked.

"As an emblem of the light to which we are listening," was the reply.

It was an impressive service although I did not understand a word, for it was read in the Sclav language. The priest in his robes of black, silver, and gold, the breathless attention of the mighty crowd, the wild plaintive singing, all served to deepen the impression. About the middle of the service someone brought me a chair, for although a Russian would consider it an insult to God if he sat in church, yet he will never force his views upon others. When the service was over, everyone tried to reach home with lighted candles, but the night being very windy, only Madame succeeded. With this candle she lit all the lamps hanging before the images in every room, and they remained burning until Sunday.

At midday on Good Friday we again went to church, taking our candles with us. An image of our Lord in His grave was placed under a canopy. A procession was formed, headed by the priest repeating prayers and swinging incense. This procession, formed by the entire congregation, walked round the outside of the church several times at a funeral

march, while from time to time the bell tolled solemnly. It was quite touching to see how eagerly each one tried to help in the carrying of the canopy, if only with one finger. It was so real in its effect that our thoughts instinctively went back to the day when Joseph of Arimathæa carried our Lord's torn body to its rocky grave. Tears were falling from many eyes, even my cheeks were wet, in spite of my English nature.

A grave had been prepared in the centre of the church, in which the image was now laid; after this, the procession walked round it, kissing the image as they went.

"Well, Miss Glenton, did our service please you?" asked Madame as we returned home, by a long route of twenty versts.

"I think the ceremonies strange," I replied, "but their meaning beautiful."

"I suppose," said she, "if we only understand our Lord's great love, it matters little how we commemorate it."

"I think Miss Glenton will like our last Easter service," said our hostess, Anna Danielna, "if she is not too tired to go."

"*Not at all too tired*; I am much too interested for that."

"You can always have a chair, you know."

"Thank you; but I am quite ashamed to sit when I see little children standing so reverentially for hours."

"But they are accustomed. Ah! here we are at home."

"And now, Miss Glenton, good-night—I mean, good-morning; for it is after two o'clock. Go to bed. We shall want your help later in our many preparations for to-morrow—the greatest of all our church holidays. You look tired-out by our long drive."

I went to bed—but not to sleep. I lay thinking of what I had seen. I could not understand, while the church was crowded with peasants, there were so few people of the higher class there; nor why the priests seemed of such low caste.

About 10 A.M. we descended to the dining-room for coffee and bread. The Russians are horrified at the English manner of eating meat at their first meal. A doctor once called me a cannibal for so doing.

"And now," said our host—Constantine Michaelovitch—"we will teach you to colour eggs."

"Why do you colour eggs?" I asked.

"There is a legend, which says that when Mary visited our Lord's empty grave, and when He met her in the garden, she carried a basket of eggs! and to convince her of His identity He changed them into red ones. That is why we colour eggs."

The table was cleared, and a pan containing some two hundred eggs, still in hot water, brought in. We placed them in wine-glasses, then painted them all colours. Some were boiled in coloured rags; some painted with flowers; while others were ornamented by gold and silver. While we were so occupied, there went on a great baking and roasting in the kitchen, and a general turn-out of the rooms in the house. In the evening, a great table was laid out from end to end of the dining-room. It was covered with a fine white cloth, and with beautiful flowering plants. In the centre three high Easter-breads—Pascha—were placed. They were covered with sugar and flowers; while upon the centre one was a white lamb. Then came boned turkeys, roasted pigs, boiled hams, roasted lambs, ducks and hens, jellies, fruits, various kinds of cheese, wines, and certainly the famous Russian brandy known as "Vodka." When the coloured eggs were added the effect was exceedingly pretty. When finished, the priest came to bless the food and to sprinkle holy water upon it. Then came a distribution of eggs and bread amongst the people.

At 11 P.M. the same evening we went to church, which was crowded to excess. The singing was very sweet and plaintive—even sad. The image still lay in the centre of the church, but at twelve o'clock the entire congregation formed a procession and walked slowly round the outside of the church, during which time the image was removed. Then the bells pealed out joyfully, the singers burst out into a grand chant—"Christ has risen," cannons were fired, while each person kissed his neighbour three times, saying: "Christus Voskres"—Christ has risen—to which they replied: "Voistenoo Voskres"—Truly He has risen. During the chant we re-entered the church. And now began the "holy kisses." The priest kissed every member of his flock three times, and I could not help thinking if I were the priest I should never want to kiss, or be kissed again, to the end of my natural life. One thing I noticed—he did not kiss one member of the family I was with.

When we came out of church I saw many peasants sitting upon the ground with "Pascha" and meat spread out before them, waiting to receive the priest's blessing before eating. They had been fasting forty days from meat, eggs, cheese, milk, and butter. Many Russians begin to eat directly they reach home; but we were too tired, so gladly went to bed.

When we came downstairs on Sunday morning I was amazed to see the men and maids kiss their masters and mistresses three times, as they offered the Easter salutation. I myself was saluted on the cheek three times by the man-cook; but it was given with such evident *naiveté*, that I took it as a matter of course. For six weeks after Easter the usual salutation—"Ydravstvooyte"—is changed for the Easter greeting. Everyone was in elegant costume—and good humour. Presents were exchanged, and I was kindly remembered by everyone. Also, every servant received a present. No meats were prepared this day; everyone took what he liked from the great table, thus leaving the servants entirely free.

We took our ease the whole day. In the afternoon it is the custom for the gentlemen to pay visits to their lady acquaintances, so of course every lady remains at home. From time to time the bells rang merry peals; all seemed so gaily happy. The "Svyetlie Prazdnik"—Great Holiday—lasts for three days—days spent in feasting, dancing, and general rejoicing. The peasant girls sang their national songs, which were quite different from anything I ever heard—so plaintive, so wild. They danced, at my request, their national dance, looking so picturesque in their native costume. This costume is quite different from the one worn in Great Russia. A chemise, richly embroidered in cross-stitch; a scarlet petticoat; a worked apron, edged by deep lace; rows upon rows of beads tied by many coloured ribbons, is the fashion worn in Little Russia. The hair is worn in a plait, and tied by a long ribbon.

On Monday we went out to a dinner-party. It was May 16th, and yet, hot as it was, there were heaps of snow to be seen in the woods as we drove along. The house, which was only one storey, and built on the edge of a beautiful forest, then covered with lilies-of-the-valley, consisted of some twelve rooms. The great *salle* had twenty-four windows, while the floor was of polished oak, laid in pattern. One end was furnished in crimson, the other in amber, while the great palms placed about added greatly to its artistic appearance. The cabinet of Ivan Michialovitch—what an Englishman styles his "den"—was quite a curiosity. Upon the walls, tastefully arranged on huge shields of black cloth, hung all kinds of old armour, belonging to various nations "long ago." Cases of old coins and antique vases were all over the room.

The dinner was a sumptuous one and beautifully served. Not one low dress was to be seen, and it would be well if English ladies were to show as much good sense at the dinner-table in this respect. Another thing pleased me very much. The gentlemen took very little wine and left the table with the ladies. English men might, with profit, take a leaf from this book. Then again the mother of the host sat at the head of the table, the father of the hostess facing her. It struck me as being such a delicate attention—indeed the whole behaviour of Russian children, of course there are exceptions, towards their parents is delicate and reverential.

To an English person their want of conventionality and manner of eating is a little trying. They make a noise while taking their soup, put their knives into their mouths, spit upon the floor, and a few other trifles. I saw one lady take a pin from her hair and use it as a toothpick, while another lady took her pickles from the jar as she wanted them instead of putting a spoonful on her plate.

I greatly enjoyed the drive home, for we raced with another carriage at full gallop and won.

On our way home to Féderoffka the next day we met the mother of Madame Olga Novikoff. Olga Novikoff spends much of her time in England. She is a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone and a well-known writer of English subjects in Russian journals.

That evening as we sat together taking tea Madame asked, "Well, Miss Glenton, what do you think of Easter in Russia?"

"I think some of your ceremonies a little strange, Madame, but very interesting, though there are some things I don't quite understand?"

"What things?"

"Why so few high-born people were at church, and why your priests are of such humble birth and seem so little educated."

"Ah," she replied, "our higher classes are contaminated by the Continental indifference to religion, and another reason is, that out of a parish containing two thousand people, only two families are of the nobility, the rest are peasants."

"And the priests?"

"Their position in the social scale is historical, and must be carefully touched. We ourselves are speaking and writing upon this subject. It is the same with the peasantry; their position is also historical. That they need to be raised morally and intellectually we all know, but our civilisation must be a Russian one. We do not want a European dress—it would not fit us. We are a young nation, and as all growing people, we need a new dress sometimes, but we prefer to make it at home in our own way. The longer you live with us the more you will understand this."

And I do. I have lived in Russia four years—I am living there now; and I firmly believe that Russia will one day be second to no nation in civilisation or anything else, but it will be a Russian one.

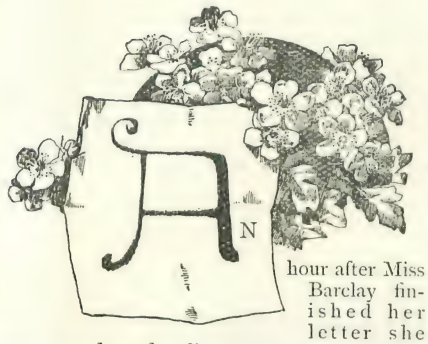
At present there is no nation so little understood by Englishmen. How is it possible to be otherwise when one of our leading authors writes about a Russian prince driving in a talaga with six horses; and about two lovers sitting under a century-old "clukva." A talaga is an ordinary peasant's cart to which six horses could not by any means be harnessed, while a clukva is a tiny bush, never more than two feet high, bearing sour berries, and growing in a marsh. The maddest of lovers would scarcely be mad enough to sit in a marsh under a bush two feet high.

If we only took the trouble to know more about Russia we should write less nonsense, but as long as we believe all sorts of foolish reports we shall never know her—as she is.

QUEEN MAB'S MISTAKES.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER III.



An hour after Miss Barclay finished her letter she was seated at the dinner-table next to Mr. Patey, who was a frequent and ever-welcome guest at the Manor.

Probably any person but Mabel in her present state of discontent would have been glad of such a genial neighbour, for the vicar was a delightful talker, and as much a student of nature as of books. But she would not condescend to listen.

"Buried in a country village for thirty years what can he know of my world?" she asked herself. "As to his, I have learned it by heart in fewer days than he has given years to it."

Mr. Patey had formed a correct estimate of Mabel's character, but he was of far too large a nature to allow himself to be annoyed by the caprices of a spoiled girl.

"Besides," thought he, "she has not been surrounded by the best influences, but at Brayle she has all in her favour, though as yet she does not know it. One must feel tenderly towards a girl who has neither parent, brother, nor sister, but the time has not yet come to show this. She is conscious of no weakness or deficiency in herself, and only looks for something to ridicule in others. One can only bide the time of her awakening."

Despite these thoughts, Mr. Patey tried to include Mabel in the conversation, but as he obtained only the briefest replies he gave up the attempt. Her attention was however aroused by his saying to her aunt:

"I have found a curate at last. He has worked for three years in a poor and crowded city parish, and has done too much. If he is to continue his labours it must be in a quiet spot like this. After a few weeks' rest he finds himself equal to taking charge here during my holidays, and afterwards I trust he will like the place well enough to stay amongst us."

"Then you know him personally," said Mrs. Raynor.

"We have met a few times, and I know some of his people. He is well born, highly educated, earnest and capable in the exercise of his holy calling. We want a younger worker amongst us, and I am hoping to find a friend in my curate, as he will live at the Vicarage. I expect to grow younger for such companionship."

A spirit of mischief possessed Mabel, and turning with a look of interest she asked:

"Will he play croquet?"

Mr. Patey could not help smiling as he answered,

"I cannot say, but if he should be kind enough to join an old man in an antiquated game, he will help to keep alive some happy memories of my young days when it was a fashionable one. Then many as fair and bright as you, Miss Barclay, enjoyed croquet as youths and maidens enjoy tennis and golfing to-day. I look on with pleasure at their play, but tennis does not link me with the past as the balls and mallets do."

"I always hated croquet; it is a stupid game," said Mabel.

"I quite understand that it seems so to you. The lawn is a deserted spot even at Brayle, except when haunted by an old parson and a girl as kind as she is fair, but seldom by other players."

Mr. Patey glanced at Elsie as he said these words in a tone too low to be heard by the subject of them. Then he added:

"That patch of lawn is a different place to me. Memory peoples it with many a youthful figure, one fairer than all the rest, for strange as it may seem to you, the stout old parson was young once, and youth was not without its romance even to him. My figures on the lawn are but shadows, invisible to all eyes but mine; for some have passed into the 'Silent Land,' and some who are living must be as much changed as myself, but memory gives them everlasting youth for me. If you should live to pass threescore years, you will understand these things, but your lessons, those which time teaches, are still to learn."

If Mr. Patey had thought of awakening some trace of sympathy by his pathetic allusion to vanished hopes, he failed utterly. Mabel was too self-absorbed for his words to stir any answering chord. Her manner rather seemed to say, "What have I in common with you?" and had her thoughts been put into words they would have said: "What care I for this old man's romance which ended ages before I was born? At sixty or more he ought to have sense enough to be silent about such nonsense."

"You have not told us your new helper's name?" said Elsie.

"Hawtrey, Reginald Hawtrey," replied the vicar.

"Surely he must be Lance's old college friend, though he always called him 'Rex.' You remember, mother, he was to have come here one vacation, but something prevented. After that he was ordained and always too busy to come, up to the time Lance went abroad with his regiment."

"I do remember, dear," said Mrs. Raynor.

"He was a fine oarsman, tennis and cricket player, and I know not what besides. Lance spoke of him with enthusiasm as a very fine, good all-round man."

"I fancy he has had little time of late to indulge in sports of any kind," said Mr. Patey. "But the Brayle is good for boating, and I hope he will prove a worthy partner or opponent at tennis now and again. Out-door exercise here will help to put some colour into a face pale from overwork in city slums."

It turned out that Mr. Patey's curate was the "Rex" of old college days, and he was soon happily established at Braylebridge.

Before Mr. Hawtrey's arrival Mabel had indulged in sarcastic prognostications about him.

"I know the sort of man," she said. "He will talk of slums visited, risks incurred, hair-breadth escapes from infection, of the wicked people who have become good, and the drunkards sober by his means. He will pose as a hero, for there is any amount of slum worship now. I saw several men of his sort when I was at aunt Maud's, and I did not like one of them."

Elsie, though gentle in speech and anxious for her cousin's comfort, was getting a little weary of Mabel's sarcastic speeches and habit of finding fault with everyone.

"I think such men are true heroes," she replied. "They go amongst the ignorant and degraded to teach and elevate them. They speak kind words and render loving ministry to those who are used to cruelty and neglect, and are despairing and down-trodden. They carry comfort to the troubled and relief to the sick and suffering. And," added Elsie, her sweet face all aglow with earnestness, "they carry the precious Gospel message to 'those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.' Fancy what it must be for those who have nobody in the wide world to care what becomes of them, to hear of God's love for the poorest and vilest, and of Christ coming to seek and save them." Mabel listened in surprise as Elsie, carried away by her feelings, for once opened her heart to her cousin, and added words which proved that she rejoiced to know those great truths of which she spoke with reverence.

"Why, Elsie," she exclaimed, "you would make a splendid preacher for the slums yourself. If I were aunt Raynor I should be afraid of your running away because you could not find misery and wickedness enough at Braylebridge to satisfy your desire for mission work. When this new curate comes he will find one helper ready to his hand in the young lady of the Manor."

"I hope so," replied Elsie bravely. "There is work enough even in this quiet place for all who are willing to do something."

"When you and the newcomer foregather, Elsie, I shall be the sufferer by your partnership. I have no taste for reading to old women, or patting the little shock heads of village children. I have only you, now, then I shall have nobody. I quite hate this Mr. Hawtrey in advance. I have made up my mind that he is another of the sort I used to see in London. I can picture one of them now, who nearly drove me wild whenever he came to the house, though auntie tolerated him. Naturally, when he thought fit to look at me as if from a height, I used to say something which I knew would shock him. If you could but have seen the look of pity and contempt with which he favoured me, you would never have forgotten it."

Mabel laughed at the recollection, and then made a ridiculous grimace in imitation of the look she had tried to describe.

"But what could you have said to shock your aunt's visitor so much?" asked Elsie.

"Oh, I only said something about the Bible being an old-fashioned book now, and that people did not trouble to read it as they used to do. Of course, I was saying more than I meant," she added, for Mabel looked both grave and sorry. "Now don't preach, there's a dear, or I shall run away. You are lots better than I am; but there are plenty of girls far worse, and if you were to hear them talk you would be shocked. They even shocked me sometimes. However, if there were no naughty people the good ones would have nothing to do, and this saintly new curate might as well stay where he is. Ugh, I wish he would! I'm sure he will be a sanctimonious horror and a milksop."

"I am quite sure that Lance's old friend, and the man to whom Mr. Patey is entrusting his parish during his absence, will be a Christian gentleman whom you will some day be glad to call your friend."

Elsie spoke warmly, but Mabel was only amused, or professed to be so, by her earnestness. Putting her fingers to her ears she ran lightly out of the drawing-room to her own special sanctum, whither she knew Elsie would not follow.

Mabel had received a letter from her aunt that morning, and was much dissatisfied with it. Since her own arrival at Brayle she had written often and at great length, but Mrs. Allington's replies had been few and short. Mabel now read these over one by one, then tossed them angrily aside.

"I have taken pains to tell aunt Maud everything," she exclaimed, "and she has never sent me a letter worth the name, or an answer to mine. Hers are about herself only. For me there is not a word of sympathy; she knows all the people I used to meet in town, but she tells me nothing. She dislikes letter-writing, but I thought she loved me too well to send me such scraps. I believe she does not care now about my having left her. It is horridly selfish of her not to name the people she meets, or tell me where she goes and what she does."

Mabel had sat down to write to her aunt; but what she styled the utter emptiness of Mrs. Allington's latest epistle decided her to wait a little longer.

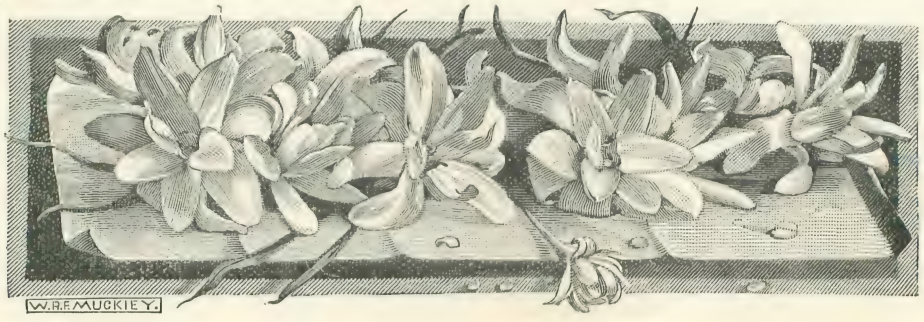
"She may wait awhile, then perhaps she will value my letters," she said, pushing her writing materials aside. Mabel was very angry, and punished herself in the attempt to make her aunt uneasy. She wanted to open her mind to some one, and Mrs. Allington was the only person to whom she could do this without fear of rebuke for presumption or want of charity.

When Mabel was with her, Mrs. Allington had laughed at many of her remarks without approving of them. She liked to be amused and did not like the trouble of fault-finding, especially when its object was so impatient under rebuke.

"The girl will be over a year at Brayle, which will be dull enough. She shall have a good time here, and if her lawful guardians are not satisfied with her they must take her in hand. She is my guest. She will be their ward," thought Mrs. Allington. "If I begin crossing Mabel I shall make her unhappy and myself too."

Which last result would have troubled this ease-loving woman more than any evil which her over-indulgence might bring about in the case of her niece, much as she loved her, or thought she did.

(To be continued.)



THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME.

"Though the circling flight of time may find us
Far apart, or severed more and more,
Yet the farewell always lies behind us,
And the welcome always lies before.
Meanwhile God is leading surely, slowly
Through the shadows, with a hand of love,
To the house where, 'mid the myriads holy,
Only welcomes wait us both above."

F. R. Havergal.

"CONSTANCE, what was it Dr. Stuart said to you as he went away—does he think me worse?"

The speaker's voice was weak, though trembling with anxiety, as if longing to be told the truth, and yet realising that the truth might mean the shattering of all her earthly hopes.

Constance seated herself by the bed-side, and, instead of replying, caressed the thin hot hand which was nervously twitching at the coverlet, wondering meanwhile how much it would be wise to tell her patient, and thinking of Dr. Stuart's grave face as outside the room she had questioned him about Rose. "Whilst there is life, there is hope," he had said; "but it is a marvel to me how clear her brain keeps with that high fever; it must end soon, one way or another."

"Tell me the truth," said the voice again, and Constance felt she could no longer be silent.

"Dear little Rose," she began, "you must not distress yourself. Dr. Stuart did not say you were worse, he only said the fever must soon drop now, and then we hope you will begin to get better; everyone will be so very glad when you are well again," she went on in an earnest voice, almost as though to persuade herself that the alternative was impossible.

Rose smiled faintly, and a little pressure of the hand was all the assurance Constance had that she knew what had been said to her. She closed her eyes as though to sleep, and Constance moved noiselessly about, making her few preparations for the night.

The room was lofty, though not large, and held two bedsteads; a large window at one side looked out on to the busy streets, and under it stood a very clean wooden table, on which were arranged bottles and glasses and many other little necessaries required by the nurse who was keeping watch at night. The gas, which was at the opposite side near the fireplace, was turned down, and the light carefully shaded, so as not to disturb the patient. There was nothing unnecessary in the room in the way of furniture, no bed-hangings, curtains or carpets, and to one unaccustomed to hospitals, the room would in all probability look bare and unfurnished; but the hospital staff were rather proud of these special wards, which were fitted up with every comfort and convenience, both for the patient and those who were in attendance. The ward was just outside the Women's Medical, and was therefore under the jurisdiction of Sister Browne. At first Rose had been nursed by the day and night nurse on duty in Browne ward, but, as day after day passed and no improvement took place, Sister Browne suggested her having two special nurses, and Dr. Stuart quite agreeing had referred it to the matron, only stipulating that he particularly wished Nurse Constance to be one.

Constance would gladly have nursed Rose entirely herself, but that was not allowed: she was given the night work, and a Nurse Jones, who had been some time in the hospital and had known Rose years before, was the day-nurse.

Rose talked very little, she had made no allusion to the past, and but few inquiries for any of her old friends. She often expressed anxiety at the trouble she was giving, though in reality she gave none. She was what would be called "a very good patient," willing to take whatever she was given, and quietly grateful for all that was done for her.

As the third week had ended without any sign of the fever diminishing, and her strength was visibly failing, grave fears were felt by all as to whether she could possibly pull through.

Perhaps she had read these fears on the faces of those who surrounded her, or it may have been that a still small voice had spoken words to her which her lips were powerless to repeat, but which her soul understood and recognised as a call to come up higher.

She seemed inclined to talk to-night, and Constance took her seat beside her.

"How long have I been ill," she said, as though she had just aroused from a deep sleep. "More than three weeks!" in answer to Constance's reply; "what a long time!"

"I was four weeks away with my little patient, Alice, in the sweet country. It must be July now!"

"Yes, dear, it is past the middle of the month."

"Oh, she was such a sweet child, I was glad she got well. They were all so kind to me, and we were to have gone to the sea-side; and then I used to feel so tired as if everything was a trouble; and one morning the doctor came in as I was lifting little Alice on to a sofa, and he looked at me and told me to sit down. They told me afterwards he said I must go back to the hospital at once."

"Yes," put in Constance, "the doctor there wrote to the matron, and a maid was sent with you to see you safely back. It was indeed a good thing they were all so kind to you."

"Yes, they were very kind," Rose repeated

warmly, and added somewhat tremulously, "did you miss me, Constance?"

"Oh! yes indeed, we missed you, dear, very much, and were looking forward to seeing your bright face back with us once more."

Rose smiled. "I thought I should never have been glad to come back here again. Oh, Constance, do they still think"—she paused as if unable to say what she wanted—"that all that was said of me was true?"

"Poor little Rose!" said Constance, "are you still thinking of that. No, we know it was not true."

"Was it found out then?" came with almost a gasp.

Constance's face clouded; she would have to disappoint her. "No, dear, it was not proved, but we who know you, know it to be impossible."

"Ah! but others may not think so. Does—does"—(with a great effort) "Mr. Seaton think it was true?"

"No! I am quite sure he does not."

"Oh, I am so very glad! I don't mind what the others think, at least, not much," she added. Then she closed her eyes; she did not say one word about MacMahon, and though she seemed relieved to have spoken, yet it had evidently been a great effort, and after Constance gave her a drink she lay quite still for some time. Towards morning her mind wandered a good deal; she talked of her own home and her parents, both of whom Constance knew had been dead for years, as Rose had told her she did not remember them, and had been brought up by a maiden aunt. Then she would suddenly imagine herself at work, endeavour to sit up in bed saying, "I must get up now or I shall be late, you know."

Constance's wits were taxed to the utmost to keep her quiet and get her to take her nourishment, but as night rolled away and the first streak of dawn appeared in the sky she grew quieter and seemed almost inclined to sleep.

Constance's hopes were raised. "Perhaps it may be the crisis, and she will begin to mend." There was but little change, however, when she handed over her patient to Nurse Jones and reluctantly went to her own room. It was just ten A.M.

"I cannot go out," she mused, "and indeed I haven't the heart to set to anything; if only I might go to bed instead of waiting till after dinner; but there, it is no good wishing." She busied herself in her room for some time, and then decided to go to Sister Adelaide and see if she was at liberty. "Any way," she said to herself, "I can sit in her room, even if the doctors have not finished their rounds, or she is too busy in her wards. I shall be near her, and it will not feel quite so dull as alone up here." On her way she met Mr. Seaton, who stopped her, saying—

"I have not seen you for ever so long; you are on night duty, are you not, in the special wards?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am on with poor little Nurse Rose."

"How is she going on? I thought of coming up with Judson to see her, only I hear that so many have been up to ask after her, and I thought perhaps it was better not. Do you think she would care to see me."

Constance hesitated. She had never known whether he had already been in to see her, and hoped he might have been. She felt a little disappointed with him, and replied, "I think she would have liked it, but last night she was wandering a good deal, and I do not know whether she would know you now—I fear sometimes she will not pull through: if she would only be a bit impatient, but she never is. I am sure too she suffers a great deal, but she never complains, only thanks one with a smile if one does anything for her. Last night she spoke about the trouble she got into here; oh, how I do wish it could be proved that she was innocent." Constance spoke with increased warmth as she thought of the stain on her friend's character, and Mr. Seaton saw in her flushed eager face how great was her anxiety to accomplish this task. Her earnestness seemed to take hold of him, and he gladly promised to give what help he could.

"I always thought," he said, "it was a great shame to have quietly shipped her out of the hospital, instead of sifting the thing to the bottom: to hush up a thing is sometimes so much easier and more pleasant than to search out the truth. I only wish we had made an effort sooner, but the whole affair had slipped my memory. I did not think Nurse Rose would have let it trouble her; why, everyone disbelieved the story at the time. We will set to work and we may yet be successful." Constance's look of gratitude was more than sufficient thanks. "Take care of yourself," he added, as she moved on, "and do not get overdone: nightwork is very trying."

Sister Adelaide, with a clean towel hanging over her left arm and a large bright pewter inkpot in her hand, was just entering her ward, but turned as she heard footsteps.

"It is you, is it," she said, as she saw Constance; "well, run into my room and make yourself comfortable. A nice book is on the table; if you have not read it I am quite sure you will enjoy it, and when the work is done I will come to you."

Sister Adelaide pushed open the swing door and went in: the doctor with one of his dressers and the nurse were bending over a little cot about half-way up the ward, whence came suppressed sobs in a childish voice. Sister Adelaide joined them, putting down her ink-pot and towel on the table.

The young House Surgeon looked up pleasantly. "Oh, that's right, sister. What do you think we can give little Tommy to-day if he will be a good boy and not cry whilst we dress his leg?"

A fresh howl was the only reply. Sister Adelaide hesitated, and in the meantime a new idea had seized Tommy; he managed to stifle his sobs and looked up at the doctor with his large black eyes shaded by long lashes on which tear-drops sparkled and trickled down his thin pale face.

"If you won't go and do it I'll give you my penny," said a sweet childish voice.

The doctor smiled. He was a kind-hearted man, and he knew the child's penny was a mine of wealth to him; and yet he must steel his heart and do his painful task.

"I would give you my knife too, and that's all I've got," added the little voice; surely such an offer could not be rejected.

"Tommy," said sister, "the doctor does not want to take your penny or your knife, but he must do your leg" (a fresh howl); "but if you will try and be good you shall have your cot wheeled into my room this afternoon, and have tea with me; would you like that?"

"Hullo!" said the doctor, "tea and cakes with sister, that is well worth being good for," and evidently Tommy thought so too. Only now and then when the pain came a little worse did he pucker up his face, but looking up at sister said, "Tommy is good."

"Yes, you have been a brave little man," said the doctor, as he finished adjusting the last bandage, and pinned it securely. "What do you say, sister?"

"I think Tommy has quite earned his tea and cakes; the patience of some of the children over tedious painful dressings is often a marvel to me; I daresay Tommy will soon be one of the best: you see, we have not had him very long yet."

And then the doctor and sister turned away from the cot and spoke of the condition his leg was in, and what hope there might be of saving the limb. Poor little Tommy! there are many dressings yet in store for you, and much pain to bear; but you are already learning to trust those who have the care of you, and you will soon find much to make life happy, even in your little bed in a hospital ward.

The rest of the dressings were soon finished, and doctors and dressers left the ward; the staff-nurse and probationer were busy making things straight, and sister, after a few reassuring words to one and another, went into her own room.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE-KNOWN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, AND THE METHODS OF COOKING THEM.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART II.



NE of the most delicious of berries is to be seen in large quantities during the autumn and winter in the greengrocers' shops. They seem to be but little known or used, judging from the difficulty in finding English recipes for cooking them. In fact, all those I have are of either American or Canadian origin; and in the United States "The American Cranberry-Growers' Association" exists for the purpose of cultivating this berry, which is so much esteemed in that country. The association also issues recipes for cooking it in various ways, which are distributed in leaflets, or small tractates, all over the country.

Formerly we drew our supplies of the cranberry from Sweden and Norway; but now we find the larger and brighter-hued American cranberry in our markets, and the small English cousin is conspicuous by its absence. The cranberry in botany forms an order of its own—the *Vacciniaceæ*, and comprises the bilberry, or blue berry (the huckleberry of America), and the great whortleberry, as well as the red whortleberry, or cowberry of the Scottish moors. In America it grows wild; and, as in northern Europe, it is probably indigenous, growing in marshy places and mountainous regions in the northern hemisphere. The cranberry contains both malic and citric acid, as well as an astringent substance, which exercises a tonic effect. The berries are used for tarts, jam and jelly; and are stewed as a *compôte*, to eat with rice, blancmange, and cream at luncheon and dinner. It is a cheap addition to our list of winter fruits, and is very good for children. The jelly is better than currant jelly for eating with venison or mutton.

The red whortleberry, or cowberry, also makes excellent jelly, and this has a certain medicinal value for colds and sore throats, but the Swedes eat it with roasted meat, and they think it is far superior to currant jelly for venison. The cranberry should not be eaten raw, but cooked, and it is a very valuable article of food, on account of its being so easily kept, for long sea voyages especially.

The first thing to be done with them is to wash them well in cold water, and pick out all the stalks and bad ones, so that the colour may be perfect of whatever we are going to make. The next thing is to remember that cranberries must be stewed in a porcelain-lined saucepan, quite clean and fresh, never in one of iron, tin, or copper. The sooner they are eaten after you have cooked them the better they are, and the more you will like them. They do not keep well after being cooked, though they keep so well before it. Brown sugar cannot be used for cooking them; it must be white, a good preserving sugar will answer. Equal parts of the latter and berries are used in cooking at all times, as it is an extremely tart fruit.

The first recipe I give is used for ordinary occasions, such as the children's dinner or tea. Take one pound of cranberries, one pound of sugar, and one pint of cold water. Boil for ten minutes. Do not stir, but well shake the saucepan to prevent burning.

With the next two recipes special attention should be given to the colour, which should be an exquisite crimson if well done. Take one pound of berries, one pint of cold water, one pound of sugar; put the water and sugar into the saucepan and bring to a boil; then put in the cranberries, and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes till clear.

The next recipe is less sweet, and with the same amount of fruit and water has only half a pound of sugar with it. Boil the berries and the water together for ten or fifteen minutes, and add the sugar; and then boil for ten minutes more.

What is called "Strained Sauce" in America is a superior thing, and is used for late dinners or "high teas," with blancmange. One pound and a half of berries, one pint of water, one pound (or three-quarters of a pound) of sugar. Boil together the berries and the water from ten to twelve minutes, and then strain through a colander. Return the juice to the fire and add the sugar; and boil for five minutes. Any of the above recipes are used to prepare the cranberries for tarts; but most people like the "strained sauce," the best (I believe) in America.

Cranberry jelly is made with one pound and a half of berries and one pint of water. Boil together for fifteen minutes, strain through a jelly-bag, and return the juice to the fire for fifteen minutes' further boiling; then measure the juice, and add as much sugar as you have juice, and boil again for fifteen minutes; and put into pots for use, as you would currant-jelly. Very small sizes are the best to employ, as they are quickly used, and the jelly does not become dry and hard.

Bananas grow under a far different sky to the cranberry, and form a botanical family of their own, under the name *Musaceæ*. All of them are natives of the tropics, Cape of Good Hope, India, and Japan. It has been called, the "bread of the tropics," and Von Humboldt estimates "three good-sized bananas as containing as much nutriment as a 14 oz. loaf of bread;" and "they give the greatest amount of food from a given piece of ground with the least labour." *Musa paradisiaca*, the "tree of paradise," is the plantain. *Musa sapientium*, the "tree of the wise men," is the name of the banana, a variety of plantain; but the stems have spots on them, with dark-purple stripes, and the fruit is smaller, less curved, and more delicately flavoured than the plantain, the plantain being found in the East Indies, the banana chiefly in the West Indies. The name "tree or plantain of the wise men" was given to the banana because it was supposed that Theophrastus, the Greek naturalist, when he spoke of a fruit which served as food to "the wise men of India," meant the banana. The names, however, of plantain and banana seem to be somewhat interchangeable. The name of *Musa paradisiaca*, or "the tree of paradise," was given to the plantain, because many old writers supposed that our first parents clothed themselves with its leaves after the fall; and also that it was the real "forbidden fruit."

The fruit is never eaten green; but for the purposes of exportation it is cut before it has ripened, as the transmission of the ripe fruit takes too long to reach us in a marketable condition. The main part of our supply comes from Jamaica, where (a recent writer declares) the waste alone mounts up into hundreds of thousands of bunches each year; as the buyers for foreign markets rigorously exclude bunches that are undersized, or that contain a certain proportion of undeveloped "fingers," or too far ripened to stand shipping. These latter may be seen lying on the wharf after the vessel's departure, and may be had for the asking; but no one seems anxious to carry them away, as nearly all of the community are banana growers, and the supply of rejected fruit is far in advance of the needs of the population. It is said that a large fortune awaits the man who shall invent and perfect some drying or preserving process that could be depended upon, and which would succeed in putting into the banana-flour some of the sustaining and nourishing qualities that make the banana a king of fruits.

The plants of all the *Musaes* attain perfection in about ten months, *i.e.*, from their planting to the ripening of the first crop of fruit. When the stalks are cut down several suckers spring from the root, which in six or eight months will also produce fruit. A tree generally contains three or four clusters, each weighing twelve pounds and upwards. In Canada, where they are imported in very great numbers, a process of making an indelible ink from the skins is said to have been perfected; and there the great danger arising from the empty skins, when thrown down in the streets, is so fully recognised, that some clever person dubbed him a "Bananarchist—the man who drops skins on the sidewalk!" We suffer here from the same kind of careless cruelty to others, in the persons of those who throw orange-peel about our streets; and long ago in these columns I begged our girls to enrol themselves amongst the Orange-peel Brigade—as they might be called—that kindly but anonymous corps that saves our limbs and lives by picking up or kicking away the orange-peel from under our feet.

In America, I think the dish of fruit-salad of which I saw the most was that composed of oranges and bananas peeled and sliced, and laid in a glass dish, with sugar sprinkled over them. Occasionally a little ginger wine is added, but not often. I need not say that the seeds of the oranges should be taken carefully out, and as much of the white skin scraped off the outside as possible. Three oranges and four bananas were the usual proportion for a large dish. This salad is made some little time before it is wanted, so that the juice may run away from the oranges. Apple and orange salad is made from two juicy apples, and three oranges and plenty of sugar, the whole being moistened with some of the juice from a tin of pineapple. Melon salad is made with oil and vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste.

Fried bananas are very delicious. They are peeled first, and then cut in two, lengthways, and are lightly fried in a small quantity of butter. They are sometimes served with a little sherry thrown over them, but are better without it. Banana tarts are very good also, the banana being cut into round slices and put into a custard, round which a lining of pastry is placed, just in the same way as if you were making a baked custard pudding in a pie dish. For banana pudding, the bananas are peeled and rubbed through a colander, mixed with milk and an egg and baked in a pie-dish like an ordinary milk pudding. Banana tart can also be made. The bananas are cut up as you would cut up apples, flavoured with a little lemon and sugar, and a small quantity of water added. A light puff paste is then put on the top, and the tart is baked in a quick oven.

Pumpkins supply another rather novel addition to our *mènus*. I have seen one offered for sale in a West End shop, to be cut in slices, as it would be sold in France, where the *potaron* is a favoured vegetable, and the soup manufactured from it a staple dish.

There are two methods of making pumpkin soup. The first is the French plan, in which the pumpkin is peeled, the seeds and inside taken out, and it is cut into small squares and put on to stew in a weak stock. When quite tender it is rubbed through a sieve, and just before the soup is served half a pint of cream, well warmed, is stirred in, pepper and salt to taste being added. The other method is to stew the pieces of pumpkin in water till it is nearly evaporated, and the pumpkin is quite tender. Then rub through a colander, and add new milk, till of the consistency of thick cream. Return to the fire to heat it, but do not boil it, add pepper and salt to taste, and serve very hot. I have also had pumpkin served as a vegetable dressed exactly as above, only instead of adding the milk, put in a little cream or butter, with pepper and salt, and serve as mashed turnips are served.

Pumpkin pies are one of the national dishes of America. The preparation of the pumpkin is exactly like that of soup. The gourd is cut in pieces, boiled in a very little water till tender, and rubbed through a colander; and then comes the deviation from the preparation of soup; to each small cupful of the pulp you add one egg well beaten up, a cup of milk, sugar to taste, and spice highly with ginger and nutmeg. Beat all well together, line an ordinary dinner plate with paste, and put in about a breakfast-cupful, or enough to fill the dish, leaving a rim of paste to be seen. Serve cold.

Tomatoes are the last vegetable on my list, and they may still be called "novelties," though they have been grown in England for nearly a hundred years. Now that the produce of other countries is brought to our door, they are to be found, not only in our greengrocers' shops, but sold in quantities on the barrows of the costermongers; and they appear to be eaten and enjoyed by the working population. They are eaten much in the same way as apples, and are economical, as requiring neither sauce, nor cookery; where health is concerned, they could certainly have no more desirable addition to their dietary; and I am always full of regret when I think how little our "working women" know of the best manner of cooking them, and of how much enjoyment they lose through their ignorance. So I mean to gather into the space that remains of this article all those recipes that are at once simple and inexpensive, with the earnest desire that they should attract my readers sufficiently to induce them to try them for themselves. I shall begin with tomato soup. Take eight good-sized tomatoes, or one tin of canned tomatoes, and one quart of boiling water. Stew for fifteen minutes, rub through a colander, and add a pinch of carbonate of soda, and stir well. Then return to the fire, and add one quart of new milk and a small lump of butter, with pepper and salt to taste. After the milk is added, the soup must not be allowed to boil, or it will curdle. If this soup be required thick, rub a piece of butter of the size of a small hen's egg into a tablespoonful of flour, and pour a little of the soup into it, rubbing it till smooth.

Tomato pie is one of the favourite dishes of the vegetarian, and is made with tomatoes skinned and sliced, and laid in a pie dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a little white sugar, a well-beaten egg, and half a cup of milk or single cream. The mixture to be added to the tomatoes when the pie-dish is full. Bake in a hot oven, covering the top with a rich paste.

Tomato sauce is one of the things few people know how to make. Take (for a small quantity for chops or cutlets) four tomatoes, either fresh or tinned, and cut them up, put them into a jar with either a dried capsicum or a few pepper-corns, and add a small cup of water. Cover the jar, and put it into a hot oven till quite soft. Then rub them through a sieve into a saucepan, and add salt and pepper if needed. Simmer slowly over the fire and serve very hot.

Fried tomatoes are very good. They should be cut in half, transversely, and rolled in flour, then taking one egg and beating it up thoroughly, adding some bread-crumbs and chopped parsley with some pepper and salt. Then roll the tomatoes in the mixture and fry to a light brown in either butter, clarified dripping, or oil.

Scolloped tomatoes, done exactly as oysters are cooked, by cutting in slices and placing them in alternate layers with bread-crumbs, pepper and salt, and little bits of butter. The top layer should be of bread-crumbs, while a sprinkling of grated cheese adds an excellent finish to the top. Bake for twenty minutes or half-an-hour in a quick oven, and serve in the pie-dish in which they have been made. In South Carolina boiled rice is used instead of bread-crumbs, and the seasoning is salt, pepper, and curry powder, with a very little butter. In South Carolina, too, tomatoes are stuffed with rice in the following manner. Take a pint of boiled rice mixed with a quart of veal or beef broth, salt, and half a green pepper pod chopped finally. Cook these ingredients for fifteen minutes, and then add two tablespoonfuls of butter; then simmer a little longer, and when stiff enough take four large tomatoes, cut off a small slice at the tops, and empty them with a spoon of the seeds and pulp, and fill in with the rice stuffing you have made. When each is full, replace the slice at the top and put into a baking dish and cook in a quick oven for ten minutes, basting them during that time with either butter or oil, and serving, when baked to a light brown, on a hot dish.

Here in England, where our tomatoes do not ripen easily, it will perhaps be a useful addition to give one or two recipes for using up green tomatoes. The first is, green tomato sauce. Take one peck of green tomatoes, wash and slice them very thin, sprinkle with salt, and allow them to drain for twenty-four hours. In the morning press out all the water and lay the tomatoes in a preserving pan in layers with the following mixture:—Six or seven onions sliced, a quarter of a pound of mustard mixed with a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, a tablespoonful of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Pour in enough vinegar to cover the contents of the saucepan, and boil very slowly till the tomatoes look clear.

An American recipe for a green tomato stew is as follows:—Cut off the ends of half a dozen green tomatoes, and then cut in thin slices and put them into a closely-covered saucepan without water, leaving them to stew for half an hour. Season with pepper and salt, mix an egg with half a cup of fine bread-crumbs and stir it in, adding a little piece of butter at the last. Green tomatoes are sometimes fried with onions and served as you would serve fried onions, alone. The tomatoes should be cut in slices, and the onions also.

Tomato preserve is very popular in America, and is made as follows:—Take the medium-sized tomatoes that are just ripe, scald them so as to loosen the skin, and take it off carefully. To each pound of tomatoes allow one pound of sugar, the juice and rind of half a lemon and a little piece of root ginger. Let them cook very slowly for three hours, and then put up in wide-mouthed bottles.

The following is a Canadian recipe for tomato catsup, and is said to keep admirably. Take half a bushel of ripe tomatoes, pour on boiling water till you can peel them, and put them on the fire to stew gently till you can strain them through a sieve, and skim them carefully while stewing. Then add to them a tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, half a teaspoonful of red pepper, a teaspoonful of mustard, three ounces of salt, a pint of vinegar, half a dozen of onions. Simmer gently from three and a half to four hours. The slowness of the boiling is essential to the goodness of the catsup. Put it away in corked bottles in a dry cool place. The knowledge of this recipe will prevent the great waste of tomatoes which is so much complained of by greengrocers and others who keep them for sale. And there is always an excellent market for tomato catsup.

VARIETIES.

Rules for Conversation.

Avoid company where the conversation is not profitable or necessary, and on such occasions speak little and last.

Silence is wisdom when speaking is folly, and always safe.

Some are so foolish as to interrupt and anticipate those that speak, instead of hearing and thinking before they answer—a practice as uncivil as it is silly.

If thou thinkest twice before thou speakest once, thou wilt speak twice the better for it.

Better say nothing than not to the purpose; and to speak pertinently, consider both what is fit and when it is fit to speak.

William Penn.

The River.

The following enigma, which has a river for its subject, is the composition of Mrs. Barbauld, the authoress, in company with her brother, of the well-known "Evening at Home":—

"I always murmur, yet I never weep,
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though 'tis never fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on."

The End of Life.—The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends. She that makes this her care will find it her crown at last.

Accommodating.

Mrs. Wells (about to hire a new servant): "Now, in regard to going out visiting. I——"

Servant (interrupting): "Och, go out whiniver yez loikes. You'll not find Bridget O'Murphy harrud, mum, or dictatorial loike."

OUR HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND.

Third List of Contributors.—E. M. M., 3s.; Bessie Pope, 1s.; Waltz, 1s.; Malta, 2s.; M. E. D., 6s.; M. A. Allen (2nd donation), 6s.; A. E. C., 2s. 6d.; Invalid Jeanie (2nd donation), 6d.; A., 1s.; Anne Tillard, 6d.; Patricia, 2s.; Amica, 6s.; A. Taylor, 3d.; Nell, 6d.; Hope Burke, 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

QUERY.—All information necessary to enable you to learn the art of horticulture you can obtain from Miss Beatrice Beddington, 91, Lancaster Gate, W., respecting the women's branch of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent, of which she is Hon. Sec. From her you can get a syllabus and report, and if you think the terms and arrangements as well as the studies would suit you, it would be well for you to pay a visit to the college before any definitive settlement.

W. H. THOMAS is Secretary of a Postal Photographic Club. Popular photographic competitions are held monthly, and silver and bronze medals awarded annually. SWEET LAVENDER, take note of this, as Miss Thoyts, of Sulhampstead, has discontinued hers.

ROBIN REDBREAST.—1. April 14th, 1879, was a Monday.—2. Your handwriting is well formed, but a little reduction in size would improve it.

MUSIC.

BUFFALO.—The chords about which you are doubtful are *arpeggio*, in contradistinction to those sounded at once. But the term is one not usually employed in pianoforte music. In reply to question 2, the note should be played as an ordinary shake.

PAT.—We pity both the family in which you live, and your neighbours (if next door to you), if you torment them with practising during "five or six hours in the day." In a large country house, where a garret can be spared to you, too far off for the scales to be heard, you may cease to be a plague to others. But even then, unless you had to make music a profession, for self-support, it would be a matter to settle with your conscience, whether right to devote so many hours to a single accomplishment, and one for mere amusement.

TOMMY.—There is a very pretty Provençal song—a duett, called "Les Hirondelles." But the name may be the title of some other piece or song; and you should inquire at a music publisher's.

RIENZI.—The composer Richard Wagner was born in 1813 and died in 1883.

LITTLE JOHN.—You had better make inquiries as to the usual terms per quarter in that part of the country. They would be slightly lower than in London, we suppose, as they generally are.

WORK.

LILIAN.—An ordinary English outfit would answer for a young man going to California. Thin linen and cotton coats, &c., are easily obtained there. Flannel shirts are most worn.

ESPERANCE.—The "Gentlewoman's Employment Club," 7c, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W., Miss Younghusband, Secretary, will give you the best advice. We need not remind you to enclose a stamp for her reply.

ANXIOUS.—Apply to the Hon. Sec. "United English Women's Emigration Association," Miss Lefroy, Imperial Institute, London, S.W.

BLUE EYES, &c.—If you cannot get the "cordon" (not "Gordon") braid in cream-colour, you can purchase the white, and dye it to suit yourself, either with coffee, or one of the Judson dyes.

JANIE had better apply for information to the City Guilds of London respecting their examinations for the granting of certificates of efficiency in dress-making. But before presenting herself as a candidate, it will be requisite to obtain the address of a teacher approved of by the Institution. She will then have to go through a course of some twenty lessons or upwards; and the fee required will amount to 3s. 6d. a class, and for outside candidates 7s. The address is City and Guilds Institute, Examination Department, Exhibition Road, London, S.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

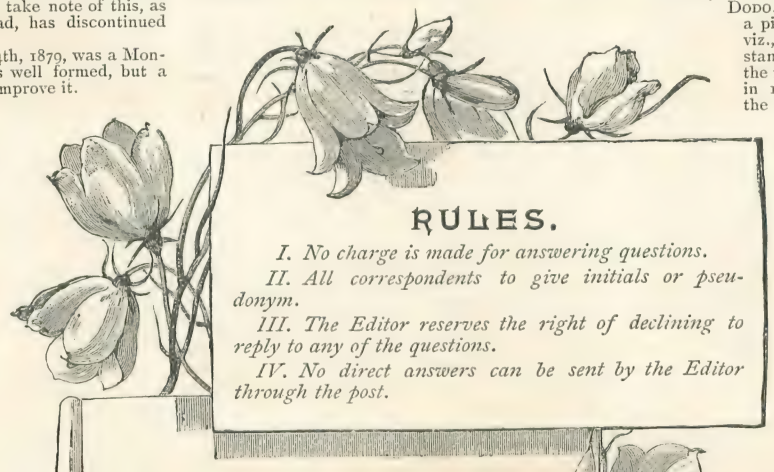
LOUIE.—Copy anything, sketches or pictures you like, if for private use only, or poems; but not for publication, of course.

I. O. G. T.—The hymn, "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," will be found in "Best Hundred Hymns," by Dr. Green. Price 2d., published at 56, Paternoster Row.

MDLLE. WILHELMINA.—You could learn Latin without a master if you were persevering enough.

G. M. S., DAISY, ARGEMONE and HERMIONE must read the many articles by "Medicus," especially those in Vol. xiii., on all toilet subjects.

E. N. E.—Verses not at all original, but full of good feeling.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

FRANÇOIS.—Read verse 16, chap. ii. of the Book of Genesis, and do not send us thoughtless questions. Your writing promises well, but should be sloped from right to left.

INQUIRER.—If you can give satisfactory proof that you have been baptised, it is not necessary for you to procure a copy of your baptismal registration which would show your age. Your parents might attest the fact, and state where the rite was performed.

MABEL.—Use benzine to take out the grease. If this does not succeed you must have it cleaned.

AGNES GREEN.—"Mrs. Green presents her compliments to Dr. Smith, and would be glad if he would call this morning." Of course, if you know the Dr. personally, you would begin "Dear Dr. Smith."

CHRYSANTHEMUM should consult a doctor—her digestion is probably at fault.

ISOBEL.—Go to Somerset House. The fee for examining a will, provided you know the date, is 1s. Ask the price of the copying you require.

LILIAS S. GORDON seems in a very bad way, and suffering all the distressful feelings of "Love's young dream." We are sorry for those about her, and hope she will remember that home-duties or home-happiness belong to the father's roof as well as the husband's.

S. C. C. C.—You will find the articles on good manners, written by Miss Caulfeild, in Vols. ii., iii., iv., and v. of the "G. O. P."

RUBY.—1. We feel for you much; but what a comfort to have so good and kind a mother, and better still, to have a hope beyond this little school-time of earthly life.—2. Short lined paper, little more than half the length of foolscap, would suit you best, and you can buy it by the quire as you want it. Your corrected copy should only be written on one side. But you must learn to spell more correctly. Your writing is quite legible, though your hand is not formed.

MARIE.—It is said that the red ants will all be drawn to a sponge filled with sugar and water. If this is placed in the cupboards which they infest, the sponge can be thrown into boiling water when full of ants, and thus they can be caught as if in a trap.

DODO.—The origin of the name given to a piece of money of five shillings worth, viz., a crown-piece, is simply that it was stamped with the device of a crown on the reverse side. They were first issued in 1551, and on the obverse they bore the impress of the crowned king, Edward VI., on horseback. In the reign of Henry VIII. a gold crown-piece was struck, and some pattern silver ones. A pattern crown-piece of Charles II. was sold for £500. It was by the celebrated engraver, Thomas Simon, and one of them was for some time in the British Museum. There are only ten examples in existence, and they were never in circulation. The engraver displayed his utmost skill on them, and they went by the name of "the petition crown."

QUEEN GUINEVERE (1) should keep a small dictionary beside her, and never write a word about which she is doubtful without looking it out. There are four mistakes in simple words in the ten lines you send us! Practice is the only method of learning to read music quickly.—2. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is a line from Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Part II.

TROUBLED ANNIE (St. Anne's).—A gargle of borax and water is said to be an excellent thing for hoarseness. Use as much ground borax as will cover a sixpence in a small cup of water. If too weak put in a little more, and gargle well and patiently night and morning. Perhaps you need general strengthening.

E. G.—Try the recipe given for "Angel Cakes" in October, 1893.

J. K.—There is nothing "unlucky" in keeping or wearing the hair of any one dear to you. It is not at all necessary that the person should be dead before you enjoy that little gratification. We are not acquainted with any such absurd superstition.

E. MANN.—We are unable to tell you where you can obtain MSS. to copy.

J. H.—A young girl of eighteen should not be "allowed out" at all in the evening after dusk. In the months of May and June the light lasts till nearly 9 o'clock; but it is not so during the rest of the year, and girls should never walk about alone (except on an errand) without a companion at any time of the year. Even a work-girl or shop assistant can generally arrange to return home accompanied by some one, for a part, if not all the way. Certainly she has no business to take walks with any man when engaged to another than he.

ETHEL M. P.—Read Acts xv. 20, and judge for yourself.

IN EARNEST must apply to the address named for herself.

LOO VIC.—Take it to a furrier and inquire whether it be sufficiently good to spend money upon it and having it made.

CERIDEVEN.—We do not know how to "make hair." There are many things that can be made with it, both by "artists in hair," who make chains and bracelets, and also by upholsterers. Hair-dressers, also, give lotions to make hair sprout out of the already existing hair-bulbs. But they cannot "make" hair.

SUNBEAM'S writing is legible, but not pretty.—2. Subscribe yourself "Very truly," to an inferior, or, "Very faithfully yours," in a business letter, or, "Very sincerely yours," to an equal.

PRIMROSE.—Eating green parsley is said to take the smell of onions from the breath.

BEVERLAC.—Do you mean the "rungs" of the chair? This word is applied also to the "rounds" of a ladder.



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"NURSE JONES FELT SHE WAS LOOKING AT HER FOR THE LAST TIME."

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CHAPTER IX.



CONSTANCE

was seated in her easy-chair with a book on her knee, but she evidently had not been reading, as the book lay open at the first page.

"I am glad we shall have time for a little talk before your dinner-time," Sister Adelaide said, as she seated herself beside Constance. "You are looking tired this morning, what is the matter—Rose not worse, I hope?"

"Yes," replied Constance, "I think she is worse; something seems to tell me that she will not get better, and yet it is not merely her not getting well that troubles me. I suppose we must all die some time, and a few years will not make much difference; but I wish it could all be cleared up about her."

"Has she spoken of the past?" said sister.

"Yes," replied Constance, "and she looked so sorrowful when I had to tell her that nothing more had been said about it."

"I should not make a trouble of it, if I were you, Constance; no doubt some time it will all be cleared up, and even if Rose is not here she will know all about it. Dr. Bell was asking after her this morning; he was in quite early to see one of his cases, and I happened to meet him. How they all liked Rose! Not many nurses are so popular as she has been, both with patients and doctors."

"Yes, I know," replied Constance; "I met Mr. Seaton just now, and he said something about going up to see her. I thought very likely he had been there already, but he said not. I always thought," she went on with a little hesitation, "that he was fond of Rose."

Sister Adelaide gazed at the sweet face beside her, feeling almost inclined to smile, but answered very gravely:

"He used to meet her sometimes returning from church, I think, and she was bright and lively, and he liked her, but I don't for one moment believe that he ever thought more about her than that."

"Rose likes him, I know," said Constance, in a hurt voice; she felt it impossible not to take up cudgels on her friend's behalf.

"Poor child!" said Sister Adelaide, "I often feared so. This illness may teach her some lessons. Yes, I think you and I have known her secret, but I don't think anyone else has, and I am quite sure he does not know."

"I had begun to think," said Constance, "that he had treated her badly, and knew she cared; but if he does not, well, it is not his fault at all, and he is always so kind in the wards and so liked by his patients, I did not want to think anything unkind of him."

"Why haven't you been out?" said Sister Adelaide, changing the subject; "it would have been much better for you than sitting brooding over things you cannot alter. You will soon wear yourself out at this rate: now just take the advice of a much older nurse. Give your whole heart to your patients, do your utmost for them whilst you are in charge of them, but when you hand them over, unless you are any longer responsible for them, try to dismiss them from your mind. You will make a much better nurse if you do this, and a brighter and more cheerful companion, for you will have other interests than those of your work. Of course Rose is somewhat different, but you see I cannot lose an opportunity of giving you a sermon. Now, as you have not time for a walk, just take up your book. It will rest you more than anything else, and you have still half an hour before dinner. I must go back to my ward."

So saying, she rose and left her. Constance felt grateful for Sister Adelaide's sympathy and advice, and resolutely took up her book. She was soon deep in little Humphrey's troubles; all her own were forgotten, and very possibly her dinner might have shared the same fate, had not Sister Adelaide popped in and reminded her of the time.

Constance was not one of those happy beings who can sleep equally well day or night, and to-day she was more wakeful than usual, and when aroused at eight o'clock longed, like many another night-nurse, to be allowed to sleep on. Instinctively answering to the call, her next thought was of Rose, and glad that it was her turn once more to be with her; she dressed quickly, and by the time she reached the supper-table she felt quite ready for her twelve hours work—9 P.M. to 9 A.M.

"How is she to-night," said Constance, addressing Nurse Jones, who was busy getting some ice from a small kitchen adjoining the sick room. Rose was lying with her face turned from them, not in a quiet sleep but in the weary unrest of delirium, muttering half aloud, though quite incoherently.

Nurse Jones, for answer, shook her head.

"Dr. Stuart thinks the end cannot be far off; he was in about six o'clock; he has given up all hope."

"Has she talked at all?" said Constance.

"Not since noon. The chaplain was in this morning, and she seemed perfectly sensible, and joined with him in the prayers, and appeared soothed by them. I think she had realised that she was not to get better, as she said something about not being long here. In the afternoon severe hæmorrhage returned, and now hope seems vain."

Constance went up to the bed-side and looked at Rose. Already the flush of fever had given place to a deathly pallor; the large eyes were sunken and had a far-away look, as she lay with them wide open, muttering to herself, whilst her transparent-looking hands picked at the bedclothes. She was quite unconscious of all that passed around; already the fair visions of earth were vanishing from her gaze, and soon she would pass into the unseen. The two nurses stood together for a few moments and watched her, then, without a word, they turned. Nurse Jones felt she was looking at her for the last time, and her voice faltered more than once as she gave Constance the directions for the night.

"Sister Browne will soon be back," she said, and, after ascertaining that Constance had all she wanted, bade her good-night and left the room.

Constance had nothing to do immediately, and, seating herself beside the bed, gazed sorrowfully at the young face lying there. How strange is death, she thought, and yet here in my year and a half of hospital life I have seen so many die, sometimes without a word to those who are left behind, often sinking as it were so gradually into unconsciousness that nothing is said about dying until the time is over, and the worn-out body sinks to rest. It is one thing to talk of dying, it is quite another to sit, as many a nurse does sit, alone in the chamber of death, watching the breath becoming fainter and fainter, till at length it ceases, and she knows (though no visible sign be made) that the soul has fled. Constance mused on, thinking of the new life upon which the soul must enter, the everlasting life, which when begun would surely, she thought, make this short sojourn here seem but a dream; and yet what a reality it is to each one, our life here, which may last a few years, or may at one word from Him who made it cease to be.

Sister Browne came in before she left her wards for the night, and said if she liked she would stay with her awhile, as it might be some time before the night superintendent came round. A man in Matthew was thought to be dying, and the night nurse there was young and inexperienced, so the superintendent would have to be as much with her as possible.

"No, thank you," said Constance, "I do not at all mind being left alone, and if nothing more can be done it is useless for you to wait."

Sister Browne turned to go, saying, "I will tell night nurse to look in at you whenever she has time, and see if you require anything," and with a few kind words to Constance, she departed.

The hours wore on slowly; there was very little to be done except watch her patient, and sometimes her breathing grew so shallow that it almost stopped. She was bending over the bed, scarcely certain whether Rose breathed or not, when the door softly opened and Doctor Bell with his nephew and Mr. Judson entered the room. Dr. Bell was in evening dress, having been out to dinner, and as was his wont, called in at the hospital to see anyone who was very ill in his own wards.

He spoke to Constance and then turned to the bed. The changed expression of his face told more plainly than words that he thought the end was near.

"It will soon be over," he said to Constance; "not much more for you to do here. She was a bright, good-hearted little nurse; it seems a pity."

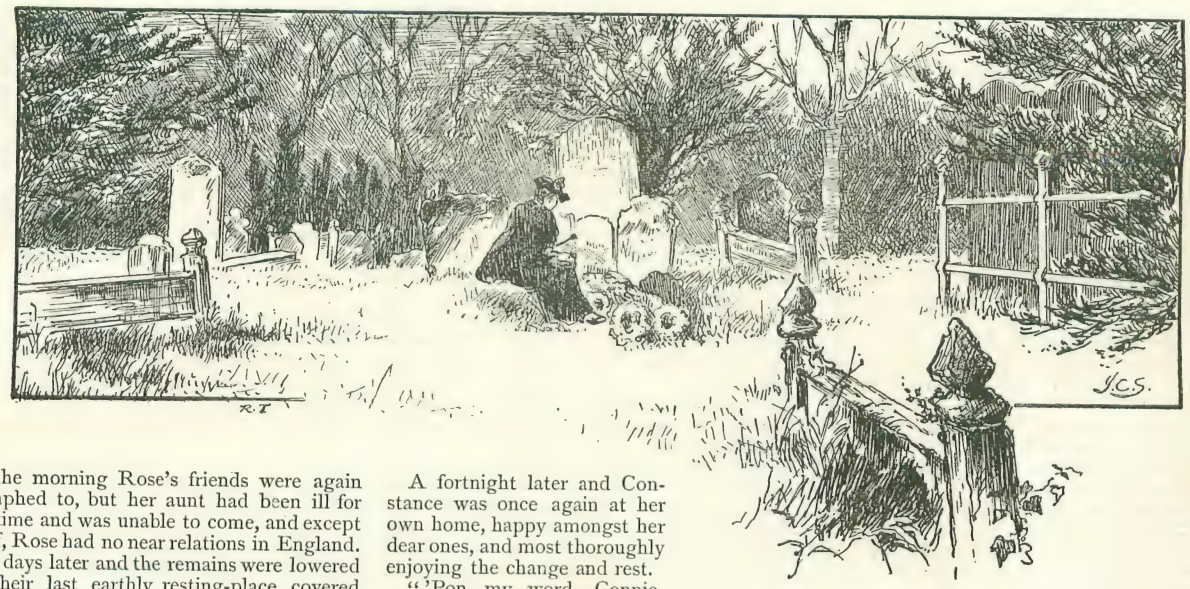
Constance could not trust herself to speak, and they turned to go. A sound from the bed made them look back. Constance was bending over her friend with tears in her eyes. "I think she is going now," she whispered.

Mr. Judson came to her side and waited with her till all was over.

Constance closed the bright eyes which could sparkle and laugh no more, and straightened the tumbled clothes.

"I am going on to Matthew," he said, "and will ask the night superintendent to come to you as soon as she can—12.30," looking at his watch. "I did not think this morning she would have gone so soon."

So Rose's earthly life was over. Death, that last enemy, was vanquished, and the body lay calm and still: rest was written on the face, which before looked so full of pain. Constance stooped and kissed the cold clear brow, and repeated to herself those words which have brought healing to many a troubled heart, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."



In the morning Rose's friends were again telegraphed to, but her aunt had been ill for some time and was unable to come, and except herself, Rose had no near relations in England. A few days later and the remains were lowered into their last earthly resting-place covered with beautiful wreaths.

Hospital work meanwhile went on as before. Constance did not even get the rest of that night in bed, as she might have hoped to. An accident had come in to Bolton Ward, a woman drunk and dirty but sadly hurt in some public-house quarrel, and she was sent as special night nurse with her. She had no time to dwell even in thought upon the sweet face she had left, sweeter than ever in death, Constance thought: she had hard work to keep her new patient quiet, and carry out the treatment ordered for her. A policeman stood outside the door of the ward evidently in charge of this poor miserable creature who had sunk so low, and yet as Constance washed, and gently tended her, she said to herself, "Once she must have been an innocent child, and she is still a woman, and the words are true for all, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

A fortnight later and Constance was once again at her own home, happy amongst her dear ones, and most thoroughly enjoying the change and rest.

"'Pon my word, Connie, you don't look any worse for your year and a half inside a hospital."

It was her father's voice as he entered the breakfast-room the morning after her return home for a fortnight's holiday. Her face was as sweet as ever, but there was more depth in the dark dreamy eyes, and though by no means stout she certainly looked uncommonly pretty and well.

"I do feel very well, father dear," she said, going up to him.

"Have you had enough of it, I want to know? It has been a long month on trial."

Constance laughed a bright merry laugh.

"No, I have not had enough, and besides, the month must lengthen out into three years."

Mr. Wilson had never allowed himself to recognise the fact that she had bound herself for three years, so he muttered something about girls going their own way and changed the subject.

It was a very happy fortnight, everyone was most kind, in fact she was treated like a visitor, and waited on and made much of, and yet the very fact of this would sometimes bring a lump into her throat. Her home corner was gone: what else could she expect? Would it be natural that for as long as she chose to stay away there was to be her vacant place left at home. No! everything had gone on without her, though at times she may have been missed; she had been done without. She had interests now, in which her dear ones could but imperfectly share, and the thousand and one cares and pleasures which had made up their home-lives since last she saw them were many of them unknown to her: still, what mattered it so long as love remained.

(*To be continued.*)

MY DOLL'S DRAWING-ROOM, AND HOW I FURNISHED IT.

WHAT mother or grown-up sister has forgotten the delights of a doll's house? One of the most vivid recollections I myself retain out of my own childhood is of playing with one belonging to a little neighbour, who, an only child, had more toys and much more expensive ones than I had. How I envied her the possession of this treasure. I was very ingenious at making toys for myself, though, and found probably more enjoyment out of my manufactures than I could have got from most elaborate purchases.

My father being an architect, perhaps my delight in house-building and arranging was hereditary; at all events, I know I was always making cardboard houses and furniture, and all one summer, until a heavy rain came and destroyed the fragile structure, my little brother and I were employed in laying out grounds to a white cardboard villa set up in our own garden patch. Someone gave me a small round birdcage, which I immediately appropriated as a summer-house, and built the villa to correspond. It was located on the confines of an asparagus-bed, which our imaginations turned into a grove of trees. Many, many years have passed since that happy summer, and my youngest child is the same age. As in my own childhood, toys are luxuries not to be profusely bought, and so when I found my darling was longing for a doll's house I began to plan how I could make one for her at small expense.

One evening of leisure I set to work, and the start was so much applauded that I determined to proceed.

The first thing necessary, of course, was to have the house made. I decided, after a mental calculation of the various articles of furniture I wished to make, that I would not have a four-roomed mansion, but one good-sized apartment, which would hold furniture of a reasonable size and amount. So I explained my idea to a young carpenter, and he soon after brought me a strong deal box, thirty-six inches wide by sixteen inches deep and eighteen inches high.

The box was painted inside and out, and a window was put in each end. There was no front made, as I thought the room would be more convenient without it.

The decoration of the drawing-room was the first matter for consideration. As the walls were coloured terra-cotta, I chose a pale blue paper for the dado, four and a half inches in depth, and a friendly paper-hanger of my acquaintance made me a present of various strips of bordering, out of which I contrived a pretty one for the dado of deep red and gold. I papered the ceiling with some of the pale blue paper, and pasted a narrow cornice of gilt paper all round it, which completed the decoration.

I found the painted floor such an excellent contrast to the light furniture I was making, that I decided to have no carpet, only a large hearthrug. It was several days before I was satisfied with an idea about this important feature of the room, but at last I saw some cretonne at a draper's, the border of which was the very thing. I bought a strip twelve inches in length, and cut off the two borders—all I wanted. The one I cut again into ends for the other. Laying them across the uncut piece, I carefully joined the pattern, and feather-stitched them on, beginning at the corners and working towards the centre. I carried the embroidery all round the rug, so that it should not show, at a short distance, where it was joined.

The curtains I made of yellow chiffon, with *lambrequins* of yellow lace across the tops. Little chains of gold beads held them back, and are hung on brass-headed tacks.

The chimney-piece next demanded attention. I saw, coveted, and readily obtained from a chemist an empty cardboard box of the required shape and dimensions for a mantelpiece. It is a certain lime and glycerine box, I may mention, stands about five and a half

inches high, and has a flap-cover, which forms the mantel-board. It is seven inches wide and two and a half inches deep. I raised the flap, cut away the front, leaving half an inch each side, and covered it with blue paper like the dado, not forgetting the bottom. Then I took the piece I had cut out, and from it made two little flaps about three inches wide, and high enough to just go in and out under the mantel-board when attached to the box. These flaps I meant to look like encaustic-tiled sides. They were first covered with blue paper, which extended half an inch beyond them to be pasted on the sides, not cut entirely away for this purpose. Three strips of gold bordering, stamped with tiny round figures, imitate the tiles very well, and are placed on each flap, which, when pushed back by a small black-varnished grate, give the structure quite the appearance of a tasteful, slow-combustion drawing-room fireplace. The mantel-board I covered with yellow silk with a full frill of yellow lace to match the window *lambrequins*. The little grate was purchased in London for a shilling, and has a miniature set of fire-irons with it. I also bought a mirror for the mantel-piece, which adds greatly to the appearance of the room. It is nine inches high and the exact width of the mantel-piece. My first intention was to gild the frame with Judson's gold paint, but I decided to drape it with chiffon, like the windows, instead, and I think it looks more artistic.

Really the room began to look charming, although no furniture was yet in it. The first thing in that line I manufactured was a large cabinet, and the chief material was a cardboard box, five and a half inches by four inches and four inches high. I turned the box upside down and cut away all the sides except enough to form the four legs. Then I put the cover down over the top, and upholstered it all over with blue plush. I next covered another box-lid about an eighth of an inch smaller, but the same shape, and fastened it underneath, an inch from the ground, as a shelf. A third, also the same size, I covered with the plush after cutting away one of its rims, and sloping off the sides. Then I fastened it, standing up, to the table portion, as the back of the cabinet, the top and side rims forming a recess, into which I put a little mirror, and draped it with yellow ribbon. Finding the back rather tottery I made two chains of gold beads, the size of pearl barley grains, and with one on each side fastened the two parts of the cabinet more firmly by sewing the chains about an inch from the inside edges of the table, and then again to the back, the same distance from the bottom.

With this massive article of furniture I thought two tables would be sufficient. The former I made of cardboard. I cut two rounds, one three inches in diameter, the other four inches. The larger round was for the top, and I covered it with some thick dark brown paper, resembling shark skin in texture. I steamed this off a broken paper case. Any other dark paper would do as well, or the table, when finished, might be painted or enamelled, but I liked the rough surface of my paper, because it looked like wood—or so I fancied it might look to a child. Next I made four legs from straight strips of cardboard, three and three quarter inches long, covered them with the paper, folded them over twice to give them more substance, and gummed them to the larger round, half an inch from the edge, at equal distances, and by means of the paper, cut a little longer than the cardboard. These gummed ends were all turned towards the centre, and over them was placed the smaller round, and gummed down securely. Last of all I cut a strip of paper and gummed it upon a ribbon the same width and long enough to encircle the table. When dry I spread the inside, that is, the ribbon lining with gum, placed one end against a leg at its junction with the table, and drew it rather tightly around the other legs, and back again over the first, like a bandage. This made a finish to the table, and secured its firmness.

The other table is in imitation of a wicker five o'clock tea-table. I cut an oval top from a discarded sailor hat. The straw was smooth and rather fine, and the edge of the wide brim was turned down, which was a useful item in its subsequent history. I made the four legs for my table by cutting strips from the straightest part of the hat. These were about two inches wide and about five inches long. I rolled each one, sewed it up about four inches, and then spreading out the unsewn remainder I stitched it to the oval, taking care that the cotton was not visible on the top. When all the legs were thus sewn on they formed a cross, lying flat upon the oval top. To bring them into right position I cut another strip exactly the length of the table's circumference, sewed it together into a ring and encircled the legs with it, about half way down. I then fastened it to the legs, and they stood firmly. Lastly I cut two little round shelves for the bread-and-butter plates from the part of the brim nearest the turned down edge, leaving a piece of this attached to each as a flap by which to secure it to the ring of straw around the legs.

I next made a writing cabinet from three match-boxes, first removing the drawers of two. Four little legs were necessary to set it up, and these I made from large wooden beads in the following manner. I took the match-box which held its drawer, and with a long needle, threaded with stout silk, I pierced down the first corner, and drew the silk tightly. Then I threaded on two big beads, and a small gilt one, passed my needle back through the large beads and the box, and then down the next corner, as close to the edge as I dared venture, without fear of breaking the box. When all the legs were thus attached, and the silk firmly secured, I gummed the three boxes together. Then I covered all but the front and top with the rough paper described above. I cut out a piece of brown glazed cardboard for the top, and made a row of little pigeon-holes for the back by bending a strip of the same across, gumming it to the sides, and slipping two tiny pieces of it into the aperture thus made. Another piece, still of the same brown cardboard, I cut to fit the back of the cabinet and to come up behind the pigeon-holes, and a little above them. It was now complete except the drawers. I made knots for these before slipping them in their places, with three



MY DOLL'S DRAWING-ROOM.

gold beads, each about the size of a grain of sago. The needle was passed through the inside of the drawer, the beads threaded on and the needle passed back. It was rather difficult to fasten off the thread, as the match-wood is so brittle. I did not cover the drawers, as their natural yellow colour looks well with the brown.

Most people understand how to make a sofa. I made mine of cardboard, and covered it with blue plush. The seat is six and a half inches by two inches by two inches. The back is four inches high. I padded the back and seat, and made arms for each end by rolling two strips of cardboard, stuffing them, and after covering the ends with rounds of plush, finishing the hard pillows with a band of plush round the cardboard. Then I fastened them to the sofa, and threw across one a little anti-macassar. This I will describe later on. I determined to have variety in my chairs, so this is how I attained it.

No. 1 is very elaborate, of jet beads, strung on wire. I first made a square frame and four legs of copper-wire, twisted. I slipped the beads on the legs, and fastened the ends of the wire by turning them up with a pair of pincers. A square of cardboard, covered with old gold silk, was next sewn to the frame for the seat, and the back was contrived as follows: I had two gold-headed pins, these I threaded with jet and stuck them into the cardboard as the two main supports, bending their points firmly under with the pincers. Two shorter supports of beads, threaded on wire, were next put between them. The wire started from the seat, passed up through the beads, had three gilt ones for an ornamental top, then passed down through the beads again and was fastened off beneath. The four supports were now bound together by two cross-pieces of wire and beads, and were perfectly firm, but to give further security little arms, made the same way, were attached to the back an inch from the seat, and brought forward to the front legs. For the same reason a cross-piece was put round the legs, half-way down. Lastly, a piece of silk was sewn under the seat to cover the ends of wire, and a little cushion tacked on at the four corners.

No. 2 was made with gold beads and copper-wire, but less elaborately. Strands of fine gold beads were twisted round the frame of the seat, and the back was simply two pieces of copper-wire bent in an oval shape, one within the other, with the gilt strands twisted over them. The beads for the legs were the larger ones used for chair No. 1, and for the cabinet, etc. This chair had a blue plush seat.

No. 3 was a lady's easy-chair, of blue plush—the seat consisted of a lozenge box. I first fastened on the feet, made each of a red wooden bead the size of a small cherry, and a gold bead to hold it on with, just as described in the writing-table. The box was then padded and covered with plush, and stood one inch and three-quarters from the floor. I cut a back of cardboard three inches and a half long, and rounded at the top, padded it and covered it with plush. It was then sewn on, and the chair stood complete.

No. 4 was an American wicker-chair. It was made from a coarse blue and white sailor-hat. An oval, four inches and a half at the widest cut from the crown, formed the back. This coarse straw when undone will pull out straight. I cut two strips eleven inches long, bent them square, sewed each together, and then the one to the other. This made the bottom of the chair, and I next sewed the back to the top row. The seat was easily framed by sewing strips of the straw together and fastening them in. For the arms I bent strips at right angles, sewed one within the other, cut them to the required size, and fastened them to the back. Slipping the other ends between the seat and the bottom part of the chair, and stitching them down finished it; but I made a little yellow silk cushion for the back, embroidered with forget-me-nots, which brightened and made it look more comfortable.

No. 5 was a rocking-chair, made from the straw-hat which furnished me my tea-table. The seat and back were cut alike from the brim, in a sort of wedge shape. Any curly-brimmed straw will answer the purpose, which is to give the seat a flap hanging down, and the back, one bending backward. The wedge-shaped pieces cut out—with their narrow ends only an inch smaller than those opposite, which had the flaps—I laid them face to face and sewed the narrow ends together. I then cut out two triangular pieces of straw, rolled the edges of the bases, and sewed them. These were for the arms: I held one (with its rolled edge turned inside) in the angle formed by the seat and back, and sewed it to both. The other arm was secured in the same way. Next I cut four strips from the brim of the hat, five inches long and one inch wide. They of course were curved. I turned an end of each back, making a loop with a projection of straw, fastened the loop to the strip, and then sewed each to the sides of the chair by the projecting piece of straw in such wise that the two back ones curved back and the front ones forward. The space between a front and back leg was three inches and a half. Two straight strips of straw, five inches and a half long, were next cut for the rockers and sewn into the loops. The difference of two inches made the curve, but as the chair was inclined to topple over, I cut another strip, four inches long and one inch wide, and put it at the back, from one rocker across to the other just inside the loops, and found the balance quite restored.

The chairs and tables now being completed, I turned my thoughts towards the final details. I had bought a small piano, quite a pretentious-looking semi-grand, with the splendid compass of one octave—and all for sixpence! Its fatal drawback was that it possessed no legs, and these I proceeded to supply. Four empty reels were given me—not ordinary cotton-reels, but larger-sized ones from a tailor, with narrow tops and spindle columns. I black-varnished these and glued them to my piano, which now stood proudly on its ebonized legs! A glazed visiting-card, cut into the shape of a music-rack, was also black-varnished, and took it kindly. With an edge turned up and stiffened by the application of the varnish it looked very substantial, and, being pushed between the front and top of the piano while wet, it became fast without further trouble.

The furniture of the room being now complete and put in place, I proceeded to manufacture the smaller articles, which more than anything gave the little apartment a look of being "the real thing."

The mantel-piece was all very well, so far as it went, but it would be perfect with a clock. And this is how I made it. I bought a penny watch as the preliminary move. Then I procured a tiny jeweller's box, whose cover just held the watch, and cut a round in this for the face to show through. After fastening the watch in this position I black-varnished the front of the case, its rims, and the box itself. I then turned the latter upside down, stuck the clock upon it endways, and the varnish when dry held them together as if glued. A piece of paper was pasted over the back to hide the stitches, and the black marble timepiece was placed upon the mantel-shelf.

As no drawing-room is complete without brackets, I made two for the corners and one to hang in a space over the piano. The corner ones I made from cardboard boxes. I measured two inches along and across, cutting the corner of the box off and leaving about two inches of the sides as support for the bracket. A triangle of silk over the tops and a lace border completed them. In one corner I put two of these brackets, one above the other, so that there were two shelves.

The third bracket I made from a match-box.

No doll of artistic taste could possibly make herself happy in a room without flowers. A flower-stand being an imperative want, I bought a cane for one half-penny and cut from it three lengths, six and a half inches each. Through one I bored a hole with a red-hot needle, and fastened them all together by means of wire, passed first through this hole, and twisted round while they were held "gipsy-kettle" fashion, but meeting higher up. I then black-varnished it, wire and all, as the colour of the cane was not beautiful and the wire decidedly unsightly. A tiny glass bowl with a foot or ledge made the flower-vase, attached to the tripod by chains of gold beads. A ring of these, exactly fitting the foot of the bowl, was slipped round it, and three strands fastened at equal distances to it. To make the legs of the tripod secure I passed chains of the beads through two of them by boring holes near the bottom, and fastened them to the third.

Little antimacassars were made from strips of lace and very narrow ribbon, or insertion and ribbon. One, for the sofa, was of muslin, on each side was a ribbon border and round all a row of insertion edged with lace.

Books and music, like flowers, are absolute essentials. I made an album, and placed upon the piano-rack a waltz, specially composed for the one-octave piano, and written as finely as was possible on little sheets of foreign paper with a coloured cover. The album was manufactured with more difficulty. Two little squares of cardboard were first cut for the stiff covers and then a strip of red plush the same width, allowing for turning in, but long enough to cover both pieces of cardboard, front and back, and to leave over a little space between for the binding of the book. Before sewing this the front of the plush was ornamented with an initial in the centre, worked with gold beads, and a gold bead of the second size at each corner. The cardboard pieces were placed on each end and turned over towards the centre, then sewn down. The album itself was made of little cards stitched together and bound in. Two rows of gold beads were then put down the back to conceal the stitches of the binding, and a tiny clasp, cut from a child's cheap necklace, was sewn to the edges of the album. The pictures having been cut out and pasted in, the book was complete.

And now, having come to the end of my resources, I spent a very little on ornaments for the room, or contributed some from my shelves and brackets. A couple of photographs for the wall were bound with gold paper, and several tiny midget frames had little landscapes, cut from Christmas cards, put in them; candlesticks for the mantel-piece, piano and writing-table, and a pretty little lamp were suggestive of cheerful evenings. Other ornaments were set upon the brackets and table, and a pair of china figures, about two inches high, completed the appearance of the mantel-shelf.

A tea-set on a little tray which looked like silver, and cost one penny, was now set out upon the table. The "cosy" for the tea-pot, a last thought, was made from a bit of blue quilted satin. All was now ready for the mimic occupants of the house. The first, mistress of the domain, was arrayed in a tea-gown; the second, a supposed visitor, appeared in a summer walking costume; and a maid, in a plain gown, cap, and apron, was at hand to attend upon the ladies gracefully seated near the tea-table, while the clock pointed to ten minutes past five!

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MARIANA VAUGHAN was much unlike her sister. Her temperament was retiring and nervously sensitive, but early called to act as mistress of her father's house, she had learnt to appear self-possessed and grave. Thus she was always acting a part: never showing her true self. The constant strain she put upon herself to do her duty by others and to please her father in many ways that were wholly at war with her own feelings, made her manners stiff and constrained. Everyone was afraid of her, for no one understood her. She was painfully conscious that she was not loved, even by her sister, and she was too shy to open, even to her, a heart overflowing with love and tenderness. She believed the fault to be in herself, and when some particular estrangement touched her to the quick, she blamed herself and not others. She knew that her father esteemed her far beyond anyone else, but he, even, did not understand her, and trusted her for the very qualities that were not her own, but assumed to please him. In her many torturing self-examinations she would call herself a hypocrite, and resolve to be more open with those about her; but then some wrong word or look would close up her nature like a primrose touched by the east wind. In her heart of hearts she doated on Mara, but she lacked the power to show it, and Mara, impulsive by nature, venerated her sister, but took her altogether for what she seemed to be. And this mental restraint acted strangely on Mariana's appearance. It gave to a face not deficient in beauty an expression of repose that almost amounted to hardness. So few people were interested in her that scarcely anyone knew the mobility of features that they rarely saw moved. The calm, grey eyes and statuesque nose and mouth were capable of expression as refined as ever made the quiet face of woman beautiful.

When Mara returned from her walk she sank wearily into a chair. Mariana, who was preparing tea, gazed at her with a tenderness almost maternal. Mara believed that her sister had no sympathy with her, and as she cared to speak of no one but Gerwyn, they had few subjects in common. But Mariana was trying to summon courage to utter her thoughts, and to win Mara's confidence.

"You are tired, dear," she said gently.

"Yes, very," was the brief reply.

"Drink this cup of tea—it will refresh you."

Mara took it without looking at her sister, but said nothing.

Mariana tried again.

"Where have you been? Is it quite true about the union, Mara?"

"Quite true."

"Oh! Mara! how can you leave us?"

"Nobody cares whether I leave or not. You will be happier without me."

These words stung Mariana's sensitive nature, and her wounded feelings gave a coldness to her tone as she said—

"I think you would be best at home, Mara. You don't know what that cold, miserable union is. You are not fit for that work."

"I dare say I shall manage. I am sick of everything here. I want to be of use, and I hope you have not tried to influence father as you used to do."

"I have not spoken to father, Mara," said Mariana, again stung by the unjust allusion, but without courage to justify herself. "I am only very sorry."

There was a tremor in Mariana's voice which caused Mara to look up. She saw tears in her eyes. She had rarely seen them there before, for if Mariana shed tears, it was when alone. But some one else had seen them. Floss, the long-eared spaniel, had her feet on Mariana's lap, and was tenderly thrusting her cold nose against her cheek. All animals loved her.

"Are you really sorry that I am going away!" said Mara in surprise. "I thought you would be glad. You will have no one to worry you now. But thank you for being sorry. Does father say I may go?"

"He says you may go if you really feel it to be a call of duty, but he does not like you to go."

"It is a call of duty. Say you will not oppose me, Nanno dear. My life, my soul is in it."

Mara fixed her beautiful eyes on her sister with an expression of entreaty that Mariana never forgot.

"Oh, Mara! if you would only talk to me of what is in your heart I might comfort you," she said.

"I cannot! I cannot! Oh, Nanno! But do you really care for me?"

"Do I care for you?" echoed Mariana, and the slowly gathered tears fell fast.

Mara rose and flung herself beside Floss at Mariana's feet.

"If you love me but ever so little I am glad," she sobbed. "Then you will be happy that Gerwyn's ship has been heard of—even if—you hate him."

"I am glad, and I do not hate him, dear Mara."

The tearful eyes of the quiet girl brightened.

"Then, why did you never tell me before that you did not hate him? Why were you so hard and cold? If you had loved as I love, you would pity, not despise me."

"Mara, these are hard words."

"I had it all to bear alone. But he is safe, and I love him as dearly as ever."

There were footsteps in the passage, the sound of which made Mara rise hastily and leave the room, saying,

"Tell them I have a head-ache; it will be quite true."

Edwin came in. He remarked the forsaken seat, the scarcely tasted tea, and untouched bread and butter. But he asked no questions. He believed that Mara had fled from him. He looked at Mariana, and was struck with the traces of unusual agitation in her face. His gaze brought increased colour to her cheeks.

"She looks like an angel," thought Edwin, amazed. He had never thought about her looks before.

"Have you seen father!" asked Mariana, as the readiest thing to say.

"Yes. He is at the Prince of Wales, arranging for to-morrow. There will be a great gathering. Hughes, *Llanfach* is to preach."

"I am glad of that," said Mariana wearily. "Are you ready?"

"Ready one can never be. It is a great responsibility to preach to so many thousands of people."

"Scarcely a responsibility, a great excitement. I doubt if these monster meetings do much good."

"I believe they do incalculable good, and that hundreds who 'come to mock, remain to pray.' Is Mara ill?"

"She has a head-ache. Will you have some more tea?"

"No, thank you."

Mara, meanwhile, lay on her bed, still from exhaustion and the dull misery of her heart, but sleepless. Mariana soon went to her.

"Nanno," she said, when she entered the bedroom, "do you think it right for a parent to prevent his child marrying one whom she loves better than life? I think it a heinous sin."

"Mara!"

"Yes, and a curse is sure to follow. What do you think?"

"I do not know. But I do know that we are told to obey our parents."

"If they tell us to kill ourselves?"

"Do not talk so, dear Mara, we cannot do evil that even good might come."

"I must. I am going away, and I never knew till to-night that you cared about poor maligned Gerwyn."

"I have always been very sorry for him, and known how much of good lay under his careless manner."

"That is not being fond of him."

"But I liked him, too. I have never forgotten how he saved my lamb from the great dog."

"Darling Nanno, thanks. Now tell me what they did and said when I went away. His father and ours, I mean."

"They had very high words, Mara, and have never been friends since. I was in the room when Captain Herbert came here, and when the dispute began I was going to leave it, but they both begged me to remain."

"What did father say? Tell me word for word."

"That no pious, God-fearing young woman could marry such a wild young man as Gerwyn, and that he would rather follow you to your grave than to such a bridal."

"What did Captain Herbert say?"

"That Gerwyn was only a little giddy, and that if you were allowed to marry he would grow steady and be as good a husband as his other sons."

"He was right. God bless him. And father?"

"Said again, that if a daughter of his married such a man he would renounce her for ever."

"And then Captain Herbert?"

"Asked as calmly as he could what Gerwyn had done, and father told him to read the story of the prodigal son."

"Poor Gerwyn! One would think he had murdered some one. What did Captain Herbert say!"

"He vowed that he would be as stiff as father, and that Gerwyn should never have you with his consent, and that he would have nothing to do with a hypocrite. I remember those words."

"They will bitterly repent this," said Mara.

"Dear Mara, if you could only try to forget him!'

"I shall never try to forget him as long as I live. I hate everyone who dares to love me, knowing that I love him. Tell Edwin so. I will never, never forgive those who have said black things of Gerwyn, who is handsomer and nobler than anyone else in the world."

"Oh, Mara, I never heard you talk thus before, and you so long away too! It was only last Saturday you came back."

"It is useless to reproach me. I am not good like you, Nanno. I am ill-used and revengeful. But I shall leave this house where everybody hates Gerwyn. I cannot breathe in it. Then I shall be better, and perhaps Edwin may care for some one else. Even if there were no Gerwyn I could never like him."

When Mara said this, a slight colour overspread her sister's face. She made an effort to say something that cost her pain.

"Mara, I understand you, but whatever you may think of me I should never accept the love of a man who loved another. Now tell me what you did at Llwynon, for your short letters told me nothing."

It was now Mara's turn to flush all over, and to hesitate in her reply.

"I—I did nothing. Phebe was busy all day with her parish and her house, and I wandered about."

"But you went to Liverpool?"

"Yes. It is nothing to go from North Wales to Liverpool."

"How did you like Phebe's sister, and what made you stay with her so long?"

"Oh, I liked her very well. She is an old maid, you know, and very good."

"That was why father let you go to her. He knew that Gerwyn had sailed, or else he would not have approved of Liverpool."

"I daresay not. Did you go to the Herberts while I was away?"

"Only once, before the Captain came here. Afterwards, father forbade my going. But tell me how you really liked your visits to Phebe and her sister, and how you got on at Liverpool."

"You know that Phebe is very kind, and we love one another. Liverpool is a big noisy place, but I liked it. Dear Nanno, my head aches, and I cannot talk any more. Perhaps you had better go down to father and Edwin."

Mariana sighed, kissed her sister's flushed cheek and went.

"I am not surprised that she has a headache," said Mr. Vaughan, when he, Edwin, and Mariana, were at supper. "She has been wandering about all day, canvassing for the workhouse. There is no difficulty in getting her nominated, but will it be for her good?"

"I think it will, father," said Mariana. "She is so restless, she will never be happy without occupation."

"Why doesn't she find it at home? She has always been a trouble and anxiety to me."

"She is so beautiful and high-spirited," interposed Edwin.

"Beware of the lure of beauty, my son," said Mr. Vaughan.

Edwin, who was enthusiastic by nature, thus reproved, was silent, and little more passed during the meal, save occasional suggestions concerning the conference.

The next day was one of great excitement, not only for Mara, but all the family. Fortunately it was fine. The preaching took place in a large field belonging to Mr. Vaughan, and not very far from his house. He and his household were amongst the first comers. He knew and spoke to everyone, and was pointed out as a pillar of dissent. Under other circumstances the ambitious Mara would have been proud of her father, but as it was, she saw all the principal dissenting ministers of the principality arrive, and speak to him, and scarcely heeded them. Not only the dissenters, but most of the church-people of Arymor and the neighbouring parishes flooded the fields, and gathered by degrees about the nucleus in the midst of it, to listen to the eloquence of their countrymen.

It was a wild and picturesque scene. Open-air preaching is generally attractive to the multitude, and it is especially so to an excitable people, whose greatest holiday pleasure is psalm-singing and sermon-hearing. As the dense crowd pressed round the platform on which the preacher stood, groans, Amens, interjections and words of affirmation were heard on all sides, but above every other sound rose the deep voices of the ministers, who preached and prayed by turns for periods of an hour or more. No language seems better suited for field-eloquence than the Welsh, and no people are gifted with greater power of pouring forth continued and sustained oratory. One after another the preachers preached and the listeners listened, from ten in the morning till sunset; and the poetic eloquence and musical cadences of many of them were as remarkable as was their power of language and lungs.

Edwin Morris was one of these. Young as he was he promised to be a popular favourite. The guttural tones of the Welsh language became, as he modulated them, a sort of rhythmical music, ascending and descending like the gamut. All eyes were fixed upon him, all hearts opened to him—even Mara was spellbound, for in the prayer that preceded the sermon he pointed to the long line of sea before him, and prayed for those who were tossing on its pathless waters.

The hymn which followed was from the words, "Thy footsteps are on the great deep." It was given out, verse by verse, by the preacher, and all that vast multitude united to praise the Lord, whose ways are described by the Psalmist as "in the sea." Nothing grander could be heard on earth than the volume of united praise that ascended like incense heavenward, and the last notes were echoed by the hills, as if they loved to prolong the solemn strain.

After the hymn there was a brief silence—then a little murmur of talk, and then the sermon, which lasted an hour and a half. Mr. Vaughan listened with critical attention, and Edwin felt that his eyes were upon him. But he soon forgot the attention of an individual in the approbation of the multitude. Indeed, he soon forgot even this in his subject and his longing to reach the hearts as well as the ears of his hearers.

When his discourse came to an end he received the congratulations of his brother-ministers, who criticised his sermon much as connoisseurs in music or art would discuss a song or a picture. Not so his general hearers. They spoke of him as of one holier than themselves because he had language at command; the more illiterate portion of them—the sailors especially—were much excited by what he had said, and declared that they could listen to him all day.

Mariana had greedily drunk in every word; Mara, on the contrary, had scarcely heard a sentence. She and Angharad Herbert had managed to get together and stood, the one scanning the crowds of guardians, the other, with the thoughtlessness of youth, making satirical remarks on the persons of the ministers and on the dresses of the people.

The latter were certainly of many colours and shapes. All the dressmakers of the district had been at work night and day for a month fashioning the smartest of gowns and bonnets for the conference. High-crowned hats, smooth as satin, scarlet cloaks and shawls, splendid mantles, rainbow-lined gowns, lace caps full of flowers and ribbons were the result of their labours.

At two o'clock the crowd either dispersed about the field or went to Tyrmynydd or Arymor for luncheon.

During this interval Mariana went home with her father to preside at the ample repast prepared for the preachers and their friends. Mara remained with Angharad, and occupied herself in canvassing such of the guardians as were in the field. She easily obtained their promise of support, but they smiled and wondered that such a proud man as Vaughan Tyrmynydd should let his daughter solicit the post of union schoolmistress.

Angharad, too, argued and scolded by turns, and said she should be ashamed to own Mara as a friend if she persisted; but Mara only said proudly that she might give her up if she liked, but she meant to go through with it.

The pair went to a distance, sat down where they were unobserved, and whispered about the absent one, while the preachers preached until the land grew dark.

(To be continued.)



NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

"Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purpled orchises with spotted leaves."

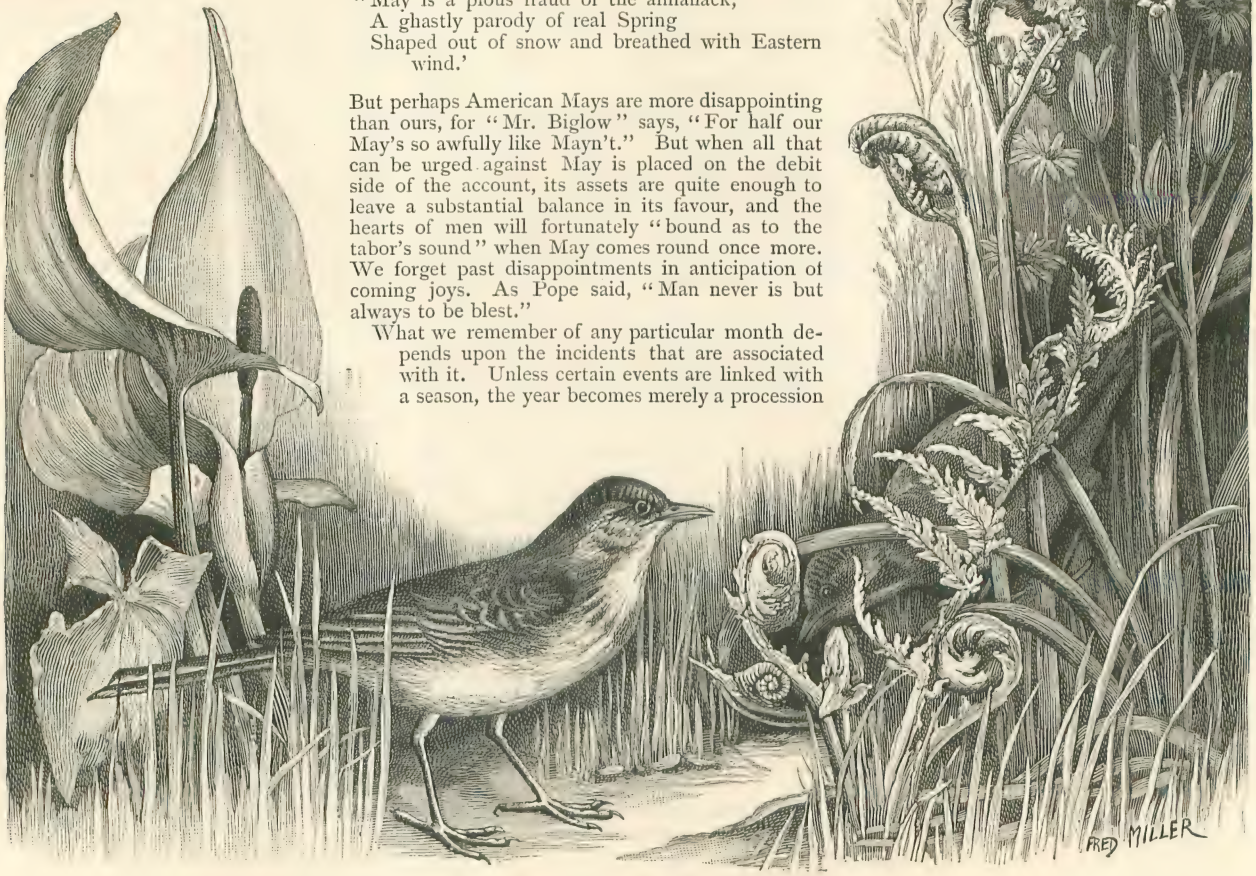
"The sweet spring days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest ways,
And scent of hay new mown."—*Matthew Arnold.*

It was my privilege one year to spend the first three weeks of May at Burnham Beeches. I went there to sketch, and being out of doors the whole time I had every opportunity of watching how rapidly nature leaps into activity and rushes into life in this, the month that sounds pleasantest in our ears of the whole twelve, for May is the month of breaking bud and bursting blossom. The cynic may say that May is disappointing, and its pleasantness exists as an idea that has come down to us from a past when the season was in harmony with its name: that May is chilly and makes the tooth of the east wind felt. Lowell was in such a mood when he penned—

"May is a pious fraud of the almanack,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with Eastern wind.'

But perhaps American Mays are more disappointing than ours, for "Mr. Biglow" says, "For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't." But when all that can be urged against May is placed on the debit side of the account, its assets are quite enough to leave a substantial balance in its favour, and the hearts of men will fortunately "bound as to the tabor's sound" when May comes round once more. We forget past disappointments in anticipation of coming joys. As Pope said, "Man never is but always to be blest."

What we remember of any particular month depends upon the incidents that are associated with it. Unless certain events are linked with a season, the year becomes merely a procession



of uneventful weeks, and awakens no associations when we look back upon what has gone. To those who dwell in cities, as I did myself for so many years, the procession of the seasons makes very little impression upon them, for if you do link events with times, the events themselves are those pertaining to our artificial life, and so May to an artist may come to mean the month when the Royal Academy opens; but with country folk the planting or gathering of the herbs for the service of man marks off the different months, so that each one stands out like a distinct personality. In that thoroughly country story of Ruth the season is spoken of as the time of barley harvest, and if you live in a village and associate with the peasantry, you will find that it is the time of "tater planting" or "hay-making" that is spoken of more often than the particular month when such duties are performed. I heard an old farmer say that when the parson began the Bible was the time to plant beans, and the lines—

"When elm leaves are as big as a shilling,
It's time to plant kidney beans if you're willing;
When elm leaves are as big as a penny,
You must plant kidney beans if you mean to have any."

carry out the same idea of linking two events together to remember one of them—the essence of artificial memory. I learnt May as it were during my sojourn in the Beeches, for it was the first time that I had spent May out of doors, watching, during the pauses of my work, the rapid growth of everything around me, for whether I would or not, I could not help being made aware of the ever-changing scene that I was trying to get down on my canvas. One of the subjects I had in hand was a study of some willow trees bending over a pond. When I began the sketch, the trees were just tinted with a bloom of pale green produced by the opening leaf buds. The leaves were unwrapped just enough to clothe the branches with a veil as of delicately-tinted gauze. In three weeks those same trees had become masses of green, the opened leaves hiding all but the main branches, and even these were almost concealed. The beeches, which were quite bare the first week of May, were tinted with a green of a quite vivid tint, which most artists find very unpaintable owing to its crudity; the bracken, which was only just through the soil with all its leaves wrapped tightly together in a characteristic scroll, were some eighteen inches high in three weeks, and all over the common, and in the open spaces in the woods a thick miniature forest of rich brownish-green stems had pushed their way where before the ground was bare, so quickly does bracken grow.

In the middle of the month I noted that primroses still lingered in the woods, now purple and blue with wild hyacinths. Matthew Arnold also noted this in "Thyrsis"—

"And only in the hidden brook-side gleam
Primroses orphans of the flowery prime."

Wood anemones hang their heads on the banks and outskirts of the spinneys. Furze is in full blow, and broom is just opening into flower by the road-side. A few apple trees are out in blossom, but the bulk of them want another week to be in full pink and white perfection, while the cherry and pear trees are carpeting the ground below them with their petals. The woodruffe was a conspicuous plant with its straight stems and intensely yellow-green flowers and dark azalea-like leaves growing out of the low clumps of bramble and

WATER BUTTERCUP.

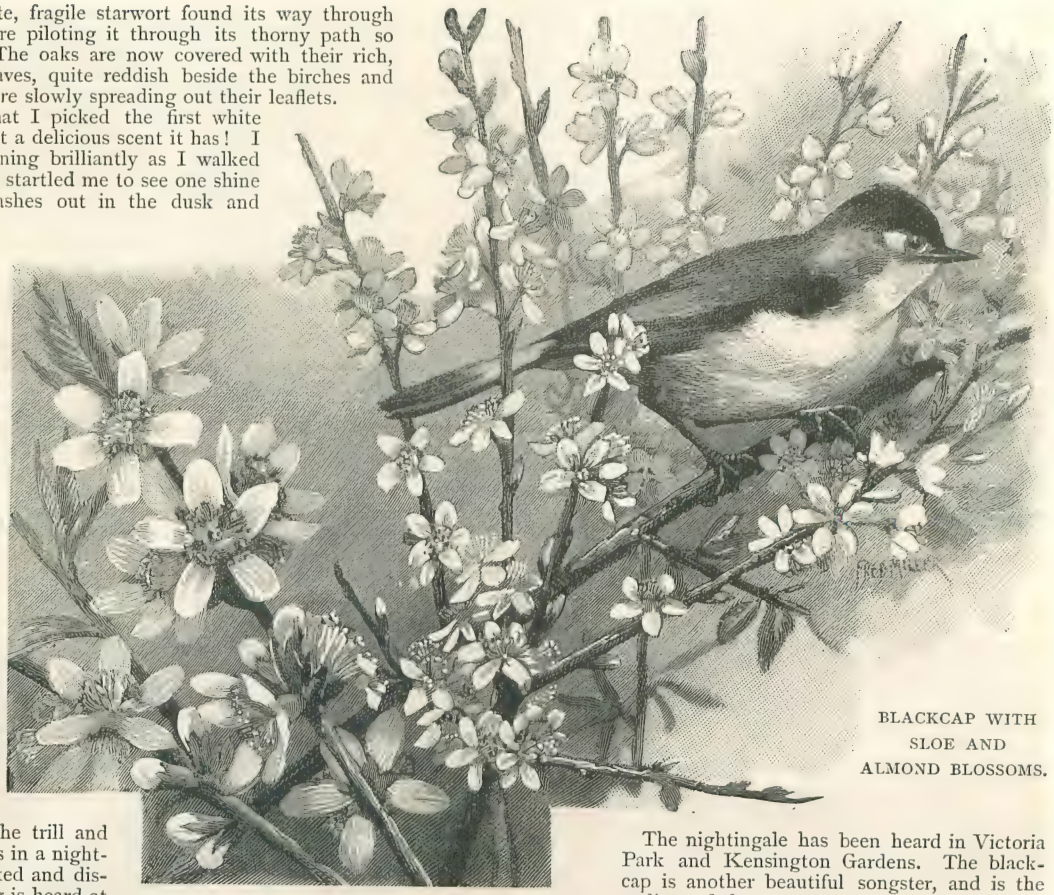


BUCK BEAN. WATER VIOLET. ORCHIS. RAGGED ROBIN.

bracken. The delicate, white, fragile starwort found its way through these bramble clumps, Nature piloting it through its thorny path so that no damage befel it. The oaks are now covered with their rich, warm-brown, half-opened leaves, quite reddish beside the birches and beeches, while the ash trees are slowly spreading out their leaflets.

On May 20th, I noted that I picked the first white campion in a cornfield. What a delicious scent it has! I noticed the glow-worms shining brilliantly as I walked home in the dusk. It quite startled me to see one shine forth suddenly, for as it flashes out in the dusk and shadow of a hedge the light appears most brilliant, as though a star had accidentally slipped out of its place and fallen earthwards.

The birds are full of song now, and while the hen birds are sitting their mates spend a good deal of their leisure in letting the world hear that they have voices. I had never until this visit to Burnham Beeches heard the song of the nightingale, or if I had heard it it had left no distinct impression on my mind; but their song in the woods was to the music of the woods what a violin is in a concert. At about nine o'clock in the evening one bird would begin, and in a few minutes he would be answered by another bird, and then a third would join in, and every few minutes the chorus would be augmented until all through the woods you could hear the whistle, the trill and the guttural, for the three bars in a nightingale's song are all very marked and distinct. The nightingale's song is heard at a time when so many other birds are still, that it has attracted perhaps more attention to itself than would have been the case had it sung only in the day; for the nightingale sings through the day, and yet the casual person does not notice it then. The nightingale appears early in April (Gilbert White gives its date as the first), and sings through May into June, and leaves us in August.



BLACKCAP WITH SLOE AND ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

In speaking of glow-worms and nightingales I am reminded of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "Bianca among the Nightingales," the first verse of which I cannot refrain from quoting:—

"The cypress stood up like a church
That night we felt our love would hold,
And saintly moonlight seemed to search
And wash the whole world clean as gold;
The olives crystallised the vales'
Broad slopes until the hills grew strong:
The fire-flies and the nightingales
Throbbed each to either flame and song.
The nightingales, the nightingales."

The nightingale has been heard in Victoria Park and Kensington Gardens. The blackcap is another beautiful songster, and is the earliest of the summer emigrants to visit us, and instances have been known of its staying the winter with us. Both male and female assist in incubation, though the male will often feed his mate as she sits on her eggs, and then perch by and sing to her. Birds at this season of the year put on their gayest dress, and the brilliancy of the plumage of such a bird as a cock chaffinch must be seen to be appreciated. No idea can be formed of the colouring of birds from those kept in captivity, and even stuffed specimens fade even if they were originally brilliant. The linnet's



breast is, in a wild state, most brilliantly marked with crimson; but it loses this after its first moult in a cage, and never gets it back.

I noted on the 26th that a nest of young thrushes, which were only hatched some three weeks before, flew this day when I went to look at them, as I frequently did, for the nest was in a low oak bush, and was by no means concealed before the leaves had opened. The "pink-pink" of a female chaffinch as one walked through the woods told one that a nest was in the vicinity, and it would have been comparatively easy to have taken a good many nests early in May, so little are they hidden until the leaves burst their buds and expand. Young birds, when they are just capable of flying a short distance, but cannot keep on the wing for more than twenty or thirty yards, fall victims to cats, stoats, and boys. I have frequently had opportunities of catching these fledglings, and one morning in walking through a wood I was startled by a thrush suddenly starting up close to me. I guessed something was wrong, for a thrush does not in a general way allow one to almost step on it, so I looked about, and presently saw a youngster on the ground that had evidently ventured out on its own account, too soon for its own well-being as it appeared. I picked the fledgling up, but the old bird, whom I had disturbed in looking after the youngster, and who had perched on a near bough, exhibited so much concern, and chattered away in a manner that told me plainly how upset she was, that I left the young thrush on the ground for the old bird to do what she could to get her offspring out of its danger.

I often had my attention called to the woodpeckers by the tapping of their beaks on the branches of the trees. The succession of rapid short taps instantly tells you where the bird is, and by waiting and watching you can generally see him as he runs up and down the branches. We have three woodpeckers in this country—the large green, called in some places the wood-parrot, the spotted, and the small one. This latter I have seen on the walnut tree in my garden; but they are essentially woodland birds.

On May 27th I made this note which emphasises my opening remarks. It is hard to realise how rapidly everything grows in the spring if the weather be warm. During the time I have stayed at Burnham, I have seen the beeches, and oaks, and birches become almost full foliaged, and when I came the leaf-buds were only just bursting. Cherries have flowered and fallen, and apple trees have blossomed and been scattered by the breeze. Cowslips have been succeeded by violets. Arnold says—

"Where thick the cowslips grew and far descried,
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises."

And primroses and anemones have paled before the hyacinths, which in turn are seeding and giving place to foxgloves. The colour of a mass of hyacinths in a wood has often been commented upon. The tint appears to vary very much as the sea under sunlight, and one minor poet has likened the hyacinths in Nuneham Woods to a "Breath of sea blown inland." Tennyson speaks of Guinevere riding with Lancelot over "Sheets of hyacinth that seem'd the heavens up-breaking through the earth." The gorse has flowered and is now succeeded by its warm seed-pods, and the broom has filled up the gap in colour. The hawthorns have just put on their leaves, the "mantle green" which Nature spreads, as Burns so happily puts it, and are now white with feathery sprays of blossom. The bracken must have grown daily by inches, seeing that now it is from eighteen to twenty-four inches high.



In this Thames village we have many apple orchards, and there is no more beautiful month to make its first acquaintance than May, when the air is perfumed by a scent between rose and almond of the apple blossoms. Unquestionably the apple is the most beautiful of all flowering trees, the pink of the buds, and the white of the petals—more silvery than the pear, which is a creamy white—and the grey-green of the leaves produce a harmony which makes an apple orchard one of the most striking sights in a village—making Arcadian what at other times may be almost



squalid. The medlar and quince are much less seldom met with. The foliage of both these trees is more laurel-like, while the blooms are much larger than apple blossoms, though in the quince and medlar they grow solitary instead of in clusters as in the apple and pear.

It must be borne in mind that locality considerably influences the flora of a district, and that the plants which I saw in the woods in May at Burnham would not all of them be found, say, on the hills in Surrey. The hyacinth, for instance, and woodruff, are flowers not to be found on heaths or hills, while the whortleberry or bilberry, which belongs to the ericas or heaths is only found growing in sandy soils, such as the Surrey hills, where the children gather the berries in August to make into jam. Then again such flowers as the buck-bean, with its petals covered with a sort of downy fringe, the water violet, somewhat like the ladysmocks, raggedrobin, with its pink, ragged petals, myosotis or forget-me-not, and water buttercups, are all aquatic or bog plants, and are only to be found in such situations.

The cuckoo pint or wild arum, called by children lords and ladies, is pretty commonly met with in hedgerows and shady spots, and in the woods; the wood-sorrel, with its frail, mauvish-white flowers may be met with growing in clumps at the foot of a tree. It is said by some to be the plant St. Patrick took to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity.

The spotted orchis, so named from its leaves being marked with purple spots, is plentiful in moist situations, while the bee and fly orchises are found, on the other hand, only on chalk hills. There are flowers again only found in a few restricted localities. The fritillary or snakeshead, with its spotted purple flowers is one of these local plants. Around Oxford it is plentiful in low-lying meadows. It is found

almost white as well as purple, and there is a garden variety, which is very effective in the borders.

"I know what white, what purple fritillaries,
The grassy harvest of the river fields,
Above by Eynsham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedg'd brooks are Thames' tributaries."

Some birds too are only found in certain situations, and those who have stayed on the Surrey hills in spring are familiar with the melancholy cry of the night-jar or goat-sucker, which lays its eggs on the bare ground on heaths and commons.

Most of the summer migrants arrive in April; but the house martin is seldom seen before May, while the swift is not common until the middle of the month, and leaves us again the third week in August.

The flycatcher is another late visitor, arriving with May. A pair built in some ivy just over one of the windows, and brought off four young ones; and we could watch the old birds flying to and fro the whole day long, bringing insects in their beaks to feed their eternally hungry children. The corncrake, with its monotonous, guttural, rasping cry, is heard in the meadows both day and night, but it is a bird which is very rarely seen, keeping in the thick tall grass.

Poets have ever delighted to honour May, and when every village had its maypole country folk ushered in May with rejoicings and merrymaking. These old customs die hard, and in this Thames village the children gather wild flowers and make them into garlands, and decorate their hats, and then go from house to house to show themselves and their floral trophies and sing. I was agreeably surprised the first year I lived here to have May-day announced by a gathering of children before the door carrying a large garland upon a stick held by two of the company. Nor was this all; for in a sing-song, such as is familiar in children's games, they chanted the following rude stave:—

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen,
I wish you a happy day;
We've come to show our garland,
Because it's the first o' May.
First of May is garland-day,
Second of May is my birthday,
Third of May is my wedding-day.
A bunch of flowers I've brought you,
And before your door I stand;
'Twas God who made all things,
And made the world so grand."

I cannot pretend to explain the meaning of some of these lines. I give them as I wrote them down from the lips of one of the little girls, whom I got to say the song over slowly—a trying ordeal, she appeared to think.

QUEEN MAB'S MISTAKES.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IV.



ABEL kept her resolution for several days, then broke it by writing a short but reproachful note to her aunt. "Surely," she wrote, "you might let me know how you are going on, and whom you meet. Everybody that we used to see might have vanished from the earth, since you never name them. I have sent you sheets and sheets at a time, from a place where there seems nothing to tell. I wonder if you ever count the days that must pass before we meet again, as I am always doing?"

Mrs. Allington soon answered this, but instead of pleading guilty complained of Mabel's last note.

"I am surprised you should count turns with me," she wrote. "Young people ought not to do so with their elders. You know I detest letter-writing, and there is not a scrap of news. Just the same old round of faces you know by heart, and the people whose doings you can picture for yourself. I have made a few acquaintances of the here-to-day-gone-to-morrow sort, and I don't care for any of them. You have more news at Brayle, and your letters amuse me. If your time hangs heavily, spend it in enlivening the quiet hours of your loving auntie,

"MAUD ALLINGTON."

"I suppose I ought not to count letters with aunt seeing how good she was to me, and that I want to go back to her some day. But she never complains that time passes slowly without me. I am sure people grow more selfish and exacting as they grow older. If you are not close to their elbows you are sure to be forgotten."

However, perhaps from some selfish feeling on her own side, Mabel sent her aunt a sufficiently long letter, first telling about her own doings, then of her neighbours, especially Mr. Hawtrey.

"By the way, you asked if the curate is related to the Hawtreys of Elmsthorpe. He is a son of Sir John, but not the eldest, for he spoke the other day of a brother ten years his senior. He is quite settled here now, and is to be a fixture. Everybody sings his praises but myself, and I am not likely to join in the chorus.

"He is a gentleman and very unlike the slum-workers we knew. He does not talk of the miracles of reformation wrought by his agency. He works well, and is manly in his ways. He plays tennis wonderfully well, but I have hitherto neither been his partner nor opponent. It has cost me something to refuse; but I made up my mind to have nothing to do with him before he came, and I have kept my resolution, with difficulty I own, but I really do dislike him more than I care for tennis. So I gnash my teeth at being out of the game, yet will not join it with the best player in the neighbourhood, because that player is Mr. Hawtrey. I think he soon found out that I meant to snub him if possible, so whilst perfectly courteous to me at all times he holds himself aloof.

"I am a little sorry now and then, as Mr. Hawtrey manages to interest everybody else, so when my aunt, uncle, Elsie and whatever guests are present get infected by his enthusiasm and hang upon his words, of course I feel left out in the cold.

"I shall fare no better now the tennis season is over or thereabouts, and long evenings have to be faced. If we only have a keen winter I shall enjoy the skating, for I flatter myself I can hold my own on the ice.

"Elsie gives a glowing description of skating parties on the Brayle, for the river is just lovely for such gatherings and, she says, is always frozen in a moderate frost.

"You remember my writing to you about our village pariah, Bess Cradock. She is an awful-looking old woman. Her grey hair hangs like a mat about her wrinkled face, dark as a gipsy's. Her eyebrows are white, but her eyes are black and fairly flash when she speaks to you. She lives in a wretched hovel just beyond the boundaries of my uncle's property. Her abode is on a bit of waste ground which she seems to claim as her own, and such is her evil reputation that no one dares to dispute her right to it.

"I have been trying to cultivate Bess Cradock's acquaintance. I have been more civil to her than to her richer neighbours, and have taken solitary walks in the direction of her dwelling on the chance of meeting her. Bess does not, however, care for my acquaintance. When I bid her 'good-morning,' she scowls and mutters something in return. I cannot catch the words, but they are the reverse of complimentary, I am sure.

"A few days since I knocked at her door. She opened it, but promptly shut it in my face. I went a second time, carrying with me some little dainties which aunt Raynor allowed the cook to prepare for me, though she told me beforehand they would not be accepted.

"'If you succeed in reaching poor Bess's heart, dear Mab,' said my aunt, 'you will do what all others have failed in doing. Take what you like, do what you will. I am delighted to think that you are becoming interested in our very poorest neighbour.'

"I reached Bess Cradock's hut just as a perfect flood of rain was falling. I went when there was a prospect of it on purpose.

"Hard as she was, Bess hesitated about shutting the door in my face, and especially as I made no attempt to enter. 'I have brought some little things I hope you may like,' I said, 'please don't let me have to carry them back.'

"She flung open the door and sternly bade me come in, then in a shrill voice said, 'They shall not say Bess Cradock shut her door on gentle or simple, man or beast, in such a downpour. Take that.' She pushed a rickety chair towards me, and I sat down quite obediently, whilst she crouched before the fire in silence.

"The storm continued, and, shall I own it, despite the queer surroundings, and Bess's mutterings, I began to feel that my walk had made me very hungry. I thought longingly of the good things in the basket, but I turned humbly to Bess, and asked if she would give me a mouthful of bread and a draught of water.

"A strange look crossed her face and she rose as if to comply with my request, but crouched down again and pointing to my basket said, 'You have food there. Why do ye not eat?'

"'Because I brought this for you. If you will share it even, we will eat together; if not, please give me the morsel of bread and cup of cold water I asked you for. I should like these better by far.'

"'Then you are not afraid to break bread with old Bess. You're a queer one,' and she gave an uncanny laugh as she went to her cupboard, and fetched bread which she placed

before me, then brought a cup of water from a little spring close to the hovel.

"I can picture your look of horror, dear auntie, as you read this story, which I fear will shock rather than amuse you. But the brown bread was good and wholesome, the water clear and pure, the crockery was clean, as was also the coarse cloth on the table. To this extent the village pariah regards the decencies of life, though, when in the sight of our little world, her appearance belies them, and she denies herself all but the barest necessaries.

"To continue. Having gained two steps, admission and food, I determined not to stop, so I said, 'Are you not going to eat with me? If not, I shall go hungry, and I am just famishing.'

"'Aye. Why not?' said Bess with the grimmest of smiles on her weird face, and she fetched another plate and cup of water.

"Progress made me daring. I uncovered my basket and placed some of its contents on the table, then begged Bess to partake.

"'Not I,' she cried, with a wave of her hand which made me almost expect the viands would disappear at her bidding. 'I will taste none of them. Eat of your own food. It will befit you better than what I have put before you, but if we eat together, it must be of such fare as I can set before ye. This is my best and my all. But don't you go away thinking, my gay miss, that old Bess needs to be beholden to you or anybody. See here!'

"She plunged her hand into a pocket beneath her ragged garment, and brought it out full of gold. 'See ye there,' she cried, 'and if you ever come again to the hut on "No-man's-land," as the folk call this place of mine, you'll not need to burden yourself with a basket of dainties. Maybe you think I should be feared to live here with gold about me and never a bolt to my door. The fears of the simpletons who live within many a mile of this hut are better protection than bolts and bars. They fancy my gold would turn to stones in their hands, or bring them misfortune.'

"'Likely enough,' I said. 'I have about as good an opinion of the wisdom of Braylebridge folk as you have. And since you will not eat of what I have brought, and I see that you deny yourself from choice, not need, let us munch our bread and drink water together. I am hungry and shall enjoy both.'

"And I did, auntie dear, realising with every mouthful what a wonderful sauce hunger is, and that Bess's bread was very sweet and good.

"By the time we had finished, the rain was over and the sun shining gloriously, so I prepared to depart, having thanked Bess most heartily for my meal. She could see that I had eaten with appetite, and looked grimly gratified that I had shared her food and in her company. I was leaving the basket, but she bade me take it away with me.

"'You have thanked me, and I thank you,' she said.

"'I have something to thank you for. You have satisfied my hunger. Can you not give these things to some neighbour who needs them?' I asked.

"'Who would take aught at my hand? I have no neighbour.'

"'Then give them to a passing tramp,' I persisted.

"'Every tramp that passes knows Bess Cradock only to be afraid of her. Take your dainties or come here no more.'

"'Then I may come again to dine with you?' I added.

"'Come if you will, but not too often, or you'll find I can fasten the door against you when I choose. I know you, my gay missy. You are in a dull place for one who has been used to fine London folks, and it is a change to pay a visit in "No-man's-land." It's your whim, but it won't last long.'

"I took up the basket perforce, and offered my hand as I said, 'good-bye, and thank you.'

"For the moment Bess hesitated, then said, 'Nay. It's many a year since I clasped hands with one of my kind, and I'll not begin with you.'

"She shut the door behind me without further ceremony, and I was fain to depart and bestow my dainties at a cottage on my homeward way. They were a little anxious about me at the Manor, especially as they knew whither I was bound when I started. Fancy how mystified everybody was when I told them I was not hungry, as I had lunched with Bess Cradock.

"'You had food with you, fortunately!' said aunt Raynor.

"'I did not require it. I shared Bess's own provisions. She declined to accept what I took, and I had to bestow the contents of my basket elsewhere.'

"Beyond this I told them nothing. Mr. Hawtrey was present, and I saw that he opened his eyes pretty widely, but he asked no questions, though a peculiar smile flitted across his face as he remarked, 'You are interested in Bess Cradock, Miss Barclay.'

"'Very much,' I replied. 'She has at least something original about her, and that is attractive at Brayle.'

"'Or anywhere else,' he said, then went on calmly discussing the clothing-club with aunt Raynor. He shows plainly enough that he does not consider me an object of interest. I suppose I am neither good enough nor bad enough. We have a common interest in old Bess, though. He, because he wants to bring the pariah into his fold, I like her because she is so delightfully unlike everybody else. I am sure the people think far more ill of her than she deserves."

With this comment on old Bess, Mabel ended her letter, except for the usual messages. As she expected, the story of her visit to "No-man's-land" excited her aunt's horror, and was the means of drawing from Mrs. Allington a much longer epistle than any Mab had hitherto received from her since she left London.

After lecturing her niece with unusual severity, Mrs. Allington added, "I am astonished that your guardians allow you to run such risks. How do you know that the wretched woman you visited is not an accomplice of thieves—or worse? I should never forgive myself, were I Mr. Raynor, if any harm were to befall you owing to my want of care. I was indulgent enough, I hope, to my dear brother's orphan daughter, but, at any rate, I took better care of you than your lawful caretakers are doing. Pray do not indulge in any further visits to that wretched woman or in any similar escapade. Surely the sight of gold in Bess Cradock's hand ought to have been warning enough to prevent your going to her hut again. I wish I could take you to the south with me. I have decided to winter at Cannes, and shall set out on Tuesday next. I expect to meet a good many people I know, so shall not be dull."

"That means distance from aunt Maud as well as absence, and still rarer letters," thought Mabel, and she sighed at the prospect. "I hope she will not quite forget me. She might have accepted the invitation to spend Christmas here, seeing that I could not go with her. Aunt Maud talks of being delicate, and professes that she cannot bear an English winter, but I am sure she is only bored and longing for change. She is just forty-five, and looks younger, which she would not do if she were really ailing. Besides, she could bear any amount of fatigue in connection with gay social gatherings. I am sure she is only fanciful and self-absorbed. I wish I dare tell her what I think of her whims as frankly as she has lectured me; but that would not do. After all, aunt Maud means to be kind, and has given me the best advice she could. I think I will let Bess Cradock alone for a while, and leave her to Mr. Hawtrey. I have gratified my whim, and established one-sided visiting relations with Bess, who must not be allowed to think me over-anxious for her charming society, or she will shut her door in my face the next time I apply for admission."

CHAPTER V.

WINTER began early that year with a fall of snow followed by keen frosts, and before Christmas the Brayle was the scene of gay gatherings extending over miles of icy surface.

Mabel was half wild with delight, and declared that a proper winter in the country was worth all the other seasons put together. She was a veritable Queen Mab amongst skaters, and whilst keenly enjoying her favourite exercise, her pleasure was greatly enhanced by the knowledge that she was the most graceful and daring of all who shared in it.

True to her character, she cared nothing for others. She liked to be a centre of attraction, the admired of all beholders. Mrs. Raynor and Elsie might deny themselves and stay at the Manor, allotting blankets and flannel, or planning for the brightening of homes and plenishing of tables on Christmas Day. That was not in her line, and she said so.

Mabel declined to help before she was asked. "You know, aunt," she said, "that we are bidden to 'make hay whilst the sun shines.' The proverb suits this season as well as hay-harvest. I say, 'skate while the ice lasts,' for it is as uncertain as sunshine. There will always be plenty of candidates for blankets and beef."

On Christmas Day, Mr. Patey had always been used to occupy the pulpit, but this year Mr. Hawtrey was to preach, though only he and the vicar knew this beforehand. Mabel's dislike to Mr. Hawtrey had increased with length of acquaintance, in spite of the fact that his thorough manliness, unselfishness, and sincerity appealed to her better feelings. He was the one amongst the various guests at the Manor who treated her with cold courtesy, who never said flattering things, and who silently refused to take her at her self-estimate. He had noticed her looks of ill-veiled contempt, and heard her sarcastic remarks about persons and things. He neither returned the one nor answered the other; he simply left her to herself, whilst never omitting any attention which courtesy required.

When Mabel saw Mr. Hawtrey ascend the pulpit on Christmas morning, she turned towards a neighbouring pew, in which sat a young man not usually a member of the congregation at Braylebridge, but attracted thither, she little doubted, by admiration for herself. He was well known to the Raynors, and Mabel had met him daily on the river during the frost.

Glancing towards the pulpit she gave a contemptuous smile, then sighed and settled herself in her corner with an air of sham resignation. To her mortification the look was not returned. The young man had evidently come, not to mock, but to worship and listen. She was not the attraction after all. Two others noticed the girl's contemptuous glance; one was Mr. Hawtrey himself, and for a moment his face flushed and his voice trembled, but only for a moment. His message was too important, his sense of responsibility too great, his love for the Master whom he served, and for the souls of those amongst whom he ministered too sincere, to allow of any abiding hindrance. He threw his heart into his words, and Mabel listened in spite of herself, though preserving an appearance of indifference. She

meant to give a sigh and look of relief at the close of the sermon, but somehow she forgot to do so.

The second observer of her contemptuous gesture when Mr. Hawtrey ascended the pulpit was a stranger, who sat in the vicarage pew. Mabel had noticed his entrance, and had been struck by his distinguished appearance. If she had not been so entirely occupied of late by her favourite amusements she would have heard that Mr. Hawtrey's elder brother was expected, that he would accompany the two clergymen who were to dine at the Manor on Christmas Day, and would during his stay join the Brayle shooting parties.

Queen Mab heard these particulars at luncheon, and rather pettishly upbraided Elsie for not having told her before.

"You never tell me what is worth hearing," she said.

"Because you were too busy to listen," said Elsie, "or too indifferent perhaps. The matter was named in your presence more than once, both by Mr. Patey and his curate. No one wishes to keep anything from you."

"I suppose you are right," was the careless answer. "I seldom hear much of the vicar's talk, especially when his curate shares the conversation." Then with a look of greater interest Mabel asked, "Is the visitor Sir John Hawtrey's eldest son?"

There was a spice of mischief in Elsie's reply, which, however, Mab failed to notice.

"He is Rex Hawtrey's senior by five years, being just thirty-three. Rex himself is twenty-eight. The visitor is his only surviving brother."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mab. "So the curate is 'Rex' to you as well as to Lance now, is he?"

"He is Rex to all of us except yourself, Mab, and just the dear and valued friend of all. Some day you will know better both him and others whom you affect to despise. In the meanwhile I, for one, wait, and wish for you a clearer vision and more kindly judgment. Dear Mab," added Elsie, "it often troubles me to feel that you are with us here at Brayle, yet not of us. I know, too, that my father and mother are anxious and perplexed on your account, because they cannot think that your life is a happy one. I spoke hardly just now. Forgive me, Mab, for my plainness. This is Christmas Day. A blessed time of peace and goodwill, a season of union of hearts and aims for the benefit of those around us, and the glory of God. We have worked in our simple fashion, rich and poor one with another, to make the place in which we worship, and the homes we dwell in, suggestive of this joyful season. And to show our thankfulness to God, those who have the larger share of this world's goods have been so happy in sharing His bounties with those whose portion is comparatively small. It has been delightful going from house to house, and being met everywhere with smiling faces and kindly greetings. I wish you could have seen all the Cairns family. The good doctor, formally counting up his olive branches, and declaring there was the full tale of them for once, every child under the home roof-tree. I do believe everybody in Braylebridge is happy to-day, except——"

Elsie looked wistfully at her cousin.

"Except me and Bess Cradock. I fancy the pariah and I are the two outside the blissful fold," returned Mabel. "Well, there must be at least the one black sheep to each flock, if the proverb is to be believed, and two out of a population of eight hundred and five is only a drop in the bucket."

"There is no question of your being a black sheep, Mab. But tell me, are you happy at Brayle? At this season one longs to see every person happy, and specially those who are in every sense so near to us. You, dear Mab, take no interest either in the things or people around you. We have all tried——"

Elsie paused, and her eyes filled with tears. Mab was moved at the sight of her cousin's wistful face, and the unfinished sentence which yet said so much.

"You have all been far kinder to me than I deserved," she replied. "I am surrounded with good things of every kind, and good—too good people. I have been all my life used to less perfect specimens of humanity, and my tastes are for pursuits which they deem frivolous and unworthy. I cannot help it, and I am afraid I do not want to be very different. You know I came here because I could not help myself. I was so fond of aunt Maud, and I so enjoyed my life with her, that the monotony of Brayle is like imprisonment in comparison."

"But if only you would try to see things in a different light, Mab, you would learn to like Brayle and its people," pleaded Elsie.

"If I knew that I must spend my life here, I would; but in a few months I hope to leave it, so where would be the use? I cannot help counting the days, and as night comes saying to myself, 'One more gone; one less to spend here, one nearer to seeing aunt Maud.'" The pained expression on Elsie's face had deepened and she was turning away in silence, when Mab clasped her arms round her neck and kissed her repeatedly. "I do love you, Elsie," she said impulsively; "who could help it, you dear, unselfish darling. You care for everyone, even good-for-nothing me, and want all to be happy. I'll try to be a better child to-night, for your dear sake, though if I could have my way I think I should tramp across the snow to the pariah's cottage and ask for another meal of bread and water. I do not deserve better Christmas fare than she does."

Elsie returned the unexpected embrace, and drying her eyes smiled at Mab, as she replied:

"I think even poor Bess Cradock's Christmas Day will not be so dreary as you doubtless picture it, but we will say no more about her at present."

Mabel kept her word, and perhaps feeling a little genuine regret for her insensibility to all the kindnesses showered upon her by her guardians, made herself as agreeable to their guests as she had always been to those of her aunt Allington.

The Vicar's special guest and companion, in her company for the first time, was inclined to think Miss Barclay a most charming girl, and wondered if he could have misinterpreted that contemptuous look, apparently directed towards his brother. For Queen Mab actually praised the curate, and whilst owning with perfect frankness that her own tastes differed from those of her cousin, said that the young clergyman had won all hearts save those of the two black sheep of the parish, herself and one other.

"You must be very proud of your younger brother, Mr. Hawtrey," she said in her most gracious fashion.

"Oh yes. Rex is one of the best fellows living. His only fault is that he thinks of everyone but himself, and imagines that he is as strong as Samson. He can hardly kill himself with work in this quiet place, as he was nearly doing before he came here."

The day ended happily enough at the Manor. Mr. and Mrs. Raynor were pleased at the change in their niece's manner, and hoped it would last. Elsie was radiant at the success of her little lecture, and thought how delightful a companion Mabel could be if she chose.

At the Vicarage, after Mr. Patey had retired, the brothers sat by the fireside and talked together, first of old Christmases and then of the day just ending, and the people amongst whom it had been spent.

"The first Christmas away from Elmsthorpe, Rex," said the elder. "Let us hope that the voyage will restore the dear father's health, and that next year will make up for this and see us all together once more."

"God grant it," replied the curate earnestly. "We were fortunate in being guests in such a family, seeing we could not be with our own people. Don't you think so, Jack?"

"I do, and I am doubly glad that you have such friends as the Vicar and the Raynors. What a bright, I may say charming girl the niece is. Yet before I went to the house I felt very angry at her for a look she cast at you this morning."

"You saw it, Jack? So did I. For some cause, a mystery to me, Miss Barclay has chosen to treat me with scant courtesy; this morning with open contempt."

"It does not hurt you, Rex, does it?" asked Jack, with a look of real concern.

"Certainly not. I have learned to leave Queen Mab, as they call her, severely alone. All the same, I regret that any human being should feel enmity towards me, though I rejoice that it is causeless. I wait, and about that, as about every other trial, small or great, I pray, and then go my way, believing that all will work together for good in the end."

The face of the younger brother shone with a beautiful expression as he raised it towards that of Jack.

"God bless you, dear lad," was the reply, and the men clasped hands and sat for a while in silence.

It was broken by Jack, who said:

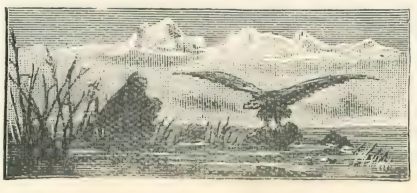
"Miss Barclay was more amiable than her wont to-day, I presume?"

"I never saw her the same side out before."

"She spoke warmly of you, Rex, and he repeated her words. "She said to me, 'You must be very proud of your younger brother, Mr. Hawtrey,' and I told her what I thought of you. I did not correct one mistake into which she has fallen."

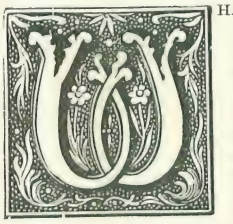
Rex pondered a moment, then the eyes of the two men met and they both laughed heartily, but made no further allusion to Miss Barclay.

(To be concluded.)



IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART V.



HAT was I smiling at, do you say? Well, it was at Ethel's remark, she said it was "so clever" of me to have made that dishful of hot scones all at a moment's notice, when the Willoughbys dropped in for tea unexpectedly yesterday. I don't think I am endowed with any great cleverness, but I hope I have my wits about me, and seeing that little jugful of cream had become too "clotted" to use for table, and the oven was fairly hot (because Rose had been doing some fine ironing not long before), I knew they took but a few minutes making and baking, so they were no sooner thought of than done!

What did I put in? Only a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flour enough to make a soft dough with that small quantity of cream. I rolled it out to about half-an-inch thick, cut it into little triangles, laid them on a baking-tin, and popped them in the oven in the hottest part. You see they are so light and flaky, and eaten hot with butter, they are generally liked even better than sweet cakes.

It is very bad management to be without a cake or bun or a few biscuits of some kind; some one is sure to call that day if not at any other time.

Most cakes are greatly improved by being a few days old, if kept in an air-tight box or tin. What was that you said, Margery? "If locked up;" well yes, that is quite true—in this house!

I do not quite agree with Ethel that "if people will come when they are not expected, they must take what they can get;" it is rather a grudging kind of hospitality that. It seems only right to me to try and make any one welcome to the fullest extent of my power, and if I have to put in a little extra labour in order to do so, I do it gladly.

I will tell you what is my ideal of true hospitality—I am speaking of people in our own circumstances, remember, not of those who keep a staff of domestics—it is this, to be able without the least fear of shame to take my guest, as the Scotch say, "farrer ben" than the best chamber, to make him or her feel that there is no room they might not go into, that their coming has not necessitated the preparation of one extra dish. Alas! it is an ideal rather difficult to maintain, for every house must have its seasons of overhauling, and accidents will happen at the least opportune moment. Still, because we are ladies while doing everything, we have regard to the manner, the time, and our own appearance while we are so employed, so that we are not ashamed of being watched by the most critical eye. Then, too, the dish which we had intended should serve for our own meal to-day—if only a *réchauffée* of yesterday's—will have been prepared with as much care and nicety as if it had to be set before a connoisseur. A hash of mutton, for instance, properly made, will suit most persons' palates quite as well as the joint freshly roasted; but if we have been careless over the preparation of it, have passed over bits of skin or fat (which are certain to show), have not troubled to put in the right seasoning or sauce, have forgotten the rice or potatoes, then indeed we have reason to be ashamed that we have nothing better than "hashed mutton" to set before our guest.

I believe in putting my own best side out, because I find it generally induces other people to do the same, and when people are pleased they will judge more kindly.

Where there is a marked difference between everyday and company manners, between the furnishing and laying of the everyday table, and the "spread" when guests are being expected, then of course the unexpected one finds that "pot-luck" is not always good fortune.

Where we are fastidious in entertaining ourselves only, no extras will be needed. Talking like this, however, reminds me that it would be just as well if we were to practice the making of a few dishes which could, if required, be manufactured at very short notice.

Supposing now that anyone were to drop in to dinner and you had only the remains of a piece of cold roast beef beside you. That with potatoes and a salad would have been all right for yourselves, and of course the "unexpected" one ought to find it so too. But if the day was rather cold, and the caller had come from a distance to see you, I am sure your hospitable instincts would demand something more cheering to set before him.

Nothing is so acceptable to the cold and hungry traveller as a plate of hot soup, and nothing gives a better impression at the commencement of a dinner. But where stock is not always on hand it is generally thought that soup is quite out of the list of "emergency" dishes. I do not advocate the use of Liebig's Extract as a rule, but if I had no stock or gravy I should certainly have recourse to it. A pot of this, a bottle or two of sauce, and a few tins of vegetables and fruits ought to be always found in everyone's store cupboard.

I have two soups before my mind's eye at this moment which are both very quickly made; one of them is tomato soup, made from the tinned fruit, with a little cream or the yolk of an egg to enrich it (you all know how we make tomato soup, but don't omit the onion next time you make it, Ethel). The other soup is a clear brown potage with poached eggs. I will describe it to you first, then we will prepare it for to-day's dinner.

To two pints of boiling water I should stir in a dessertspoonful of Liebig's Extract, then cut a thin slice of stale white bread into dice and let it boil gently in this. In a little stew-pan I should melt an ounce of dripping, mince very finely a small onion, a carrot and two or three leeks, letting these frizzle in the dripping until they were brown, then sift a little flour over to absorb the fat, add sufficient salt and pepper, then stir them into the stock. A spoonful of tomato sauce might also be added. When all had boiled for a minute I should pour it into the tureen, then drop in poached eggs singly, allowing one for each person at table. These could have been poaching while the vegetables were frizzling. This is a very tasty, nice-looking soup, and the eggs make it a very nourishing one.

If you had any qualms about the respectability of that joint of beef, or feared there might not be enough, you might very quickly transform its appearance, and make it go much further by first preparing a thick gravy with a few spoonfuls of the stock of your soup, thickened with more flour, made rich and savoury by the addition of a few spoonfuls of tomato sauce, mushroom ketchup, and seasoning of course, also a small tin of mushrooms and their liquor. Let this boil for quite two minutes, then draw it aside to simmer only; slice your beef (or mutton would be equally good) very thinly in small pieces, lay them in the gravy to become hot through, and after this has simmered for a few minutes longer, it is ready to serve. Never let once cooked meat boil after it is in gravy or sauce, it makes it tough.

For another way, if you had a sufficient quantity of potatoes boiling you might make a gravy similarly, only omitting the mushrooms, and cut the lean of your beef into dice, letting it simmer gently, while from the potatoes you made a "wall" by mashing them perfectly smooth with milk and a little salt, then forming them into the shape of a thick circular wall with a hole in the centre, on your dish. Ornament the outside of the edge with a fork, put fried parsley round the outer base, and fill up the centre with the minced beef, or, I should say, with the miroton of beef.

Your guest might have said, "Don't trouble, the cold beef will be all right," but if you set either of these dishes before him, you would rise immensely in his estimation, and he would be inwardly grateful to you for having taken the trouble.

Now supposing the guest chances upon you when you have not even the remains of a joint in the house, nothing, say, but the piece of raw ham from which the breakfast slices were cut, and a few eggs. Still you need not despair.

From the eggs you can make a savoury omelette, using a little butter, a pinch of dried sweet herbs, and a little chopped parsley, not forgetting the seasoning again, and taking care also that the butter is not only melted but frothing before you put in your lightly beaten eggs, four at least, and the herbs. While the omelette is cooking you can be watching the frizzling of the very thin slices of ham. They should roll themselves up of their own accord, if not, you must enable them to do so; then when your omelette, folded over like an envelope, is placed in the middle of your little dish, arrange the rolls around it and garnish with fresh parsley.

If with this dish you served also a cup of hot, fragrant coffee, and some thinly cut slices of bread and butter, you would have no reason to be ashamed of your impromptu repast.

Perhaps of all "emergency" dishes an omelette deserves to rank as premier. It is so quickly made and capable of being varied *ad infinitum*. From a perfectly plain one you may run a scale of such changes in savourings and sweets that you need never be at a loss for variety.

To all savoury omelettes a nicely dressed salad is a great addition. That reminds me, salads should also rank high on the list we are considering, for under this disguise a few cold vegetables, cold meat, fish or chicken, may reappear and become quite elegant too.

For an impromptu refreshment, when nothing so serious as a dinner or tea is either expected or desired, we generally have recourse to a sandwich.

I am not going to say anything against sandwiches—so you needn't elevate your shoulders, Rose,—on the contrary, I consider them as a highly-useful class of confection. But there are sandwiches *and* sandwiches! Also, sandwiches are capable of being varied to an extent we rarely think possible.

Bread, stale enough to admit of being very thinly sliced, but not so stale as to be dry, is the first desideratum; the crust must all be cut off and the butter not stinted—desideratum number two. From various meats or poultry, sliced, potted, minced or jellied, we have grated cheese, chopped watercress, garden cress, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc. chopped nasturtium leaves, asparagus heads (cooked), with a little thick sauce, mushrooms stewed in butter, eggs boiled and sliced, sardines boned and minced, shrimp paste, lobster ditto, or anchovy, and last but by no means least some delicious sweet sandwiches are made by spreading stale milk-bread or rolls with golden syrup and putting a



layer of Devonshire cream between. You see the genus sandwich is not to be despised, Miss Rose.

Now we have talked enough about the possible, let us come back to the actual. Margery and Rose will please make that soup I spoke of; Ruth will see to the potatoes, one of you will make some apple flummery, while Ethel and I are busy with those beans. I am going to salt and store them for our use in winter, you know. Only think how much forethought a good housekeeper has to exercise; however could we have expected poor Bridget to look ahead; it needs more education and more brains than she possessed, poor girl.

LUCY H. YATES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

CARPENTER. — You can order all you require at an artists' colourman's. We neither give trade addresses nor their prices. But there are good shops of this description in Regent and in Oxford Streets. We are glad you were interested in our article on marqueterie and wood-staining which appeared in Nov., 1892.

KODEX.—Miss Thoyts, of Sulhampstead Park, Berkshire, conducts a "Photographic Club." The subscription is only 1s. per annum (as we believe), and a packet is sent round every month.

MARIE.—We think that the designs for the door-panels might represent the seasons. For spring, you might have birds on branches of hawthorn, birds' nests and eggs, crocuses and snowdrops; and for figures, children. For summer, fruit and bright flowers—roses and such-like—and for figures, boating-scenes and fishing. For autumn, game, alive and dead, branches of tinted foliage, and in figures, boating-scenes, hunting, shooting, reaping, and harvest-waggons. In flowers—poppies, cornflowers, sunflowers, &c., wheat, and fruit of many kinds belonging to the season, including grapes and festoons of their leaves and tendrils. For winter—robins on snow-laden twigs, holly and mistletoe; and in figures—sleighing and skating-scenes; old folks and "goodies" in red cloaks. A selection from some of these will suit the panels well.

WORK.

MOLLY must make inquiries at shops where such things are sold.

A SEASIDE SCHOOLGIRL will find it much easier to purchase the toilet mats with the patterns ready traced. The material most in vogue seems to be linen; and the mats are to be found ready traced and hem-stitched round; and they can be trimmed with lace if required.

A. B. C.—Get a list from some Indian outfitter, and select from that, according to the capacity of your purse, 12 thin and 12 thick cotton combinations; 18 thin and thick nightgowns; 12 vests or combinations of India gauze; 6 flannel petticoats or knickerbockers; 12 white petticoats; a flannel dressing-gown and a white one; 2 short (washing) white dressing-jackets; 24 Lisle-thread stockings and 6 warm ones; 36 handkerchiefs; 12 pairs of kid gloves, 12 dog-skin, 12 thread or silk ones. A dozen dresses would be quite as much as you would need. Two white washing dresses, and two loose dressing-gowns, also white. Two afternoon dresses of some light material—*crêpon*, nun's veiling, or tussore. A cloth or serge costume, and for the rest, such as evening and dinner-dress, and riding habit, you are the best judge of what you are likely to need. Also, you do not mention the part of India you are going to, and that makes a great difference as to clothing.

MARIE.—None of the volumes you name can be obtained, except by private sale or advertisement; and the weekly numbers cannot be had.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER.—As a nursemaid you would not take a place above the cook, who sits at the top of the table and carves for the servants, and if there be a butler, he sits at the bottom of the table and the footman at the side; your place would probably be between the upper and second housemaid. The lady's-maid is an upper servant and would take her place next the carver, but has precedence of her. At the same time where there were but one housemaid, and she an old family servant, while you were a young woman, you could not place yourself above her. Where there is a housekeeper there would, in a large establishment, be a housekeeper's-room, where she, the lady's-maid, the butler and valet would sit and dine together, also the steward if an unmarried man.

DORIS ELLIOT.—"Curfew shall not ring to-night," is a poem by Rosa Hardwick Thorpe.

KATIE.—Read the articles by "Medicus," and try to see whether you can improve your way of living. One thing is within your own power to accomplish, and that is, to pray to God to enable you to cast your cares on Him, and when you have done that, you must determine to look only on the cheerful side of everything and refuse to be troubled any longer.

RUBY.—Much obliged by your kind offer, but we must decline it.

HERMIONE.—You do not mention how the tomatoes are served at table, whether cooked, or as a salad, with oil and vinegar, so we cannot answer. If cooked, we should prefer eating them with a fork.

AVITH MOORE.—We do not recommend you to re-open the unpleasant subject. It could be of no benefit to either of you. There is an old proverb very applicable to the occasion, *i.e.*, "Let sleeping dogs lie." You seem disposed to take a morbid view of things.

ANXIOUS.—1. We think you might try kindergarten-work.—2. Certainly it is not wrong to require remuneration for your time and labour, and some return for your own expenses in acquiring a knowledge of your vocation. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," was a statement applied to the missionary-work of the "Seventy" disciples, by our Blessed Lord Himself; and if all clergymen and ministers and school-teachers are to be supplied with suitable salaries and means of subsistence, why should you scruple to be remunerated.—3. It is impossible for us to say when this, or any of our answers will be printed. Each will appear in due course.

SEVEN YEARS' READER.—1. We cannot tell what success may attend the publication of the story in question.—2. This depends on the fancy of the Editor, or Publisher; the number of MSS. on his hands; and the selection of the right man for the style of work. The writer seems to think it a very superior production, as she says, "The literature is pure and wholesome, the plot thoroughly worked out, and the reading interesting." We congratulate her.

WALTER'S SWEETHEART.—We are sorry to blight your high aspirations, but we are quite sure no career is open to you so long as you spell "paper" with two "p's," and we do not know how far marriage would be legal if spelt with one "r." So do not think of it, at least, till you can write and spell better than you do; and the soiled scrap of "papper" you send proves that you neither respect yourself nor us.

EDITH.—1. A widower generally waits from eighteen months to two years, before re-marriage.—2. If a man respects you, and wishes to marry you, he will find a way to make your acquaintance with propriety, and without accosting you in the street, which is an insult.

AMY.—1. We doubt any well-known author going in for such a plan; and at all times, secretaryships are hard to obtain.—2. Why not try to carry out your ideas and get the book corrected and looked over? This would be a much better way.

DIXNEUF, DAISY and TOM'S DARLING should undertake a regular course of reading. Turn to "The Girls' Year," in volume ix. of the "G. O. P."

WHITE ROSE.—No girl, even when old enough to go out into society, should have a separate card. Her name should be on her mother's. If taken to any entertainment at so early an age as "sixteen," your mother should take you with her when she calls on your entertainer afterwards.

TIRED OF WAITING.—1. The man has, apparently, been trifling with you, and your parents are the persons to call him to account for his conduct, not you.—2. How could it be "wrong" for you to "wear a ring that your sister gave you?" How could any one think it "forward?" You seem to have some very queer notions.

NIGHTINGALE.—When a paraffin lamp is upset or explodes, water will not extinguish the fire. A box of sand or earth thrown over it will put it out. Otherwise, throw a hearth-rug upon it and clap it out, excluding the air. Anyone who has taken fire, whether in this (the worst) or in the ordinary way, should lie down at once on the floor and roll, if possible, in the rug or any woollen material, the exclusion of the air being essential. Flame ascends; so to save the face, it should be kept down, and the person must lie flat on the floor. People who burn paraffin oil might keep a coal-box of sand in the room.

ROBIN.—Unless very gifted as a musician, or an artist, do not imagine you could make a living in either direction. If you learn dressmaking and plain sewing, millinery, and hair-dressing, and you are of good stature, you might be a lady's-maid.

SPRING.—The term "feet," as applied to poetry, signifies syllables. The verses you have sent are altogether incorrect in metre, and lack any originality. We regret to be obliged to give an honest reply which will prove unwelcome.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P" should have her teeth stopped, and then avoid rough usage in eating, keeping them thoroughly cleaned at least twice a day.

CHRISTMAS ROSE should procure the names of the owners of the crests and escutcheons from each person from whom she obtains one. It would be necessary to understand heraldry to be able to recognise the appearance of one by reading the technical descriptions of Coats of Arms, as given in the Peerages.

AMY.—"Piping Bullfinches" are very expensive, as the training is so long and difficult a process. The price of good ones varies from £12 to £20, or thereabouts. Good singing canaries can be had at a much less cost. Some 3000 of these birds are sent over from Germany every year; some are from the Black Forest, but the best are from the Hartz Mountains. We believe that as many as 130,000 are sent to America, and a large number to Russia.

DORA.—Spectacles would not prove in any way curative of a "cast" in the eye. When a child is born with it, the eye that moves freely and at will should have a slight bandage over it, without any pressure on the ball of the eye, and thus the eye that is caught and will not turn freely in one direction, is forced to work for both eyes, and will gradually work itself right, or nearly so. From your writing, we suppose you are still a child, and might gain some advantage from this method.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It is best to say with love to yourself, and so-and-so. If a man, and not a cousin, you should send "kind regards," or "best remembrances," not your "love."

WHITE LILAC.—Do nothing without the knowledge and permission of your mother. You are under not only her training, but her absolute rule. You have no business to correspond even with one of your own sex unknown to her. It is for her to choose your acquaintances and associates.

H. M. B.—1. The name Henrietta is on the feminine of Henry, and that means "a rich lord."—2. There is nothing extraordinary in your canary laying an egg in January.

MRS. TASKER requests us to tell our readers of a "Home of Rest for Christian Workers," at Woodmancote, Alresford, Hants. It is at two hours distance from town; the air is bracing, and there are pretty walks. Apply to Mrs. Tasker, Alresford, Hants, for terms and all further particulars, sending a stamped and directed envelope.

HOPE.—The girl who "goes on loving a man, who is much older than herself, and who you think will never love in return," must have "all the lodgings to-let in her upper storey!" It is not a question of whether it be right morally, but whether she be right in her head! We recommend her mother to give her plenty of work to do.

WOLF HOUND should have a book on dogs—treating of all breeds.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Legal steps would have to be taken to determine who was the proper guardian—we could not say.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

BY "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



MOIRÉ BODICE AND NEW BLOUSE.

DURING the month of March, if anyone had had to make a summary of the reigning fashions, I am sure they would have compressed them into three things—huge cravats, bows, violets, and *moiré* silks. A little later we begin to see that although we have certain changes to chronicle, there are but few alterations in the main lines of dress. We are still using homespuns, serges, hopsackings and *crépons*, quite as much as ever, though of course the manufacturer has improved the methods of making them, as well as his designs and ideas, and the colouring has fallen into other lines. Black and white, and white trimmings for neutral colours, stone, fawn, *beige*, and grey are all the rage, and white cloth and *moiré* are used as *revers* for spring dresses. In millinery we find golden-hued straw, dark orange, pink, and violet, as the chief favourites, light blue and a light pink being also much seen. Altogether the season promises to be very gay and bright, so far as our dresses are concerned, and I hope the weather will be to match.

The new skirts are still large, and extended at the back; but the fronts and sides are tight-fitting. In fact, they are fitted just as bodices are by the first-class tailors. The cut round the feet is still a little distended, but not much, and the back is distinguished by its regular folds of the organ-pipe kind. The draping used for skirts just now is very simple in its way. They may be a little raised in front, at the side, from the hem, or they may have a shawl-point overskirt of one deep point at the front and one at the back. Some have an opening over a panel at one side, the sides being lined and used as *revers*.

Tailor-made gowns have the sleeves rather fuller, and bodices made by the best tailors have no centre seam and no side pieces at the back. The coat bodices are either open, or closed with two buttons at the waist, and the basques are shorter than they

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CRAVAT AND SAILOR HAT.

were last year, and much fuller. But the coat-bodice and the waistcoat do not, for a moment, lose their popularity, and there will be more seen than ever now that they are turned out wholesale by the trade at popular prices.

Basques are more than ever to the fore. Some of them meet in front, some are open at the back, and others are long. They are cut all in one with the bodice, where *moiré* and other silks are concerned. But I notice that in stout tweeds they appear circular and fluted and have a seam at the waist, the bodice being, as I have said, nearly seamless. Bodices of a different material to the skirt are still worn, but they are now more used for richer materials, with a *moiré* skirt, a velvet bodice, or else brocaded bodices and a plain silk skirt. The *revers* to bodices are as wide as ever, and epaulettes are in high favour. They are held down over the shoulders by ribbons, or jetted *passementerie*, and hang down in long ends.

Three and four-inch black *moiré* ribbons are used for sashes and girdles. One method of putting these on is illustrated in our picture of a "*moiré* blouse," with ribbon girdle, the ribbon being caught at the half, in the centre of the bodice in front, and taken to the back is crossed there and brought round, and tied at the side in a long looped bow. This *moiré* bodice is of the same design as our paper pattern, and shows the new method of trimming the sleeves with two rows of insertion or ribbon. The seated figure shows one of the new coat-bodices with a French *moiré* waistcoat and *revers* to the jacket, the material being a black serge. It will be seen at once that it is shorter than they were made last year, and the fronts are plain, the back being fuller in the skirts.

The *moiré* bodice and new blouse are both amongst the very latest introductions. The blouse is made of a narrow black and white Pekin silk, the black stripes being in satin. It is tucked in very tiny tucks at the waist, into the shape of a pointed yoke as shown in the sketch; and a belt underneath fits it tightly to the figure; the belt is made either of wide elastic or of woollen stockingette. This is a very elegant model, and may be easily copied. The *moiré* bodice is also quite simple. It is tight-fitting, and slashed at the sides. These and the open front show a fall of lace, while over the full sleeves there is a lace sleeve. This will be found a charming model for a summer dress. There is nothing more fashionable at the present time than these *moiré* bodices in all shapes, both for out-of-door and for indoor wear. The paper pattern selected for this month is a new blouse, and the original was made in *moiré* trimmed with cream, or rather *ficelle* lace, which is now more popularly known as "butter colour."

In the sketch of one of the wide cravats, accompanied by a sailor-hat shape, with a wide buckle in front, is represented the latest style of hair-dressing, showing a parting down to the forehead in front. If this way of doing the hair should come back to us, it will alter, in a great degree, our hats and bonnets; and the softening fringe which has done so much for some plain faces will be much missed.

The large bows are still worn on both bonnets and hats; but on the first-named they are put on very much lower, and look broader at the back, while they extend right and left to the same width. The new fancy straw bonnets are of all hues, pinks, blues, greens, and golden tints being all represented; they seem to be oftenest trimmed with black or a vividly contrasting colour. Thus on a green bonnet violet velvet and yellow flowers may be seen, and indeed the mixture of colours would be dreadful if it were not so very well done. The wonderful admixture of black roses and other flowers, or huge bunches of black violets with green stalks, or green flowers and black leaves, seen on the smartest millinery, is eccentric, but not pretty, yet it seems to mix with the bright bonnets and the wider black strings very well. The bonnets are all smaller in size, though there is an evident determination to increase them, and in some of the West End shops they are showing the veritable ancient "poke-" shaped bonnet of our great-grandmothers, and I fancy we shall see later on some of the flaring *directoires* which were not accepted last year. Hats are neither large nor very small. They are of medium size and are much trimmed with soft lace, feathers, and *moiré* ribbon. The sailor hat of this year is very pretty, and no girl can do better than have one in the burnt-straw colour; and trim it with a band and a handsome bow and ends of *moiré* ribbon. These hats are sold at as low a price as 1s. 6d. in the shops untrimmed, and a cheap and pretty headgear is thus soon obtained. I am surprised this year to see what numbers of girls are in the shops purchasing the materials for their hats and bonnets; and I was assured by an attendant in a West-End shop that they sold more untrimmed than trimmed, and that they were in consequence always willing to give advice on the question of trimmings if they were purchased there.

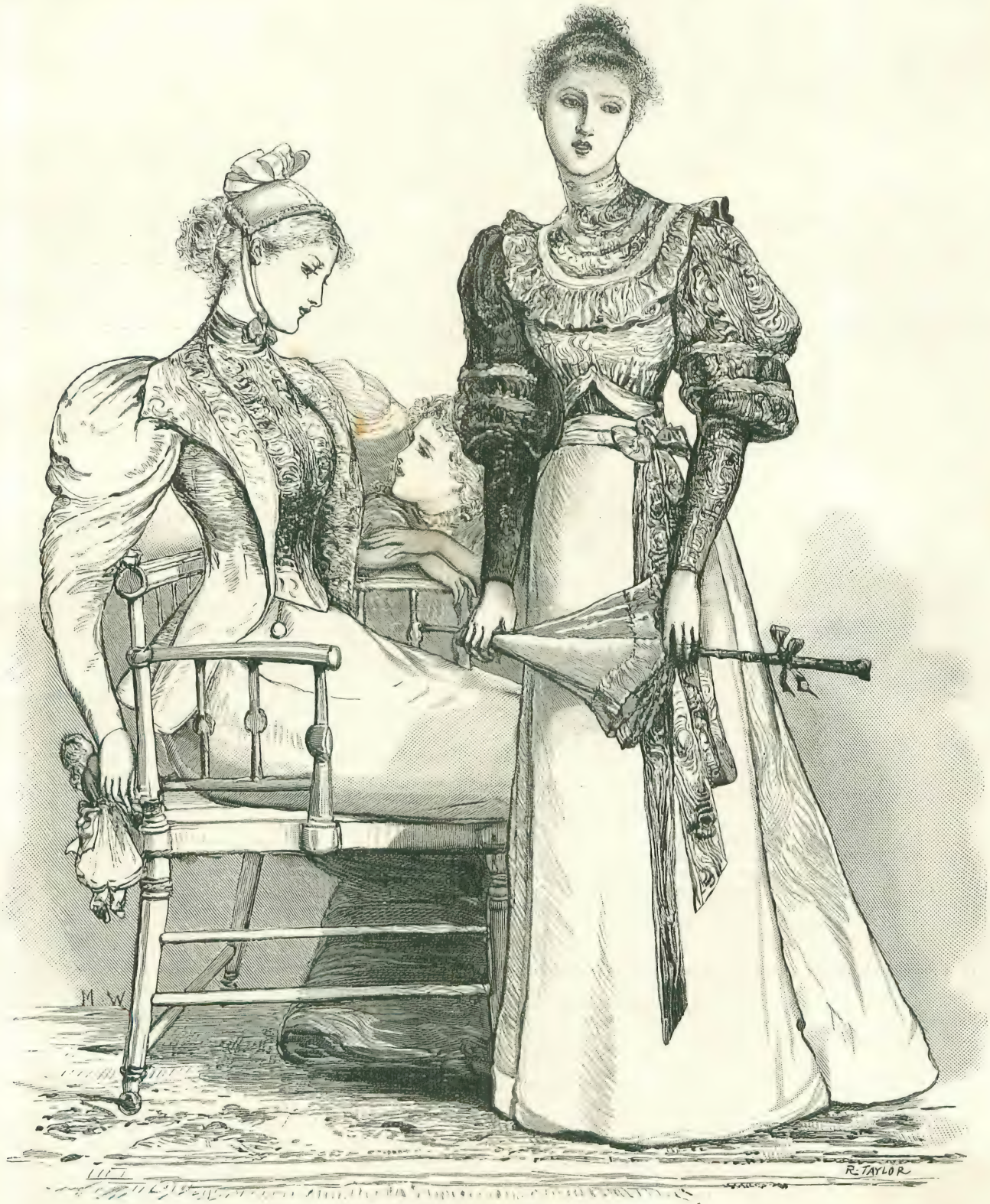
The new veils are black only. Those dreadful ones with white, or cream-colour mixed in with the black, have gone out of fashion. It seems that the cavalier shoe, with a flap, is to be the favourite this year, and patent leather is made up with the plain kid, but not so much by itself as it was. Embroidered stockings are very much worn, and are pretty, and not too "loud." I hear that black petticoats are to be more used than white ones, and that the colour of the stockings worn should match the colour of the petticoat.

Hair-dressing is not much changed. There is still a coil at the back, and it projects a good deal, the centre tress being twisted tightly to make it stand out beyond the coil, which goes round it. The front is done in light curls. Heavy fringes have gone out, or else the hair is parted in the centre, and crimped.

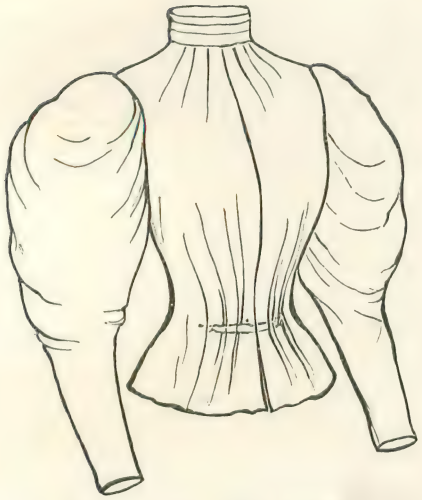
The two paper patterns selected for this month are the new blouse and cape. The first is very easy to make, and obtains much of its style from the white lace with which it is trimmed, if in *moiré*, but it can be quite well used without trimming. It will take four and a half yards of *moiré* or three and a half yards of cotton; to those to whom money is an object,

but who like to be in the fashion, this bodice, which can be easily made at home, will be welcome. The cape can also be made at home very easily. The amount of material required is two yards of good velveteen for the lower cape, and one yard and a half of *moiré* for the upper cape and collar, which are lined with velveteen. The lining will need four yards either of silk, satinette, Cleopatra lining, or a good sateen. The upper cape is lined with muslin, to give it a slight stiffness, and the whole may be made without any trimming except a handsome bow at the neck, which will take two yards and three-quarters of ribbon. The price of each pattern is 1s.; if tacked, 6d. extra.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.



MOIRÉ BLOUSE WITH RIBBON GIRDLE, TAILOR-MADE COAT BODICE.



NEW BLOUSE. (*Paper pattern.*)

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.



NEW CAPE. (*Paper pattern.*)

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

QUEEN MAB'S MISTAKES.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VI.

MABEL had no letter from Mrs. Allington on Christmas Day, but on the following morning an unusually lengthy one came, accompanied by a registered packet containing a costly article of jewellery. The first part of the letter was full of affectionate expressions and wishes for her darling Mab's happiness, and lamentations respecting her own loneliness, which made the girl exclaim with delight, "Auntie misses me more than ever. I am so glad."

But the second sheet brought a change to Mabel's tone. "How cruel! How dreadfully cruel! Aunt Maud has sent me this piece of finery as people give a child a bit of sugar to take away the taste of a bitter dose. I will never wear it," and the angry girl dashed the case, containing a diamond bracelet, to the ground, then threw herself on her couch and wept bitterly.

Truly the letter brought Queen Mab a cruel disappointment. It shall tell its own tale.

"You can hardly realise, dear child, what my loneliness has been, seeing that you are surrounded by kind relatives who anticipate every want. Of late, I have found it insupportable. Happily I met an old friend at Cannes—Colonel Ross. You must have heard me mention Gordon Ross, who when he was a penniless lieutenant of twenty-five wanted to marry me. I was twenty then and had no money independent of my father, so of course no one would hear of our marrying. I liked poor Gordon very much, but I knew I was not fit to be a poor man's wife and for doing without all sorts of things that I was used to. So we parted, and a couple of years later I married General Allington, who was much older than I, but proved the best of husbands. I can never be grateful enough for all the comforts I possess through him.

"When Gordon Ross and I met again after all these years, it seemed to both of us quite a providence. He is a widower and has retired from the Army. His only daughter married some time ago, so he was as lonely as I. There is no question of money now. He inherited some, his wife left him more. What we both needed was suitable companionship. Does it not seem to you the most natural thing possible that the old affection should revive, for the Colonel is only fifty, and I am forty-five?

"Our marriage will take place on the day I post this to you, so, darling Mabel, when you receive this it will be from,

"Your ever loving aunt,

"MAUD ROSS."

"P.S.—I thought it better not to enter into particulars beforehand, lest you should make a trouble of my marriage and your Christmas be spoiled. I am sure you will rejoice in my happiness when you think the matter calmly over. You will always be a welcome visitor (Gordon wishes to endorse this), and you know, darling, I could not have hoped to keep you long had you returned to me. Some one would soon have wished to run away with you, and naturally you would not have wished to remain single all your life, or I should say all mine, for the sake of your old auntie. As it is, the new bond will last 'until death us do part,' and you will find in Colonel Ross a new and very kind uncle."

Poor Queen Mab! The letter had brought shipwreck to all her bright hopes. The old gay life with her aunt could never be resumed. Colonel Ross might be all very well, but for the future his will would be law, and ease-loving aunt Maud would be contented with any decision which did not interfere with her own comfort. The newly-wedded pair were quite young enough to enjoy Society life together, and Mrs. Ross would find a more congenial companion in the husband nearly her own age, than she had done in the old general who had been so good and indulgent, but was more like a father than a husband, being above thirty years her senior.

Mabel's feelings may be better imagined than described. How could she bear to tell the news? She who had openly confessed that she was counting days until she could rejoin her aunt, and did not think it worth her while to show respect or consideration in the meanwhile for any of those by whom she was now surrounded. The situation was terribly humiliating, and Mabel felt as if she would like to hide herself from everyone. She would do it for to-day at any rate, and accordingly she shut herself into her room and declined to leave it when summoned to luncheon. She could plead with truth that she had a splitting headache, for the violent weeping and fierce mental excitement through which she had passed had produced their usual effects.

Elsie came with loving sympathy and offers of service, but found Mabel in bed with the blinds down and her face turned from the light. To all she said, her cousin replied that she only wanted rest to make her all right again, and she would take nothing until the afternoon, when Stubbins or one of the maids might bring her a cup of tea. When Elsie offered to remain in the pretty sitting-room, within call, Mabel positively refused her permission.

"I cannot sleep if I think anyone is watching and waiting on my account. Go downstairs, dear, and tell your mother I have had similar headaches, after extra late hours, often enough in London. I shall be as much in evidence and as troublesome as ever at breakfast-time to-morrow. See," she continued, "aunt Maud has sent me a Christmas present.

It is on the floor of the other room. I dropped it, and felt too ill to stoop for it. Will you pick it up?"

Elsie assented, and soon found the bracelet. "Surely you must have trodden on it, Mab," she said. "One of the diamonds was beside it on the floor, and the gold setting is damaged. However, I will put it in your case, and the damage will easily be repaired. Sleep now, darling, and may you soon be quite well again."

Elsie bent to kiss Mabel's forehead, then went softly out of the room. She felt that something had happened to cause this sudden illness, and the sight of the damaged bracelet did not add to her satisfaction on Mab's account. However, she decided to say nothing, but leave the mystery for her cousin to explain, if she chose.

Mabel duly made her appearance at the breakfast-table on the following morning, but the dark rings round her eyes told a tale which could not be misinterpreted. The girl must have had some sudden trouble, and shed many tears during those hours of seclusion. To all inquiries she replied that she was quite well. Her ailment had been just *migraine*, and everybody knew how wretched that made anyone. She began to talk rapidly and made light of her aunt's anxiety and mention of Dr. Cairns.

Breakfast was over, and Mr. Raynor was glancing over the *Times*, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Mabel, here is an item in the list of marriages that will surprise you and all of us, for that matter," and he read aloud the particulars: "At Cannes, Maud, widow of the late General Allington, to Colonel Gordon Ross, of the —— Highlanders."

Mr. Raynor looked inquiringly at Mabel, as if to see how the news would affect her, but, though others made exclamations of surprise, she only laughed as she answered:

"I expected the announcement would be in to-day's *Times*. It would be sent by telegraph, I have no doubt."

The girl's face crimsoned as she spoke, though she strove to appear unconcerned. Mr. and Mrs. Raynor and Elsie looked hurt, and Mr. Raynor said:

"If you knew of your aunt's approaching marriage, I think, Mabel, you might have told us."

"Dear uncle, I may as well confess," said Mab; "I only heard yesterday when the wedding would be over, and the news gave me my headache. I thought that aunt Maud might have told me before, and I felt angry at her reticence, especially as she sent me a diamond bracelet as a 'soother' for my wounded feelings. The bracelet failed in its mission. I was grieved and angry, and being so, I made myself ill. To-day I am better, and when I have quite recovered from the shock, I will write a letter of congratulation to my aunt and the new uncle."

"My dear, I am sure the news would be a shock to you," said Mrs. Raynor; "but, after all, you will be glad to think of your aunt's happiness. She was a very devoted wife to the kind old general, and I suppose even we old people have enough of romance left in us to join in the wish that she may have many happy years with her first love, since they have been so singularly brought together again. I well remember the story of their parting twenty-five years ago."

Mab's guardians could well understand the cause of the girl's illness and seclusion, but they wisely resolved to say little, and to take it for granted that, the first surprise over, she would be ready to confess that Mrs. Allington had a right to please herself in making a second choice.

"I am going for a brisk walk," said Mab when, after an interval of absence, she came to the morning-room dressed in outdoor garments.

"Are you well wrapped up, dear?" asked Mrs. Raynor; "the morning is rather raw, and not enticing."

"Quite, thank you. I shall walk briskly, and the wind is fresh enough to blow away all the cobwebs from my brain."

Mabel had put on her pretty skating dress, which was equally suitable for walking, but before she left the house she took her skates from the peg on which they hung, and leaving the grounds by a side door went in the direction of the Brayle.

No one else would have dreamed of venturing on the ice, for the last two days had been warmer, and skating abandoned by tacit consent of those who had lately disported on the river.

One portion of the Brayle was at no great distance from Bess Cradock's cottage, and the whim seized Mabel to go on the ice and skate in that direction, then land and visit the old woman. She was sensible of a great change in the temperature from the keen freshness which she had enjoyed before Christmas, but a day in her room with closed blinds had prevented her from noticing how much the snow had diminished, and the altered condition of the ice. She was drawing near the brink when she met Mr. Hawtrey. As a rule he would have passed with a bow only, but the sight of Mab's skates stopped him.

"Excuse me, Miss Barclay," he said, "I think you cannot be aware that the ice is now unsafe. I beg that you will not venture on it. You would certainly risk your life by doing so."

"I differ from your opinion, Mr. Hawtrey," replied Mabel, coldly. "The ice might be unsafe for a crowd of skaters, but for a single, not very heavy girl, it is safe enough. I do not say that I shall test its strength, but I am my own keeper," and she gave her head a little defiant toss, as if to show that she deemed any interference from Mr. Hawtrey quite inexcusable.

"I beg of you not to run any risk, for the sake of your guardians, as well as your own. Believe me, I have no wish to interfere with your freedom, but I should have been culpable indeed not to warn you," said the curate, earnestly.

Mabel made him a solemn curtsey.

"Allow me to thank you and assure you that whatever may happen you cannot be blamed. Excuse my preferring to go my own way. I want to call on our mutual friend, Bess Cradock."

Mr. Hawtrey lifted his hat, and Mabel went on for a time, avoiding the brink of the river. But the curate, who was expecting to meet his brother a little further on, could not help watching her progress, and Mabel, happening to turn round, discovered this. She had almost decided not to venture on the ice, but seeing that she was watched, a spirit of bravado took possession of her, and rapidly slipping on her skates, she was soon skimming on its surface with the grace of a bird.

At the instant the brothers met and both at once realised the girl's danger.

"Come on, Jack," cried the curate, and the pair ran along the river, taking every short cut which enabled them to get quickly over the ground and decrease the distance between them and the skater.

For a short time it seemed that the rash girl would get off scot-free, but when she left the middle of the river with the intention of landing at the nearest point to Bess Cradock's cottage, both the lookers-on strove to warn her off. They shouted and gesticulated as they ran, for they knew that the ice was thinner near the edge, at that part of the stream especially.

Mabel took no notice of the signals, but saw her danger when it was too late to check her course. The thin ice broke beneath her, and in a moment she was in the water.

Mabel did not lose her presence of mind, but throwing out her arms, succeeded in supporting herself upon the ice. But it broke under her again and again, and death stared her in the face. But for the two brave runners, who felt that they were racing for a life, and the courage and skill which made each willing to risk his own to save it, Queen Mab must have lost hers, through her perversity and rashness.

She was at length drawn out of the water, but quite unconscious, and carried into Bess Cradock's cottage—the nearest shelter.

Happily both the brothers knew what means to use for restoring animation, and Bess aided them, grumbling between whiles.

"I do it for your sake," she said addressing Mr. Hawtrey, "not for hers."

"You would do it for whoever needed your help, Bess," replied the curate. "Don't try to make yourself out worse than you are. Miss Barclay was coming to see you. She told me so herself."

"Thank her for nothing," retorted Bess. "She came once before to gratify her whim, and sat down and ate bread and drank water with me as if she liked them. She talked of coming again, and I knew what words are worth, spoken by such as she is. All through the bitter weather, when I was lonely and snowed up one time, I might have died ere she'd have come to see how I fared. But for you, both she and I would have been past help now. She'll know some day if she lives."

"Hush, Bess. Miss Barclay can hear you. She has opened her eyes."

"It's well such as she should hear the truth sometimes," growled Bess, defiantly.

A sigh escaped from Mabel, and then with difficulty she spoke.

"Bess tells truth. I am the black sheep—only one—now."

A spice of the old humour found utterance in the first words Mabel uttered after she became fully conscious, but she was peremptorily bidden to be silent and try to swallow a little wine, a portion of some which Mr. Hawtrey was carrying for a sick man before the accident occurred.

The danger was over at length, and Mabel lay wrapped in blankets on Bess Cradock's bed: clean like her cooking utensils and food, despite the poverty of her surroundings. Then just for a moment the brothers knelt, and Reginald Hawtrey offered a brief but heart-felt thanksgiving for a life spared, and an equally short but fervent petition that it might for the future be dedicated to God's service.

* * * *

Another Christmas Day came round, and once again Rex Hawtrey stood in the pulpit of Braylebridge Church to preach the sermon. His elder brother was amongst the hearers, but in the Manor pew this time, as were also the curate's father, happily restored to health, and his grey-haired, comely mother. They were guests at Brayle Manor, though some who were gathered under the same roof had to find accommodation in other pews. For Lance was married now and home on leave with his bride. And Chris too was there, looking sunburnt and happy, so the family circle at the Manor was complete.

Queen Mab, still an inmate of her uncle's house, but with the prospect of leaving it before another Christmas, was present too. But no looker-on could detect on her face any expression unbecoming to a devout worshipper on this Christmas Day.

Stranger still, not far away, sat Bess Cradock, of whom it might be said she was "clothed and in her right mind." Beside her was a woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, fresh and comely, but with so strong a likeness to Bess, that anyone looking at the two would have guessed them to be—what they indeed were—mother and daughter.

Later still, when old and young, gentle and

simple, knelt at the Lord's Table together to celebrate the sweetest of all services of commemoration and thanksgiving, Queen Mab and Bess were side by side as members of the Good Shepherd's flock, black sheep no longer.

Queen Mab was always fond of letter-writing. We will let her tell how all these changes have been brought about. But the day must not be encroached upon for letter-writing, so Mab's missive will be dated the 26th of December.

"We have had the loveliest Christmas, dear aunt Maud, with only one drawback, your own and uncle Ross's absence. However, we were consoled by the thought that you will be here before the New Year. I have just been looking back a twelvemonth and recalling to mind my selfish anger at receiving the news of your marriage. Indeed, I was selfish in everything, and thought only of what would promote my own happiness. Perhaps I should write 'what I imagined once would promote it,' for since then I have learned to look at things in a different light. I could never tell anyone what my feelings of horror of myself, shame and remorse were when the water closed over me and I had no hope of my life being saved. It seemed too dreadful to feel that I had been all wrong, and that every chance of righting the wrong was gone for ever.

"You know how my life was saved. I have told you what were the first words I heard, when restored to consciousness, from Bess Cradock's lips, and how painfully I realised their truth.

"It humbled me to think that anyone, much more Mr. Hawtrey, could have risked his life to save mine, and then thank God that I was saved. His prayer for me has rung in my ears many a time, and it aroused an echo in my heart, for I prayed that it might be answered, though I could not think a petition of mine deserved to be. I am different now. Not good, but I long to be, and everyone tries to help and cheer me on. As to Mr. Hawtrey, words cannot tell how I honour and reverence him! When I look at Bess Cradock it seems that a real miracle has been wrought by his means, and when I think of myself the wonder is greater still.

"Poor Bess! People had given her a bad name, and attributed all sorts of wickedness to her, and the possession of uncanny powers into the bargain. She was lonely, miserable, and in despair. It seems, before she came to Braylebridge, she was widowed and had just one daughter. She was very hard on the girl, came between her and a marriage which promised to be happy, and when that was broken off and the man out of the country, she was so jealous even of innocent friendships that Mary was driven to seek a home elsewhere. She worked for her living and gained it honestly. It was Mr. Hawtrey who persuaded Bess to tell him her story, who sought and found the girl and brought mother and daughter together again. The old hovel is swept from the face of the earth, and Bess, now called Mrs. Cradock, lives in a pretty cottage belonging to uncle Raynor, tended and cared for by her only child.

"I am always finding out what good kind people there are all around me, and learning to rejoice and sympathise with them. There are the Cairns family. What accomplished girls the daughters are, and how sweet a woman is the mother. I am glad the Doctor has come into some property and does not need to work so hard now.

"Even Miss Pottleton has her good points. She does many kindnesses in a masculine fashion, and sweetens her lectures and home-made doses by the gifts which accompany them in times of need amongst the poor folk.

"You see, dear aunt, what a number of mistakes in judgment I made in the old days. I make them still, but I do not wilfully close my eyes and ears against truth and reason as I did then. Jack often twits me about my mistake in taking him for Sir John Hawtrey's elder son and heir, when he was really Jack Meredith, whose mother was a widow when she became Sir John Hawtrey's second wife. Sir John had no child by his first marriage. He and Rex are half-brothers, being the sons of one mother at any rate. So I shall claim Rex as my brother when Jack and I are married. Relationships will be rather perplexing, for when Rex and Elsie become man and wife he will also be my cousin by marriage, and I am afraid confusion will ensue.

"I hope, however, it will be long before Elsie is Lady Hawtrey, for Sir John and his wife are the most charming of elderly couples. Perhaps I should not write 'most' when I remember what a model pair you and uncle Ross make, and how sweet, kind, and forgiving you have shown yourselves to me. Only to think that exactly a year ago I felt that I hated Colonel Gordon Ross above all created beings, and I was wildly and most unreasonably angry when I received the news of your marriage. As though I had a right to decide for those who were so much older, wiser, and better than myself.

"Alas, auntie darling, my conduct then was just another of what my friends here call 'Queen Mab's Mistakes.' It is not so long since I should have resented the word 'mistakes' as applied to my doings. I apply a much harder term to them now, for I see myself with different eyes, and judge my conduct by a higher standard, I hope, though I am really only learning what my horrid, selfish ways must have appeared in the sight of right-minded people.

"How delightful it will be for me to return with you and uncle Ross after your visit to Brayle is over. I have longed to spend just a little while with you between this and April. I want you, dearest auntie, to realise that I can think of, and care for others a little now, instead of being altogether wrapped up in self. But you and uncle must not spoil me. I need a great deal of—I was going to write scolding, but that is not the right word—to keep me up to my present standard, and much help to enable me to rise higher. What a happiness it is to know that the Best Friend of all is ever within reach and willing to hear, to answer, and to bless all who call upon Him in their time of need.

"What a long letter I have written. Do you remember the long epistles I sent you when I first came to the Manor? Surrounded with everything that was good, overwhelmed with kindness, treated with the utmost generosity, my letters were full of complaints and fault-finding. I just hate myself when I think of them. Oh dear, I hope I shall never again be like the Mab of those days, but I am so afraid, and mistrust myself. Rex says this fear is a good sign, and that if I were self-confident he should fear for me, but since I am doubtful of myself he is hopeful.

"I often wonder that Jack dares to trust his happiness in my keeping, and I feel very humble when I think how much better he is than I am. Still it is cheering to know what a strong nature my weak one will have to lean on, and Jack is not in the least proud because he is miles above me in all that is best.

"When I am with you in town you will help me to choose my *trousseau*, will you not? You will find that my ideas about finery have undergone a great change since I lived with you. I shall be contented with a modest outfit, and your good taste will be of such service in selecting it. Jack is well off, and I suppose I shall always be able to wear handsome garments; but I would rather spend part of my allowance in clothing the poor than in following every vagary of fashion. Only three more days and we shall talk to each other, instead of writing, but though we are to meet so soon, I cannot bear to leave your little note unanswered, so with best love and wishes to you and uncle Ross, I am your ever affectionate Mab."

Of course the two weddings were on the same day, and at Braylebridge Church. Equally of course Mr. Patey officiated, and by the request of all concerned, was unassisted. Rex Hawtrey gained in Elsie Raynor a wife who could enter into his highest aspirations, and help him in his work for the good of his kind, and the honour of his Divine Master.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Meredith was equally satisfied, for whatever Mabel Barclay might have been when they first met, her character had undergone so great a change that Jack had no doubts on her account or fears on his own.

As to our heroine, now a wife of some years standing and the mother of two fair children, she looks back on that sunny April day as the beginning of a new and blessed life with the husband of her choice. On the last anniversary of her wedding-day she whispered as she hung on Jack's arm, "Dear, how many of my worse than blunders I look back upon. But, thank God, on the day I gave myself into your keeping I did not make one of 'Queen Mab's Mistakes.'"

[THE END.]

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART IV.

"No, my dear; I really hope such things won't often be sent her! Think of the cost of cleaning them continually."

Mrs. Bowen was looking half-rapturously, half-sadly, at a boxful of little Liberty frocks, richly smocked at neck and wrists, that had been sent Baby May that morning by a fairy godmother.

Her companion laughed. "The cost, indeed! When soiled you can have them like new, at the expense of a few minutes' labour, if you go the right way to work. Let Baby May wear them, and I'll see that dyer man does not take shillings out of your pocket."

So the May Blossom looked sweet, and radiant, and dainty very often, and it was not long before Miss Bond's art was requisitioned.

She came as commanded, carrying a small bottle with her.

"Gum water, my dear," she explained, "made by melting one ounce of best gum arabic in half a pint of boiling water and strained through fine muslin."

"Does it keep?" inquired little Mrs. Bowen, sniffing.

"Of course it does; any length of time if well corked, you suspicious person! Here, hand me the frocks and any silk ties you may have. We'll bleach them for a few hours in

cold water previously mixed with a little dissolved borax."

"How much, miss?"

"One tablespoonful to one gallon of water, Bridget. In the meanwhile, we will go upstairs and practice that duet, Mrs. B. The penny reading is to-morrow night."

Bridget had very hot soft water and a soap lather ready (see articles on Jaegar and white flannels in December and January numbers of G.O.P.), but Miss Bond explained that lukewarm alone must be used, anything hotter would spoil the colour of the silk.

"Wash by squeezing and sousing more than by rubbing," directed the spinster, suiting the action to the word. "Silk is a delicate fibre and very frayey. Now these white kerchiefs must be rinsed in blue, but baby's cream frocks in pure clean water. Stay," she took up her bottle and added one teaspoonful of prepared gum to each pint of the rinsing water, whether blue or plain.

"Your silk will look like new, Mrs. B., you will see."

Wrung out of this, Miss Bond pressed and patted the silk in a soft cloth, and then prepared to iron. Very particular was she to have the "Surah" and "Pongee" lying smooth, and covered with a thin muslin before she began.

"Iron on the right side," she pointed out, "to ensure a bright and glossy surface."

Very bright, and very glossy indeed, looked those dainty little gowns and necklets when the teacher had done with them. The gum arabic had given a suspicion of stiffness that washed silks usually lack, and the smocking pulled carefully into shape made the tiny garments look like new.

Mrs. Bowen was charmed.

"Godmother may spend her guineas as often as she likes at Liberty's now. Baby May will wear out these frocks after all."

"Do you use your prepared gum for anything else, ma'am, but silk?" inquired Bridget, mightily interested in the whole proceedings.

"Yes, for laces (coloured or white), and small muslin articles like cravats and doyleys. A piece of lump sugar, dissolved and used in the same way, has sometimes a similar effect. But the sugar is liable to catch colour under a hot iron and will then permanently" (Miss Bond was still fond of using long words) "stain the fabric. So I advise the right way of doing things. It is always best in the long run."

With this bit of parting morality, Miss Bond took off her strapped apron and went home, leaving Bridget wondering at the "sugar, and vinegar, and salt," and such-like ingredients required by this lady in her laundry work.

Before the next washing-day came round, a teacupful of strong tea had inadvertently been upset on Mrs. Bowen's largest, very best, most satiny table-cloth.

Miss Bond happened to be at the table when this accident occurred. Directly the meal was over she called for a basin and a kettle of boiling water.

"We must not let the stain dry," she said, "and we do not need to put this otherwise clean cloth in the clothes basket at once. Hold the stained part tightly stretched over that bowl, Mrs. B.; I will melt a morsel of borax in the kettle and pour it through the blemish."

"The wet will spread fearfully," expostulated the mistress of the house. "We may as well send the cloth into our laundry at once, Annette."

"Not at all," responded Miss Bond, promptly. "If you steeped it in hot water, of course the cloth would drink up the moisture. By pouring through it will do no such thing."

Indeed, as if by magic, the ugly brown mark disappeared with the boiling water, and the damp quarter was carefully folded and hung to dry.

An application of the mangle soon afterwards restored Mrs. Bowen an apparently fresh, uncrumpled table-cover.

"Two things must always be remembered about tea, coffee, wine or fruit stains," lectured the family friend. "First, they should never be allowed to dry; second, soap will at once turn them into a fast dye. The plan I have shown you is simple and quick. It is completely successful if done at once. Oxalic acid and chloride of lime will remove even a dry stain. They generally remove the fabric as well. Besides, they are both strong poisons, and dangerous to keep in a house full of children."

Miss Bond delivered her little lecture all in one breath. She was in a hurry to be off. She mostly was, being a busy person. She left an admiring couple behind her.

"I must get a note-book to jot down your wise sayings," called out Mrs. Bowen laughing. "Pearls and diamonds are nothing to what falls from your lips, Annette!" while Bridget whispered as she let their visitor out of the front door, "What clever, clever people yez be!"

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the books for the present month being Numbers and Deuteronomy.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

Many questions have been asked with regard to the manner of reading a daily chapter. We can only say that the girls must exercise a wise discretion. What is required of them is, that a monthly reading should follow the questions of the month, and this study should be undertaken as a means of understanding the Scriptures, not as a mere formal task.

The first year's course ends with the volume in the last week of September, at the end of the 1st Book of Samuel,—110 questions and 304 chapters.

The second year's course, ending at the corresponding period the following year, brings the reading to the end of the "Song of Songs"—120 questions and 367 chapters.

The third year's course will include 510 chapters, from Isaiah (inclusive) to the end of the Book of Revelation, giving 120 questions.

Competitors must write the questions as well as their answers; write on one side of each sheet, and fasten all carefully together. The number of the member must never be omitted at the top of the paper, together with the month. The whole three months' answers, if sent in together, must be fastened in separate monthly parts.

QUESTIONS.

61. Give two references in Numbers in which women established their right to the inheritance of their fathers, and under what circumstances?

62. Give the names and localities of the cities of refuge; how many did Moses institute? who appointed the rest, and for what reason were they ordained?

63. What is the subject of the Book of Deuteronomy, and what is the time occupied in its events?

64. Mention two prayers of the children of Israel in the Book of Deuteronomy, and of what are they the first examples?

65. Why were the Moabites to be protected from the Israelites? What was the name of their country, and by whom was it originally possessed? Name a celebrated woman of this tribe, and two of her great descendants.

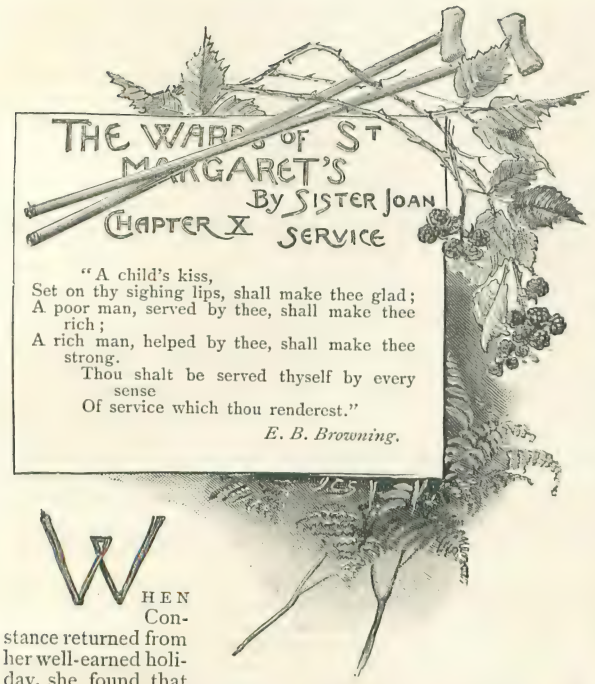
66. When, and how were three texts from the Book of Deuteronomy quoted by our Lord, and what sins did they denounce?

67. Give an instance of a law instituted in Leviticus, abrogated in Deuteronomy; and why had obedience to it become impossible?

68. Who, besides Christ, fasted forty days and forty nights; on what occasion, and where?

69. What chapters in the Book of Deuteronomy are prophetical? with what two great events do they deal? and of what nation is the coming to Jerusalem foretold?

70. Mention the names of the four sons of Aaron in whom the high priesthood was vested. Who succeeded Aaron? and give the changes in the priesthood to the time of the captivity?



WHEN Constance returned from her well-earned holiday, she found that she was to be sent as staff-nurse in Hamilton Ward, which was a men's accident, Burdett having at her own request joined the staff of private nurses.

She was sorry to miss Burdett in the hospital, but glad that she should be doing the kind of work she liked best. "I wonder at her choosing it," Dorothy had said to her; "it is often such a toss-up as to what sort of a place you get to, and, consequently, what kind of a time you have of it. Some people are really kind and considerate, and do treat their nurses as if they were fellow-creatures, whilst others seem to think they are only machines, wound up, they hope, on arrival, and ready to go on until their help is no longer needed."

"When you think what some nurses are it is not much to be wondered at," said Constance, "that they are often so disliked. Look at some of our private nurses; all I can say is I should be very sorry to be obliged to be nursed by them. What do they care for their work? I often wonder why so many women, who really do not like nursing, take it."

"I suppose," replied Dorothy, "it is a case of £ s. d. with a good many, and now that educated women have taken to it, it is considered a more desirable employment than domestic service or shop-work, which would be the alternative, at least with some. How are you getting on?" she added; "finding the work heavy in Hamilton?"

"Quite as much as I can do," answered Constance; "often I feel at night that I have not done nearly all for some of them that I ought to. I daresay though I shall manage better when I have been longer in the ward."

"Sister Hamilton is not like Sister Adelaide," said Dorothy; "she is one who considers a sister's place is to give the orders, and, as far as possible, see them carried out, but not to do anything."

"Sister Adelaide never minded how much she did," said Constance; "why, I have seen her take the broom and finish the sweeping, if she saw her probationer was not well, and she often helped in washing and changing the bad cases, and always seemed to be beside you just when you felt you wanted help."

"Not many sisters are like Sister Adelaide," said Dorothy, "more is the pity; still, we who have known her must try and take pattern by her."

"I do," said Constance; "I always keep saying, what would Sister Adelaide say or do? By-the-bye, I want you to help me. You have heard of little Georgie, who had his leg run over by the tram-car, and had to have it amputated. I have been finding out about his friends, and he seems to have no one but an old grandmother, who possesses an apple-cart—or sweets, something of that sort, penny ices, I dare say too. She is a rough Irish creature, and often drinks too much, as I have seen for myself on visiting days, and heard from the child as well. An idea struck me that I would send round to my own friends, and get up a subscription and a few decent clothes, and board the child out somewhere in the country. I spoke to the grandmother, and, instead of raising objections as I feared, she seemed glad to be spared all further trouble."

"What has made you take such a fancy to him?" said Dorothy; "he is an ugly little thing, and I daresay will behave badly, and not be in the least bit grateful for all your trouble."

"He certainly has no pretensions to good looks, I own, but he cannot help that," said Constance, "and it is just the very fact of his being ugly, as you say, that made me first think of helping him. A pretty child has heaps of friends. All the lady visitors, and indeed men too for the matter of that, speak to the beauties, whilst my little waif gets passed by. I think he has been sent to me to take care of," she added reverently; "he is a sickly child, and will in all probability not grow up; I should like him to have a little happiness in his short life."

"Well, what do you want me to do, make him clothes?" questioned Dorothy.

"Oh, no!" said Constance, with a light laugh, knowing well that Dorothy had no love for her needle; "we have not either of us any time for sewing, but everything is settled in that line; what I want is for you to come with me. We could do it on our half day off, if we got leave to have it together. Turton is a lovely place, and only an hour's ride in the train. The woman who is to have charge of him is a widow, and lost her only child about a year ago. There is a lady living in Turton who knows the woman well, and will herself go in and see how the child gets on."

"But what about money?" put in Dorothy.

"Oh, that is all settled, and my sisters are sending a parcel of clothes to-day. In fact," she added, smiling, "we are quite ready to start, only we felt rather shy going alone."

"Oh! to be sure, I will come with you, and shall quite enjoy it," said Dorothy. "What does Georgie say to it?"

"He knows nothing yet, but he does not at all want to go to his granny. I daresay he has had more cuffs than kisses from her."

"I call it very good of you doing this," said Dorothy, warmly; "why there's not another nurse would have taken so much trouble over such a child as he is."

"Oh, please don't," said Constance, "you must forget that I consider he was sent to me to look after," she said, with a sweet smile; "and indeed I am having so much pleasure over it all, that you need not make it out a virtue, and we think it is very sweet of you to come with us."

The two friends were standing together in their day-room; evening prayers had been read, and the rest of the nurses had gone to their own rooms.

"It is just three months to-day since poor little Rose died," said Dorothy.

"Yes," said Constance; "I often miss her, and more than ever do I wish that all those reports about her could be proved to have been false. I do not know how to set about it, but I have some very strong suspicions as to the guilty party."

"Suspicions go for very little," said Dorothy, rather sadly; "but have you seen anything fresh to make you think?"

"Just before I went home, when I was night special in Bolton, the very night in fact after Rose's funeral, about two in the morning, I was standing for a few minutes at the ward-door (whilst night-nurse took my place), when I saw someone going up the staircase. I went nearer and saw two figures, both in out-door dress, and I am sure one was MacMahon."

"I have thought as much," said Dorothy, "but how dreadful of her. I feel no doubt whatever, if she stays out like that, that she probably made up the stories about Rose. Did you go down and see the porter, and find out any more?"

"I could not," said Constance; "how guilty I should have felt had I been caught."

"No, of course, I know you could not, but we will find it out somehow."

"It is not often that you two are here when I come to turn the lights out" (it was the night superintendent's voice).

"Is it actually half-past ten," exclaimed Constance; "how time does fly when one gets talking," and she and Dorothy bid Miss Peacock good-night and sought their own rooms.

A few days later Dorothy ran into Constance's ward in the quiet time after tea, and before the evening's work began, to tell her that she had seen Matron and got her leave on condition that King George would spare her.

"It is most fortunate," she said, "that there are two old probationers in the ward just now, for of course the work will really be left to them. King George is like Hamilton over work, and certainly does not do much herself, but I think they will manage all right. Well, I never!" she exclaimed, "I could not have believed that clothes would make such a change."

There sat Georgie on the ward couch evidently quite absorbed in the contemplation of himself. He was dressed in a neat little sailor suit, hat and boots all complete. One or two men on crutches were looking admiringly at him, and a gentle, pale-faced lad, some years his senior, was casting wistful glances at his new attire.

"We have just been trying on the new clothes, Georgie, have we not?" said Constance, and then turning to Dorothy, "The taking off seemed such a grievance, he has been promised to keep them on till he goes to bed."

Georgie said not a word; he fingered his buttons in silence and with something of a scowl on his face, genuine pleasure in anything seemed unknown to him. Poor little man, life must indeed have been hard to have so effectually eclipsed all childish joy at the age of five.

"Well, he certainly looks much improved," said Dorothy, "but I doubt your *protegé* won't repay you much for all your care; just look what a sullen expression he has."

Constance smiled.

"I daresay he imagines all his treasures will be in the pawn-shop before morning, and thinks more about sticking to them than enjoying them. What can you expect of a child brought up as he has been? Do not be

hard on him. I still hope that sunshine may come and smooth away all those rough lines which were never meant to mark a baby face."

Dorothy went back to her ward and Constance began her evening work. Just as she had well started, and was in the middle of a dressing, two elderly ladies made their appearance. They walked in, seemingly quite at home, and spoke to one or two of the men.

"Oh dear," thought Constance, looking up as they entered, "here are my bugbears, they always seem to turn up just when we are most busy. I suppose they will ask me to stop a bit whilst they sing and pray; I wish they would come at some other time. I cannot be rude to them, they are matron's friends, and are allowed in just when they please."

At that moment one of them came up and said, "Well, nurse, and how are the poor dear sufferers?" The tone was condescending and somewhat studied. "We thought they would like a little singing to-night. Julia, dear," to her sister (evidently the younger, though neither would probably see fifty again), "perhaps you will give them a song. We may ask to have the ward quiet for a few minutes," turning again to Constance, who bent her head as an acknowledgment that it should be as they wished, and disappeared into the ward kitchen, where she helped the probationers to prepare the supper, and yet heard all that went on. Julia meanwhile, with the remains of what had once been a rich contralto voice, began to sing the old favourite song of the "Bridge." The men listened respectfully to that and one or two others, and at the conclusion one voice said, "thank you, mum." Prayers followed, and Constance waited till she heard the hum of voices, and knew that she might once more resume her work.

Poor old Griffins had been longing to get his back dressed, it was always so much easier afterwards, but she had been obliged to let him wait. He made no complaint, only when she said she was sorry to have left him so long, he said, "Ladies like them don't know what it is to lie sick in hospital waiting to be tended; how should they? they mean it kind, but you can't take much comfort from songs and prayers when your back's just that bad that you are counting the minutes to getting it dressed."

"I cannot help the feeling," said Constance (when she was afterwards talking of it with Dorothy), "that their visits are more to give themselves pleasure than with much thought of those they serve. It is always like a little show off of themselves with a righteous feeling that they have accomplished a praiseworthy act. No, I do not want to be uncharitable, Dorothy, but it struck me so more than ever to-night. There was no thought of hindering, no wondering whether anyone was in too much pain or too tired to care to be disturbed. They had come prepared to give up half an hour to the poor sick creatures, feeling sure that their kindness would be much appreciated; and then to finish," she went on, "they had not been gone half an hour when matron sent word to ask me to put on my things and see them home, as they had not brought their maid with them, and I suppose," she added with a malicious twinkle in her eye, "it would hardly have been the proper thing for them to be out alone after dark."

"Well, I call that cool," said Dorothy; "much more improper for you, I should say. Why, there were two of them, and you had to come back alone."

"I do not think they would consider such a word as propriety in that sense at all applicable to a nurse," said Constance.

"No, I suppose not. I remember one of them making Burdett very angry by telling her she thought there were a good many nurses here with nice manners, probably they had seen better days, a senseless speech showing how little she knew of nurses."

A few days after the above conversation Dorothy and Constance might have been seen standing on the platform of Turton station, a small tin box beside them, on which was seated a child dressed in a neat sailor suit. They were evidently waiting for the train, from which they had just alighted, to move out of the station, and as soon as the last carriage had passed they turned to each other with a questioning look as though undecided what was to be done.

"There are one or two men about waiting for work," said a porter, "though there ain't no cabs. Giles there would carry both box and little 'un, and be thankful for the job."

Constance's brow cleared as the man, hearing his name mentioned, stepped forward. "That will do capitally," she said, and turning to Dorothy—"a walk will be ever so much better a day like this than a stuffy old cab."

Then man lifted the child in his arms, took up the small box and walked on, Dorothy and Constance following. They heard him speak to the child several times, but Georgie made no reply, and he whistled softly to himself as he strode along. The way led for more than a mile through country lanes, beautiful now with the varied autumn tints; here and there the thick chestnut trees almost met overhead, and though the branches were now getting bare and the withered leaves lying on the ground, still it was easy to imagine as they walked along what a delightfully shady spot it must be on a hot summer's day. At length they came to a large wood on the slope of a hill, and at the edge of the wood, partly hidden by trees from the road, stood a picturesque cottage. A clean-looking, middle-aged woman met them at the door, and dropped a curtsey; asking them to step inside, she took the child from the man's arm, and ugly and sullen as it looked, she seemed to take it to her heart.

"Poor wee thing," she said, "like enough 'tis its mother it's pining for: ah, well, the sweet country air will put some roses in its cheeks. Just step inside, ladies," she added, "and take a seat; indeed, I beg your pardon for forgetting you, I was fair took up with the child, having thought about his coming for so long."

Georgie, instead of answering the caresses of his new friend, clung to Constance.

"I think we shall be wiser not to stay," she said; "he will settle down better without us, and he is really warm-hearted. I do hope he will be good, but he has had no training except the little he got in hospital, so you will not expect much of him."

"Ah, I know, poor lamb! the squire's wife was in yesterday and read me part of your letter; you'll be going round to see her, won't you?"

"Yes," said Constance, "we are going there now." She kissed the child, saying, "Be a good little man, Georgie, I am sure you will be happy here, and some day I will come and see you again." Tears were his only answer, and she turned to go.

"He'll feel better when he's had his cry out; and indeed, miss, I'll do my best for him, and I hope he may grow up to reward you; but leastways, the good Lord above will do that."

"Let us go through the wood," said Constance, as she and Dorothy started on their way back; "it will be hardly any further, and there is something about a wood in autumn which has such a restful feeling. I do love the autumn, the fresh frosty air invigorates one and makes it a delight just to be alive; even the leaves seem putting forth their best efforts, to judge by the gorgeous shades and colouring. Just look there," she said, as she stopped in front of a beautiful branch of blackberry.

"Yes, they are very lovely," said Dorothy, "but I think, somehow, spring is my favourite season; there is something sad about autumn."

"Oh, not sad," said Constance! "to me it is simply restful, the feeling of work accomplished, and the very crackling of the old dead leaves under one's feet seems to inspire one to work on and aim at the very highest."

"'Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim is crime.'"

"Yes," said Constance, as Dorothy quoted the verse, "it is something very much like that I was thinking. If we are to do anything worth the doing we must at least aim high."

Winter came and went, and all life was once more rejoicing in the springtime. Constance meanwhile, like many another, had gone on day by day with her usual round of duties. She was still in Hamilton, and had had a very busy time of it, her ward having kept very full. One evening as Sister Hamilton came in from her tea she said, "Well,



nurse, this is some news. A number of nurses from different civil hospitals are to be sent out to South Africa to help to nurse our soldiers who are fighting the Boers.

Constance almost held her breath. This then was to be her chance. How she had longed for such work, and yet had never expected that it could really come to her. One of the probationers at St. Margaret's had assisted in nursing during the Franco-German war, and though she had not been a trained nurse, but only a willing helper, the stories she told had inspired more than one with an ardent desire if the chance came to follow in her steps. Constance was one of these, and now she thought her dream was to be realised, she felt almost too excited to reply.

"I do not know how many nurses are to go from here," Sister Hamilton went on. "Each hospital is being allowed to nominate one or two according to size. They will work under the same rules as the army sisters who are out there, but they are being sent out by the Stafford House Committee."

Constance descended from her day-dream.

"Only one or two," she said to herself, "and so many would like to go. I certainly have no chance."

"Have any names been mentioned," she said anxiously.

"No, nothing is decided yet; anyone can volunteer."

"Oh, I shall try then," said Constance.

"You," said Sister Hamilton with some disdain, "why, you have not finished your three years yet, and besides, you are not the sort to rough it, as they will have to out there."

"I am quite sure," said Constance to herself, "I could rough it, as Sister Hamilton says, as well as anyone," and instead of taking the advice given, she went as soon as she could to matron's office and gave in her name as a volunteer.

She was surprised to find how few really cared about going; only six or eight had sent in their names, and once more her hopes rose high. It was the talk of the place for the next day or two, and though nothing more was known, great excitement prevailed, making Constance feel it very difficult to give her whole mind to her work. Thoughts of what might be in store would crop up and hinder her from giving her full attention to the present.

It was well for all that the uncertainty did not last long. Within a week from the time when the news first arrived two nurses were sent for to the matron's office and told that their names had been accepted, and they must at once make preparations, as they were to start within a fortnight for the scene of their labours. Dorothy was one, a private nurse the other.

Poor Constance, it was a great trial for her; not only the disappointment, but the added grief of losing Dorothy. Sister Adelaide was a true friend to both during those two weeks, encouraging and helping them in every way she could. When the packing was over and the last good-byes were being said, it was Dorothy who broke down and shed tears at parting, whilst Constance with a smiling face bid her "God-speed."

"We shall not forget our walk in the wood," she whispered, "and wherever we are we will still aim at the highest."

"Yes," said Dorothy in a husky voice, "I shall try too. Good-bye."

She was off. Constance and two nurses who had gone to the hall to see her start, watched the cab turn the corner, and then without a word went back to their wards.

(*To be continued.*)

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"COLD AS CHARITY."

"ADO VAS DUELO? ADO SUELO."

THE only palatial mansion in the neighbourhood of Arymor was the union workhouse. It looked like a grand country house, with its Elizabethan windows, gables, massive chimneys, iron gates, gravelled approach, and bright flower-beds.

At the door of this palace stood Mara and her father. The loud bell brought the porter, an old man, who bowed obsequiously. Mr. Vaughan led the way through a large cold hall or waiting-room, into a comfortable kitchen, where a bright fire, plenty of shining brass, pewter, and tin, and an ample supply of earthenware, gave the impression of comfort and cheerfulness. Here were the master and matron, the former a wiry, active-looking little man, with keen grey eyes and thin compressed lips; the latter a tall, rather lady-like looking woman, with calm hazel eyes, white hair, a wrinkled forehead, and a rare but pleasant smile.

"My daughter has made up her mind to take Miss Jones's place until the guardians elect another school-mistress," said Mr. Vaughan, stiffly.

The master and matron bowed and curtseyed.

"Miss Jones is very much obliged, Miss Vaughan," said Mrs. Roderick, "she is waiting your arrival to leave the house."

"Father, you will see that my box is sent," said Mara, slightly agitated, aside to Mr. Vaughan.

"And you will let me know when you are tired of your whim," said he, "or, more properly, when you find that you are unfit for your position. I shall see you again on Saturday. Meanwhile I will pray that you may be guided aright."

A slight touch of tenderness in her father's voice brought the tears into Mara's eyes. She went with him to the door, and as he kissed her on the forehead, he said,

"If this is self-will and not a desire to be of use, the sin will find you out. I leave you to your own conscience. I do not understand you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, father. Try to think kindly of me," said Mara, almost humbly.

Mr. Roderick followed Mr. Vaughan, and Mara returned to his wife who was nervously awaiting her, uncertain as to what she should do.

"I should like to begin my duties at once," said Mara. "Will you show me my room?"

Mrs. Roderick led the way up a broad staircase into a large octagon room, well furnished, with a good mahogany table in the centre, side tables, and desks covered with ledgers, arm-chairs, a folding screen, and what looked like an immense bath, but was really a receptacle for taps to supply the house with water.

"This is our room," said Mrs. Roderick, "and I hope you will make yourself at home in it."

Mara looked round, and her glance fell inquiringly on the ledgers.

"They contain the accounts of what is eaten and drunk in the house," said Mrs. Roderick, "also every particular of those who come and go. It is no small work to keep them."

"It frightens me to look at them," said Mara. "Why are there windows in each of these sides of the room?"

"They look into the different courts. Through them we see what is going on."

Mara went from window to window, and from each of the four saw the same barren prospect—a flagged court surrounded by high walls. In one were a few old men, in another some women; the two others were made cheerful by boys and girls at play.

"I suppose there are doors from these courts into the road," said Mara.

"Dear no! The paupers take exercise in them, but don't go beyond without leave."

"It is just like a prison, then," said Mara. "How dreadful for poor people to be so shut in."

"Some are so troublesome, that if they are allowed freedom they become unmanageable," said Mrs. Roderick.

"Poor old sick people ought not to be shut up like this," rejoined Mara, decidedly. "No wonder they hate to come to the workhouse."

"Such are the laws of the land," said Mrs. Roderick.

"I wish their makers lived here, then," said Mara.

"This is the way to the school-room," said Mrs. Roderick.

Miss Jones was awaiting them, ready dressed for departure.

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Vaughan," she said, "for taking my place for a time. I am afraid you will find it very unpleasant, and the children very refractory. I am thankful to wash my hands of them."

"May I see them before you leave?" asked Mara.

While Miss Jones went into the courts to fetch the children, Mara contemplated her future home. It was a good-sized room, with two windows which looked into the children's courts. Everything was clean and neat, but the white-washed walls, deal desks, tables, and forms were cold and stiff enough.

Sixteen children were ushered in by Miss Jones, who pulled their front locks and made their bobs to Mara, and then stood huddled up together and stared at her.

"I wish to say a word to you before you go," said Mrs. Roderick to Miss Jones. "If you will come with me I will tell Miss Vaughan about the children by-and-by."

Miss Jones looked relieved.

"Good-bye, children," she said, "I hope you will behave better to Miss Vaughan than you have done to me."

"Yes, ma'am," said the terrified children.

Miss Jones wished Mara good-bye and followed Mrs. Roderick. Mara and the children gazed at one another.

They were all neatly dressed in workhouse costume, the boys in suits of fustian and coarse pinafores, the girls in blue cotton frocks and brown holland pinafores. They did not look happy, and Mara attributed their pale faces to the walled courts.

"Well, children," she said abruptly, after enduring the gaze of sixteen pairs of eyes nearly a minute, "what do you think of me?"

They looked frightened to death, and answered simultaneously,

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. What do you think of me?"

Mara touched the head of a handsome boy whose face took her fancy.

"I think you are very pretty," said the boy, at which the other children began to titter.

"George is always speaking first," said a big girl of unprepossessing appearance.

"Look, I have brought you some gingerbread," said Mara, sitting down on a form and taking a parcel from her bag. "If you are good children you shall each have a piece."

"Yes, ma'am," again ejaculated the throng, the handsome boy and a three-year-old girl alone advancing.

Mara tried to take the little one on her lap, but she shrank back and began to cry.

"She's afraid you'll beat her," whispered George, confidentially.

But the gingerbread drew all the children round Mara, who heard one whisper to another, "She's kinder than Miss Jones. Perhaps she 'ont be beating us."

Mrs. Roderick returned during the unusual feast. She looked surprised, but said nothing.

"Might I go over the house before beginning my duties?" asked Mara.

"Certainly. Children, you may go out again. Delia, see they don't get into mischief," said Mrs. Roderick.

The children went out marshalled by Delia, the girl of unprepossessing appearance. Each received from Mara a second piece of gingerbread.

"I hope it is not against rule," said Mara, as she distributed her cakes.

"I suppose not; but it wouldn't do often," said Mrs. Roderick.

"We catch more wasps with honey than vinegar," said Mara.

"This is your bedroom," said Mrs. Roderick, as they entered that room from the school-room.

Mara glanced round and saw whitewash and cleanliness. She thought she could make the room habitable. From the window there was a view of a ruined castle which she had often haunted with Gerwyn, and which seemed to look scornfully from its height, even in decay, upon the pauper palace beneath. Breezy hills were behind it on one side, Arymor and the sea on the other; and already Mara began to long to be away, and to feel the oppression of imprisonment creep over her as she lingered a few moments gazing on the view.

Her reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Roderick, who said, as she drew aside a small curtain fastened against the wall,

"These windows enable you to see that all is right in the children's dormitories."

Mara looked round and saw a large pane of glass.

"Through this you see the boys' room, and through the opposite pane the girls'," continued Mrs. Roderick.

"Then I am little better than a jailer," said Mara.

They went into the dormitories mentioned. They were long, well-ventilated, whitewashed rooms, containing nothing but a succession of small iron bedsteads.

"How cold it must be here in winter!" ejaculated Mara.

"It is cold, indeed!" responded Mrs. Roderick.

They went again through the school-room and thence into a long passage. Mrs. Roderick opened cupboards on either side of the passage and showed shelves filled with clothes. On the right hand were the suits worn by the poor when they came into the house, to be restored when they quitted it, and on the left those appropriated to them while in the house. On the top of a pile of gowns and aprons Mara saw a baby's cap. She took it up and looked at it.

"That belonged to the little foundling who was brought in the other day," said Mrs. Roderick.

"I saw him at Shanno's," said Mara hastily. "I should like to see him again."

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Roderick, "I can't bear to see young babies forsaken. It brings my own baby to my mind."

"You had a child?" said Mara, eagerly.

"Yes, twenty years ago; but I have never forgotten him, and never shall."

"Shall we go on, Mrs. Roderick?" said Mara.

They went next into the men's dormitories—long, cold, empty rooms, save for those narrow iron bedsteads. Those of the women were similar. Then came the sick wards. Mara knew some of the poor women, stopped to speak to them, and whispered that she hoped to visit them again. Five out of the seven invalids were old and infirm; the other two were young, the one dying of consumption, the other of rheumatic fever.

There was a nurse called Nanny the Crow's Beak, from her hooked nose and sharp temper; and another woman who looked well enough, who had also the nick-name of Betty True Blue, due to her strong Radical opinions. The former was cooking something at the fire, the latter knitting stockings.

"What brings you here, Betty?" said Mara.

"The rheumatics, Miss *fach!* But, name o' goodness, what brings you here? Nice place. Quite a gentleman's house, I'm saying. I always was saying that the poor 'ould be having their turn, and living in grand houses, one of these fine days. And so here am I, inhabiting Arymor Palace, while Sir Llewellin Ap Thomas, Plâs Aberdovey, they do say, is inhabiting a small lodging in furreign parts. Jenney, Coach and Horses, by there, is here in the ladies' apartments, and her husband, Shenkin, in the gentlemen's. The union have separate them without a writing o' 'vorcement, while Davies, Llwynwerne Park, did pay thousands to part from his lady. And we have courts to walk in, like the Queen, and dining-rooms, and halls, and door-bells! See how polite the parliament is to us!"

"I think we had better go on," said Mrs. Roderick. "When Betty begins there is no stopping her."

"Treue for you, ma'am," said Betty, unawed by Mrs. Roderick's calm glance or Nanny Crow's Beak's cross one. "I'm Radical to the small o' my back, and seure I 'ould change that if I could, for it do ache shocking! I'm for going on till the world's righted. It's a been upsydown long enough. And before I do leave Arymor Palace to-morrow, I 'ould take the liberty to say that Mrs. Meredith don't be drinking all the wine that Dr. Herbert is ordering her, but somebody else do."

Betty True Blue winked at Nanny Crow's Beak's back, which was turned towards her, and then pretended to take up a stitch in her knitting.

Nanny turned sharply round.

"And I 'ould say that little Jenney there do want clean night-clothes and——"

"This way, Miss Vaughan," interrupted Mrs. Roderick. "Betty, will you go down and see after the women in the wash-house."

"Please, ma'am, I want to go home to my old man," moaned Jenney, Coach and Horses.

"May I see my little girl?" whispered Mrs. Meredith.

This as Mrs. Roderick and Mara passed through the room, followed by Betty, and a storm of words from Nanny Crow's Beak.

"Very well—yes," said Mrs. Roderick.

When they were outside, Mrs. Roderick lectured Betty, who seemed quite indifferent, and said—

"Quite true, ma'am. But Nanny do eat, drink, and pocket all she can, and don't care to please nobody but the master. And you are knowing very well that the more she do skrimp, the better she is pleasing him."

By this time they had got down-stairs, and Betty hurried off to the wash-house. Mrs. Roderick looked annoyed, unlocked another door, and then led the way

through some dark rooms, which Mara thought most miserable.

"This is the room for the casual paupers; this is the bath-room in which they are washed; this is their sleeping-ward, and this is the court in which they break stones."

Mara was glad to get into the air, albeit it did not seem of the purest, in the small walled space, filled with heaps of stones, into which they went.

"Why do they break stones?" asked Mara.

"To pay for their night's lodging. They mostly come in at night and go away in the morning."

"Can't they go away without breaking them?"

"No; and if they are refractory, we can appeal to the authorities, and get them sent to jail."

"Cold as charity," muttered Mara.

"By no means. This is considered a model union. We make the idle pauper work."

"And the industrious one too, it seems to me."

They went into another court, and Mrs. Roderick opened a door into a dark strip of walled earth, scarcely to be called a room. Her keys seemed to slip intuitively in and out of the locks.

"This is the dead-house," she said.

"The what?"

"The dead-house, where the pauper corpses——"

"I would rather see no more," said Mara, turning sick and faint.

"You have a tender heart, my dear. I had when I came first, but one gets used to it. Just come and see the old men."

They went into a room with a stove in the middle, where several old men were sitting on benches; others were in the court. Mara spoke to those she knew, and they went on.

At last they came to the women's portion of the house. This looked brighter than the men's, for work was going on. Here was a large wash-house, containing a huge furnace and tanks for hot and cold water; and here women were employed in washing for the establishment. There were also, near this, several small rooms, each with its pauper inmates, amongst whom was the Gwen Jenkins who had the care of the foundling. A shrill baby cry soon announced his whereabouts. Mrs. Roderick went into the room in which he was.

"I can't quiet him noways," said Gwen. "He is crying all day, and I didn't get any sleep last night."

She saw Mara and shrank back abashed. Mara soon reassured her, saying—

"How do you do, Gwen? Ah, this is the baby that I saw at Shanno's. How he cries. Give him to me. I managed to quiet him at Tybach."

Mara had an imperative manner that seemed to demand obedience, and Gwen instantly put the baby into her arms. She walked into the court, and began to sing to him in a low, cooing voice, a Welsh cradle-song that she had learnt of Shanno. She had a beautiful voice, and all the women peeped out of their cells to listen to her. It was a pretty, but melancholy picture.

(To be continued.)

MONUMENTS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF JAMES I. AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



PERHAPS we ought to alter the title which forms the heading of these papers, in the case we have before us, for if any of our readers desire to be hypercritical they may say, with some show of justice, that these two daughters of James I. were not "eminent" and were not "women," inasmuch as they died before arriving at woman's estate. We grant both objections if understood literally, but it must not be forgotten that princesses are not quite as other folk. They are in fact born "eminent," for is not the birth of a reigning sovereign's daughter hailed with acclamation, the firing off of the Tower guns, the ringing of church bells, extra editions of newspapers, etc., so that are they not more celebrated at their birth, when they can only breathe and cry, than you or I, reader, are likely to be if we live to be a hundred—unless you should happen to be a princess yourself, in which case I most humbly beg your Royal Highness's pardon. Then if baby princesses are not women in the strict sense of the word, they are so in Court etiquette, for are they not addressed as "madam?" Probably, however, the two daughters of James I., whose monuments are represented in our drawing, have become more celebrated for their costly monuments than for anything else. This is certainly the case with Princess Sophia, who died at the very early age of three days. Yet her tomb is perhaps more visited than any other in the Abbey, and appears to have been so even in Fuller's days, who, in a passage which is not very flattering to ladies, speaks of the visits paid to, and the tears shed over, this singular monument.

The Princesses Sophia and Mary are buried at the east end of the north aisle of the chapel of King Henry VII., upon a space raised upon steps which formed the platform of an altar, the beautiful sculptured reredos of which forms the background to our view; the band of angels holding alternately crowned roses and fleur-de-lys is justly celebrated for its original and beautiful treatment.

The two monuments to the little princesses are side by side, that to Princess Sophia records her death as having occurred in the year 1606, and that of Mary is similarly recorded as having taken place in 1607. The monuments are, however, totally dissimilar in design. That of Sophia consists of a cradle constructed of different coloured marbles, with the "counterfeit presentment" of a child sleeping within it, the whole supported upon a low podium or basement. The lace edges of the counterpane, bassinet cover, etc., are beautifully wrought, and would offer our girls excellent patterns for such work. The end or back of the cradle is finely carved, and has the arms of England upon a lozenge-shaped scutcheon to show that this very young lady died unmarried.

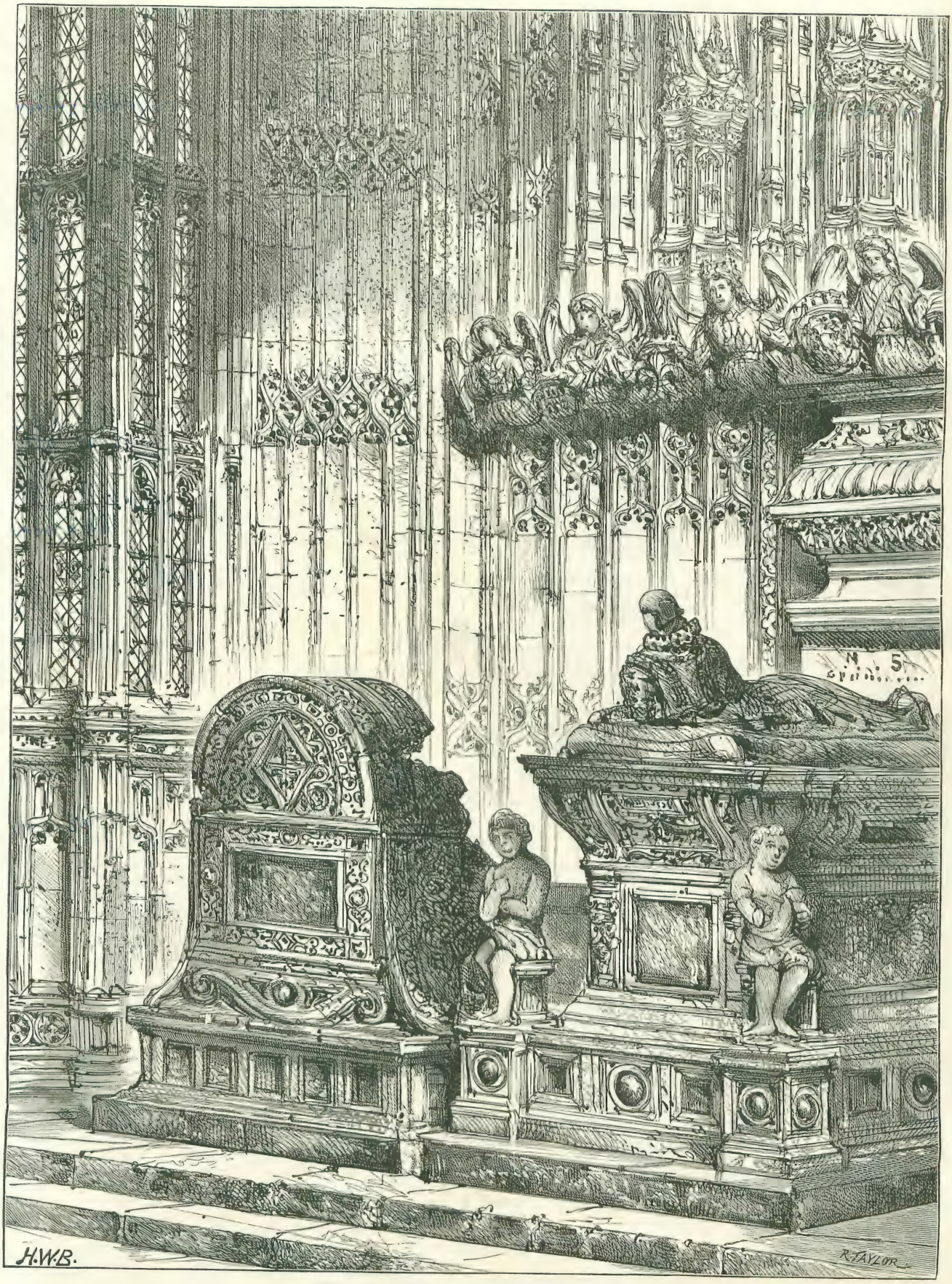
The monument to Princess Mary is in every way different to that of her sister. It consists of a podium supporting an altar tomb, which in its turn supports a sarcophagus, upon the lid of which is the effigy of a child in a reclining attitude. At the angles at the base of the altar tomb are seated statues of children. The whole is composed of marbles of various colours, and is richly adorned with arabesques, inlays, panels, and disks. We have been unable to discover who was the sculptor of these monuments, but in all probability it was Cornelius Cure, who erected the sumptuous monument of Mary Queen of Scots for James I.

Of course there is not much to be recorded of the history of this princess who died at the early age of "two years, eight months, and five days," as we are informed by the inscription. The epitaph, probably written by James I. himself, is in better taste than one would have expected from the hand of that monarch. It is, of course, in Latin, but there is a pretty idea in it, where the child is made to say, "I have found gladness for myself, and have left desire to my parents. While you rejoice for me, mourn with them!" It is, of course, impossible to convey the epigrammatic character of the original Latin, as the whole idea is expressed in about eight words. The little princess is chiefly known for a rather silly joke of her father's. "I will not pray to the Virgin Mary, but for the virgin Mary," meaning his daughter.

It cannot also be denied that these monuments are absurdly costly erections to commemorate two infants, especially when it is remembered that James I. was always impecunious, and found the greatest possible difficulty in meeting the just demands upon his purse. Probably, however, no English monarch ever expended such vast sums of money upon costly memorials to the dead as did James. He has, however, no monument to his own memory, and even the place where he reposes was doubtful until Dean Stanley discovered his coffin, not near that of his own Queen or children, but absolutely in the private grave of King Henry VII. and his Queen. How it got there it is quite impossible to say, as although there exists minute detailed accounts of the outrageously costly funeral (the catafalque alone is said to have cost £20,000), not one word is said as to the position of the grave.

In looking at our engraving it will be noticed that there is a little white marble sarcophagus in a square aperture of the wall behind the monuments. This is said to contain the bones of the two infant princes who were murdered by order of Richard III. at the Tower, but the whole matter is very doubtful. The fact of the murder ever having been perpetrated is incapable of proof, and the story of the discovery of the remains in the time of Charles II. is not above suspicion; it rests alone upon the statement of two workmen who were engaged in removing an old staircase, where they said that they had found the bones of two youths, but were unable to produce them when demanded to do so. They were, however, forthcoming afterwards, which reminds us of a visit we once paid to an old hall, a regular show place, not many miles from London. The custodian of the place exhibited to us a whole collection of supposed relics, but when questioned as to their genuineness, he answered as follows: "Well, you see, ladies and gentlemen, when parties wants antiquities and has money, and other parties wants money, somehow or another antiquities does come to hand."

H. W. B.



TWO BABY TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "THE EDITOR'S VALENTINE."

SOLUTION.

Ye eddy tor S valentine
2 HI*s* RE ad ERS
THAT dawn TEDERO sneer MA line U*s*
AccEPT sweet-maiden S-*on*-E & ALL
W··H··I··L··E ED·IT·OR·IA·L B-*less in*-G-S fall
THIS chain of SANCTU*s* (low ground between hills)=vale N tin U*s*

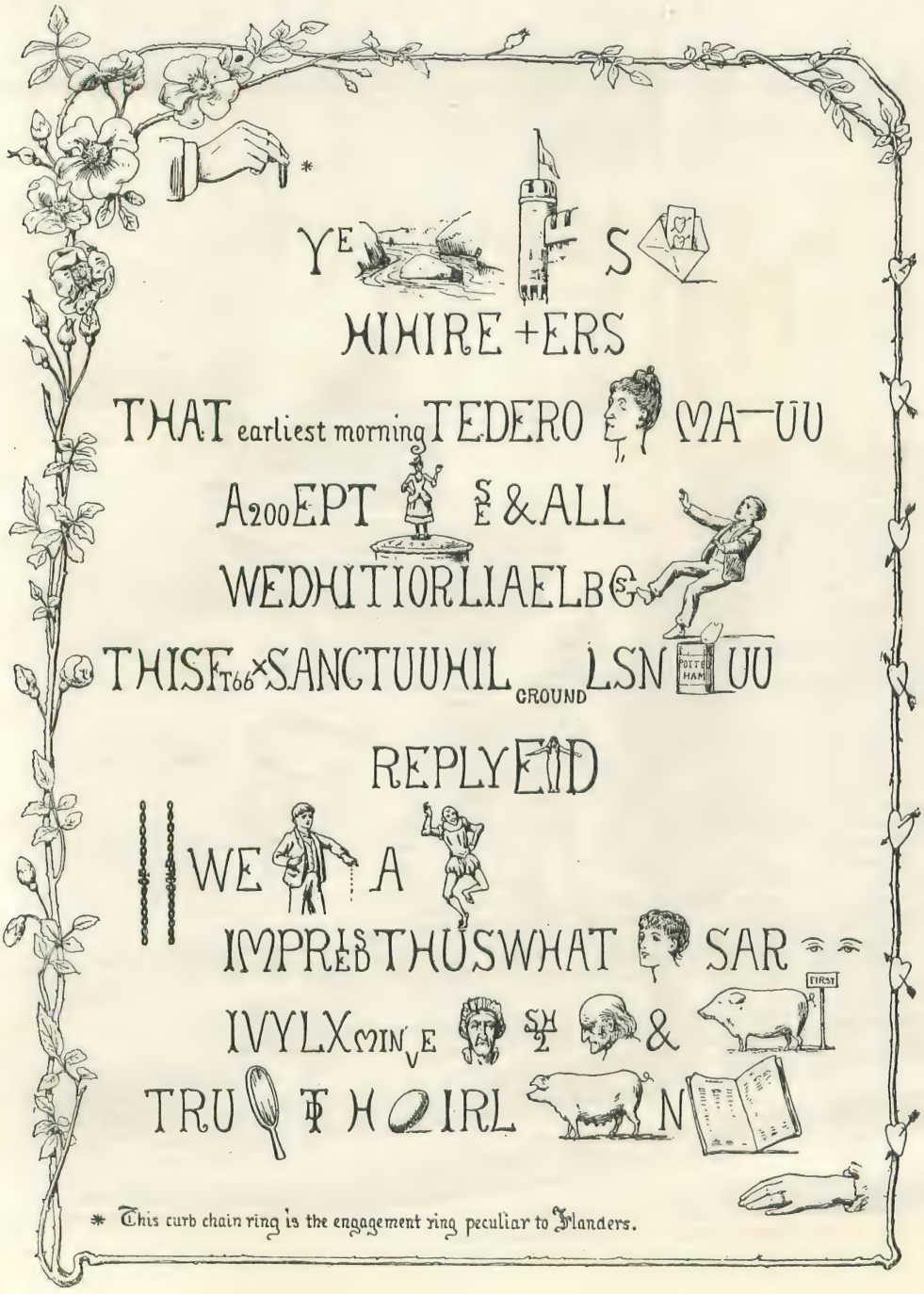
REPLY image-*in*-ED
In-chains-OF GOLD WE cut A caper
IMPR IS-*on*-ED THUSWHAT joy S AR eyes
4 Y hour *lon*-V E sour S 2 H old AND prize
TRU mirror D-*in*-T H egg IRL sow N paper

THE EDITOR'S VALENTINE TO HIS READERS.

That daunted Eros ne'er malign us,
Accept, sweet maidens, one and all,
While editorial blessings fall,
This chain of Sanctus Valentinus.

REPLY (IMAGINED).

In chains of gold we cut a caper,
Imprisoned thus what joys arise;
For your love's ours to hold and prize,
True mirrored in "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."



* This curb chain ring is the engagement ring peculiar to Flanders.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Bessie Coulson, 26, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, County Dublin.
2. Geo. M. Hollis, 47, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.
3. Mrs. La Touche, The Grammar School, Hastings.
4. Rose A. Hooppell, Byers Green Rectory, Spennymoor, Co. Durham.
5. Edmund Snell, 4, Haycroft Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.

Highly Commended.

Miss E. Acheson.
"Blair."
Walter W. Bryant.
Anna J. Hood.
Alice E. Stretton.
Edith Taylor.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Margaret Baldwin.
R. A. Cuthbert.
Ethel F. Dobell.
Dorothy Elnor.
Mrs. M. Heald.
R. E. Hooppell.
Peter Inglis.
Ethel G. McMaster.
Ellen Winifred Martindale.
Elinor J. Osman.
Emmie Robert.
Annie Robinson.
E. C. Tarrant.
Gertrude Whicher.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

There can be no doubt that the puzzle, though short, was much too difficult for the ordinary reader, and few indeed are the solutions which give anything like a correct rendering of the verses. All the more credit, therefore, attaches to the select band whose names we have given, arranged in three classes; they have very fully earned whatever satisfaction they may derive from the honour.

As to the stumbling-blocks, a comparison of the following collection of lines with the original will show where the variation was greatest.

Ring, ye valleys and towers! pierce hearts.

1. That dawn deter not Hope from use
2. Accept proposals one and all
3. While editorial beings fall
4. These chains you see, in aspect new, valentine amuse

Reply, with a graceful bow to the great editor.

5. To curb engagements we cut a caper
6. Imprisoned thus what heads arise
7. For while ten women love ease, ours to hold and prize
8. Truth and mirth in "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

Lines 2, 3, 6 and 8 were generally given correctly, but line 7 was solved by only seven competitors. Nearly all the papers were marred by an eccentric and impossible reading at one point or another.

The examiners think that the hieroglyphs were too involved, and they hear with much pleasure that "Mr. Arnold Green" is himself nearly distracted by a long puzzle poem in manuscript, which he has received from some indignant friends in the country. He considers himself in honour bound to solve it, and he is progressing very nicely at the rate of about a word a day.

While cheerfully sympathising with our afflicted friend we hope the lesson will not be lost upon him, and that the succeeding work from his pen may be marked by a wise and kind simplicity.

VARIETIES.

GOOD WOMEN AND BAD.—"It may be particularly observed of women," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that they are, for the most part, good and bad as they fall among those who practise vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion."

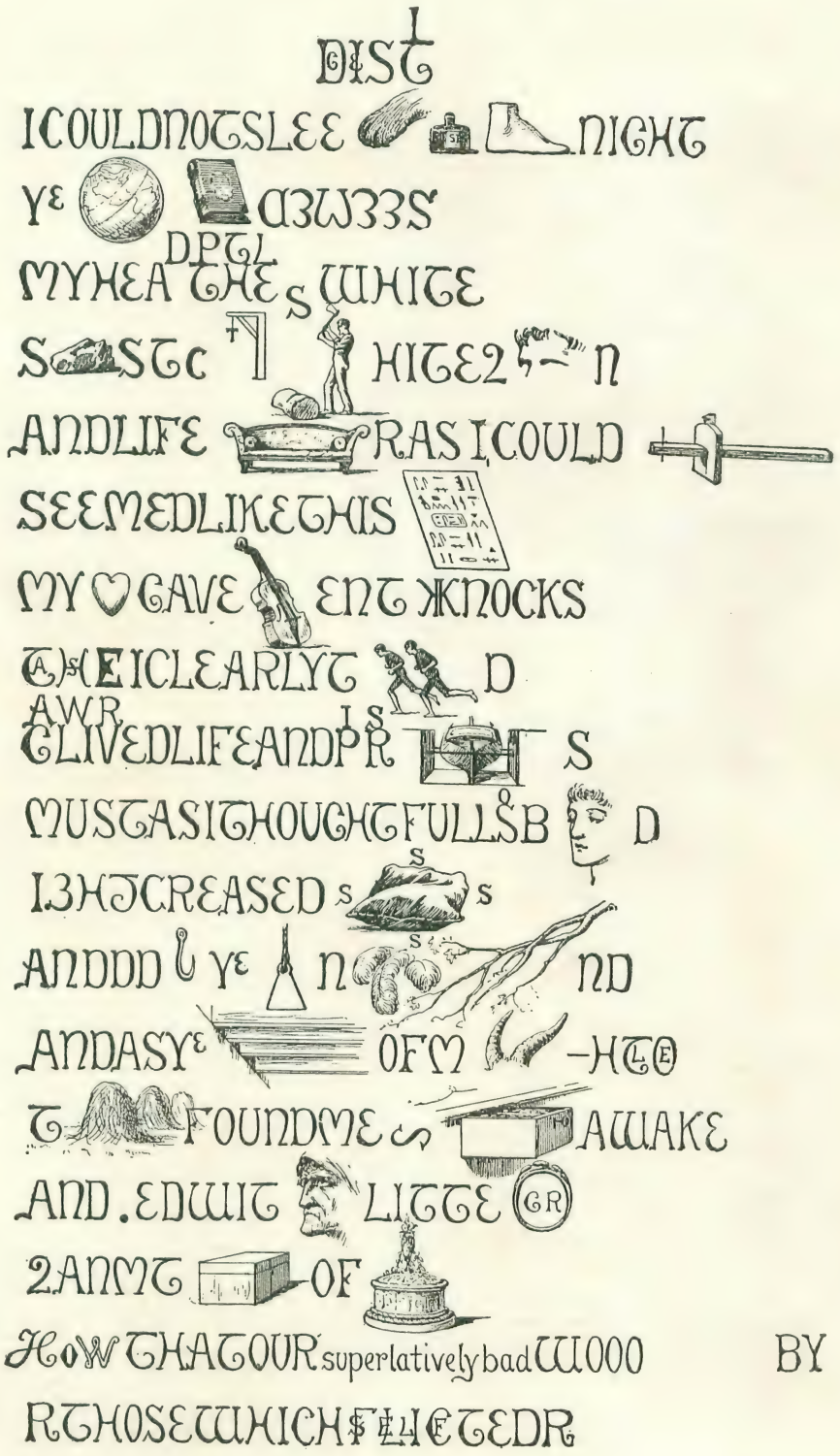
BE SURE TO STUDY COOKERY. — Bad cookery may seem a small thing in comparison with other evils, but the results are as dire as those that followed the proverbial lost nail in the horse's shoe—wasted incomes, impaired health, drinking habits, family discord. Bad cookery more often than not causes "the little rift within the lute," which by-and-by makes mute the music of married life.

A SAD CASE.—Some people are born to misfortune. An old woman, who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the last forty years, writes to us that she has not had an opportunity to use one of them, because she has never been ill a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE. — Circumstances change, temptations diminish, positions improve, misfortunes become endurable by habit, but persons who are disagreeable to us always irritate us more and more.

WORK HARD.—Nothing great or durable has ever been produced with ease. Labour is the parent of the lasting wonders of the world, whether in verse or pyramids.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above easy Puzzle Poem. If more than five competitors send in perfect solutions the money will be equally divided between them.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be May 26th, 1894; from abroad, July 9th, 1894.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.



MUSIC.

FANTASIA.—It sounds like a large piano; but if the room be lofty, and there be many to play on it, perhaps you may not find it too much so.

YANKEE JACK and L. F. C.—1. The address is Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W. Apply to the Secretary.—2. It would depend on the age—for an old man or a peer it would be better to rise.

J. ST. JOHN B.—Many thanks.

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day"

occurs in an old song (1638) by Thomas Heywood, who was a voluminous writer in the reign of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. The rest of the verse is as follows—

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft
To bid my love good-morrow."

It was set to music by Mozart.

MOLLY.—Rubenstein is pronounced "Rubenstine," rhyming with wine.

MINA.—The stiff keys of your piano would make it very much more fatiguing to play upon.

MRS. H. ROWSON.—We have pleasure in making known your society for the circulation of vocal and instrumental pieces. Many would find it a boon who could not afford to buy music. Twelve pieces of pianoforte music, and twelve songs form a good collection in the year; yet the subscription is higher than those of the girls' clubs which we have recommended hitherto, perhaps unavoidably so. We are not finding fault. Five shillings annually is a subscription within the means of many.

WEE ONE (British Guiana).—1. We have not got any kind of banjo, nor can we give you a practical demonstration of what you want to know; so you had better go to a shop for musical instruments and see for yourself. We are sorry we cannot assist you.—2. We advise you not to encourage the attentions of any young man who could not contemplate marriage under three years' time. Neither of you should be bound, unless, indeed, in a conditional way, leaving each free to change their mind. We are glad you like our paper.

WORK.

PUSSY would probably take out the colour too, but might put some black or white lace over the spot to cover it. We cannot suggest more, for her letter is delightfully vague.

H. H.—Greasing the spots of tar will remove them, and then you must use some benzine, to take out the grease, with a bit of flannel, or some other woollen material.

GREYFRIARS could be a doctor, a gardener, or a lecturer. Missionary workers are also wanted, and lady laundresses and farmers as well.

PHIAL does not say where she lives. The Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., admits women to lectures given daily (fees £4 4s.), and also to examinations.

YOUNG WIFE.—Hair-brushes can be cleaned with flour well rubbed into them.

A. M. I. M. and RAVILE SARI.—We know of no use for it; but you might advertise.

MAY.—1. Send the painting by itself.—2. Jan. 3rd, 1800, was a Friday.—3. We should think that all our competitors were on a par almost at your age, as to their attainments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAYDONIA, and many others, write to us complaining of nervousness, blushing, &c. We can only advise them to study the advice of "Medicus," who gave an excellent article on this subject in October last, page 60, "Nervous Girls."

C. A., L. M. and TEEN.—An excellent series "On the Progress of Women's Work" is now being inserted in our "G. O. P.," by S. F. A. Caulfeild.

PALESTINE.—The poem sent shows too strongly the influence of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to be original. But the ideas and words are well chosen and good.

PRIMROSE.—24th November, 1870, was a Thursday; 24th April, 1873, was a Thursday.

INQUIRER.—The address of the Society of Authors is 4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. Chairman, Walter Besant, Esq.

C. FABRIEN.—We do not remember having seen your verses. We are sorry for your disappointment.

MANX CAT.—Yes, the distinction of being minus a tail is not monopolised by our correspondent; for there is a small dog, hailing from the Low Countries, which can boast as perfect exemption from that appendage as yourself. He is much in favour amongst the Flemish bargees, and called a Schipperke. There are also tailless dogs in India.

CONSTANT READER.—Your handwriting is not formed, but as it is legible, and if you can write fast (which we doubt), and if quick at arithmetic, you might be engaged in a small shop. If you only wrote a fortnight ago, you are receiving an answer quickly.

HOLLY.—1. Diogenes was an ancient philosopher, born about the 91st Olympiad, in the City of Sinope, in Paphlagonia. He was the son of Isecius, who was imprisoned on a charge of forging money—for which the punishment was death—and in prison he died. His son being implicated in the crime (with or without justice) he fled, or was banished to Athens, where he became a disciple of Antisthenes. He, Diogenes, was a cynic, practised the greatest austerities, abused, and treated every one else with contempt. He died the first year of the 114th Olympiad, on the same day that Alexander died at Babylon (said to be the 22nd of February).—2. The 31st of January, 1874, was a Saturday.

BELLA ST. QUINTON.—February 13th, 1870, was a Sunday. October 14th, 1872, was a Monday.

MIRIAM W.—We quite agree, but we think the writer meant to say that the disagreeable work must be done from higher motives, but it was badly expressed. We have George Herbert to the same effect—

"Who sweeps a room, as for their lives,
Makes that and the action fine."

A. S. H.—The line will be found in the Satires of Horace (Pope's translation) Satire ii., Book ii., line 159, as well as in the "Odyssey."

PUDDLESTOWN.—Try exercise and fresh air, and not so much to eat. A good rule is never to take a second help at table, and not to drink while eating.

MASSEUSE.—We could not possibly pronounce any opinion as to your eligibility for the work of a "masseuse," not having an idea of your personal muscular strength, constitutional healthiness, and both the amount of animal magnetism you possess, and your ability to part with it without suffering from the loss. If you have any taint in the blood, a feeble heart and circulation, and be of a lymphatic, strumous, and anæmic habit, you are utterly unfit for exercising such a vocation, and will injure instead of benefit those whom you treat as patients.

LADY MARJORIE.—Both oatmeal and borax are used to soften water for toilet use, but we never heard that these made the skin yellow; nor do we think it likely.

BARBARA.—According to Canon Rawlinson, quoted by Professor Dawson, the earliest date that we can give for Babylon, is 2300 years B.C. This antiquity is less by upwards of four centuries than that which we attribute to Egypt (2760 B.C.). The Troad, according to the same authorities, can be traced back 2000 years B.C., and the Phœnicians to 1700 B.C., Assyria, China, and India follow, dating back respectively to 1500, 1200, and 1154 B.C.

POTS AND PANS.—The book is founded on tradition only. We know no more of its truth than you do.

DOLLY MOPS.—"Sweet rose of the rosebud garden of girls," is a line from Tennyson's "Maud."

AN ENQUIRER.—We should think the latter was accountable for the bottles if you bought direct from him.

WILLING.—We think you could only obtain such a thing by means of an advertisement.

BABBIE.—The first thing to be done is to make an index to your collection of stamps and find out what you possess. The next thing is to obtain a catalogue from any good dealer and ascertain what is missing from your number.

GWENDOLEN.—Exercise and gymnastics are likely to make you grow.

A KENTISH LASS.—MSS. for publication should be legibly written, with pen and ink, on one side of the paper.

SPOILT TABLE.—Perhaps putting a little kerosene on it might help you. We think it would.

BEAVER MUFF is a silly, romantic girl; she should at once tell her parents. She cannot propose to do anything so wicked and cruel as to marry clandestinely at fifteen without telling them. The character of the man who wishes to persuade her to do it promises but little happiness for her in the future. His conduct is atrocious.

T. O. D.—1. A married woman *does not officiate* as a bridesmaid.—2. When leaving you may say, "I have spent such a pleasant evening." But it is not obligatory—only polite.

RHODA.—To destroy fancy specimens of beetles and butterflies for a collection in a moment, and without pain to the insect, the following is a good recipe obtained from an amateur naturalist:—Of cyanide of potassium 1 oz., and of rock ammonia 1 oz. Place in a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover it with plaster of Paris sufficient to leave a space in the bottle for the insect, which must be placed upon it, and the bottle well corked. As the cyanide of potassium is a poison, and somewhat dangerous to have in your care, it is probable that a chemist will not sell it to you, and therefore you had better request him to prepare the bottle for you, covering the ingredients with the plaster.

CURIOSITY.—The term "grass widow" is derived from the French, the word *grace* being corrupted into "grass" in English. The word means courtesy—a widow not literally, but by courtesy, because though her husband be not dead, she is parted from him—as when he is abroad and has left her at home.

MARIANNE.—Jan. 19th, 1824, was a Monday; June 27th, 1828, was a Friday; and June 28th, 1855, was a Thursday.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT.—We are told that "Circumstances alter cases," and in your case they certainly do. You have the consent of the father and mother, and you know and try to do your duty. So we hope you may enjoy every blessing. But you do not need that we should tell you that much waste of time and folly results from such things. You have only to use your own eyes to see it.

KATE J.—The address of the United Sisters Friendly Society is 51, Cobourg Street, Leeds. Mr. O. Attack is the corresponding secretary.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—1. One chapter of the Bible is intended of course.—2. Write to the "R. T. S.," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and inquire for the books you need.

HOPE B.—1. Thanks for the 6d. for the H.O.A. Fund.—2. The 9th July, 1868, was a Thursday.

TANDIWE (Cape Colony).—1. There is no need of saying anything, a smile is quite enough.—2. Yes, she may refuse, but cannot accept another partner, for that time, at least.

MARGARET and OTHERS.—We have said many times that we can all improve in our handwriting by practice.

"L. M. OH IS LOVED" (France).—The first three you name excellent, the last one a little too far advanced for a girl.

THE RUSH AND FLAG.—We think that a girl is not old enough, nor fit to have a sweetheart, if she cannot spell the word.



VOL. XV.—NO. 749.] MAY 5, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XI.

SISTER IN CHARGE.

The trivial round, the common task
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.—*Keble.*



CONSTANCE wakened the next morning after Dorothy's departure with a keen sense of loneliness and desertion. The thing she had so long dreamed of had, as it were, been just within her grasp and given to another, and her own work for the first time seemed dull and uninteresting. "I wonder if I shall always go on just as I am doing at present," she mused; "so many who have been trained at this hospital have made a mark in the world, or risen high in their profession; but for me I see no such prospect. Oh, dear! how dull everything will seem, all one's friends gone, Rose, Burdett, and now Dorothy. True, I have Sister Adelaide and Sister Browne left, and indeed there are many pleasant nurses I should be sorry to part from," and with that thought came other memories which roused and encouraged her. "I have one task not accomplished," she said half aloud, "and that is to prove the accusations made against Nurse Rose to have been false. I have let it drop too much into the background, now I will set it before me as something that must be done. If I could only ask matron about it," she thought; "but I am quite sure she would listen to nothing which seemed in any way to prove MacMahon in the wrong. I doubt even whether Sister Adelaide would not think it wiser to wait till something turned up: anyway, I will bear it more in mind and take the first chance I get."

A few days later Constance met MacMahon on the staircase, and instead of barely replying to her pleasant good-morning, as was often the case, she stopped and asked whether she had heard of her friend's accident the night before, and how she had not got back to the hospital till midnight.

"No," replied Constance. "I had not heard. I hope your friend was not seriously hurt."

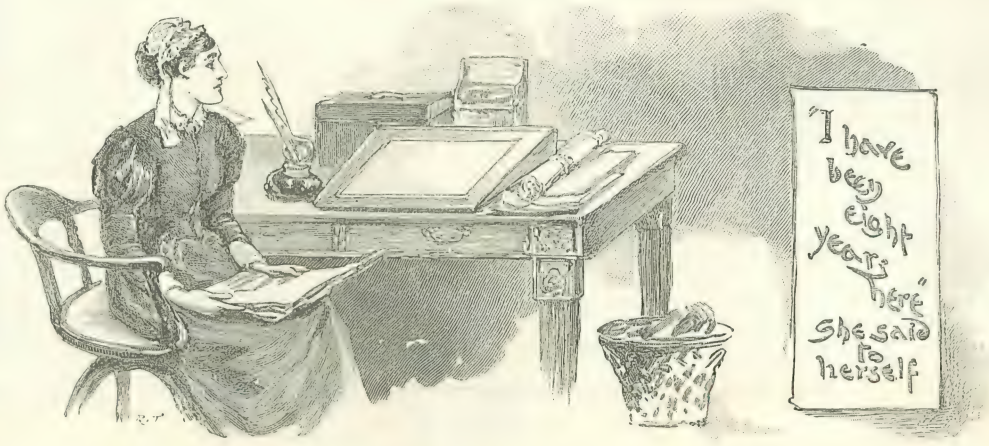
"Only a bad sprain," she said, "but quite enough, I can assure you; such a fuss I had to get her home and fetch a doctor. She quite thought she had broken a bone."

"What can be the matter?" mused Constance, as MacMahon passed on. "Something must be. She dislikes me far too much to tell me anything about herself without having some motive for doing it."

She was right. Nurse MacMahon had a motive, but Constance little guessed what it was, or how nearly accomplished by other hands than hers was the task she had set herself to do.

Doctor Bell had been in the hospital late the night before, and whilst the porter was engaged, went up to the hall desk to date a paper which he had with him. A pass for Nurse MacMahon lying there unsigned attracted his attention; the time of return—which was ten p.m.—was not filled in, and it was then eleven-thirty. The name recalled to him something his nephew Mr. Seaton had said to him, and also his own promise that should anything fresh turn up he would sift the matter to the bottom.

Doctor Bell did not know what inducement his nephew had for finding out about MacMahon. He was inclined to think that he had cared more for the bright-faced Rose than he was aware of, and now that all was ended he rather sympathised with the young man, and willingly gave him his word that he would keep his eyes open, which he usually did, wider a good deal than some gave him credit for doing. Thomas presently returned and busied himself at his desk. Doctor Bell watched for him to fill in the pass and slip it away with the rest, but it lay apparently unnoticed beside him.



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"I wonder what he's up to to-night," thought Thomas. "Come here to watch me, like enough. Well, he won't catch me at anything, though I could do very well with my drop o' whisky, and hope he won't keep me long waiting. If he stays far enough into the night he may see Nurse MacMahon come in, and if she's found out, I'll take pretty good care that I ain't got nothing to do with it. I should be sorry enough to lose her money, and wouldn't split on her unless it meant getting myself into trouble, but one must take care of one's self, especially when there's a wife and family to think of."

As time passed on and Doctor Bell continued walking backwards and forwards across the hall, it was quite evident that he grew very uneasy, and at last ventured to say:

"Anything I can do for you, sir? 'tis getting very late, sir; almost twelve o'clock."

Doctor Bell stopped and looked up at the great square clock which faced the entrance.

"Yes, it is getting rather late," he said pleasantly; "but I do not want anything. I'm merely waiting awhile to suit myself," and he again resumed his walk. Presently came the sound of a gentle tap on the window. Thomas seemed undecided as to what to do, and shuffled uneasily on his seat; but when the knocking was repeated, muttered something about not knowing who was there, and went to the door. Doctor Bell was to be rewarded, for in walked Nurse MacMahon surely enough, but without the least trace of guilt on her face. To all appearance she did not notice him, though he was standing straight before her. She turned back and waited for the porter to fasten the door, remarking as he came towards her,

"A nice hour this will be to have put down on my pass; why, it must be past midnight." Then, as if suddenly catching sight of Doctor Bell, she walked straight up to him saying, "How fortunate I am to meet you here, as in case of any misunderstanding you will be able to speak for me, having seen me return. I have been with a friend out at Kilburn," she went on without giving him time to reply, "and just as we were going down to the underground railway her foot slipped and we found she had sprained her ankle badly. Then I had to take her home and get a doctor, and it was late before I got away. Now I must be off," and turning again to the porter said, "I'll see matron myself in the morning."

Thomas had been quite bewildered by the manner of MacMahon's return, and by her going up to Doctor Bell as though pleased to see him. "Perhaps he knows of her being out," he thought, and consequently did not feel very sure how to act.

"What hour shall I put down on the pass?" he said as MacMahon moved to go.

"The hour Nurse MacMahon came in, five minutes to twelve," said Doctor Bell in a tone of authority. "Do you always ask what hour is wished to be filled in?"

"Oh no," said MacMahon turning again, "I am sure that he does not; please do not be hard on him on my account. I suppose it was just my saying that I would see matron, and this is such a very unusual occurrence. I daresay he did not quite know what to do," and with a pleasant smile and "good-night" to Doctor Bell she ran upstairs.

"I didn't do that so badly," thought MacMahon to herself as she moved noiselessly about her room. "But I would sooner have met any of the others than Doctor Bell. I wonder what he was doing. My, how he spoke to Thomas; nearly took his breath away. What an old idiot he was, to be sure, to make such a remark; quite enough to raise suspicion. I've had a notion too for some time that Miss Constance is on the watch for me, and shouldn't wonder a bit if she's put Doctor Bell up to it. They are on very friendly terms, too, it's said; ah, well, I fancy I'm a match for them yet," and she smiled an evil smile as she turned out her light. Though MacMahon had managed so well on the whole, yet she felt a certain anxiety as to the turn affairs might take, and thought it might be prudent to tell Constance the same story she had told Doctor Bell.

"I don't think there is the slightest fear of my being caught this time," she said to Nurse James, "though I must confess I was very near it. I've thought of such a capital plan. You know Miss Monk who was taken on as improver at Smith and Co.'s, she will just answer my purpose, as she is suffering from a sprained ankle, so that even if inquiries are made it will be all right. I daresay it might be best for me to tell her to come up here and explain matters; anyway, I must write to her and let her know what has happened."

"Will she mind telling a cram or two to help you out of your scrape?" said her friend.

"Oh no, I am sure she won't; why, think how many she told to get herself out of trouble when that money was missing, and suspicion fell on her as being the only one about at the time; one or two lies more or less in her life won't make much difference." Such, alas, was MacMahon's way of reasoning.

The note was written, and Miss Monk promised to come in a cab next day to see the matron. "It is quite unnecessary," Mrs. Faithful had said, "for I do not in the least doubt your word: you have never given me the smallest occasion to mistrust you. I was wanting to speak to you," she went on. "I daresay you know Sister Hamilton is leaving; she is going abroad, I think, and I should much like you to take her place; if you do this it will be proof enough to all that I have the utmost confidence in you, but I am sure," she added, "no one will make the least difficulty about such a trifling affair; why, it was a mere accident which might have happened to anyone."

"Thank you," said MacMahon, "you are very kind, and I trust I shall always be worthy of your confidence." She made no allusion to becoming Sister Hamilton; in her own mind she was quite sure she would not like it; she had no wish to be thrown into close quarters with Doctor Bell, but she thought some future time would be more opportune than the present for raising objections.

Miss Monk arrived next day and made due apologies for Nurse MacMahon; she had no hesitation about making false statements, and told her story with such a show of truth that Mrs. Faithful would have been thoroughly convinced had she even suspected anything to have been wrong; but she did not, and thought a good deal of fuss had been made over a very trifling affair.

Miss Monk had not been gone long when Doctor Bell tapped at her office-door and asked if she could spare him a few minutes. He did not care much for Mrs. Faithful, and thought of her merely as a necessary evil. Personally he had very little to do with her, and would gladly have excused himself this visit had he not felt so certain that Nurse MacMahon's story was a lie, and therefore doubly anxious to get to the bottom of it.

He began by saying how he had met Nurse MacMahon coming in so late a night or two ago, and implied that he did not give much credit to her story.

Mrs. Faithful looked volumes, but said nothing, so he continued: "Remembering about the stories circulated concerning Nurse Rose, which at the time I disbelieved, I have made up my mind to sift this to the bottom, and find out who Nurse MacMahon's friend is, and whether the story is really true; I thought you would help me to do this."

"Have you ever found Nurse MacMahon to do other than her duty," inquired Mrs. Faithful; "and what grounds have you for suspecting her at all?"

"No very clear grounds," he replied; "but as to performing her duty, a nurse might very easily do or not do, and a doctor be none the wiser: a nurse who would lie to screen herself outside her ward, would doubtless do the same in it. There is very much about nursing which the doctor merely takes a nurse's word for, and usually so long as the work is done he is satisfied. What I want in this case is actual proof."

"I may as well tell you, then, that ample proof to my mind has been given. Nurse MacMahon's friend was up to-day, and seems a most respectable young woman living in Kilburn. She came in a cab, and with much difficulty and pain walked up here to tell me all about it. She seemed so afraid lest Nurse MacMahon should get into any trouble."

Doctor Bell looked sorely puzzled; he felt he was losing his ground and had absolutely nothing to go upon. Mrs. Faithful smiled provokingly as though to say, even he was capable of being sometimes in the wrong. "By-the-bye," he said as he rose to go, "who is going to take Hamilton; the sister there is leaving, is she not?"

"I had thought of MacMahon; she is a little rough, I know, but you would really prefer her, I think, to any of the others who would be likely, though I regret this having happened."

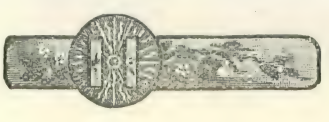
"Prefer her," he thought, but he merely said, "Oh, is she to take it; well, good-morning, Mrs. Faithful," and left the room.

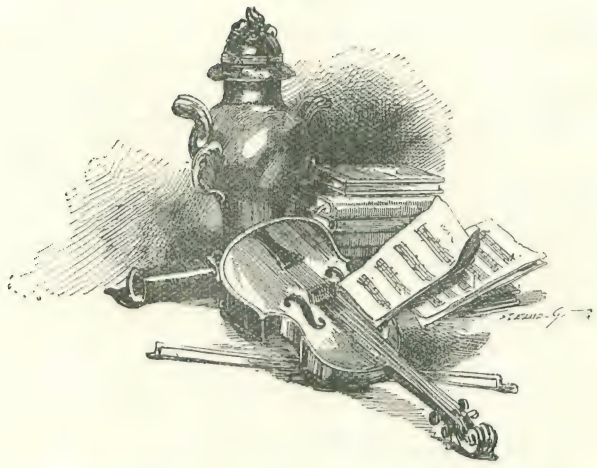
Mrs. Faithful sat on thinking for some time; things had not been going very well lately; she had been taken to task several times by the committee for not looking into things sufficiently herself; then one or two nurses had been in trouble, and she had in a way been blamed for them. She plainly realised that she was not thought so much of as she once fancied herself to be, and in her own mind blamed everyone but herself for the change. She began to think, however, she would be much wiser to leave before she was asked to do so. "I have been eight years here," she said to herself, "and saved a good bit of money. My boys are all getting on, and there are many other things I could do where I should have fewer worries and be more my own mistress than here." To the great astonishment of many it was soon rumoured that Mrs. Faithful had resigned, and a matron who had been for some time in Liverpool was to take her place. No one felt very sorry; she had not spent those eight years in any sort of way for her nurses, or in sympathy with them; she had been cold and often hard, so it was not much to be wondered at that she was not loved.

There was great excitement over the coming of the new matron, and many were the conjectures as to what she would be like.

Sister Hamilton had left, and Nurse Constance had been given her ward. No one quite knew how it had been arranged. Nurse MacMahon said she had been offered the post and had refused it, and yet seemed to be very much put out at Constance getting it.

(To be continued.)





ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER I.

HOME-LIFE AND THE PLUNGE.

THE Forties! Let us try and remember how the world wagged at that time when our two little art-students were being prepared by many different ways to a plunge out of home into a sea of difficulties, and to ride over the storm into harbour.

Everything was so different. The old city mansion where they lived was in a busy quarter of the town, but there was quiet even there. Merchants used to go home to dine (they usually lived then over their warehouses or banks, or near them), and the whole families met at the middle-day dinner. And then tea was such a pleasant informal gathering, when friends dropped in, in hospitable houses like the one mentioned, often in numbers. A few more cups and saucers, and the homely supper of cold meat or ham with et ceteras was an entertainment involving so little trouble, so little expense and so much pleasure that life grew very sociable, and there was an infinite deal of society in a quiet way, perhaps the pleasanter for its impromptu character.

In this old place, where, in the avenue of trees behind the house the sun setting through the branches seemed to fire them with a golden glow, the children used to watch the evening beauty. People still told of the olden days, when at six o'clock in the morning the drums and fifes rattled along the street, and the men, enrolled amongst the volunteers to defend their homes in the expected French invasion, streamed out from door and alley to join their fellows. Rather interesting, by the way, to know by recent discoveries how extremely near that dreaded danger was, how everything was ready in Ireland to help the French, and God's mercy then, as at the Armada, alone protected and saved us.

Those were the olden times; but when these children lived, French nurses had to be ready with their little party in the great hall by six o'clock in the morning, for their father used to take them for the only time he could spare to romp and play in those pretty circus gardens with their neighbours and playfellows in the summer mornings. The habit of early-rising was a gain for life; but it did not feel so early to them, for their father was a great student, and often was up at four o'clock to work at the higher studies for which the daily city duties left no other time.

The children's studies were very delightful, with ample time for relaxation, reading, and needlework, so that study-time was a treasure; besides that, their pocket-money sprung from every work they did, and from work alone. And there were so many things one could do (as Lady Townley remarked, so many delightful things that could be done with money), and the minutes which could earn pence for plain household needlework were counted and made the most of; even domestic crises not usually considered blessings came under this spell of usefulness. One child remembered well, after a toothache which culminated in a visit to the greatest dentist of the time, a tragical comedy or comical tragedy which began when she was sitting in that very ominous dentist's chair. Her little savings had been reckoned up, and the exact half-crown which was to be her proud portion after the offending teeth were out was almost spent in her mind's eye, when the kind old man looked and felt, and patting the little cheek said, to comfort her, as he thought,

"Well, my child, we shall not want to take that troublesome little tooth out to-day."

"Oh, sir!" in an agonised tone of voice.

"Why, you don't want to lose your teeth?" said he laughing.

"But, sir, my pocket-money!"

"Ah," he said, "well, I am afraid even for the sake of your pocket-money you must wait a little longer."

And then came other preparations for independence! Their father said, "My girls shall never go to school," and to that resolution they have vowed a long life of gratitude when they see others studying a multitude of subjects, all through long days and long evenings, chained to their oars like galley-slaves of old, so that the real education of art, literature, and society of a high class, are to them tabooed till they have lost the young life which learns the love of fine art and has the strength and time to study it.

These children had first-rate masters for all subjects they wished to learn, and for these they worked with a will, and ultimately owed much to the unshaken friendship and fidelity of their instructors who helped them when they were sometimes forgotten by their friends. But they had a finer master in the society of first-rate men and cultured, high-bred women who formed their parents' society. The little ones used to sit under the tent-like table-cover in the drawing-room with their work, and hear the exquisite music—their parents being excellent and old-fashioned musicians who adored Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven—amidst friends who sympathised and helped in concerted music or in as interesting conversation; the latter perhaps even more so sometimes, for between charming singers and delightful talkers mutual admiration and sympathy are so exciting and inspiring that all take their share and give their delight. It was a rare and choice circle. First-rate intellects of so many kinds—musicians, men of science, mathematicians, politicians, the last news (there were few papers), the last music, Weber and his glories; and they enjoyed Beethoven at a time little after the extraordinary rehearsal at which his ninth symphony was flung down from the conductor's desk with the exclamation, "Call that music!" as was told the writer by one who was present.

At that time such evenings and hospitalities were fresh and common as violets in May. The father belonged to the Royal Mathematical Society, now extinct, and both parents to a very excellent literary institution, where lectures by the first men on each subject, concerts and elocution classes took up many evenings, to say nothing of a capital library. How often in after years did these same sisters, when they saw the dull, lonely study, mornings and evenings, girls now live through, thank Heaven they were born in other times.

Some short while since the President of a great Philosophical Society unpacked his griefs at the present state of things to a friend on the loneliness of men's lives now, except the unmarried men, who may almost live at their clubs. He said, "What possible use or pleasure are afternoon teas to me? I can see no men there whom I should care to meet—and going out to dinner, one may truly say is 'dragging at each remove a lengthening chain.' For I am victimised with infinite toil and trouble and fatigue to help Smith to pay his dinner obligations, only to put an extra tax on my own—and after all, a thousand to one, I don't meet the people I want to see."

I know people will say, "Is not London like an exploded bomb?"—the little world of men of position and education who then naturally sought each other, and enjoyed each other's society is now whirled into space, and they are ten, twenty, thirty miles away, and apart from each other; and to resume, the rest and leisure and freedom of these children's education were necessary to the vital energy which grew to strength amidst obstacles and storms which would have swamped natures tired and enfeebled by dull and ceaseless study. Farmers will not sow wheat for ever, and physicians tell us what the effect has been of the present system on the health, strength, and constitutions of the young womanhood of England—but as Scrooge observed, "it will decrease the surplus population." *Vogue la galère.*

Meantime these children learnt a passionate love for what is noble in art, and of the work which was to be devoted to it.

The youngest, a tender pretty child began early with her sister to attend the studio of a late President of the British Artists, who had taught their father (sometimes alone, as her sister could not always be spared), and under his kind and earnest care improved rapidly—some days also at the British Museum, drawing from the antique—where her sister used to come and cheer her, and bring her home. "The sunny bird of home," as she was called, she was naturally so humble, so pure and self-devoted, she was apparently little fitted for the struggle with a rough world, when the "rugged

nurse" came to teach them how to fight the battle of life, and for life. But such work as hers, so thorough and conscientious, could not but succeed. Her sister observed that the higher the judges were, to whom her work was shown, the more instant and earnest came their sympathy and appreciation.

She was exquisitely pretty, and had a lovely voice, and there were friends who did not see what her artistic powers were, but could not help being struck by her grace and her singing, and were anxious that she, as well as her sister, should go on the stage. They were, in this, as in everything all their lives, perfectly united in their horror of a life so unlike what they had been taught to love.

Did not even the Greek Pericles give a higher aim for women's character, saying, "She is the best of women who is most truly a woman, and her reputation is the highest whose name is never in the mouths of men, for good or evil!" But yet her sister was anxious to receive guidance from those who knew what high art was, and whose authority would shield her and her sister from the insistence of interfering friends. Heaven helped her to an introduction to one of the Royal Academicians, whose name would be a sufficient guarantee to both sisters, for the wisdom of letting the youngest follow the art she loved.

Heaven helps those who help themselves; or, as the mother used often to say to her girls,

"Still as you can provide for your defence,
Use means, and leave the rest to Providence."

The means were certainly blessed, for they made a friend of one powerful enough, and enthusiastic enough to bear down the opposition the sisters so feared. He invited them to the home dinner, and it might not be out of place to give the impressions of the time from a paper written for the absent mother:—

"I was very dull and tired, and sorry besides, that E—— had on her morning dress, but they were so kind and cheerful that we soon felt at home; and after dinner we went up into Mr. ——'s studio, and, after admiring his pictures, he asked to see her outlines and sketches. So, gathering round the small table, we so anxiously waited while he looked and thought, and then came such warm heartfelt encouragement! He said he should also gather advice for us from the leaders of the profession, whom we must meet. From that time till we left (I wish you could have seen our darling's face!) his whole attention was given to us, both in the studio and in the pretty drawing-room, taking coffee, where we made a small circle on one side of the fire, while another noisier one chatted on the other, while Mr. —— sat on an ottoman, and made out the plan of what was to be done. He will get (oh, mother!) Maclise, the Landseers, Uwins, Prescott-Knight, and others, to give their opinion, and meantime advises her by all means to go on studying at the marbles; and when I mentioned, what had been said by the relation who wished us to go on the stage, about her having studied so long and done so little, he said, 'She has done more at sixteen than many young men who have afterwards risen to eminence have done at twenty.'"

Was not that a reward for the years of hard work in which the delicate little child had studied the ancient marbles — anatomy and perspective thrown in—with sufficient society in home-life to give her the love of learning and the power of intense work? Well might a great modern writer, writing of her to a friend, say, "I frequently had the pleasure of meeting her, and was struck by her extreme amiability and most remarkable knowledge of art, which, instead of parading before the public, as most women do, she kept so thoroughly under reserve that it was not until one became upon terms of friendship with her that one discovered how thoroughly she had mastered her subject. I shall long remember her—her charming and thoroughly womanly character (a quality which, I regret to say, is fast disappearing from society nowadays) — in fact, I have always regarded her as the pattern of a Christian gentlewoman." Another writer said of her, "I remember so well having always the same impression of something apart in her, unsulliable, unworldly, unique, like the expression in those wonderful eyes that seem to shine still in the dark around us." Another says, "I shall never forget, till death closes all the avenues of feeling and memory, the intense tenderness of her voice and of her style of singing." Such was our little gracious lady, who waited the verdict of that circle of famous men as to her fate in art.

"We were so anxious, as may be easily believed, when the real day came at last, as everything, we are told, 'comes to him who waits.' We drove up to that most hospitable of homes, and met that areopagus of our judges. Was it possible to contemplate dining under such circumstances? It was not only possible, but wonderfully easy, in that brilliant room with those around us—all people with invisible heaps of laurels on their heads, yet so apparently unconscious of them. There was an atmosphere of kindness and a glow of happiness that would have inspired the most timid and the most humble. After that brilliant dinner, and we had left the gentlemen, Mr. —— came for the sketches, etc., and took them in to that circle of judges. Imagine our happiness, our anxiety, our fate in the balance; and yet with such a certainty that it would be decided wisely and most kindly for us! We were not very long watching the drawing-room door before the judges dropped in one by one, coming to my sister, praising her with such warm encouragement, giving her every advice as to her future career. Our evening was all sunshine; after this no indecision was possible."

The little lady plunged into further hard work under this guidance, became a pupil in the studio of an eminent water-colour artist, a late President of the New Watercolour Society, enjoying at last the freedom and loveliness of the pure Italian colour she had been guided to restrain till she had the knowledge of form and the other foundations of all good art, and enjoying the privilege of sympathy and advice from the masters of her art. "So far had Heaven blessed her!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A CHILD'S PINAFORE OUT OF TWO POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

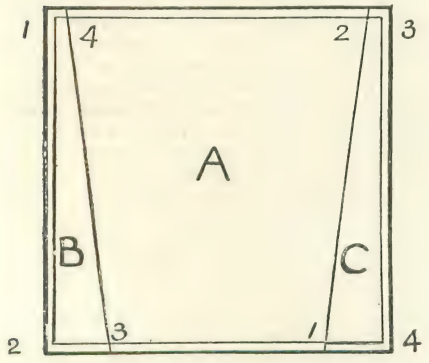


FIG 1.

In the December number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER I gave our readers directions for making a pinafore from similar materials, *i.e.*, two pocket-handkerchiefs of any quality, from the cheap ones with coloured borders costing a penny each, to those finely hemstitched and embroidered. I am now able, through the kindness of the editor, to give another design which I hope all will think is equally useful.

The back and front of the pinafore are exactly the same, so only one half is shown in the diagrams.

First cut both handkerchiefs into three pieces, A B C (Fig. 1). Then reverse the gores A and B of each, taking care that they are in their right position according to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. Make neat seams; you now have Fig. 2; place back and front together and seam up the sides from D to E; the spaces left form the armholes; gather along the dotted line, and draw it up to about nine inches, a double row of gathering is required to make it set well; back and front must be gathered separately. Now take some narrow tape and fix it at the back of the gathers, neatly hemming it at both edges to give firmness. Leave a small loop, sufficiently large to admit your little

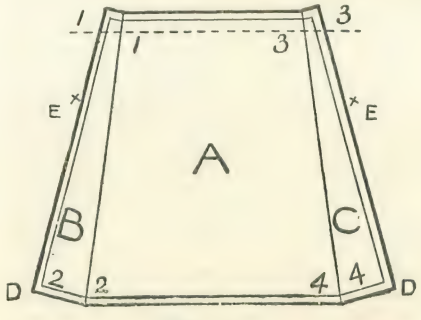
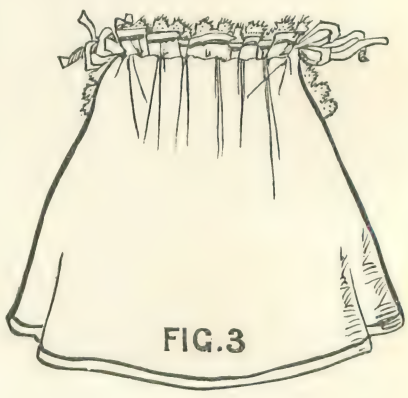


FIG. 2.


FIG. 3

finger, at each end of the tapes; through these loops you must pass some ribbon to tie a bow on each shoulder which unites back and front, and can so easily be removed for washing, besides giving a charming finish to the little pinafore.

This pattern looks especially pretty if made of handkerchiefs with what are known as tape borders, particularly those with fine lines, and then if armholes and frills are edged with lace or embroidery, you have quite a dainty garment.

"COUSIN LIL."

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"BETTER UNBORN THAN UNTAUGHT."

"QUIEN CON TERROS SE ECHA, CON PULGAS SE LEVANTA."



MARA paced up and down the walled court, breathing rather than singing music over the child, and the other women, some with babies in their arms, intently listening.

By degrees the infant ceased crying, and an expression of content stole over his face, as his thumb went into his mouth, and his large eyes fixed themselves on Mara. She asked Mrs. Roderick to leave him with her until he slept, and that lady departed doubtfully.

So Mara sang on until the baby slumbered in her arms, and then she carried him into the house and laid him in a sort of rough cradle.

Mrs. Roderick reappeared to fetch Mara to tea.

"If you will take it with us, Miss Vaughan," she said, "I shall be very glad. It is ready."

Mara glanced at the baby, nodded to Gwen and the other women, and followed Mrs. Roderick.

They passed through the room where the pauper meals were cooked, and through their long cheerless dining-room into Mrs. Roderick's cheerful kitchen. It was like coming from darkness into light.

"You will excuse the kitchen," said the matron. "We have our meals here because it is warm and bright."

"Thank you; it is very pleasant. But in future I will have my tea with the children," said Mara.

"They don't have tea. No tea is allowed unless ordered by the doctor."

"No tea; what a shame!" exclaimed Mara who was of opinion with many others in the workhouse that life was not worth having without tea. "I suppose I may give them some?"

"It don't do to be too kind, Miss Vaughan," said Mr. Roderick, who came in to tea, "you'll soon find out what a cantankerous set the paupers are. I began by being kind, but I soon got tired of it. If you think too much of the paupers the Board grumble because they represent the poor-rates and rate-payers; if you want to please the Board the paupers grumble, so you'd better please yourself, or like the old man and his ass, you'll be ruined amongst 'em. You'll want eyes in every part of your head, and ears all over your body, a firm hand and a hard heart."

Mara interrupted Mr. Roderick by asking what was expected of her. He replied—

"The whole charge of the children. When you can't manage 'em come to me and I'll give 'em a touch up. They must be clean and tidy, keep their rooms and clothes clean and mended, make their beds, learn to read, write, and cypher, say the church catechism, sing hymns, sew well, and do as much more as you can make 'em. You'll have a stiffish examination, and as your salary depends on your certificate, the commissioners will ask you questions that 'ould puzzle many a member of parliament. Those who make the laws for the poor couldn't answer half the questions they expect the masters and mistresses of the national and union schools to answer. Sir Thomas ap Thomas couldn't, though he's no fool, and sharp enough about the game laws. But members of parliament are no better than other people. Of course, Miss Vaughan, what I say at my own tea-table is sacred."

"Quite," said Mara, seeing that an answer was expected.

"Then as I was saying you'll have an examination that of course a boarding-school young lady like you will be up to, but which 'ould floor a parson. History, geography, botany, grammar, astronomy, algebra, and all the arts and sciences."

"At what age do the children come into the school-room?" asked Mara of the matron.

"At about two or three. The women nurse them till then."

"If I might have the baby sometimes he would be used to me," said Mara hesitating.

"You would find him a great inconvenience, and he would interrupt the lessons of the other children," said the matron. "But you will be sure to see him sometimes, and have enough of him when he gets to the schoolroom, if you are here then."

Mara said no more and soon left the kitchen.

When the children were in bed Mara had time to think and to ask herself what she had done. She had not imagined what sort of place a workhouse was, or to what she had subjected herself. She sat in her bedroom looking on the distant moonlit sea, and ruminated on the past and present, contrasting her home life with the one she had chosen, and praying for Gerwyn's return. As she looked on the sea all sorts of morbid fancies arose, and she pictured him in some great danger of his life from shipwreck, pirates, sickness, or she knew not what.

As twilight deepened and the room darkened, her imagination teemed with more and more horrible visions till she grew too excited longer to bear the stillness. Rising she lighted a candle, and went into the dormitories of her sleeping charges.

She walked gently through the long rooms, pausing at each bed to study the faces of the children with whom she would have to do. She stood beside the handsome boy who had so frankly given his opinion of her beauty in the afternoon. He lay with his round rosy face on one chubby hand while the other was clenched outside the coverlet as if grasping some imaginary plaything. His story, as she learnt it afterwards, was a sad one. His mother, a gipsy, had entered the workhouse with him, an infant, had sickened of the restraint and made her escape leaving him behind. He was the most interesting of those ten unfortunates, and Mara stood over him and kissed his flushed cheek. Of the other boys in that chilly dormitory three had their parents in the union, five were orphans, and four had been left by father or mother to the tender mercies of the parish.

In the girl's room Mara was again attracted to the little one who had sat on her lap that afternoon. She was the child of the Mrs. Meredith dying of consumption in the sick ward. Her name was Emily, and so sweet a child face had rarely slept on that poor pillow. Mara's tears fell involuntarily as she looked at it. The round fair cheeks, slightly coloured with a pink flush, the white eyelids like closed lily buds, the golden hair resting on the open brow, the clothes tossed off in the restlessness of sleep, disclosing the little feet and arms, made up a picture such as Mara had never seen before. She stood gazing at it until her own face flushed as the thoughts rushed through her mind that to these sixteen children, of whom this was the youngest and loveliest, she was to act the part of mistress, mother, and teacher. A heavy sigh from the little breast of Emily drew her nearer the bed, and the light of her candle falling upon the child's face made the sweet blue eyes unclose for a moment. She put down the candlestick, gently drew the bedclothes over the little girl, and kneeling down by the bedside, nestled her face close to hers. The sweet eyes re-closed and the little breath ceased to sigh. Did the dying mother in the sick ward see in vision the kneeling form and feel comforted?

Mara, impulsive by nature, vowed a vow before her God. There on her knees, cheek to cheek with one of His slumbering earth angels, she resolved to devote herself to those poor children. She knew that to them their cold step-dame, the parish, would show neither love nor tenderness, except through her, her appointed representative. She would, then, be a true mother to them, and as this resolution was formed in her mind, a prayer for help rose from her heart. But this was followed by a sob so convulsive that she was obliged to rise hastily from her knees. She shuddered as she glanced down the long, dark room and then passed through it. The idea of a prison again arose at its bareness and coldness. Surely this was

nothing more than a juvenile reformatory, and she its jailer.

When she got to her bedroom she again fell on her knees and gave vent to her repressed sobs. Many more vows and prayers were registered, and it seemed as if her heart must burst at its inward struggle.

As the sun, wind, rain, atmosphere develops the plants, so does the atmosphere of life develop character. The Mara of that night was not the Mara of her previous life, and Mr. Vaughan would not have known his own daughter had he read her heart at that moment.

She went to bed, but she courted sleep in vain. If she for a moment lost consciousness, she started, frightened by what seemed the cry of a baby, the stern reproaches of her father, or the shrieks of shipwrecked men. Lying awake, midway between those long dormitories of the children, she watched the moonbeams come in at her window and wander over the whitewashed walls, as if in search of something warmer than themselves to play with. She saw them spy out the half-veiled panes of those two watch-windows of hers, and peep in and out of them, until she morbidly fancied them her sub-jailers, prying in at the sleeping children, and she was fain to get up and so fasten the unwilling curtains that the cold glances of those inquisitors could no longer penetrate them.

When she tried to compose herself, the low moaning of the sea troubled her, and brought her husband so vividly before her that she thought he was in the room. She started up again, and opening her window looked out upon the night in order to dispel this illusion; but no sooner was this passed away than some other evil influence crept over her, and she could only cover her head with the bedclothes and wait for morning.

This dawned at last, and she rose wearily to her new duties.

She asked Delia, the monitress already mentioned, to tell her exactly what Miss Jones did, and the ready, but disagreeable girl went fluently through the daily routine. It was to her that Miss Jones had delegated much of her authority, and Mara guessed that she pushed and pinched the children not a little.

At eight o'clock the big bell rang, and Mara marshalled them downstairs to the large refectory, where a breakfast of bread and gruel awaited them. She watched the men and women come in separately and seat themselves at tables apart from one another and from the children. She watched the tokens of recognition between husband and wife, parent and child, as they sat divided from each other and silent, and her young heart ached to think that honest poverty could be such a sin! for she knew that much of this poverty was honest, even if much of it had been caused by wilful idleness. She began to wonder whether something could not be devised for the aged and respectable unfortunates better than this, and apart from the wilfully profligate.

As she wondered and gazed Gwen came in with a cross and resolute countenance, the foundling in her arms screaming lustily.

"I can't keep this baby quiet noways," she said. "He have kep me awake all night. You must take him, for I'm going away."

Mara started forwards.

"Let me nurse him while you have your breakfast," she said.

Gwen gave the baby up willingly and joined the other women, many of whom had infants in their arms.

"There's kind she is!" said several of them.

Mara went into the court and walked up and down, singing her Welsh lullaby until the baby fell asleep. She saw that he was ill and changed, and returning to the dining-room with him she told the matron so, as she passed her on her way to her own room.

She laid the foundling on her bed, and sat by him till the children came, accompanied by the matron.

"He may as well stay here until Mr. Traherne comes to christen him," said the latter, "that is to say if you have no objection, Miss Vaughan."

"None," said Mara, curtly.

The matron went away and lessons began. Mara found the children generally dull and spiritless, cowed by former hard treatment, and afraid to answer the questions she put to them. But when they saw little Emily sit lovingly on her lap, and found that they received neither cuffs, shakes, nor pinches, they gained courage by degrees, and became at home with her.

"You mustn't teach them in Welsh, ma'am," said Delia, as Mara was trying to make a little girl who could not speak a word of English understand her lesson.

"I shall teach them as I choose," said Mara, longing to give the forward girl that box on the ear which she had not yet administered.

But she found afterwards that Delia was right, and that she must obey rules, and she thought it very foolish to make children read a language that they could not understand. This same Delia was the head of the school, and could do sums and many other things that Mara could not.

When the baby awoke and began its painful cry, she sent Letitia to quiet it, a girl with a round fat face and big honest eyes, whom she fancied. Delia was jealous, and assured her that Letitia was so clumsy that she would let the child fall; but Mara told her to hold her tongue, as she would not be interfered with. At this two big boys nudged one another and grinned a grin of pleasure, not unperceived by Mara or Delia. The latter walked up to them, and unseen by Mara, laid hold of an ear of each and said in a whisper, as she pinched them emphatically,

"Now take you care how you laugh at me, and mind you, don't you squeal or I'll pay you off." Then she looked calmly over their sums and said aloud, "Bill, that figure's wrong. Nine times thirteen is a hundred and seventeen, and six to carry is a hundred and twenty-three, and that's six pound three, and you've set down a ten."

Mara was confounded at the girl's cleverness, knowing that she must have made a separate sum on the slate to arrive at the result herself.

Soon after twelve o'clock Mariana came to see her sister, and as the children were in the court they met alone.

"Nanno, what good you would do here," said Mara, after pouring out rapidly her impressions of the workhouse system, which were not favourable.

"You will kill yourself if you stay, dear," said Nanno.

"You must help to keep me alive," said Mara. "Come and see Shanno's baby."

She led her sister into her bedroom, where Letitia was vainly attempting to soothe the foundling. She took him in her arms and began her lullaby.

"It cannot be Mara," thought the astonished Nanno as she watched her.

When the baby was quieted, Mara took him into the school-room and sat down with him on her lap.

"Don't go yet, Nanno," she said, "I have a hundred things to say, and you must do a hundred things for me. You must buy me tea, sugar, bread, everything that I want, for I do not choose to take my meals with the master and matron. I must have plenty, for I must give to the poor wretches in this prison. I believe they allow me about twopence a day for my meals above the workhouse fare, besides twenty pounds a year; but of course I can't live on that. I sha'n't want money for clothes, and you can send me things from home."

"My dear Mara," interrupted Nanno, "father says that you must abide by all the rules here, and live as if Tyrmynydd were twenty miles off."

"Live on prison fare? Very well," said Mara, indignantly.

"But it is your own choice, Mara."

"I know that, and I will abide by it. Will you take my purse and buy me what I want? I shall be of age in a year or two, and then I shall have two thousand pounds."

"You may have all my pocket-money, dear Mara. But, indeed, you had better come home."

"Look at the baby!" cried Mara, with a kind of shriek.

"He is convulsed; you had better get the matron," said Nanno.

"Hold him while I go," said Mara, and rushed through the house in search of Mrs. Roderick who was in the sick ward with Dr. Herbert.

"The baby, the baby! Come to the baby or he will die," she gasped.

"What baby? What on earth is the matter?" said Dr. Herbert.

"Come, come," said Mara, seizing him by the arm, "he is dying!"

The doctor and the matron followed Mara. They found Mariana in great alarm, for the baby was in strong convulsions.

Dr. Herbert ordered a warm bath, and Mrs. Roderick went to prepare it.

"Will he die?" asked Mara and Nanno, in a breath.

"Probably not, but what can it signify to you?" said the doctor.

"Cruel! and you a father!" exclaimed Mara.

"The poor little sufferer is better out of the world than in it," said the doctor, bending over the infant, now in Mara's arms.

Mrs. Roderick returned and said the bath was ready. She was accompanied by Betty True Blue, who offered to take the child, but Mara said she would carry him herself; so they all went to the bath-room.

Crossing the hall on their way they saw Parson Traherne at the door. Mrs. Roderick stopped to speak to him.

"I am very glad you are come, sir," she said. "There is a pauper child likely to die, and the master is anxious to have him christened. I am sorry to trouble you again so soon, as you christened eight here last week."

"Did I, indeed!" said Mr. Traherne.

"Will you walk into the board-room and wait a few minutes, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly. Eight! Did I, indeed!"

Mr. Traherne went into a large, comfortable room, where the guardians sat every Saturday to discuss the best way of making the poor-rate as low as possible, to please themselves and the parish. He was a man celebrated amongst his parishioners for great absence of mind.

He sat in the board-room, ruminating, until Mrs. Roderick reappeared. She led the way into the large pauper dining-room, where a basin of water and a Prayer-book were placed upon one of the tables, round which stood the party already named. The bath had partially restored the baby, although he still looked more dead than alive, as he lay in the arms of Betty True Blue.

"No time to lose, sir," said Betty.

"Be quick, uncle," said Dr. Herbert, "or the child may die before you have baptised him."

"Into the bosom of the church," muttered the parson. "The godfathers and godmothers, where are they?".

"We mustn't be particular," said the matron, "the master often stands godfather, and I godmother."

"I will be godmother," said Mara. "Dr. Herbert, I am sure you will be godfather."

The doctor, who had remained at Mara's request, was surprised and irresolute.

Mr. Traherne opened the Prayer-book at the Marriage-Service, as was his wont.

"Uncle, uncle!" whispered the doctor, finding the proper place, and then the service began.

Solemn as it always is, it was more than usually so, when the half-dead baby was presented to be admitted into the Christian Church, surrounded by that group of strangers. Mariana, who had never heard the beautiful service before, listened to it reverently, and uplifted her heart in prayer for the forsaken, suffering infant.

When the Christian name was asked, Mara immediately said "Ivor." At this name, Mr. Traherne looked with interest at the child, and became aware, for the first time, of the presence of Mara.

He twice murmured the name, "Ivor, Ivor," in an absent way, and then added, "Gerwyn Ivor," the names of his best-beloved nephew.

"Go on, uncle," whispered the doctor.

He went on, and gave the baby both names. Doctor Herbert looked annoyed, but did not interrupt the service.

When it was concluded, Betty hurried away with the baby, and Mara was about to follow when Mr. Traherne stopped her.

He looked timidly round, and seeing that his nephew, Doctor Herbert, was talking to the matron, he said,—

"How is it, Mara? When did you come home, child? What of our dear Gerwyn? Why do you look so ill, and why are you here?"

"I cannot stay, Mr. Traherne. You know as much of Gerwyn as I do," replied Mara.

"Don't be hard upon me, Mara. You know it isn't my fault. Dear fellow! it was all his doing. You know I doat upon the boy, and would give my right hand to have him back. When he comes, Mara, when he comes — you know!"

"Yes—yes!" said Mara, impatiently.

"Good-bye—Good-bye. Here's Llewellen—not a word to him."

Mr. Traherne held his sister's son, the doctor, in great awe, for he never spared his uncle, and constantly jested on his lack of memory.

When they were out of the union Dr. Herbert attacked his uncle.

"What made you call that child after poor Gerwyn, uncle? I am not very particular, but really that was too absurd."

"Mara gave the name as godmother."

"Mara is demented; she is so foolishly in love with Gerwyn, that she would give his name to any beggar's brat in the country, just to hear it. But she only said Ivor."

"Do you know, Llewellen, that the child somehow brought Gerwyn and his christening to my mind."

"Complimentary to your favourite nephew and his family, to say nothing of your own church, in which you baptised him. What would my mother say?"

"Don't tell her—don't tell her. You know that family names is one of her weak points, and Gerwyn Ivor has belonged to us for generations. We date the one from King Arthur's court, and the other from an ancient Cymric prince. I am afraid my memory is beginning to fail, nephew!"

Dr Herbert laughed.

"I am afraid it is, but not for names apparently."

"No, perhaps not. I glory in our family names, and in the Christian names your mother and I have given you boys. There is a princely ring in Montgomery, Glendwr, Tudor, Gerwyn, Ivor, to say nothing of yours, Llewellen."

"I am afraid we don't appreciate the 'princely ring' as we ought. I hope the pauper foundling will know better."

"Dear me! dear me! We must undo it, nephew."

"For your comfort, uncle, Nature will soon undo it, I hope, by removing the poor child from this wicked world."

Dr. Herbert was not a hard-hearted man, but the "hope" sprang from the feeling that it would be better for the orphan pauper to die in infancy than to live for the life before him.

"What has Margaret Vaughan to do with the workhouse?" asked Mr. Traherne.

"Who can tell? A sentimental fancy has taken her there against her father's will. I suppose she means to do penance for sending Gerwyn to sea."

"Did she send him?"

"Well, he went off in a hurry, as you ought to remember, because her father wouldn't let them marry."

"Wasn't your father as bad?"

"I am glad to say he was when he found Vaughan so stiff."

"I wish with all my heart they had run away to Gretna Green, or anywhere at a distance. Then Gerwyn, then Mara, then I, then you, then——"

"Then old Vaughan would have renounced his daughter for ever, and my father would have made a great bluster and built a house for them, and set them up in life as he has done the rest of us."

"I wish he had. Poor Gerwyn! I never saw a boy so much in love in my life. Do you know, Llewellen, he used to come and confide it all to me, and he, and I, and—and Mara——"

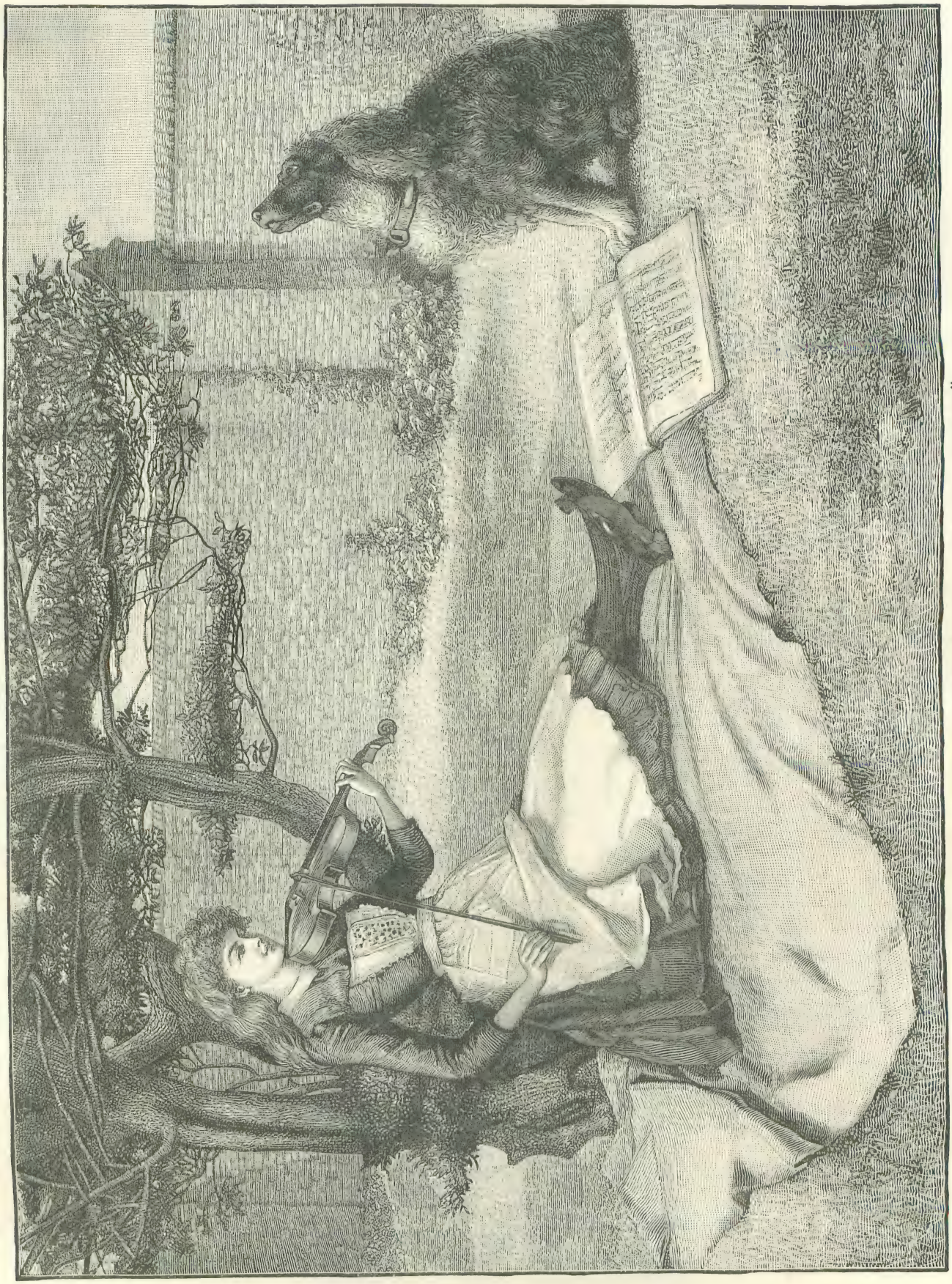
"If I ever fall in love again, uncle, I shall not take you into my confidence."

"By no means, nephew. I hate secrets, and my memory is so bad that I am sure to let them out. I am afraid it is failing—what do you think?"

Dr. Herbert shook his head, and uncle and nephew soon after parted, the one to go to his rectory and dinner, the other to his surgery and patients.

(*To be continued.*)





"LEO TOOK UP HIS PLACE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MUSIC AND HOWLED."

"THROUGH THE YEARS."

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

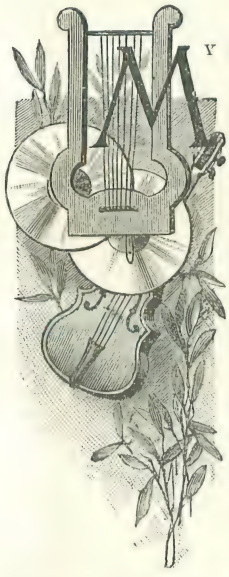
KEEP up, brave heart, and falter not, although
The road be hard and flowers grow not near,
'Tis easy walking when soft grass below
And Heaven's blue above delight and cheer.
But in the grim dark weather, on the stones
Which hurt us, then a steady march along
With head upheld, and smiles instead of moans,
Bearing our lot; nay, helping 'midst the throng
The feebler ones who faint beside the way;
That is a life which leads to perfect day.

As time rolls on one lesson comes to all:
The need of patience, and a sober mind,
Expecting not that at our eager call,
Within our grasp we untold bliss shall find.
That bird of Paradise, with shining eyes,
And many-coloured plumage golden bright,
Which flutters o'er us, and for our sad sighs
Shows glorious visions bathed in seas of light;
But visions only, like the morning dew
They vanish as we pass the long years through.

Yet there is much of happiness on earth—
Some days are grey, but many have the sun
To gild their hours—gladness then and mirth
Attend upon them, and our footsteps run
On mossy turf 'neath shade of sheltering trees;
Peace in our soul, and music in our ears,
Painless in body, and a mind at ease,
Quiet, and fearing nought for future years.
With cheerful heart and looking for the best,
Let us then journey to the endless rest.

"OUR LITTLE GENIUS."

By MARY E. HULLAH.



CHAPTER I.

MY mother is the best and kindest person in the world. I, Nora Crofton, wish to make this statement in order that you who read the account of my first visit from home may not say, "Ah, that girl was badly brought up!" or, "Poor thing; the home influence was deplorable." I could not bear that.

My father died long ago, and I am the only child. I remained a baby in many ways much longer than girls in large families do. "Growing up and coming out," were put off as long as possible, and I actually wore short frocks and my hair down till I was sixteen. Now that I am twenty it seems to me ridiculous.

Our home is situated in the outskirts of a country town. My father was rector of Stoneford, and when he died we came to Moorlands, and there we have lived ever since. Mother has a lovely face with brown hair and gentle brown eyes. I just mention this in order that you may feel as if you knew her, though of course good looks don't matter—at least, not much. When I was twelve years old I went to school; however, I was so miserable away from home, that after the first term mother took me away again.

Some of our friends laughed at me because my school career came to such an abrupt termination. Dick Jesson especially used to tease me, but I did not mind. Dick had just become his father's partner; he is so very learned that I suppose he is obliged to talk nonsense occasionally just for a change. Dr. Jesson (the old one) is proud of his son, and delighted that he has condescended to settle down at Stoneford for the present.

"He might have done much better for himself," Dr. Jesson said, "but he is a good boy, and likes to help his old father."

That is all very well, but Dick is an only son and his parents are rather prepossessed in his favour. I am not sure that I think only children are as agreeable as other people; however, perhaps I had better not talk about that. After I left school I worked very hard with mother, and I went to classes in Stoneford, and of course there was always my music, which I liked best. On looking back, I have come to the conclusion that I must have been very troublesome in those days. I had so many ideas. At one time I thought that I should like to be a thorough housewife as well as a musician and a painter. I tried to persuade mother to send away the servants and let me do the work. She did not agree to this proposal, as you may imagine, but she made arrangements that I should join a cooking-class, and gave me various little tasks to perform at home. The cooking-class amused me at first; one day I burnt my hand, and if I had not been ashamed to say so, I should have been glad to give up the lessons. As for the home duties, I did them by fits and starts, on the whole I was more hindrance than help; and now I was profoundly grateful to mother that she had not broken up the household to please me. I explained to her at some length that I had no domestic gifts.

"Never mind the gifts, my Nora; you can't learn all you ought to know in a few days. You must be patient and not try to do too much at once."

Nevertheless, soon after this I started an aquarium and forgot to feed the fish. I turned dressmaker, and spoilt mother's new dress because I insisted upon cutting it out from a pattern of my own invention. I started a German conversation class, at which nobody spoke a word except the teacher. I had a desire to become a house decorator, and painted my own room furniture two or three times in a month, till I spoilt the old-fashioned mahogany. All this I did in my play hours. I still kept on with regular lessons and music.

I worked at the violin for a year. I used to get up early and practise. One summer morning I took my violin into the garden and sat with my back against a tree playing. Our dog Leo came too, he was highly delighted to see me out so early. At first he lay at my feet and listened like the well-behaved dog he is. After a little while he jumped up and licked my hand, and finally he took up his place on the other side of the open music-book and howled till I was forced to leave off practising, and run round the garden till the breakfast-bell rang. Afterwards I gave up the violin, as my master said that I had begun too late, and had better keep to the piano, but I always maintain that Leo settled the question.

I wore a dress with a train every evening. I was grown-up at last, when mother received a letter from her cousin, Mr. Charingbourne, inviting me to pay him and his wife a long visit.

"I remember Nora as a very clever girl," ran the letter; "she is of an age now to profit by good lessons. If you will trust her to us for a time, we will do our best for her."

The Charingbournes lived in a fine old house about forty miles from London. I read the letter and looked at mother.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charingbourne are such kind friends, it would be an advantage to you, my child, to see a little society and the ways of other people. I think you must go."

"I don't care for society, mother darling, and your ways are the best in the world; but I do want to have lessons in London, and to go to concerts, and see the picture galleries."

It was settled that I was to go to Fairborough House in a fortnight. There was hardly time to get my clothes in order. I lived in a whirl of excitement, and our friends came to congratulate and wish me success. It was rather hard that when I met Dick Jesson (who is a very old friend) he only said in his dry manner, "So I understand, Nora, that our quiet life is not good enough for you."

Dick cannot take things seriously. I was

determined to show my disapproval of his foolish joke. "I am going away in order to improve myself," I said, and walked away to the other side of the room.

The good-byes were over. I had waved my hand to mother from the carriage-window, and I had started on my journey. The first station after leaving Stoneford is a few miles down the line.

Young Dr. Jesson was standing on the platform as the train drew up. He saw me directly, and came to the carriage-window.

"Have you any message to Moorlands when I go back?"

I forgot that his disrespectful speech had offended me a few days ago; he seemed to be the last link between me and home. The tears were in my eyes as I answered:

"My dear love to mother, say that I am well and happy; and oh! please" (he was quite serious) "take care of her. Now that it is too late, I don't want to leave her."

"It is not for very long," he said kindly; "but I promise, if that will make you any happier, that we will take great care of Mrs. Crofton;" the train moved on. "If you are wanted, if my father thinks that she is too much alone, I will send and let you know."

When he likes, Dick Jesson can be very friendly.

* * * *

Late in the afternoon I arrived at Fairborough House.

"You have your mother's eyes, my dear Nora," was Mr. Charingbourne's greeting; "but you are like your father too. I hope and believe that you have inherited his talents. I hear that you are a very accomplished young lady already."

I blushed and felt, for an accomplished lady, exceedingly foolish. Mrs. Charingbourne kissed me affectionately.

"Welcome to Fairborough, my dear; you must be quite at home with us; I shall look upon you as a daughter for your mother's sake. Come, and let me introduce you to two young friends. I trust that you will get on well together, although neither of them is quite your intellectual equal. And you are a first-rate musician, are you not?"

Mrs. Charingbourne looked like a picture in her white lace cap and Indian shawl, and she had a very pleasant way of speaking, nevertheless I hardly knew how to answer her. This was such a curious method of introducing me to her two young friends; I hoped that they would not take a dislike to me at first sight.

"Blanche Grey is staying with us, and Lucy Warden lives in the neighbourhood, she is our vicar's daughter, my dear Nora."

I liked Blanche Grey. She wore a blue serge dress, and had a stylish air about her which captivated me at first sight. Lucy Warden was a beautiful girl, a few years older; she too received me politely, but she said very little, and I thought to myself, "You are proud, and we shall not get on together."

When Mrs. Charingbourne left the room, Blanche took the position of hostess quite naturally; inquired if I had brought my violin, and said how much she wished that she could sing. She set me at my ease at once.

"Miss Warden plays the piano splendidly," explained Blanche, including Lucy in the conversation quite easily.

Lucy shook her head. "You must not praise me too much, or Miss Crofton will be disappointed. I hope," she added, turning to me, "that you will come and see me. We live quite close to the park gates."

I accepted her invitation because I did not know how to refuse it; but I thought she ought to have said that she wanted to hear *me* play. She treated me like a child.

"I am really very glad that you have come," observed Blanche. "Mrs. Charingbourne is talking of getting up a concert on her 'At Home' day, and she relies upon you to help her. There is to be a dinner-party next week too. I have got a lovely pink silk dress. What will you wear?"

"I don't know. I have a new white dress; perhaps Mrs. Charingbourne will tell me if it will do, or will you advise me?"

I felt positive by this time that whatever Blanche said would be right. "My dear girl, I will do anything in the world for you; that's what I am here for. You don't know how the Charingbournes talk about you! They said that you were a perfect little genius, and that you wrote a poem when you were five years old! You can't think how relieved I was when I saw you!"

"Were you?"

"Oh, yes! I expected that you would wear blue spectacles, and be hideous, and I was very agreeably disappointed. Now about your dress; you must show it to me. Everything depends upon style, and you ought to look your best. Have you written much poetry lately?"

This was really very pleasant, and when Lucy took her leave, and Blanche and I were left alone, we agreed to call each other by our Christian names, and I came to the conclusion that I was a very lucky girl to have found so charming a companion.

Blanche and I were treated like daughters of the house. Mrs. Charingbourne had given us rooms in what was called the children's wing. A passage and a baize door shut us off from the main body of the house; my room was next to a cozy sitting-room, and Blanche was on the landing above, up a winding staircase that looked as if it were hundreds of years old. "The sitting-room used to be Walter Charingbourne's nursery," explained Blanche; "but, of course, you know that he was brought up here, as you are cousins. It is very pretty, isn't it? My maid sleeps in the room next to mine, so you need not be nervous, dearest Nora."

Nervous! I should think not. I delighted in the queer passages, the nooks and corners, and especially in an old tower, which was only to be approached by a steep staircase.

(*To be continued.*)

COURT COOKERY.

By FANNY L. GREEN.

"WOMEN can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery," was the somewhat ungallant dictum of Dr. Johnson. The learned doctor was so far right, however, that it was reserved for the beginning of the present century to disprove his censure by giving us the famous work of Mrs. Rundle. Till that time Court cookery and the writing of cookery-books had remained almost entirely in the hands of men.

More than three centuries of English Court cookery are preserved for us in the *Forme of Cury*, compiled by the "chief master-cooks of that best and royalest viander of all Christian kings, Richard II., by assent and argument of masters of physic and philosophy that dwelt in his Court." This fourteenth-century cookery-book, together with the Court cook's manual of a century later, *A Noble Boke of Cookery*, gives us a very fair idea of the fare served at royal and noble tables in mediæval England.

We are apt to think that in those days of hard fighting kings and potentates sat down to tables spread with large joints, magnificent sides of venison, and barons of beef, but this was far from being the case. In an age when forks were undreamt of, courtiers were content to dine off soups and spoon-meats.

Mediæval pottages were mostly of a vegetable character, sometimes enriched with minced meats of various kinds, or with the gravy drawn from stews. Fish soups were also in much request, and a favourite dish at noble tables was a pottage of small birds boiled in almond-broth, enriched with lard, and flavoured with pellitory, onions, and salt. These thin soups were eaten with bread. Thicker soups, or "brewets," were thickened with bread, frumenty, rice, oatmeal, or prepared barley.

The mediæval Court cook, in place of joints, relied on "mortrews," or made dishes, pounded with pestle and mortar to a pulp in a *mortarium*. No piece of meat was served in hash or soup larger than a man's thumb. The peacock, the heron, swan, and crane were occasionally sent whole to table—a fine exercise for the carver's skill—but it was far more usual for the seemingly whole bird to be in reality in pieces ready for serving. Even the royal fish, the sturgeon, was "shorn in pieces, and steeped over-night and seethed, then eaten in vinegar."

It must not be supposed, though, that the carver's post was a sinecure. Wild-fowl and the smaller ground-game were generally put on the table whole, and he was expected to poise each portion dexterously on his knife, conveying it to the plate without touching it with his fingers. When he had venison or other meat to carve, he pared away the gristle, then slit it up into four strips holding together at the end, which served as a handle to the forkless courtier. The carver, too, had his own proper terminology. He broke a deer, rered a goose, sauced a capon, unlaced a rabbit, spoiled a hen, displayed a crane, disfigured a peacock, winged a partridge or quail, thighed "all manner of small birds," and bordered a pasty—terms that persisted in English cookery down to Stuart times.

For sweets, up to Reformation times, the Court cook had tarts and tartlets, pancakes and fritters, "blank mang" and custard, almond-cakes, and "subtleties" in pastry and sugar. Richard's master-cooks made their apple-tarts of "good apples, good spice, and figs and raisins, and pears, well brayed or pounded in a mortar, and coloured with saffron." The mixture was then placed in a "coffin," or dish covered with a lid of paste. Their Lenten tarts contained shredded fish among the sweet ingredients.

The blanc-manges and custards of modern cooks differ greatly from the preparations that were served at royal tables in pre-Reformation times under these names. The mediæval blanc-mange was composed of pounded chicken or fish, mixed with rice and almond-milk. For a custard, veal was chopped into small pieces and boiled in a pot. Pepper, cloves, mace, and saffron were boiled in wine,

and added to the mixture, with chopped sage and hyssop. The custard was then thickened with eggs, and on the addition of cut dates and powdered ginger was baked in a "coffin."

The "subtleties" of royal and noble feasts were seldom intended to be eaten. Gaily coloured and decorated, they were the ornaments of the table and the appropriate vehicle for the exercise of mediæval compliment and wit. At the coronation feast of Henry V., the subtleties consisted of antelopes, swans, cygnets, and eagles, "each with a Scriptural text or motto in her bille." They were even more elaborate at his bridal feast. Catherine of France had then in front of her a subtlety representing a pelican on a nest with her birds, and St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the doctors; a subtlety representing a panther, with an image of St. Catherine with a wheel in her hand; and a "marchpayne," or great cake, garnished with figures of angels, and an image of St. Catherine. In each case there was an appropriate motto.

At royal banquets from the Conquest to the Reformation it was customary to serve three courses. With the beginning of the fifteenth century the practice came in of prefacing the feast with a whet of brawn sauced with mustard, and a glass of malmsey, and of adding an after-course, the "voider" consisting of hippocras, cheese, fruit, and wafers. In the "voider," which in Stuart times was termed the "issue," we have the origin of the modern dessert.

Salads seem to have been served in mediæval times before flesh and fish. The recipe followed by Richard II.'s cooks was this: "Take parsley, sage, garlic, young onions, leek, borage, mint, fennel, and cresses, rue, rosemary, purslain; lave and wash them clean; pick them, pluck them small with thine hand, and mix them well with raw oil. Flavour with vinegar and salt."

During the Tudor period the taste for large joints came in. The portions of meat served in rich soups and gravies had gradually become larger and larger, till, for the convenience of the carver, it became necessary to serve them on separate dishes. The Court thus acquired the royal dishes of baron and chine of beef. Queen Elizabeth was not content with two weekly fish-days. "Fish," writes one of her subjects, "is no small part of our sustenance in this realm of England. That flesh might be more plentiful and cheap, two days in the week—Friday and Saturday—are specially appointed for fish, and by the providence of our prudent Queen Elizabeth the Wednesday is also restrained to the same order; not for any religion or holiness supposed to be in the eating of fish rather than flesh, but only for the civil policy."

A foreigner in England, Paul Hentzner, has given us a graphic account of the ceremonies attending the laying of the Queen's table at Greenwich Palace. "A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another bearing a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled and placed what was brought on the table, they too retired. At last came an unmarried lady [we were told she was a countess], and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much care as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little time, the Yeomen of the Guard entered bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served on plate, most of it gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat for fear of poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner or more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court." The ceremonies thus described were the survival of still more elaborate mediæval provisions against poisoned dishes.

Among the virgin Queen's treasures were three forks, "one of crystal, garnished with gold and sparks of garnets; another of coral, slightly garnished with gold; and a third of gold, garnished with two little rubies, two little pearls pendant, and a little coral." These dainty toys were, however, designed for ornament, not use. The Queen was content to eat with her fingers, like her royal ancestors and cousin of Scots. The turkey, introduced in her father's time, was frequently served at her table, together with the older "chuets" and "mortresses," commended by no less an authority than Lord Bacon. Fruit seems to have made a goodly show at the Elizabethan board. Peaches and apricots, nectarines and figs, hot-house grapes and melons, pines and pomegranates had for their associates strawberries and cherries—the former sometimes eaten with clotted cream—and many choice varieties of pears.

In Stuart times even royal princesses dabbled in culinary matters. *A Queen's Delight*, a recipe-book of the year 1662, tells us how to make a "Cake the way of the Royal Princess, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First." The cake was thus made: "Take half a peck of flour, half a pint of rose-water, a pint of ale-yeast, a pint of cream, boil it, a pound and a half of butter, six eggs [leave out the whites], four pound of currants, one half pound of sugar, one nutmeg and a little salt, work it very well, and let it stand half an hour by the fire, and then work it again, and then make it up, and let it stand half an hour in the oven. Let not your oven be too hot."

With the establishment of the Commonwealth the Court cook fell on evil days. A royalist tract, "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell the wife of the late Usurper," gives a vivid if prejudiced account of "the sordid frugality of Protectress Joan." At Whitehall, "she herself employed a surveyor to make her little labyrinths and trap stairs, by which she might pass unseen, coming unawares upon her servants." Half capons were served at the Protectress's far from luxurious table. "There was not a joynt of meat for which the cook was not to give an account." Supper under her *régime* there was none, "eggs or some slops contenting Cromwell and her ladyship." Two anecdotes are also told of her want of liberality in affairs relating to the table. The Protector, to the surprise of his contemporaries, cared very little for feasting, but he was especially fond of oranges as a sauce to loin of veal. On the occasion of the rupture with Spain, he called in vain for this dainty. His wife assured him that oranges were oranges now, and that she did not intend to give a groat for one. In June, 1654, a poor woman took from her garden a peck and a half of early peas and carried them to Whitehall, hoping to get a good price for them from the Protectress. "Careful Joan," however, took them for a present, and sent the good woman by one of her maids the magnificent acknowledgment of a crown. As the woman had refused an angel for them in the Strand, a lively dispute ensued, which ended in the return of the peas to their grower. "Half-slightingly, and half-ashamedly, this great lady returned the present, putting it off with a censure upon the unsatisfactory daintiness of luxurious and prodigal epicurism." It is satisfactory to know that the woman got her price from a cook in the Strand.

The following are given as two of the Protectress's favourite recipes. Scotch collops of veal, "her almost constant dish," was thus prepared: "Take a fillet of veal, cut it into small slices, fat and lean, not too thick; take eight eggs, beat them very well, with a little salt; grate a whole nutmeg; take a handful of thyme, and strip it; take a pound of sausages; take half a pint of stewing oysters, the largest to be had, and cleanse them. Fry your veal with sweet butter, put in the sausages and oysters; take a quarter of a pound of capers and shred them very small; take three anchovies and dissolve them in white wine and fair water; so put in your eggs, shred capers and anchovies, butter and spice, and mingle them and strew them in the pan upon the veal and oysters. Serve it with sippets with a little fresh butter and vinegar, and lemons sliced, and barberries with a little salt. You must have a care to keep the meat stirring, lest the eggs curdle with the heat of the fire."

The other is a recipe for marrow puddings, which she "generally had to her breakfast." For this dish we are bidden to "Take one pound of best Jordan almonds, blanch them, beat them fine in a stone or wooden mortar [not in brass], with a little rose-water; take a pound of fine powdered sugar, a penny loaf grated, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the marrow of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris; mingle them together with a little salt, fill the skins, and boil them gently."

The Restoration brought in the fashion of French cookery, nor did the Court cook disdain to borrow novelties from his Italian brothers of the craft. The elaborate centre-piece prepared by Robert May for a Court supper on Twelfth-Night owed its origin partly to the old subtlety, partly to the carnival custom of pelting the public with egg-shells containing perfumed water. A ship of war, modelled in cardboard, was filled with toy guns, coated with pastry and sugar, decked gaily with flags and streamers, and placed in a great charger. In another charger was a cardboard castle covered with paste, and trains of powder were fired, while "to sweeten the smell of the powder" the ladies took egg-shells full of sweet waters from the chargers, and threw them at each other. From Italy, too, came the "surprise pies," of which the best known example is the pie served to Charles I., in which was encased the dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson. At Robert May's Twelfth-Night supper there were two surprise pies, made of coarse paste filled with bran, yellowed over with saffron and gilt in spots. One was filled with frogs which, hopping out, "caused the ladies to skip and shriek," the other with live birds which, flying out, put out the candles.

Cutlets came in from France, and a great variety of soups. The *chef* of Charles II., Giles Rose, had several recipes for *potages maigres*. His Snow Pottage was made of milk, eggs, rice and sugar; his *Potage à la reyne* was an eel-soup. In the place of turtle-soup he had tortoise-soup, made after this fashion: "Take your tortoises and cut off their heads and feet, and boyl them in fair water, and when they are almost boyled put to them some white wine, some sweet herbs,

and a piece of bacon, and give them a brown in the frying-pan with good butter, then lay them upon your bread a-steeping in good strong broth, and well-seasoned; garnish the dish with green sparrow-grass and lemon over it." Notwithstanding French influence, over-spicing and the injudicious mixing of incongruous flavours continued to be the bane of English cookery. Charles II. delighted in a pasty of Westphalian gammon in which the meat was boiled, minced, sugared, larded, and seasoned with pepper, cinnamon and citron before it was covered with paste. This bilious dainty was served hot, after being soaked with lemon-juice and covered with sugar.

After forks found their way to Court, the table-napkin came to be regarded as an ornamental part of the table service. Giles Rose gives instructions for folding napkins in bands, in the form of a cockle-shell, a melon, cock, hen, hen and chickens, two pullets, a pigeon upon her nest in a basket, a partridge, a pheasant, two capons in a pie, a hare, two rabbits, a sucking-pig, a dog with a collar about his neck, a pike, a carp, a turbot, a mitre, a turkey, a tortoise, a cross "like the Order of the Holy Ghost," and the "cross of Lorraine."

For the fare of the later Stuarts, our chief authority is Patrick Lamb, who was master-cook to Charles II., James II., William III. and Mary, and Queen Anne. In his *Complete Court Cook*, 1710, he gives the *menu* of a dinner served to William III. on May 20, 1700, and the *menus* of two dinners served to Anne in 1704 and 1705, respectively. Amongst his foreign recipes are two for cooking pike and haddock after the Dutch way. Doubtless these were favourite dishes at the table of William of Orange.

Queen Anne, to judge from *The Receipts of Mrs. Mary Eales, the Queen's Confectioner*, had a sweet tooth. In this old-fashioned recipe-book are to be found directions for making all manner of "clear fruit cakes"—gooseberry, currant, raspberry, "apricock," plum, orange, lemon, and pomegranate—and "fruit pastes"—gooseberry, cherry, currant, raspberry, "apricock," plum, quince, and orange. To make red-plum clear cakes, we are bidden to "Take Plums, half white and half black, or if you have no black, one third of Damsins, and as much water as will cover 'em; boil 'em very well; to a quart of the Plums put a quart of Apple-Jelly; boil 'em very well together; run it through a Jelly-Bag; to a Pint of the Jelly put a Pound and a Half of Sugar; let the Jelly boil, then stir in the Sugar, let it scald, not boil; put it through a thin Strainer in a broad Pan to take off the Scum, and put it in Pots in a stove. When it is candy'd on the top turn it out on a Glass; and if your Pots are too big, cut it; and when it is very dry, turn it again, and let it dry on the other side; twice turning is enough. If any of the Cakes stick to the Glass, hold 'em over a little Fire and they will come off. Take care the Jelly does not boil after the Sugar is in: You may make it paler or redder, as you best like, with more or less Black Plums."

The orange paste of the Queen's confectioner seems to have been very similar in its composition to her orange-drops. For the latter, oranges were sweetened and pulped through a hair-sieve. Enough juice was then added to make them thin enough to drop on a dish, when they were set on the stove to dry. To make Orange-Paste we are told to "Rasp the Oranges, cut 'em, and pick out all the Meat and all the Seeds from the Meat; boil the white Rinds very tender, drain 'em well, and beat 'em fine; to a Pint and a Half of the Meat put a Pound of the beaten Rind, mix it well, make it scalding hot, then put in three Pound of fine Sugar sifted through an Hair Sieve; stir it well in and scald it till the Sugar is well melted, then put in the Juice of three large Lemons; put the Paste in flat earthern Pans or deep Plates, set it in the stove till it is candy'd, then drop it on Glasses: Let what is too thin to drop stand till 'tis candy'd again. Once turning will candy it. Sevil Oranges make the best." A modern cook would like to know how many oranges should be pulped for this dish.

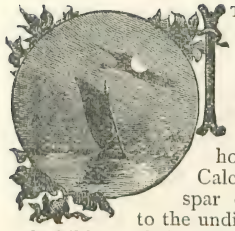
Other sweetmeats served to Queen Anne were fruit-biscuits [made of pulped fruit mixed with fine sugar and white of egg, dropped on papers and put in a cool oven], chocolate-almonds, iced almond-cakes, almond-paste, "ratafea-puffs," and "spunge biscuits." Isinglass blancmange, instead of being placed in a mould by the Court confectioner, was first put in "a broad Earthern Pan or China Dish." The next day it was cut with a "Jagging-Iron in long Slips and laid in Knots" on the dish it was served up in. Another favourite dainty of the Queen was seed-biscuit.

Some German dishes, as we should expect, found their way into the Court cook's art on the accession of the House of Hanover. The favourite dish of George II. was Rhenish soup. "Weston," he said on one occasion, "shall be my first cook, because he makes excellent Rhenish soup." George III. was homely in his table, as in all his tastes, but his eldest son was one of the greatest epicures in Europe. For a time he induced the great French *chef*, Carème, to brave the climate of perfidious Albion; but, though he offered him a pension for life equal to his salary, the artist of the kitchen insisted on returning to his beloved Paris. "My dear Carème," the Regent said on one occasion, "your dinner yesterday was superb. Everything you gave me was delicious. You will make me die of indigestion." "Mon Prince," Carème replied with a low bow, "my duty is to flatter your appetite, not to control it."

Of mediæval dishes the boar's head and the baron of beef are served to the Queen at Christmas. A rarer and more curious dish is placed before the Sovereign only at coronations. As lord of the manor of Addington, the Archbishop of Canterbury has the duty of presenting a dish *de la groute* to his Sovereign. This plum-porridge, or water-gruel, with plums in it, is of very ancient origin. William the Conqueror is recorded to have given his chief cook the manor of Addington "to be held by the service of making one mess, in an earthern pot in the kitchen of our Lord the King on the day of his Coronation, called *de la groute*."

FOR LOVE AND PITY.

By A. L. GLYN, Author of "Fifty Pounds for a Wife!"



It was a May evening in the Gulf of Aden. The dinner-bell had just sounded on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Punjaub*, homeward bound from Calcutta, and the wide spar deck was given over to the undisputed sway of ayahs and children, their noisy romping being unchecked by the presence of the one saloon passenger who yet lingered, heedless of the summons.

She had withdrawn into the stern, and was leaning over the side watching the long white wake of the vessel serpentining over the calm sea, and the hazy headland of Cape Guardafui melting into the blue distance beyond the dazzle and gleam of the sinking sun. She looked a forlorn little figure, with her black dress and sad, dark eyes, a girl of about nineteen, not ill-featured, but too pale and grave to possess any claim to beauty. She had come on board alone at Ceylon, her chaperon having been summoned away, at the last moment, to the sick bed of a brother, and Pauline Vaughan was still as lonely and friendless as when she had first stepped on deck in Colombo Harbour. It was partly the fault of her shyness and reserve, partly of her poverty, which kept her from joining in tournaments and sweepstakes that would have brought her into contact with the other passengers, and partly to the fact of her having embarked at Colombo, and consequently being regarded as an interloper by the Calcutta people, who nearly all knew each other, and had taken virtual possession of the ship.

Pauline's cabin was shared by an underbred Englishwoman, from Assam, while her neighbours at meals, a Burgher family from Ceylon, were even less attractive. To avoid them, Pauline did not usually go down until dinner was half over. She liked the deserted deck, where she could walk without the shrinking, timid consciousness of critical eyes upon her; and she liked to watch the games of the little ones, although, being totally unused to children, she was too shy to make them any overtures of friendship.

One little boy, Geoffrey Molyneux, especially attracted her, a blue-eyed, laughing toddler of three years old, with bright curls and brighter face, who made friends with everybody, and rarely cried over his frequent tumbles. His mother, the Hon. Mrs. Molyneux, a pretty, well-dressed widow, appeared to Pauline to be the most popular person on board, always the centre of a lively group, while there was invariably a rush amongst the men to secure her for a walk or dance on deck.

As Pauline lingered in the stern, little Geoffrey came trotting along the deck, holding his ayah's hand, and, pausing a few paces from her, the woman lifted the child to watch some flying fish in the water. Tired with his weight, she presently hoisted him on to the rail, holding him with one hand while she pointed to the leaping fish with the other. The sea depths were marvellously clear, and Pauline looked down wondering if the fish would prove an attraction to the sharks, for she had heard the captain remark that they abounded in these waters.

At this moment two little boys dashed past, one in headlong chase after the other. Just as the pursuer came abreast of Geoffrey's ayah he slipped, and fell against the woman who, thrown off her balance for the moment, lost hold of her charge. Pauline sprang forward with a cry of horror, but she was too late. There was a heavy splash in the water,

and the ayah stood, as if turned to stone, gazing wildly at the empty rail.

"Help! help!" cried Pauline, frantically, looking despairingly round the deck; not a quartermaster was in sight, but a chorus of shrieks arose from the ayahs and punkah-boys, and she knew that the officer on the bridge, if he had not seen it, would soon be made aware of the accident. Yet the child must drown before the ship could be stopped and a boat lowered to rescue him. It was useless to throw a lifebelt to a baby. For one instant Pauline hesitated; she could swim, but a horrible fear chained her to the spot—the sharks! Then she heard a smothered shriek, and caught a glimpse of a terrified child-face amid the white surge of the wake, and, without giving herself time to think, she seized a lifebelt, sprang upon the rail, and leaped overboard.

Coming up in the churned, raging water, she had a struggle to clear her sight and keep her head above water, but, guided by the child's cries, she struck out vigorously, and in spite of her clinging skirts succeeded, to her great joy, in reaching and catching him by the hair just as he seemed to be going under for the last time.

To soothe him was no easy matter, but presently, as the *Punjaub's* wash ceased to splash over them, and Pauline, with the support of the lifebelt, contrived to lift the little boy out of the water on her shoulder; his fears calmed under her assurances that a boat would come for them soon. The girl was careful to hide from him her dread that the boat would come too late. With a sickening feeling of terror she kept glancing round, on watch for the fatal gliding fin, heralding the approach of their merciless foes. All the horrible tales she had heard of sharks' voracity rushed through her mind, even while she mechanically soothed and comforted the child in her arms. Pauline's life was not so pleasant that she had much desire to prolong it for its own sake, but to die by such a death! She shuddered, and prayed wildly for succour, as, with all her strength, she struck out towards the ship. It seemed an eternity of horror. Would the boat never come? The burning rays of the low sun dazzled her eyes, the weight of the child seemed to press her down in spite of the supporting belt, and her dress clung like lead about her limbs. She was exhausting herself with her efforts, but quiescence was impossible in the face of the fear that spurred her on.

And exhaustion gradually dulled the keenness of her terror. A dreamy feeling stole over her, and her thoughts flew to the quiet English house in a dull seaside town where her childhood and youth had been passed in the sole company of two prim and peevish maiden aunts. She saw again their sharp sour faces, and the relieved air with which they had bidden farewell to the niece who had always known herself a troublesome burden on their charity, and then, in vivid contrast, rose the snowy verandah pillars of the Ceylon home to which her brother Claude had welcomed her, gleaming whitely from the shade of tamarind and mango tree, and surrounded by a garden, where roses and alamanders, sweet orchids and Bougainvillea, luxuriated in wild profusion, and even the hedge, dividing it from the road, was formed of hibiscus starred with bright red blossoms. Lost in her dream Pauline fancied herself strolling once more with Claude amongst the flowers. Beside them the thunbergia fell, a cascade of delicate lilac, to the ground; overhead the scarlet cup-shaped flowers of the spathodia flamed against the sky, and they paused as usual before the greedy pitcher-plant, with its insect traps, to break the blossoms, and release the captive flies.

A cry from Geoffrey startled her into consciousness.

"The boat," he cried, gleefully. "Geoff see the boat," and he waved his hand triumphantly.

And with a sudden shock of pain Pauline realised that Claude was dead and the gates of Paradise closed upon her. Her only refuge now was that gloomy English house, where she knew herself grudged every morsel she ate, and where she would be again held under the harsh discipline which had cowed and oppressed her childhood. Yet the next moment she would have given every memory of Paradise to be safe under that hated roof, for between her and the approaching boat she caught a glimpse of something dark and ominous above the water, the fin of a great sea monster. The coxswain saw it too, and the men raised a shout, bending to their oars till the boat leaped through the water, but still the creature kept just ahead, and Pauline watched it with fearful fascination. So long as it remained in sight she knew they were safe, the moment it dived it would turn over to the attack.

"Oh, oh!" screamed Geoffrey, becoming suddenly aware of the monster's approach, "here's a whale, a gwate big whale. Oh, please don't let him eat Geoff," and he clung piteously to his rescuer's neck.

A sudden rush of love and pity overflowed Pauline's heart, her own fears seemed to vanish at the clasp of the tiny arms.

Exerting all her strength she raised herself as far as possible out of the water, and held Geoffrey almost at arm's length above her head. If only she could save him from the shark she hardly cared now what might befall herself. She had taken her eyes off the creature in her eager watch on the boat as it came nearer and nearer. O God, that it might reach her first. Which would win the fearful race?

A shout rose from the crew; was it dismay or joy? The girl's heart seemed to stop beating from suspense. Yet they came on, closer, closer, and she saw a man leaning forward with outstretched arms. A moment later she had tossed the child to him, and then everything grew black around her, and Pauline knew no more.

* * * *

"Thank God, she is coming to at last!"

"Hush, Mrs. Molyneux, pray do not startle her."

It seemed to Pauline as if these words were spoken in a dream; the voices sounded faint and far away, but her senses grew slowly clearer; she felt a touch upon her wrist, and opened her eyes to find herself lying wrapped in blankets on her berth with the ship doctor bending over her.

Looking round in bewilderment she caught sight of another person, besides the stewardess, in the cabin, and in an instant full recollection flashed upon her.

"Mrs. Molyneux, is Geoffrey safe?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Safely asleep in his berth, and not one bit the worse! My dear child, how can I ever thank you——"

The doctor held up a warning finger.

"Mrs. Molyneux, I can't have my patient excited. Now, Miss Vaughan, the stewardess will bring you some beef-tea, and then you must go to sleep, and I expect you will be all right in the morning."

"Thank you," said Pauline, "but please tell me about the shark; didn't it attack us?"

"You were fortunately wearing a black dress; sharks don't like dark colours. It made him suspicious, and he took a good look round before he went for you, which just gave us time to get you into the boat. If you had worn a light gown you would not be here now."

"There, doctor, who is startling her this time?" and Mrs. Molyneux's fair face bent tenderly over Pauline. "Good-night," she whispered softly, "to-morrow, if this tyrant permits, I shall try to tell you a little of what I feel. My boy is all I have in the world. God bless you, dear child," and kissing the girl she left the cabin, followed by the doctor.

When Pauline came on deck the next morning, she was surprised and confused to find herself regarded as the heroine of the ship. All the ladies were kind and friendly, and the officers and gentlemen passengers seemed as if they could not make enough of her. She was relieved when Mrs. Molyneux carried her off to see Geoffrey, and presently to her astonishment she found herself talking to Geoffrey's bright, pretty mother as freely as if she had known her all her life, Apart from her fervent gratitude, Mrs. Molyneux took a great fancy to the timid gentle girl, while Pauline, who had no little enthusiasm hidden under her quiet exterior, conceived a passionate love and admiration for her new friend. A seat was found for her at Mrs. Molyneux's table, and Pauline would have thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the voyage could she have forgotten her sorrow for her brother's death, and her dread of the dreary future.

A few days however before the *Punjaub* reached Marseilles Mrs. Molyneux proposed to Pauline that she should remain with her as a companion. She was going home to live with her father-in-law, Lord Mount-Eden, who had lost his wife many years before, and very recently his elder son, so that little Geoffrey had now become the heir.

"It's a huge house, Pauline, and he has heaps of people to stay, royalty sometimes, so I shall be fearfully busy, and want you to do a thousand things to help me, arrange flowers, which you do so well, and teach Geoff his letters, not that I mean to make a nursery governess of you, but the fact is the boy and I can't get on without you."

"But, Helen," and Pauline blushed vividly, "you know I should like it of all things, but I belong to quite poor people. Claude only got into the Civil Service because he was so clever; but I am not clever, and I have had no proper education. I should have come home in the second saloon, only my friends in Ceylon were very kind and would not let me. I should not know how to behave among grand people; and besides, what would Lord Mount-Eden say?"

"My father-in-law will want to settle half his fortune on you, much less afford you house-room. He lost his heart to Geoff when we were home last summer, and he detests his nephew, poor old man, who would have stepped into Geoff's shoes had you not jumped overboard after him. Stuff about being poor, Pauline. Of course we shall give you a proper allowance for your clothes and things, and do you suppose grand people, as you call them, are made of different flesh and blood to other mortals? Why, child, you are a lady to your finger tips, and what does anyone want more? Here, Geoff, come and tell Pauline you and I can't let her go away from us."

"Pauline, stay wiv Geoff," said the curly-headed boy persuasively, clambering into the girl's lap to put his arms round her neck.

And Pauline yielded at discretion.



OUR PUZZLE POEM: ROSIE.—EXAMINERS' REPORT.

(*For Hieroglyphic poem, see page* 336.)

SOLUTION.

ROSE.

MY rose EISA model TRUEOF double-UHA tag earls hood B
SHE swell B L-*ovef*-D BY-*high and low* & HASNONME
Shed RES*s* W-45*in*=(ell) imperfect (1 of 5)=taste BUTTHEN-*twixt*-YOU & ME
She-nose WHAT suits HER figure BE stand THATS (simple noun) = simplicity
D[e]arm E*s* OME girls IM double-ETAT knight WHEN I top R ties GO
Bedecked LIKE scarecrow SCN *in*-FIELD-SAT times WHEN Sowers (sowing—*in*-G)=sow
WITH foreheads fringed WITH head-gear *tall*-& jewels *in*-THEIR-HAIR
About the throat-AND *in the dress*-AND ALMOST EVERYWHERE
Butt help double-O R *thin*-GSUS o-*on*-F *in*-D-o U th OW MTISYE head
THAT seams T *on* double-E D some ornament$ 2 F urn I*s* hit *in*-S-T EAD
THEN as 4 THO sew HO-*under* dress WHAT fearful SITS T Hebe
R-*great* YE dan GER th AT dO TH lurk WITH SUCH IM modesty
BUT rose ES dress & rose ES stalk & roses man NERS *wee*-T
R RAR ER-*far* & DEARER R THAN posies-*in the* wheat
& IFUF eel WITHME-*inclined* HER peer *less* NESS 2*s*-*in*-G
T ache car E dear FRI end 4-*on*-H her hand SEE MY engagement-ring.

ROSIE.

My Rosie is a model true of what a girl should be:
She's well-beloved by high and low and has no enemy,
She dresses well, in perfect taste, but then 'twixt you and me,
She knows what suits her figure best, and that's simplicity.

Dear me! some girls I meet at night when I to parties go—
Bedecked like scarecrows seen in fields at times when sowers sow,
With foreheads fringed, with head-gear tall and jewels in their hair,
About the throat, and in the dress, and almost everywhere!

But then, poor things, you soon find out how empty is the head
That seems to need some ornament to decorate instead;
Then as for those who under-dress, what fearful sights they be.
Ah! great the danger that doth lurk with such immodesty.

But Rosie's dress and Rosie's talk and Rosie's manners sweet
Are rarer far and dearer are than posies in the wheat.
And if you feel with me inclined her peerlessness to sing,
Take care, dear friend, for on her hand see my engagement ring!

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Edmund Snell, 4, Haycraft Road, Brixton Hill.
2. Geo. M. Hollis, 47, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.
3. Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
4. Bessie Coulson, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
5. Miss M. M. Skrine, Northolt, Sunbury-on-Thames.

Very Highly Commended.

John Walter Atkins.
Mary Elinor Bailey.
Lydia Belling.
Walter W. Bryant.
R. A. Cuthbert.
Mrs. Fulford Jarvis.
Lilian Jones-Henry.
Ethel C. McMaster.
Ellen W. Martindale.
A. Phillips.
J. M. Roberts.
E. C. Tarrant.

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson.
"Blair."
Henry Chambers.
Miss M. E. B. Crabb.
M. M. Fitzgerald.
Catharine L. Garland.
Mrs. W. H. Gotch.
Jessie Harrison.
Elizabeth Holderness.
Mrs. C. A. Holloway.
H. J. Liggins.
Mary A. Lowe.
Octavia Lyth.
Mrs. Jessie Mackintosh.
Annie Meanderson (?).
Randolph H. Neilson.
Kate Robinson.
Mrs. S. R. Smith.
Emily Mary Tattam.
Miss G. Wilkins.

Honourable Mention.

Mildred Adams.
F. Ashworth.
Ethel Barras.
Margaret Crosland Battye.
Annie Beddingfield.
H. Black.
I. A. Blake.
Annie Brebner.
J. S. Clough.
C. D. Cole.
Alice M. Cooke.
Annie Dobbyn.
Mrs. Dorrell.
Annie A. Henderson.
Louie Humphries.
Ada K. Lingwood.
Ethel Markham.
Rose Morris.
V. Odom.
Miss E. M. Osman.
Ellen M. Price.
Elsie Quilter.
Davida Reid.
Lilian Rutherford.
A. Stanley.
Miss G. Stevenson.
Gertrude Whicker.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

We are much pleased to notice the interest called forth by this competition as compared with that which was aroused by the one last month. Is it possible that the subject of the poem can account for the difference? Have the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER learned to look upon a valentine with supreme contempt, and, on the other hand, to delight in anything which advocates rationality and simplicity in dress? At any rate, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, we will cherish the supposition and rejoice in it. The marvel is that the length of the puzzle did not frighten many of those who tried to solve it. It alarmed the examiners considerably when they set themselves to the task of adjudication, and realised that in each one of the papers before them there were sixteen long lines to be waded through word by word. However, the work has come to an end at last, and the fate of the many competitors has been irrevocably determined. The moral of this is "keep pegging away."

The idea of the poem seems to have been grasped by all, and this is a great advance. The rhythm also was mastered by many more than usual. Now, given a common copy to work from, a clear apprehension of the intention of the poem, and a nice appreciation of its measure, surely one might have assumed that the results would have been the same. Not at all; in many cases the filling-in of the details is marked by a charming disregard of the copy provided, and originality has full play with much amusing effect. We hope the authors of some of these lines will forgive us for quoting from their work; the temptation to quote a page full is only resisted for lack of space.

"She's slight of figure, blonde besides, and has no enemy,"

and—

"Aye, and knows what suits her figure best, and that's a willow tree,"

might have been taken from the same paper, but they hail from different corners of the kingdom. Line 3 is only correctly solved by six or seven competitors—

"She dresses well on a little sum,"

and—

"She dresses well, for one of five"

(given by more than one) convey the same idea. At least we suppose the meaning of the latter line is that Rosie was one of five daughters, and dressed better than might have been expected under such impoverishing circumstances.

The 1 of 5 for "taste" (one of the five senses) was perhaps hardly fair, and it is a great satisfaction to us to be able to say that success or failure at this point did not affect the result in the slightest, the solutions of the prize-winners being well ahead of the next best in other respects.

One solver has a little digression at line 9, and exclaims, "Puzzles are things you soon find out." Experience in this respect evidently differs.

Another attempt at line 9, and the following ones are well worth recording for their wholesome teaching—

"What worthless things are ball and dance,
how empty is the head,
That leaving wisdom's narrow path, prefers
to play instead."

The notion of a head leaving the narrow path in order to amuse itself is peculiarly fantastic. But the sentiment is admirable.

The evidence that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are well versed in such practical matters as the price of bread is clearly established by the all but universally correct rendering of the fifth word in line 14. But why do some pervert the beautiful ending of the line into "flour made of wheat?"

Naturally in such a long poem, even the best solutions have more mistakes than usual; but considering all the difficulties the results are most satisfactory.

A few of the regular competitors seem to have a special aptitude for puzzle-solving, and they are much to be congratulated upon their repeated triumphs. At the same time the difference between their work and that of many others is exceedingly slight, and it must not be assumed that these fortunate individuals are too clever to be competed against with any chance of success. After all, fresh names do come to the front every month.

Again we would thank several of our competitors for their exceedingly kind letters.

Our aim has been to provide an innocent and interesting amusement for the hours of recreation, and it pleases us much to hear of such success in many a family circle.

The solution of Tristesse sent in by O. L. O. was not too late for competition; it did not receive any mention because it was not quite good enough.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RUTH.—We are not aware that there is anything in the books to which you refer that would be unsuitable for a girl of fifteen to read. But it is your mother who should direct your studies and recreations. She will select for you.

WILD ROSE.—1. If you refer to our answers to the same inquiry which you have made, you will find that we have recommended a small manual called *Sick-Nursing at Home* (Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.). It contains all that an amateur requires, and forms a good basis of instruction for those who propose to give themselves hospital training.—2. You will find an "auto-harp" in any musical instrument shop. We do not think it would be at all difficult to play it.

SWEET LAVENDER.—1. There is the Foreign Literature Club—Secretary, Miss Ellin, Kingfield Road, Sharrow, Sheffield. The prizes are in money. Send stamped envelope for the rules. There are two other clubs for foreign languages—of one the Secretary is Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles, Oxford; and of the other, Miss Cole, Helions-Bumpstead, Haversbill, Essex, for French, Italian, and German.—2. We cannot tell you who would consider your stories good enough for their purchase.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—You will find in our paper a long series of articles on the subjects of both "Good Breeding" (for all classes), under every circumstance of ordinary life, as well as the rules respecting etiquette, which obtain in the highest circles of society. See vols. ii., iii., iv. and v. The series is not published in separate form. The articles will be found under different headings, such as "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," "Dinners in Society," "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," &c., &c.

ART.

ONLY SIXTEEN.—You can make a good pen for pen-painting out of a swan's quill cut to the ordinary shape of a pen, but with a broad nib. Omit the strokes which you make before commencing words, as they are unnecessary, and spoil your hand.

MARGUERITE.—Write to the secretary of the National Gallery for permission to copy the pictures, and send him one of your paintings or drawings for his inspection. Permission must be obtained before you can work there; but then you will be free to go every day or only occasionally, as you like, whenever the gallery is available.

C. G. P. D.—To paint water in your picture upon glass, lay the colour on broadly where the shadows fall, and in delicate lines in high lights.

CRAAKADYKE.—Paint the doors and skirtings of your bedroom in shades of citron-yellow picked out with brown that matches the colour of your curtains, and paper the walls with a paper in yellow and chestnut shades.

TODDLES.—If the magic-lantern slides be painted with a comic, or single figure, or animal subject, use Hugh's varnish colours; for landscapes, use water-colours. Scratch out all high lights with a penknife, and work in all dark or prominent points with oil-colours.

GEMINEES.—We do not supply such addresses as you require. You can find advertisements of this kind of teaching in most of the weekly papers, in reference to art in its various branches.

S. F. C.—1. You say that you have received tuition in painting and drawing for many years, and yet you inquire what you should teach beginners! If you have profited by your studies, surely you have only to pursue the same course with your pupils. We fear your chance of establishing a class is problematical. A two hours' lesson twice a week (or only one) for a painting class would be reasonable at from 5s. to 10s. per week.—2. An experienced master in singing could teach efficiently, had he lost his own voice and could only demonstrate what he meant in a mere whisper. But the inexperienced teacher should be able to use her voice in teaching her pupils.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. J. G. does not inform us of any of the homes for incurables where she has made inquiries already, nor does she give any clue to the nature of her complaint, whether of spine, lungs, hip-disease, cancer, paralysis, epilepsy, or any other chronic malady, or we might name hospitals and homes for special diseases. The British Home for Incurables might take you in, or provide you with a pension of £20 per annum as an out-patient. Address, Mr. E. G. Salmond, Secretary of the Home, 73, Cheapside, E.C., stating your case and circumstances. Admission is obtained by election, and the elections take place in May and November. You do not name your age, which should not be under thirty-five.

DOUBTFUL.—It is quite true that there is a flower which changes its colour at different times in the day, and the change is complete. We know of it only by reading, never having seen a specimen. It is called the *Hibiscus mutabilis*, and is a native of China, Japan, and the East and West Indies, and its change of hue takes place gradually. In the morning it is white, at noon it has become pink, at sunset red, and to a blue, or bluish-hue, at night. A species of the same flower has recently been discovered on a tree as large as a Guava tree in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which exhales a delicate perfume when in its red stage. But we have flowers in this country which change in colour: the *phlox*, from blue to pink; the Chinese *hydrangia*, from green to a rose colour, and the *cheiranthus mutabilis*, from yellow to orange, red, and lastly to a rich purple.

TRISTESSE.—1. We must decline to give you "an outline" of the work and rules of institutions such as you name; and, in any case, very much is unpublished and unknown to the outside world.—2. Beware of exchanging the state in life, and its duties, which the good providence of God has assigned to you for unknown responsibilities, and so to cast aside your natural duties to your parents and family. Do not spell "prerogative" "perogative."

ELISE.—The words *anathema* and *maranatha* have no connection one with the other. The Apostle was speaking of the rejection of Christ by those who did not "love Him," and who, having placed themselves without the pale of His Church, were naturally excommunicated—or cut off from communion—a result which the Apostle confirms. He then proceeds to affirm what these heretics denied, not regarding him as the promised Messiah—by declaring "Our Lord hath come"—Maran-atha.

A WORKING WOMAN.—Instead of advertising yourself, look for advertisements under the heading, "Wanted." Have you read our series of articles in last year's volume on "New Occupations for Women"?

A. W.—Persons who have a tendency to chilblains should beware of holding their hands or feet to the fire when very cold. They should be well rubbed to circulate the blood. To heat the surface when the blood is not circulating properly brings the chilblains. Holding them in very hot water, and plunging them into cold, both relieves the irritation and effects a cure.

TOTTIE.—Yes; we believe that the "cup of cold water" given to a fellow-Christian because they "belong to Christ," will "in nowise lose its reward," and all work, however poorly done, in the Lord's service, is graciously accepted. See St. Matt. xxv. 31–40; Rev. xiv. 13; 2 Cor. i. 14; Phil. ii. 16, and 1 Thess. ii. 19.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. The word "Lent" has no reference to any religious season nor observances popularly connected with the term. It is only a Teutonic word, and is rendered in German by *Leng*, which signifies the Spring.

VIXEN may turn up her hair, provided that it be with her mother's approval. Long hair soils the neck and shoulders of the dress or mantle, which is a disadvantage. But the choice rests with a girl's mother.—2. Aug. 27th, 1877, was a Monday.

BINA.—We recommend you not to send flowers to men. Such an act may be construed by them in a way little complimentary to any girl. She exposes herself to their ridicule, and if too good-natured to talk about it, at least they do not think the better of her. We cannot impress too deeply on the minds of our correspondents that the initiative should be taken by the man, not the woman. We mean to say that all steps made towards an intimacy should be taken by the man; and the woman should be sought and courted, and should be slow to accept any attentions, even with the knowledge and approval of her parents.

L. B. A.—It is a moot point whether the locusts eaten by St. John the Baptist were the vegetable bean of that name or the insect, of which there were a variety of species. But you may observe that a reference is given in the margin of the Bible to a passage in Leviticus xi. 22, which declares that certain of these insects were lawfully eaten as food by the Israelites. They were ground up, when dry, and mixed with meal, and appear to have been appreciated as food; and although the Baptist was far from any stores where the compound could be obtained, and could not manufacture it himself, yet caravans of merchants passed through the wilderness from whom it could easily be obtained, as a cheap and common article of food. It was a merciful arrangement of Divine Providence to ordain that these little destructive creatures should have been made edible; and thus the ruin of vegetable crops was not only averted by their destruction, but a wholesome article of food provided in themselves.

ENA.—Nov. 1st, 1870, was a Monday; and Nov 20th, 1862, a Thursday.

A CONSTANT READER says, "I think your book the best of books for girls, both for instruction and pastime tales." We thank you for so kindly expressed an opinion of our "G. O. P."

TROUBLED ONE.—It is to the publisher that you must write for back numbers of our paper, not to the editor. The date of the magazine you want was March 5th, 1892.

PUSSY writes as if she were out of her mind, or, as we have heard it said, "what she calls her mind." She inquires whether she may ask a young man, whom she met at Scarborough, to "give her some things she would like to have!" How she made acquaintance with him, when she "knows nothing of any of his people," seems strange; and how she could ask a favour of him, still stranger, and anything but seemly or safe—even were his people her approved friends. If he offered her a present unasked, she ought not to accept it, and so put herself under an obligation to him. How lamentably ignorant a multitude of our readers are of the self-respect, and delicacy of feeling, which should distinguish the conduct of her sex! The girl who asked this man for a present disgraced herself.

KATHERINE.—You are fortunate in having rosy cheeks, as we see only too many girls with faces like whitey-brown paper. Tell your tormentors you think they are envious.

BESSIE.—1. We think that the initials of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge are those to which you refer.—2. The 9th of April, 1875, was a Friday.

NOBODY'S DARLING.—A regular correspondence between people who are not engaged to each other is not desirable. Supposing it were otherwise in your case, it is quite evident that a marriage between you would be far from a happy one. Your correspondent did not like your religious remarks, nor the book you sent him. If you be wise you will let him drop the correspondence, as he desires to do; but you may find comfort in the thought that you did what you could in his behalf, and gave him the message of "glad tidings."

CORNWALL.—The nearest Home to your country with which we have any acquaintance is that at Babbacombe, South Devon. Of this we have had most satisfactory information from persons who have stayed there. Write for terms to Miss Founder of the Home of Rest, Bayfield.



WATER-LILY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 750.] MAY 12, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"OUR LITTLE GENIUS."

BY MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER II.

THE days passed quickly at Fairborough. I went to London three times a week for lessons, and was supposed to work hard the other three days. Yet to my surprise I was always behindhand. After a while I grew accustomed to this state of things, and when Blanche told me that it was impossible to study at Fairborough, we had too many social duties, I fully agreed with her. The visitors who came to the house took a great deal of notice of me; one gets accustomed to everything, and soon I took their praise as a matter of course. It was as well to be candid even about one's own abilities!

I always had an excuse for neglected lessons, and as for being spoilt, at least I was too sensible to have my head turned. Well, the day of Mrs. Charingbourne's "at home" arrived, and as Blanche had said, a concert was arranged in which I was to take part. It was held in the afternoon, as many of the guests came from a distance. My turn to play came towards the end of the first



"I THREW MYSELF ON THE GRASS AND BROODED OVER MY DISASTROUS PERFORMANCE"

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part. I had been chatting and laughing with Blanche up to the last moment. When I entered the room and saw the rows of people, my courage failed me, and I devoutly wished that I had practised more diligently during the last week. It is not a pleasant subject to have to write about; I had chosen to play without the music, and in the middle of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" I broke down. I dropped my hands on the keys, and a mist swam before my eyes as I sat there utterly miserable and ashamed.

They were all very kind. Mrs. Charingbourne said that I was overwrought. Mr. Charingbourne made excuses for his little genius, the guests were sympathetic; but I know that I had deserved to fail, and that I had failed through conceit. I withdrew to a corner of the room, and for once in my life rejoiced that mother was not there. The next performer was Lucy Warden. Ah, how well she played, with a clear touch and a true understanding of the text! For a moment I wished that I had tried to make friends with her instead of avoiding her society whenever I could. Perhaps it was not too late, though I had only the day before ungraciously refused her invitation to practice my Mendelssohn at the Rectory, where there was less chance of being disturbed.

Before the concert was over I stole out into the garden. There was a grassy bank shaded by trees near the pond. I threw myself on the grass and brooded over my disastrous performance, wondering how I should find courage to return to the concert-room.

By-and-by Blanche came in search of me.

"Mrs. Charingbourne is asking for you. Don't sit here all alone, my dear girl. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Blanche, I wish I had never come here! It is horribly ungrateful of me, I know it is. Yet think of the humiliation of breaking down before all those strangers!"

Blanche laughed.

"My sweet Nora, surely you are not fretting about that. It is a trifle, my love, the merest trifle."

"What will the visitors think?" I groaned, for it never occurred to me that in all probability the visitors would not give my performance a second thought.

"They will think everything that is pleasant about the heiress of Fairborough."

I gazed at her in amazement.

"What do you mean?"

"Come, come, don't be a baby! The Charingbournes have no children, and they call you their adopted daughter. Don't pretend that you don't know why you are invited here."

I felt the blood rush to my face.

"I was asked here because Mr. Charingbourne loved my father and is a friend of my mother; besides, we are relations."

"That is just it, my sweet Nora; how well it suits you when you get a little angry, but don't put on tragedy airs with me. It is because you are a relation that some day you will come into a fortune."

"Nothing of the kind. Walter Charingbourne is the heir."

"I suppose he is," answered Blanche, shifting her ground, "and Walter is expected home every day, darling, and Nora is to stay on through the summer. A splendid opportunity for the young people to get acquainted with each other. Perhaps I ought not to have spoken so frankly," continued Blanche with her head on one side. "I see that it is a family arrangement; the Charingbournes might be vexed if they thought that I had discovered their secret."

"Blanche," I cried in despair, "there is no secret, and no family arrangement; promise me that you will never hint at such a thing again!"

Blanche smiled in the most provoking manner imaginable. "Dearest Nora! I understand. You are a thorough little woman of the world. Silence is golden. Not another syllable shall be uttered concerning the family arrangement until you give me permission to speak."

* * * *

When I returned to the house I found that the party had assembled in the dining-room, where refreshments were laid out. Mr. and Mrs. Charingbourne were themselves looking after the wants of their visitors. Lucy Warden was standing near a tea-table; I joined her there, and in pouring out tea and arranging cups I forgot my recent misfortune.

"Very pleased to see you so useful, girls," said Mr. Charingbourne cheerfully. "Nora, you are in your right place as hostess."

Another time I should have attached no importance to this remark; now I wondered what he meant by it. If you have taken an idea into your head, it is easy to make the most harmless observation fit in with it. Having refused to listen to Blanche, I began to fancy that there might be some truth in her statement. The Charingbournes perhaps wished to see an engagement between me and their nephew. And my mother? Had she sent me here with a view to a family arrangement, or in hopes that I might deprive Walter Charingbourne of his inheritance? I did not believe it.

"I am afraid you are very tired," said Lucy presently.

"I am not tired; only miserable."

"Don't be miserable," she said softly. "The first part of the 'Variations' went magnificently."

"It isn't that. I am miserable because I have wasted my opportunities, and I'm getting lazier every day. My mother will be disappointed, and Blanche says——" Here I stopped. To this day I am thankful that I had the sense to be silent as regards Blanche's confidences.

"I don't wonder that you miss your mother. Mrs. Charingbourne is so fond of her, and she says that you remind her of Mrs. Crofton every day."

There is so much in a kind word spoken at the right moment! I felt grateful to Lucy for her sympathy. In the course of the evening, when we were all together in the drawing-room, a letter was brought to Mr. Charingbourne; he read it hastily, and came across the room to his wife.

"A letter from our truant Walter, my dear, and we may expect him to-morrow early."

"How glad I am! Dear boy, it will be a pleasure indeed to see him! I suppose he is still of the same mind?"

Mr. Charingbourne replied, "Quite. It is just as I expected, but don't tell her anything about it; wait until he arrives."

"Dear girl!" murmured Mrs. Charingbourne. Blanche looked across at me and nodded mischievously.

I was glad to go to my room that night. I put on a dressing-gown, drew an arm-chair to the table, and tried to think over the events of the day. "I shall never feel friendly towards Blanche again; it is her fault. She has spoilt my visit, and I shall never forgive her."

Just as I was indulging in these amiable sentiments, Blanche entered with an expression of mock contrition on her face. She sank on one knee before me.

"Pardon, your royal highness, pardon the rashness of your humble servant!"

I was in earnest, and Blanche was making a joke of my distress. "I am tired," I said shortly. "I cannot talk any more to-night. Please go away."

She jumped to her feet in an instant. "Do you mean to order me out of your room?"

"I should be glad if you would go."

"It comes to the same thing. I will not intrude where I am not wanted."

I let her go, although ever since the first night of my arrival I had always seen her safely upstairs, as she was very nervous. She stopped at the door of my room.

"Won't you say 'Good-night,' Nora?"

I judged her conduct severely. She had either betrayed family secrets or she had been untruthful. I could not condescend to take part in such proceedings; she deserved to be punished.

"You must excuse me," I said stiffly. "I am really too tired to talk." The door gave a click, and she was gone. Congratulating myself on the skill with which I had evaded an explanation, I went back to the arm-chair, and tried to think that I had behaved with dignity. I leant my head against a soft pillow and fell fast asleep.

* * * *

I must have been sleeping some hours when I woke with a start, cold and dazed. The candle had burnt low; was it daylight, or could that light be the moon? I drew back the window curtain and looked out. Flames were bursting from the story above. I ran to the door and was greeted by a strong smell of smoke and burning. I groped my way upstairs to the maid's room, which was on a landing. "Where is Miss Blanche?" I asked as the girl came trembling towards me.

"She will be burnt. Oh, miss, we shall all be burnt alive!" she moaned.

I did not listen to her lamentations. "Have you called Miss Blanche?"

"No, no. I am afraid, the smoke is worse up there!"

"Go down then and get help. Rouse the house, quick!" I led her towards the staircase, for she seemed incapable of acting alone. Blanche's room was a few steps higher than the landing. As I passed along the passage I saw the reflection of the flames shining red on the windows. Blanche's door was locked, the smell of burning was much stronger here.

"Wake up!" I cried, knocking with might and main. "Blanche, wake up and let me in!"

She did not answer. An hour or so ago I had refused to wish her good-night, now I would have given everything that I possessed to be able to open her door. At last I heard her voice.

"What is it, Nora, what has happened?"

I shook the handle in desperation. "Let me in, I want you!"

Blanche gave a shriek. "I can't open the door. Oh, Nora, my room is full of smoke! Help, help!"

I heard her rattle the key in the lock. "Don't waste any more time, try the blue room door."

In a second she was back again trying in vain to force the lock—

"The blue room is on fire, I can't get out!"

"I will go for help."

"Don't leave me, Nora, don't go away!"

What had become of the maid? Surely she ought to have roused the household by this time, unless (a thrill of horror seized me) her courage had failed her at the last, and she had gone back to her room. Even then somebody must see the flames before long.

"Nora, Nora! The flames are breaking through the ceiling! What shall I do?"

"Throw open the window," I called, "the one that looks towards the front garden, and stand there till I come. I will climb along the roof and come to you that way. Do you hear?"

"Yes, don't be long."

"Don't think that I mean to leave you; I will be back again in a few moments, dearest Blanche!"

"Yes, I understand. Oh, Nora! be quick—be quick!"

(To be continued.)



SPRING.



"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."] [EDMUND EVANS, LONDON.

SUMMER.

LOGIC FOR GIRLS.

By F. RYLAND, M.A., Author of "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," etc.

IV.—Induction.

In the preceding papers on "Logic" we have considered propositions, that is formally stated assertions, we have analysed them and we have seen under what conditions a fresh proposition may be inferred from propositions already known to be true. But we have said nothing about the methods by which new propositions are arrived at.

The most important type of propositions is that which the logicians call universal. These, as we have seen, make an assertion about all the members of a class, all the objects which bear the common name. "All men are liars," "No grasses are poisonous," are examples. Such propositions are often reached by a process of deduction from some previously known propositions called premises. But the chain must have a beginning. Statement A may rest on statement B, and B on C, and so on; but obviously this cannot go on for ever, and we come sooner or later to direct perception as a warrant for the truth of one of the statements. It is bad to eat too much sugar. Why? Because sugar taken in large quantities is liable to cause indigestion. How do you know that? Because it is liable to ferment in the stomach. How do you know that? Because solutions of sugar, under certain conditions known to be present in the stomach, ferment outside the stomach. Each of these steps may be put into formal expression as a syllogism. We come at last, however, to a question of fact which can be directly apprehended by the senses.

Observation.

Systematic and careful observation then is the beginning of all kinds of knowledge which have to do with facts, that is, with objects belonging to the natural world, or artificial objects constructed from these, or phenomena exhibited by them. All the natural sciences come under this category, so do all the sciences that deal with human nature. And some kind of knowledge which is not methodical and detached enough to be called scientific—much of the knowledge of the politician, the novelist, the man of the world, the detective—rests in the same way on observation. The more abstract sciences such as mathematics and metaphysics belong to a different class, and involve observation to a less degree. The logician, therefore, thinks it important to consider the conditions which are necessary to correct observation; and a large part of the well-known logical manual of the late Professor Stanley Jevons, *The Principles of Science*, is taken up with a discussion of them. Two things are clearly important. In observing we must be careful not to overlook anything which is there to be observed, and we must be careful not to think we observe what is not there to be observed. We must guard against non-observation and mal-observation, as John Stuart Mill calls them.

The fulfilment of these requirements is not quite so easy as it seems. In order to comply with the first it is often necessary to form an idea of what we have to look for. You cannot overlook a flash of lightning, or an elephant in your front garden; but every reader who has used a microscope knows that when she is trying to find some minute object in the field, which she believes to be there but has not yet discovered, it is a great help to have some kind of mental picture of what she wants to find. The outline of a structure, the presence of a tiny group of microbes, is much more easily discerned when you know what to look for. So, too, in picking out a constellation, if you have no clear picture of what you expect to see, the chances are you will not see it. In fact, the every-day occurrence of trying to find lost objects or of recognising a face in a crowd (*e.g.*, in the orchestra of a concert-room) is sufficient proof of the statement. But unfortunately this pre-judgment which is necessary to enable us to adjust our attention is to some extent a disadvantage. In order to avoid non-observation we adopt a course which is liable to lead us into mal-observation. What we expect to see, and want to see, we are sometimes likely to see even when it is not there to be seen. The most practised observers have been known to discover traces of organic structure, cell-walls and so on, where there was no real structure at all. We often think we see our friend just because we are looking for him; just as the train sometimes seems to begin to move while we stand on the watch expecting it to start. Only multiplication of observations under different circumstances, *e.g.*, changing lenses, altering the light, shifting the stage of the microscope from side to side, using fresh test-tubes, changing our position, and so on, and the comparison of our observations with those of others can guard us against these errors. And above all, we must remember that merely negative results prove very little. The fact that I do not notice a phenomenon I suspect to exist, does not show that the phenomenon cannot be perceived. Because I cannot find my lost half sovereign it does not follow that the coin is not on the floor. As every doctor knows, a symptom not yet seen is not necessarily absent. It very likely is absent; but there is always the possibility that it is present in a slight degree or in an undeveloped form, and has escaped notice.

Generalisation.

Given that we can rely on the observations made, there is the further difficulty—under what conditions can we arrive at a universal proposition from them? The natural tendency of most people is to assume that because the fact B has occurred along with the fact A in two or three cases it will always be found to do so. It is astonishing to see the courage with which people make the widest generalisations on the slenderest basis of observed instances. I have heard a lady protest that she would not have a Roman Catholic servant because she knew from experience that all Roman Catholics are deceitful, and another affirm with equal conviction that all Wesleyan maids were unreliable, and a third recorded a somewhat similar opinion of all girls with red hair. In each case, so far as I could judge, the experience on which the wide generalisation was based extended only to two or three specimens. Now experience shows that induction—forming universal propositions after observation of particular cases—is only safe under the most stringent conditions. It is never safe even when we have examined scores of instances, unless we have taken the greatest care to ascertain that if negative instances (cases of A not being accompanied by B, of Roman Catholic maids not being deceitful, and so on) exist they shall be brought to our notice. Of course we may hit on a true universal proposition after experience of a very few instances, but we can never feel certain of it. The very next case we see may upset it. Before making a wide assertion about "all Conservatives" or "all Radicals," "all workmen" or "all capitalists," "all parsons" or "all lawyers," it may be worth while to ask ourselves the questions, (1) On how many observed instances is this assertion based? (2) And what care have I taken to come across contrary instances, if such exist?

There are of course degrees of probability in assertions made on a small foundation. In the case of natural objects belonging to a well-defined class we know that a very great similarity exists. What is true of several samples of distilled water, or of several specimens of the common frog is likely to be true of all. And this is what is meant by the uniformity of nature of which we have often heard. "The universe, so far as known to us, is so constituted," says John Stuart Mill, "that whatever is true in any one case is true in all cases of a certain description, the only difficulty is, to find what description. This universal fact, which is our warrant for all inferences from experience, has been described by different philosophers in different forms of language; that the course of nature is uniform, that the universe is governed by general laws and the like." But we may easily push the statement too far, or rather we may easily forget the complementary truth, that Nature is infinitely various and that no two cases are in all particulars exactly alike, although for practical purposes we may frequently regard them as exactly alike. The logician, and all careful thinkers are logicians, whether they know it or not, guards himself from assuming that all the members of a wide and loosely defined class are exactly alike. He knows that the more exactly we define our class the less danger exists in generalising. A statement which I dare not make about all distilled water, may be much more safely made about water distilled by a given process, and kept in a certain kind of vessel, at a certain temperature; a statement which may not be true of all frogs, whatever may be true of all frogs of a certain size and a certain age in a certain meadow during one particular season. Sweeping assertions, then, applied to all the members of an universally numerous and very loosely defined class, the members of which may differ between themselves in hundreds of ways, are to be avoided. They have a certain impressiveness for some kinds of people, who think that unqualified assertion is evidence of a strong and penetrating intellect. But they harrow the feelings of those folk who are apt to lay more stress on proof than on rhetoric. The "dazzling periods" of the popular historian, and the easy generalisation of the brilliant leader-writer, will be weighed in the balance of logic before they are taken as sterling coin.

Hypothesis.

We must discriminate between hypotheses or suppositions invented to account for facts, and proved theories or truths which have passed beyond the stage of supposition. In common usage the words theory and hypothesis are not clearly distinguished. But it is well to keep hypothesis for unproved theory. There is nothing illogical in inventing imaginary laws to account for known facts; but we must be careful not to mistake a neat and clever hypothesis for a truth, before we have shown not only that it may be true but that it must be true. Scientific men know this well. The older scientific men were so nervous about the matter that some of them professed not to use hypotheses at all; *hypotheses non fingo*,—"I don't make up hypotheses," said Newton. But as a matter of fact Newton's own law of gravitation was a gigantic hypothesis, so were his laws of motion. And no science advances a step without the employment of hypothesis. You can easily understand this by seeing what happens when you wish to explain an occurrence or find an object lost by someone else. You suppose an explanation and then try to

test it, to verify it, as the logicians say. Where did grandmother leave her spectacles? She was in this room, or that room; what was she doing. Probably she was reading. Which book? It must have been THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, lying on the table, of course. Then you look in the shut-up copy of the last number and your hypothesis is verified or dismissed for a fresh one to be formed. Think what occurs when a crime has been committed. A certain person is suspected, and the hypothesis is tested by the police. If it seems to "hold water," he is arrested and charged. The magistrate tests the hypothesis again; if he is satisfied the hypothesis is tested twice more, viz., by the grand jury and the petty jury. Before the magistrate and the petty jury the prisoner or his counsel has the opportunity of saying everything which can be said against the probability of the hypothesis.

You notice here two things. First, the great amount of examination or verification to which the hypothesis is subjected. The hypothesis must not conflict with any known truth; it must explain facts which are not properly explicable in any other way, and it must not need to be bolstered up by a number of other hypotheses. It must be consistent, complete, and independent. Secondly, that the proof of a hypothesis may never be quite complete; in the case of many crimes we never arrive at more than a considerable degree of probability. But action cannot stop for absolute certainty, and in matters of practical life we have to be content with much less. "Probability is the guide of life," said the great Bishop Butler, one of the deepest thinkers of the eighteenth century. And George Eliot has some beautiful lines in the "Spanish Gipsy," which I cannot forbear quoting.

"Nay, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good."

This is true in regard to conduct, especially on occasions when some action is inevitable whether we like it or not. But it is not so true in regard to matters of speculation. Science is not, or should not be, in a hurry. For her purposes a small ingathering of proved truth is more valuable than a great harvest of mixed truth and error, of untested observation and unproved assertion.

This general error of hasty and unproved generalisation very frequently takes the special form known as the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* ("after this therefore on account of this"). Because an event B occurs once or twice after another event A, we jump to the conclusion that A is the cause of B. This may be a good hypothesis worth testing, but the mere occurrence of B after A, even if repeated scores and hundreds of times, is not sufficient evidence that A has caused B. Night has followed day, and day night, for an incalculably large number of years; but day is not the cause of night, nor night of day. The fire may have often gone out when the sun fell on it, but that does not prove that the sun put the fire out. An accident may have occurred, may often occur, to persons who walk under ladders, but the cause may be quite independent of the ladders. Symptoms may occur in succession, but the latter symptoms are seldom caused by the earlier; both are developed by the same set of diseased conditions.

Verification by fresh observations and by experiment (that is by observation made under artificial conditions, which do not occur naturally, but are specially arranged) is necessary. Let us see if the sun puts the fire out, if we continue to look after the fire, and do not allow the warmth of the room and the glare on the dying coals to make us forget all about it. Then, too, let us try whether we can connect the new truths with other truths we already know. If we can, our hypothesis is distinctly strengthened. If we cannot, although not disproved, it is distinctly weakened. A man comes to me with a wonderful tale of a patient cured of cancer or of enfeebled memory by an electric belt. Although I cannot disprove the tale, my belief in it will be a great deal qualified if I happen to know that electricity has never yet cured cancer or strengthened a weak memory, and that the so-called electric belts are incapable of producing a current of electricity. For my own practical purposes this is enough. If I were a medical man, or had special opportunities for testing the truth of the story, my duty might lead me to go further, and to get to the bottom of the tale.

FALLACIES.

Just now the word fallacy was used. This is the technical term for an error in reasoning, not purposely put forward in order to deceive. An invalid argument advanced in order to mislead is called a sophism. Logicians have made several classifications of fallacies, none of them satisfactory. By way of winding up these papers, I may mention two or three fallacies of which the names occur pretty frequently in common discourse. One of these is the *ignoratio elenchi*, which means ignorance of the argument, and may perhaps be Englished by the words "ignoring the point at issue." It is the fault called irrelevance, proving what has no bearing on the question raised. This is often due to mere stupidity; but it is still more often due to artfulness, and thus the argument which is put forward is usually one which appeals to the feelings rather than the reason. If a political discussion is proceeding, and the value of some proposed new law is questioned, you will often find a tendency to leave the dry details of the measure and an examination of their probable effects, in order to substitute for them, arguments which tend to show that some persons behaved very badly a hundred or two hundred years ago, or arguments to show that the will of the people ought to prevail in political matters. The most famous type of this fallacy is the argument usually known as the *argumentum ad hominem*. For practical purposes it is often convenient and even necessary to check opposition, by showing that the objector at least has no right to complain. But in matters of truth and falsehood in religious and political discussion, for instance, it is not allowable to substitute for the main question, "Is this opinion true?" an argument to prove that the man who advances the opinion is a rogue or a fool. Railing accusations against the good faith of those who take an opposite view to our own are the worst form of the *argumentum ad hominem*. For Conservatives to refuse to look at a proposal made by a Radical simply because it comes from the enemy's camp, for churchmen to refuse to adopt an opinion or a practice, simply because it has its origin amongst Nonconformists or Roman Catholics, is a coarse practical form of this fallacy.

Another famous error in reasoning is that known as "begging the question" (*petitio principii*). When you assume as a premise the very thing you have to prove, you commit this fallacy in its grossest form. Usually the process is a little more circuitous. Our premise is not quite the same as the conclusion we want to prove, but it is a proposition which can only be proved if that conclusion be true. An argument that a man is infallible, because he says of himself "I am infallible," would be an example.

And here again, in conclusion, we may notice that the failure of some given argument to prove a case does not by any means involve the badness of the case itself. This argument may be a bad one, but it does not at all follow that a better one may not be found. Only, remember, that a good case is damaged in the eyes of most people by being defended by bad reasoning; and that the more precious a truth is, the more important it will be that we support it by arguments that are beyond suspicion.

TABLES TURNED.

III.—SUBTRACTION.

ONE from two leaves one
(Runs the ragged rhyme);
One from one leaves none
(Echoes back the chime);
Yet we may subtract all day,
Adding all the time.

Take a thought from out a mind,
Leave you one the less behind;
Circulate the thought and see,
Thick as leaves upon a tree,
Thoughts increase eternally.

Take the music from a bird,
Fairest, rarest, ever heard;
Hymn of lark, or song of thrush.
One from one leaves—listen, hush!—
Other singers join the song,
Other voices throb and throng.
One from one leaves none you say?
All the forest answers nay!

Take the perfume, passing sweet,
From the roses at your feet;
Is the rose a whit less fair?
Is there aught less fragrance there?
No! and to your heart the while
Sweetness enters with a smile;
And through thought and action flows
All the richness of the rose.

Take a sunbeam from the air!
Is there one less sunbeam there?
No! and as its light it pours
From those sunny eyes of yours,
It increases all the while
You reflect it in a smile;
For you make new suns and skies,
In others' hearts and others' eyes.

Take the love of little hearts
(Ointment sweet for worldly smarts),
Are they poorer for the gift,
Lifting every load we lift?
Reap they not a richer store,
Giving much and gaining more?
One from one in love must be
More of love's immensity!

One from two leaves one
(Runs the ragged rhyme);
One from one leaves none
(Echoes back the chime);
Yet we may subtract all day,
Adding all the time.

ALFRED H. MILES.

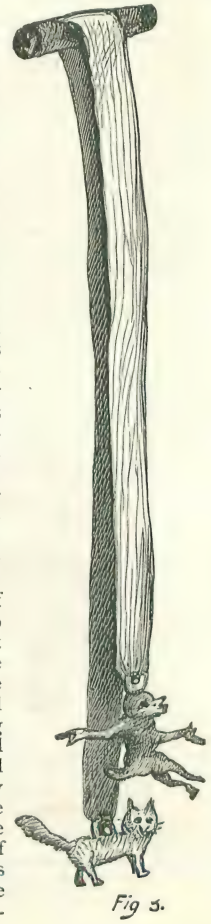
ON VARIOUS BOOK-MARKERS.

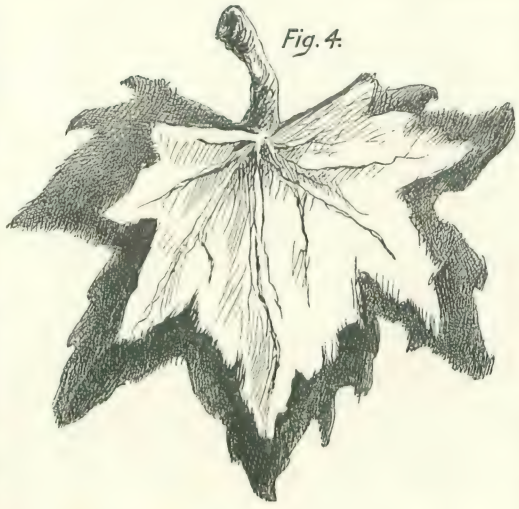

Fig. 2.


Fig. 1.

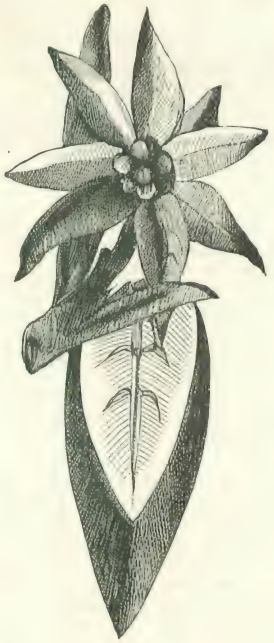
THE subject of book-markers, which at the first glance seems to present so little field for inquiry, on investigation opens out much that is distinct and interesting.

There are few of us who have not seen and laughed at the modern advertisements that take this form. Catch up any magazine or new volume, and from its leaves will fall out some kind of book-marker; either it is a long printed strip of paper or a picture card. The coloured cards are generally the most amusing. We meet with three black babies reposing upon downy pillows, or three fair Saxon children looking pictures of health and beauty. An Indian seated on the top of a palm tree under the shade of a red umbrella invites our attention to a cordial, which if we consume we may venture to hope that we too will be given strength to climb palm trees and obtain red umbrellas. Again we come across the stalwart policemen, or poodles black before using a certain soap and white after its application, men's heads whose bumps indicate a hereditary craving for certain inventions, and many other amusing designs. Besides the above-mentioned there are the magic book-markers that give us pictures of pretty children asleep before their dinners; but hold the picture to the light and all are awake and hungry, or a ragged boy rushes madly along with a missing word competition, which word can be found out by holding the paper in one particular way. The beauty and novelty of many of these designs are so good, that were it not for the disfigurement they suffer from the enormous announcements on them of the article they advertise, they would form an excellent collection of well-executed drawings; but this defect in them prevents their being available for permanent book-markers, and still leaves that field open for ladies and children to show their skill in.


Fig. 3.


Fig. 4.

We believe that the practice of using ornamental book-markers dates from the time when the law ordained that the daily lessons should be read from the Bible in churches in the English tongue, and that Bibles should be accessible to the people in all churches. In some old churches (such as Wimborne) a large Bible chained to the wall is still to be seen, whose worn and browned leaves are evidence of how it was consulted when books were only within the reach of the wealthy, and which were so prized that in the sixteenth century they were worn suspended by leathern straps to men's girdles. In an old wardrobe account of Queen Mary of England, a little book to hang to her girdle is mentioned. This book is bound in gold, set with rubies and clasped with a single diamond. Books so scarce and precious to their owners needed no book-markers; they had but one book to study, and remembered where they left off in it. It is the multiplication of books and the habit that has grown upon us all of reading several simultaneously that has weakened our memories and created the modern demand.


Fig. 5.

In our illustrations we have endeavoured to put before our readers both religious and secular specimens, and some of the very earliest kinds as well as the latest Parisian novelty. With the exception of Fig. 2, every one of these designs can be carried out by home-workers. Fig. 2 is introduced as a type of book-marker used in the eighteenth century. It is of silver, very thin and well finished, and is seven inches long. It slips into a book without hurting it, and combines a cutter and a marker in one. Fig. 1 is a copy of the latest French craze, and to be met with in most Parisian shops with gold or silver pendants, and costing forty-five francs. It is easily made in much cheaper materials. Its two pendants are a cutter and an ancient and rather heavy coin. The cutter can be bought in metal for sixpence, in silver for two shillings, and needs but a ring obtainable at any jeweller's soldered on to it. A silver coin, such as a George III. shilling or five shilling piece makes the second pendant. The ribbon is made long enough to pass twice through the book, so that two places are marked, and both ornaments hang clear of the leaves.

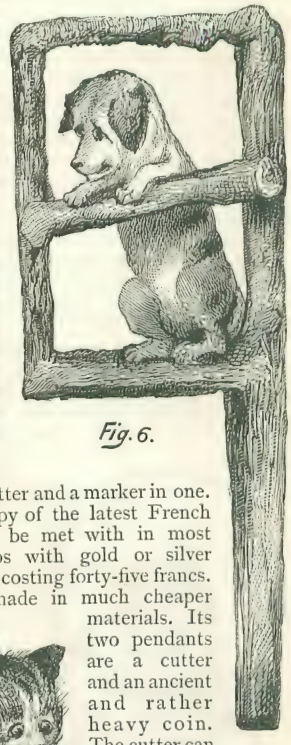

Fig. 6.


Fig. 7.

Fig. 3 is a marker somewhat like the last-mentioned. This is made of a long piece of ribbon affixed to an



Fig. 8.

ivory roller, and for its pendants little tiny animals are used. These little animals can be bought in china, in metal, in bronze, and in silver, according to the taste and means of the purchaser. In some cases the rings are already attached, in others they have to be soldered on.

Fig. 4 is a form of book-marker much used in America; it is either made from natural maple, oak, or lime trees, or from thin leather. The natural leaves require picking before they show any signs of decay, and drying between sheets of blotting-paper. When quite stiff they are sized with a coating of isinglass size and tied together at their stems with fine invisible cap wire. For making them in leather, take a piece of basil leather and outline upon it from natural leaves the two pieces required, taking care to make one leaf larger than the other. Cut the outline out with sharp scissors, and then put the leaf into cold water until it is moist. Place the damp leaf on a drawing board and copy on to it all the veins of the natural leaf, either using a knitting-needle or fine embroidery scissors. Having marked out the veins, pinch them up at the back to make them stand up in the front. The veins pressed over a hot knitting-needle will generally turn out successfully. Where they are too fine for this process the leaf should lie face downwards in the hand, and the veins be pushed out with a blunt stiletto. Let the leaves dry and then stiffen them. The easiest stiffening is made by dissolving gelatine in enough warm water to make it liquid and brushing this over the leaves. When they are both stiff and dry, glue with strong glue their two stalks together, and finish with a little bow of China ribbon tied round the stalks.



Fig. 9.

Fig. 5 can either be executed with leather, brass, or woodwork. Both these arts are well-known, but as they can only be practised by ladies who have learnt them and possess the right tools it would be waste of space to describe the processes necessary.

We now come to the very large number of markers that can be made from cardboard or thick cartridge paper, and that can be painted in oil or water-colours, etched with pen and ink, or formed by coloured scraps being pasted to strong paper and cut to shape. Many of our readers may not be aware that tube oil colours can be employed in painting brown paper, the difficulty of preventing the oil they are mixed with from running beyond its correct margin being done away with, either by mixing the tints with Miss Turck's Florentine medium, or by using a good deal of turpentine. Fig. 6 and Fig. 9 are specimens of flat book-markers that merely lie between the pages. They are cut out in duplicate from thick white or brown paper, and coloured upon both sides, either giving the back of the dog as well as his face, or two faces, the first being the most effective. The dog is coloured white with tan-coloured ears and markings; the fence he is looking through should be painted in shades of brown and green. The little mountebank of Fig. 9 requires very gaily-coloured clothes. When the cartridge paper is painted and dry, glue the back and front together. Figs. 7 and 8 are artistic varieties of the old book-marker cut from a piece of cardboard and doubled. In both the width at the top of the marker is

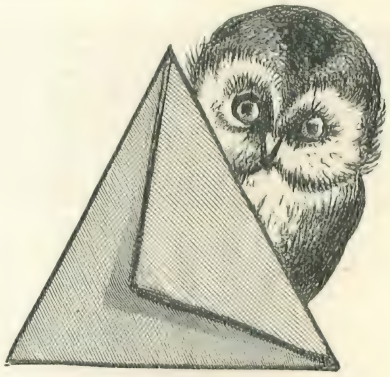


Fig. 10.

carefully preserved, and the ends graduated. These markers look best etched in pen and ink, and they can also be carried out by pasting scrap pictures on to their cardboard and cutting them as shown. Animals' heads of all shapes and sizes, full-faced and in profile, will form a finish to this description of marker, it merely being necessary to select a fairly broad head. Fig. 10 is not a doubled book-marker, but is made of a single sheet of cartridge paper cut as shown in the centre of the triangle. The owl looks well etched, and its back given on the wrong side. It also is effective painted in brown or sepia shades of colour. Fig. 11 is the picture of a fan, and is intended for little children to manufacture. These kinds of fans and many similar designs are constantly given us in tradesmen's advertisements, and it amuses and keeps a child quiet, to paste such prints upon paper and cut them out when dry, and as there is only a very simple outline, this is not difficult. To keep children interested as well as amused, there is no incentive greater than telling them that they are employed in useful work, and in finding for them something they can accomplish, and that can be utilised when completed. Fig. 12 s another design for a folded card. The under part of the card is a plain square, the upper only cut out as shown and painted in water-colours. The margin is coloured a pale soft-green or gilded with gold powder. The flowers are white, shading to

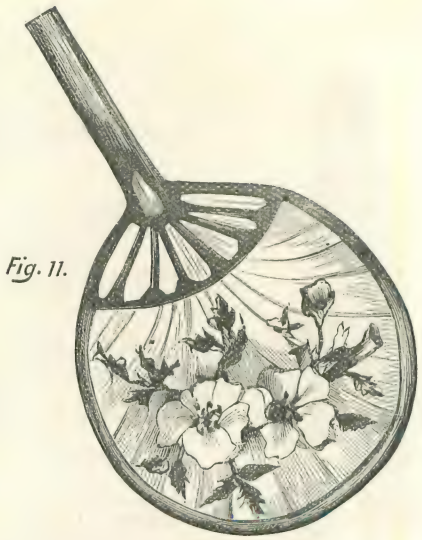


Fig. 11.

yellow pink, the centres are yellow, shading to brown. The buds are pink, white, and rose shades. This is a very pretty shape for a marker, and can be adapted to most flower designs. Such flowers as lilacs, acacias, wisterea, tulips, roses, and carnations all look well when sketched falling down from one side across an open space. A certain knowledge of painting is necessary to correctly colour flowers, but the copies obtainable from Christmas cards and guides to flower-painting are numerous.

We now turn to the book-markers used for religious books. Fig. 13 is one of a series used to mark a masonic Bible. It belongs to a set of six markers, and each is adorned with one of the well-known masonic emblems. (The star, lyre, cross, triangle, double triangle, and death's-head and cross-bones.) Below the emblems are printed directions as to the verses in the Bible to be read at consecrations, processions, and on ordinary occasions, also short homilies upon the duty and godly living required from members of this ancient religious community.

Fig. 15 is a book-marker made with perforated cardboard in the form of a Maltese cross. It is intended for use about devotional works, and is attached to a long and broad ribbon fringed out at the ends. Besides the Maltese cross, the nine-pointed star, the double triangle, and the archbishop's cross are made in this material. The aim of the worker is to cut out layers

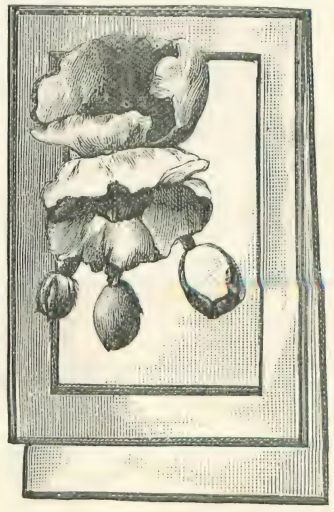


Fig. 12.

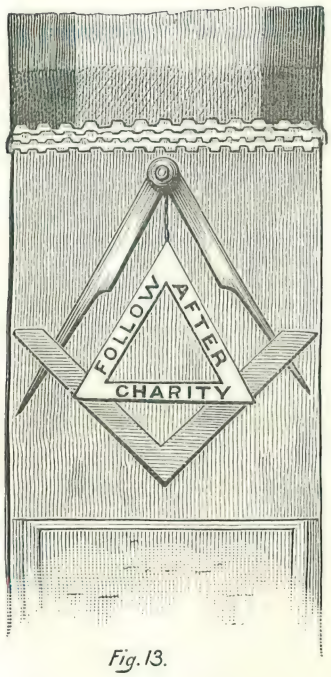


Fig. 13.

upon layers of perforated cardboard, each layer slightly smaller than its predecessor, and to gum these one above the other together, so that the design is highly raised in the centre, and much smaller there than at its base. A certain amount of care is needed when gumming these pieces to each other, as without great neatness the bits do not lie straight, and unless colourless gum (made by melting the white pieces of gum arabic in warm water) is employed, marks are left on the design should it overflow, but as these markers are very handsome when made, and are not expensive, they take a high place in their sphere.

We now come to church book-markers, which are in reality a study in themselves, so beautifully and carefully are they now made. The stout ribbed ribbon on which they are embroidered or applied, varies in width from one to three inches, and must be of one of the five ecclesiastical colours—crimson, blue, green, white and violet. To complete a set of church book-markers, three double book-markers of each of these five colours are necessary, as the markers are changed at the various church seasons with the altar cloths. White is the colour used for the greatest of the church festivals, namely, Christmas and Easter, red, for martyrs and Pentecost, violet for Advent and Rogation days and Ember weeks, and green for all Sundays and weekdays that do not fall upon any of the above periods or days.

The length of ribbon and its width is governed by the size of the church book; thus an altar book only requires a yard of ribbon, a Bible a yard and a quarter. All the markers are double, and have a barrel or register dividing them equally into two ends. This register is generally bought at a church embroidery shop for four shillings and sixpence, as it is covered with a network of silk or gold made over a wooden mould, and could not be neatly imitated by private hands. The devices used for ornamenting church markers should be very simple, but must be kept strictly to devices known to be used by the church. The I. H. S. surrounded by an oval, the cross of Calvary, the Latin, or Maltese cross. The cross combined with the anchor of hope, the single or double triangle, the crowned I. H. S. are some of the best known. They can generally be bought in cardboard cut to the right size for working, and as it is most important that they should be well and accurately drawn before they are embroidered, a good outline of them is a necessity. To work a church book-marker, frame a piece of strong fine linen in an embroidery frame. Tack well down to

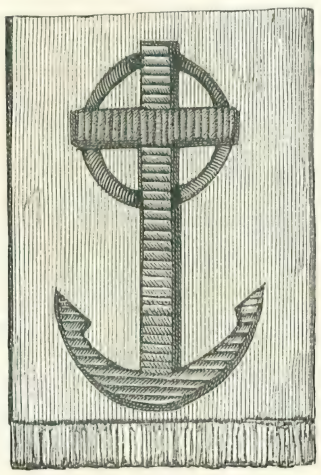


Fig. 14.

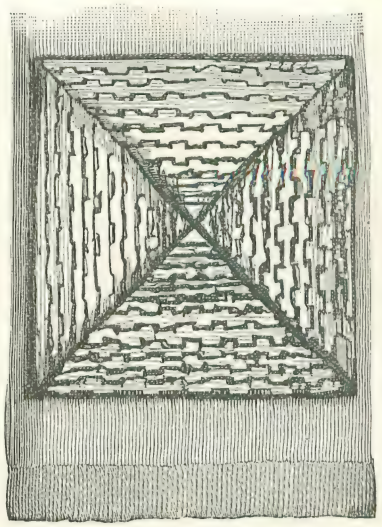


Fig. 15.

this foundation the last ten inches of the ribbon, sewing the ribbon to the linen only at the former edges, sew the cardboard design to the ribbon, five inches from the edge, and then cover the cardboard with even lines of gold thread or purse silk. Embroider the other end of the ribbon with some other device but in a similar manner; the embroidery on this must be on the reverse side of the ribbon. Cut away the linen foundation first from the frame and next from the under-side of the work where it is not required, and turn back the piece of ribbon left at the edge over the wrong side of the work so as to completely hide it. A little of the ravelled-out silk from the ribbon itself should be used for hemming it together, as extreme neatness about the joining is necessary. A fringe of gold or silk matching the materials used on the embroidery is sewn on to the ends of the ribbon. Some people embroider both sides of the ribbon, and need no turned backpiece when this is done. Each device is worked on linen in an embroidery frame, is cut from the frame and the ribbon being carefully stretched, the work is *appliquéd* to it, and a line of gold cord fastened or couched round the outlines to hide the fine stitches that secure the linen and silk together.

B. C. SAWARD.

HOW OUR COLOUR-PLATES ARE PRODUCED.

FOR the women and girls of all ranks this latter end of the nineteenth century is essentially a period of work.

Without becoming in the least degree unwomanly they come forward to take their part in the work of life with all earnestness and devotion, and however varied their talents, the work demanding labourers is equally varied and can supply occupation to all, whether their power be in the clear head, the tender heart, or the delicate hands.

To all interested in women's work it is a matter of congratulation when the law of supply and demand creates some new branch at once suitable and remunerative for them.

Such an one was called into existence about fifty years ago, and has been kept in full swing ever since by the love of the public for coloured pictures, the production of which is known by the name of chromo-lithography.

Whoever introduced or originated this special art, whether a German or an Englishman, is entitled to the best thanks of both nations. Up to a few years ago England sent the majority of work of this kind to Germany, which then had the monopoly, although the original drawings more often than not were supplied by English artists.

It became inconvenient as time went on and the art increased in public favour to have employers and employed at so great a distance one from the other, and the question arose, why could not intelligent English girls, with teaching and practice, do the work quite as well as German women?

The Royal Female School of Art in Queen's Square, which has done so much towards raising and developing artistic taste in English girls, conceived the idea of throwing out a branch from itself for instruction and practice in this new method of producing coloured pictures, and so under the wing of this institution the studio was started, and is fulfilling to the utmost the hopes entertained of it.

It is an art requiring from its disciples business habits, a sensitive nature, clever hands, immense patience, and a good knowledge of drawing and colour.*

To see how these pictures are produced, we will begin at the beginning. An artist sends a sketch, it may be of a flower, a house, a landscape, or a head for reproduction in colours. It will necessitate two sets of workers—the artist and the printer. To enable the first to carry out her special work she must have ready to hand transfer-paper, a special kind of ink or crayons, prepared blocks of stone, and a pencil, or stick, of snake-stone.

The transfer tracing-paper has a coating on one side of gelatine, starch or gum, and on this side she traces an exact copy of the sketch which is to be multiplied.

The ink is a great part of the secret of chromo-lithography; it must be greasy, or

* All particulars of terms and period of apprenticeship can be obtained of Miss Rushton, who has the superintendence of the Chromo-Lithography Studio attached to the Royal Female School of Art in Queen's Square.

what is called fat ink, and is prepared in such a way that when laid on the stone it adheres so strongly to it as to require chemical force to remove it. It is bought in cakes and diluted with distilled water, or rain-water filtered through blotting-paper. The best is obtained from Lemercier, of Paris, who also supplies the crayons.

The stones used are specially hard, compact limestone, either polished or grained, the former for ink-work, the latter for crayons, because they are harder and sharper, and act as a rasp to take off a sufficient quantity of crayon to give blackness and body to each dot. They are prepared in all sizes and sold by weight, from a penny to fourpence a pound; the best come from Munich.

The snake-stone is almost indispensable, for it possesses the rare quality of being able to erase from stone.

All these materials being ready to hand, the original drawing is given to the girl-artist, who begins by making an accurate tracing of it on the coated side of the transfer-paper with transfer-ink, and while the ink is wet the paper is damped and placed on the stone already prepared, and to which the tracing adheres.

This tracing is called the key, and is used for as many stones as there are colours to the picture, each colour demanding a separate stone, and to distinguish them from the first stone are called off-sets.

All the work on the stone done by the girl artists is with the greasy ink, the colouring is done by the printer.

Suppose the picture to require eight colours, and the first to be grey, she will indicate this first coat of paint by means of a pen or brush filled with the greasy ink; varying the light and shade according to the dark or delicate tints of the colour required. When this part is completed it is etched with acid and gum which eats into the stone. This is sent to the printer with a water-colour wash to indicate the colour, and he, having washed the stone, puts it into a press with a cylinder of grey colour, which goes only to the parts assigned for it, indicated by the filling in of the greasy ink; and strangely enough, the paint is picked up by those parts only, the remainder receiving and retaining water simply, thereby revealing the secret of chromo-lithography, which is that grease will not directly combine with water. A proof is pulled of this first stage and sent to the studio for approval; if all right it is passed and returned together with a second stone with a view to the pink portion of the picture, supposing that colour to come next. Everything, you will observe, that the girl artist does to the stone is drawn in black as a medium to prepare it. This is what is called drawing the stone to a colour.

When the whole of the eight colours are impressed, the proof, together with the original, is sent on to the patron, and as far as the girl artist is concerned her work is finished.

As to the sequence of colours there can be no hard-and-fast rule; so much depends upon the tone and tint desired. Sometimes the colours are intended to soften into each other, at other times to overlap each other so as to produce another tint, and in both cases the proper arrangement of the colours can only be acquired by study, experience, and observation.

There are opaque and transparent colours, and as a rule the former are placed on first, in order that they may be seen through the latter, but even this order is changed sometimes. For backgrounds of large pictures, which would take a long time to stipple, a gelatine plate is inked and laid on the stone, and then rolled up and down with a miniature roller, so as to leave the impression on the stone. This is an American invention called "Day's Medium," and is an exquisite instrument.

We have only spoken of the work done by the girl artists as we saw it in Queen's Square, the printing, which is most interesting, being done elsewhere. This part we saw at Pocher's in Nuremberg, one of the largest chromo-lithography printers in Germany. There were thirty-six thousand stones from which impressions were taken. Three thousand impressions can be taken from one stone, but if the stone be broken or cracked in ever so slight a degree it cannot be used.

They use in this house in the course of a year five hundred thousand sheets of paper, and two hundred pound's worth of gold paper every month; they employ two hundred and forty people, one hundred of whom are women and girls. There are sometimes twelve or fifteen colours in a picture; each has to be lithographed separately, and only one can be lithographed in one day.

MARCHING EVERMORE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



WE are marching, lads and lasses,
We are marching, great and small;
We are marching ever onward
On Life's highway, one and all.
Hasting to what fate we see not,
Meeting faces all unknown,
Only sure that our great Captain
On the road before has gone;
For as darkness closes round us
We can hear His trumpet call—
Marching, marching, ever onward,
One and all.

Through the hot and dusty stubble,
Over green and fragrant lawns,
Through the valleys, over mountains,
'Midst the roses, and the thorns.
In the gloom, and in the sunshine,
Through the wheat, and through the tares,
Drinking now of joy and gladness,
Now of sorrows, pains, and cares.
We are marching, lads and lasses,
Marching, marching, evermore,
Heeding only that our Captain
Goes before.

"Hasting to what fate we see not"—
Aye! but this we surely know,
We have trusty shields and bucklers
That will serve 'gainst every foe:
And we march beneath one banner,
And we march towards one end,
And they're faces of our brethren
That press round us as we wend.
We are marching, lads and lasses,
And we need not doubt or fear,
For the footsteps of our Captain
Shine so clear.

We are marching, marching, marching,
On Life's winding changeful track,
Which has many a diverse pathway,
But no turn that leadeth back.
Hope is ever strong within us,
And we need not fail or stray,
For the Captain whom we trust in
Knows each winding of the way.
We are marching, lads and lasses,
Through the glamour or the gloom;
We are marching, marching, marching,
Marching *home!*

Let us look to keep our conscience
Pure from thought or deed of shame,
Lest we bring to foul dishonour,
Christ, our Captain's holy name;
It will be so sweet to hear Him,
When the goal at last we win,
Say, "My soldier, brave and faithful,
To My kingdom enter in."
We are marching, lads and lasses,
We are marching, great and small,
Ever upward, ever onward,
One and all!



A JUNE ROSE.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WE SHALL LIE ALL ALIKE IN OUR GRAVES."

"POR TURBIA QUE ESTE, NO DIGAS DESTA AQUA NON BEVERÈ."

A FEW days after the christening, Mrs. Roderick asked Mara to take charge of the house while she went to see a friend. Mara did so gladly, for she wanted to see the foundling and Mrs. Meredith, both of whom were very ill. She found the former with Betty True Blue, who had remained in the workhouse, contrary to her intention, to nurse him till he was better. Mara looked sadly on the large languid eyes, and her heart ached at the wailing cry. She took him in her arms, and with tears in her eyes began her lullaby. The child looked at her and smiled.

"Betty, look, look! He is better—he smiles!" she said, joy shining through her tears.

"Poor dear! He do like you, seure! I hope he will soon be better, or that it will please the Lord to take him out of this howling wilderness. I can't be stopping here much longer."

"Oh, Betty, don't leave him, pray don't leave him!"

"Look you here, Miss Marget *fach*. You must be careful. Don't you be interfering about the babies and the sick, or you'll be getting into trouble. Nanny Crow's Beak and Delia Monitress, they are bad uns, and you have made enemies of 'em already. Nanny do drink more than half Mrs. Meredith's wine, and everything else she can get. The master do tak' her part because she is help him to grind us all to powder."

Mara was too much absorbed in the foundling to pay much attention to what Betty said, but she thanked her, and as she returned the baby to her, again begged her not to leave the workhouse.

She found Mrs. Meredith much worse, and felt sure that the end was not far distant. At sight of her the poor woman's countenance brightened, and she asked for her child. Mara fetched Emily at once, in spite of Nanny Crow's Beak's sinister glance. She could scarcely restrain her tears at sight of the meeting between the mother and child, and to conceal them, turned to Nanny and ordered her to bring Mrs. Meredith's wine. Nanny left the room grumbling, and Mara asked the sick woman if it were true that she did not get it regularly; she shook her head, and begged Mara not to complain, as she wished to die in peace.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Mara kindly, as she sat down on the bed and took Mrs. Meredith's hand.

"Only be good to my child when I am gone," was the answer. "She has no friends here, and indeed, she has none anywhere, for my parents are buried in Sunderland, and my poor husband left no near relations. When he was drowned a few months ago in that dreadful storm, I fell ill, and they brought me here. I have no cause to complain. Mrs. Roderick has been very kind to me, and since you came my child has been happy, and I am sure she will be well cared for as long as you are here. Will you promise me to be a mother to my poor child."

Mrs. Meredith fixed her glittering eyes on Mara, who was frightened by their brightness and earnestness as well as by the responsibility of her new position.

"I will do what I can," she said humbly, putting her hand on the golden hair of the child as she lay in her mother's arms. "Is there anything else?"

"I should like to see a clergyman or a minister of some kind. This is a very dark place, no clergyman ever visits it, and when the preachers come I am too weak to go down and hear them. I should be glad to have that young Mr. Morris; he seems to care for poor sinners."

"I will write for him at once," said Mara. "Emily shall stay with you while I do it. I am mistress here to-day, Nanny."

"If you please, miss, we can't have no children," said Nanny, as Mara left the sick ward. "Fine doings, indeed! This shan't last long."

Mara wrote to her sister and asked her to beg Edwin to come at once and see Mrs. Meredith. Just as she had finished Mr. Roderick came in, and she told him what she had done, adding,

"Nanny Crow's Beak has been in the habit of drinking the wine ordered for the sick; is that right? All the women know it."

"The sick ward is under the care of the doctor and matron. I do not interfere," said Mr. Roderick, the offensive smile changing into a sneer.

"Nanny is a horrible woman," said Mara.

"We have horrible people to deal with, and she does her duty. It is no good to be tender-hearted here. There's that drunken Molly Thomas come in again with her six children; she always arrives when she has spent every penny in drink, and when her children are starving. You must have six beds prepared for the children, and will you tell Betty True Blue to scrub them clean before they go into the school-room?"

Edwin Morris came that evening and Mara went with him to the sick ward, where there were others besides Mrs. Meredith thirsting for the Word of Life. When Edwin read, preached, and prayed, many feeble hands and dimmed eyes were uplifted, and Mara felt that his presence was good in that dark place. The dying woman thanked him in a few strong words as she pressed his hand and told him that she was ready to depart and to be with Christ.

Mara had no private interview with Edwin, but she was present when he proposed to the master to come and preach at the workhouse the following Sunday, and the master gave his permission.

The first funeral that Mara ever was present at was that of Mrs. Meredith. She would not allow her remains to go unattended to their last resting-place, so she dressed herself in black, put a black ribbon round Emily's bonnet, and followed the pauper coffin to the grave, leading the child by the hand. Two men carried the bier on which rested the bare coffin containing all that was mortal of her whose spirit was with God, as men carry a sedan chair.

Although Mr. Traherne read the funeral service as rapidly as he had read the baptism at the workhouse, Mara trembled at the words he uttered. She had never thought much of death or the resurrection, but now they seemed present to her. Her experience of life and death, of riches and poverty, of innocence and shame was indeed begun.

When all was over she took the little Emily in her arms and turned away from the grave, sobbing aloud. The child put her arms round her neck and cried with her, she knew not why. As she walked rapidly through the churchyard she inwardly vowed never to forsake the orphan she held to her breast.

At the churchyard gate someone called her by name, and turning round she met Edwin Morris. He had attended the funeral though she had not seen him; and Mr. Roderick had also been there in his capacity of master of those pauper cumberers of the soil.

"Mara, let me carry the child for you," said Edwin taking Emily from her arms with a gentle force.

They walked on in silence, people wondering at Miss Margaret Vaughan's "mad pranks," and at her father for allowing them.

"We are friends, Mara," said Edwin at last. "I wish to say that, dearly as I love you, I will never torment you with my love. You have chosen your path, I mine; but wherever I may be I will pray for you. Think of me sometimes as a friend and brother. Will you forgive my presumption, and unsay the words you said to me on the hill?"

"Provided that you really mean what you say, and understand that if you are my friend you must be Gerwyn's also."

"I can never be his friend, Mara. He and I are as widely apart as north and south. But I am yours for life, and if I can ever be of use to you I will. Good-bye, dear Mara, and may God be with you."

Edwin put Emily down, took Mara's half-reluctant hand, pressed it, and hurried up a bye-path. Mara sighed as she looked after him.

"Not be Gerwyn's friend!" she muttered. "I suppose he resents his old satirical fun. I am sure Gerwyn never injured him. He only pretended to preach through his nose and to look puritanical whenever he was in the way. Poor fellow; I see him now."

Mara laughed at the recollection of her lover, and Emily laughed because she heard her laugh. Then she reproached herself for laughing and cried again.

When she reached the workhouse

Betty True Blue met her and begged her to come and see the foundling, who was in convulsions again. Mara found the child in a wretched state, but before she could attempt to restore him she was summoned to her school-room, which was in a state of misrule. Delia came to say that she could do nothing with Molly Thomas's children, who were using bad language, and had even returned her cuffs with interest.

"I cannot come," said Mara turning fiercely upon Delia with the writhing baby in her arms.

"Then what am I to do, ma'am. It is a regular mutiny."

"Quell it!" said Mara.

"Go you—go you, miss *fach*," said Betty. "That is your duty, this isn't."

"I should think not," cried Molly Thomas, who stood by, her arms akimbo. "My children aren't to be neglected for such beggars' brats as these."

Mara turned round upon the woman with a wrathful retort on her tongue, which was arrested by the master's voice calling—

"Miss Vaughan! Miss Vaughan!"

"What shall I do?" said Mara.

"Give me the baby!" said Betty, taking the suffering child from Mara's resisting arms.

"Miss Vaughan," cried Mr. Roderick, entering the room in which they were, "there's a pretty to-do in the school-room. I heard screams as I passed, but I don't like to interfere with your department. You must go at once."

"The baby is dying," was Mara's only answer as she bent over the foundling.

"I wish he was dead with all my heart," said Mr. Roderick.

"Go you, miss—go you," whispered Betty, "I'll tak' care of the baby! Look you, he's better."

"Come along, Miss Vaughan, or I'll go and administer summary punishment without you."

"Don't you lay a hand on my children!" screamed Molly.

"I shan't spare 'em if they're hurting Emily, as I suspect."

Emily was a favourite with the master.

At the mention of Emily Mara roused herself and hurried away, followed more slowly by the master and Delia.

Mara found her school-room as Delia said, the scene of regular mutiny. In the midst were Gipsy George and one of Molly's big boys fighting. Behind George stood Emily, crying piteously and entreating him not to fight, while the rest of the children stood about encouraging the combatants by shouts and hand-clappings. Two or three of Molly's children were using bad language and abusing the rest who sided with George, while one of them, a girl, was pulling poor Emily's bonnet off her head.

Mara saw only Emily, and, running towards her, took her up in her arms, while she gave the youthful Molly a push that sent her to the other side of the room. Then summoning her authority she commanded silence—in vain. George's young blood was up, and his doubled fist went into the eye of his bully antagonist, who yelled lustily, fell blindly upon George, and rolled with him upon the ground.

At this juncture Mr. Roderick appeared, and, seizing them both by the collar, set them on their feet again. Molly's eldest born slunk back, but George stood his ground as soon as Mr. Roderick let him go.

"Please, sir," he said, "he beat Emily and called her mother a dead pauper and mine a gipsy, and I said I'd fight him and I did."

"You will both come with me to the lock-up," said Mr. Roderick.

"Not George," said Mara coming forward, "he does not deserve it. William Thomas has been bullying him ever since he has been here, and teasing Emily."

"They called mother a drunkard," said Molly's daughter.

"I didn't," said bold Gipsy George. "I only beat him for Emily."

"Yes, he did," said little Emily, taking hold of the tail of Mr. Roderick's coat. "Please, master, forgive Georgie."

"Will you let me punish them both this once, Mr. Roderick," interposed Mara. "It is very difficult to keep the children in order when these rude casuals come in."

"They mustn't be left, Miss Vaughan. If you attend the funerals of the women and see to the convulsions of the babies, your own dooties will be neglected."

Mr. Roderick told the children that if they fought or quarrelled again he would horsewhip them and lock them up, and then went away. Mara whispered something to Letitia, who left the room. She then stood in the midst of the insurgents, apparently thinking of the punishment she should inflict, but with her eyes on the door. Letitia soon returned and whispered to Mara, whose face brightened at what she said. She turned to Delia.

"I think you said William Thomas kicked you. Will you say what punishment he deserves?"

"Lock him up here during play-hours, and don't let him go down to meals," promptly responded Delia.

"Very well," said Mara, glad to be told what to do. "Did George resist you?"

"No ma'am."

"Then I will punish him. Children, sit down to your desks. George, go and stand in the corner alone."

Mara's one idea of punishment was standing in the corner, and in the present instance it was more than sufficient, for George was sociable and independent, and did not like being sent to Coventry.

Mara set to work with a heavy heart, and thought the day would never come to an end. In the evening Betty True Blue came with news that the foundling was better, and after the children were in bed Mara went to see him and found him asleep. Then she returned to her lonely room to try to prepare for the next ordeal she had to go through.

This was her examination. For this she sat up half the night studying arithmetic and geography, which, with reading and writing, were required for the first step, or "probation" as it is termed, of her teacher life. As she was not ambitious of promotion, she had no desire for a higher certificate which would demand the more varied knowledge mentioned by the master. She was told that a little history would help her through, and she had procured her old lesson-books from home to study her neglected histories of England and Wales.

Before the examiner arrived she saw her father, who asked her if she intended to submit to an examination and to become in earnest the workhouse school-mistress.

She said that such was her wish if he would allow it.

"Do you consider this your vocation?" he asked sternly, "because it is not certainly the position for my daughter."

"I do, father. I can be of use here, which I cannot be at home."

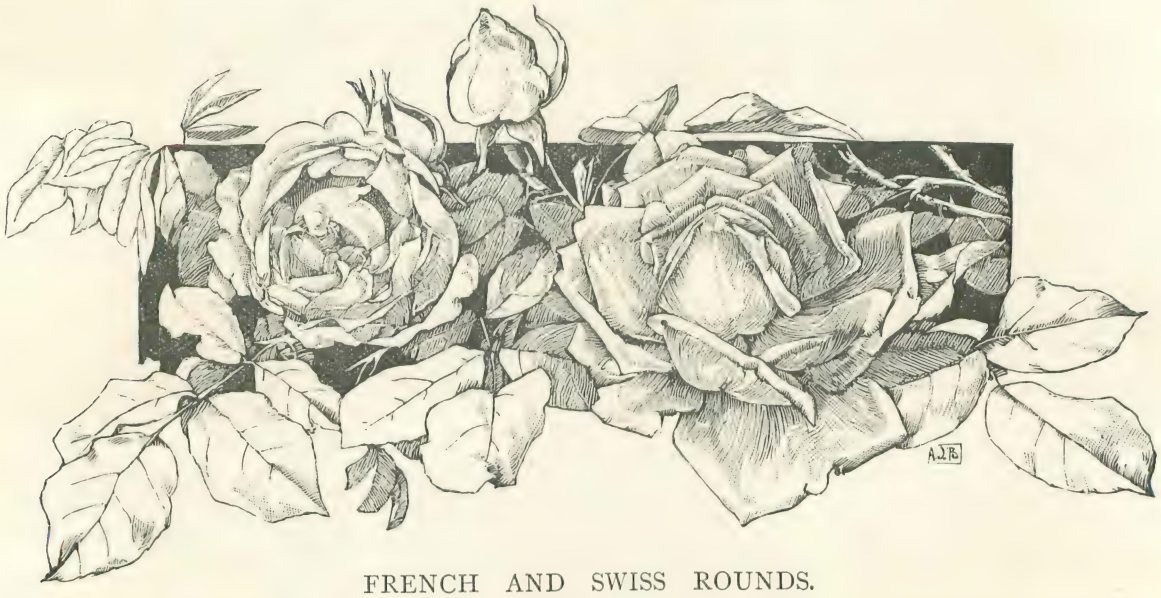
"Will not be, you should rather say. But I will not thwart what seems to be inspiration from above, much as I rebel against it. I hope the examiner may not find you wanting."

The examiner did not find her wanting, but was well pleased with the new school-mistress, and gave her a certificate of probation with a compliment on her examination. After this she entered more cheerfully upon her duties and became interested in them. A love for the outcast children she had to teach sprang up in her heart, and she strove to do her duty by them. They had been cruelly treated by Miss Jones, and much neglected. One or two who were naturally quick had got on, but those who were slow were made hopelessly stupid by slaps and cuffs. Mara was kind though hasty, and her sympathetic temper quickly worked upon the children under her charge; they became fond of her, and repaid with interest the love she showed them. They improved in many ways, and notably so in health and cheerfulness. Soon a rosier, blither set of workhouse children could not be seen, and the authorities praised her accordingly. Could Mara have heard of Gerwyn she would have been almost happy, but no news came of the *Adventure*.

Meanwhile Edwin Morris went out as a missionary, and Mr. Vaughan's displeasure rather increased than decreased, because he believed that Mara was the cause of his going.

Nothing more was heard of Gerwyn, although letters arrived from other sailors and passengers of the *Adventure*. His father was not alarmed, but much annoyed. He knew his son's characteristic carelessness about writing, and supposed his silence to be caused by it. The ship had been in many difficulties, and the letters that reached England had been sent by chance means. Neither did Shanno hear from her son, so that poor Mara was in cruel suspense. Sometimes she fancied that Gerwyn had deserted her, at others that some dreadful mischance had befallen him. Had it not been for the necessity of daily labour she would have sunk under the weight of anxiety that oppressed her. Truly she paid the usual penalty of wilfulness and disobedience.

(To be continued.)

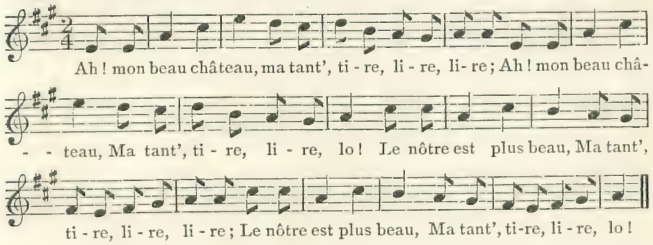


FRENCH AND SWISS ROUNDS.

In a sketch entitled "French Girls in London," which appeared in the November number of this magazine, a promise was given that the music of some of the French *rondes* should be forthcoming. Thanks to the kindness and industry of a young French friend, we are able to supply our readers with the words and music of seven of these dances, together with full explanations of the merry games that accompany them. It will be seen that some of them are very old, and expressed in language that, to the French scholar, might suggest bad spelling; but this is doubtless due to a remote ancestry. We have already adopted one or two of them, and perhaps some of our energetic young friends may puzzle out the others and utilise them; may even translate them and adapt them to the tunes. Under any circumstances, we shall acknowledge how much all nations have in common, and play in imagination with our French friends.

Anne Beale.

AH! MON BEAU CHÂTEAU. (*French round, very old.*)



The children form into two circles, joining hands. One circle sings one verse, the other circle the next.

I.—*1st circle.*
Ah! mon beau château,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Ah! mon beau château,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

II.—*2nd circle.*
Le nôtre est plus beau,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Le nôtre est plus beau,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

III.—*1st circle.*
Nous le détruirons,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Nous le détruirons,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

IV.—*2nd circle.*
Laquell' prendrez-vous?
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Laquell' prendrez-vous?
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

V.—*1st circle.*
Celle que voici,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Celle que voici,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

VI.—*2nd circle.*
Que lui donn'rez-vous?
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Que lui donn'rez-vous?
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

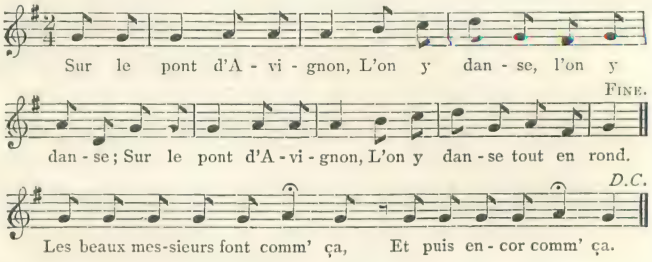
VII.—*1st circle*
De jolis bijoux,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
De jolis bijoux,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

VIII.—*2nd circle.*
Nous n'en voulons pas,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lire;
Nous n'en voulons pas,
Ma tant', tire, lire, lo!

The first circle goes on offering different things, such as toys and sweets, until the second circle agree to let one of their party go over to the first circle, with the words—

Nous en voulons bien, etc. (Music as before.)

SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON. (*French round.*)



1. Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond.
Les beaux messieurs font comm' ça,
Et puis encor comm' ça.
Sur le pont d'Avignon, etc.

(When singing "Les beaux messieurs font comm' ça," each person bows low to his neighbour.)

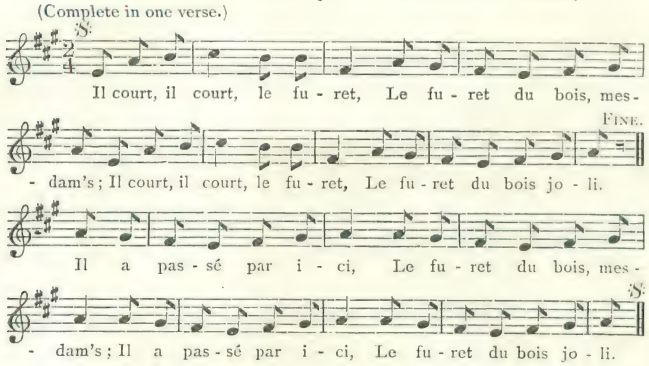
2. Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse, l'on y danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
L'on y danse tout en rond.
*Les bell's dames font comm' ça.
Et puis encor comm' ça.
Sur le pont d'Avignon, etc.

* Each person curtsies to his neighbour.

This can be continued indefinitely by imitating movements made in various trades, professions, etc.

LE FURET DU BOIS JOLI. (*Old French round.*)

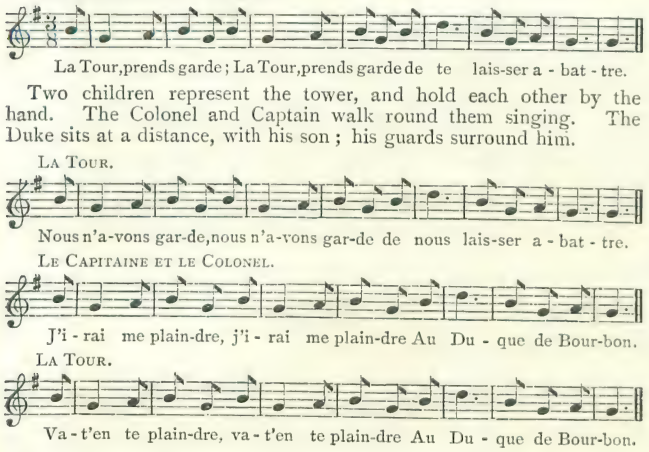
(Complete in one verse.)



The children form into a circle, holding a string tied at both ends, on to which a ring has been slipped. This ring is passed on from one person to another, with the attempt to conceal it from the child standing in the midst of the circle, and trying to catch it.

LA TOUR, PRENDS GARDE.

LE CAPITAINE ET LE COLONEL.



Two children represent the tower, and hold each other by the hand. The Colonel and Captain walk round them singing. The Duke sits at a distance, with his son ; his guards surround him.

LE CAPITAINE ET LE COLONEL (*kneeling before the Duke*)—

Mon duc, mon prince (*bis*),
Je viens me plaindre à vous.

LE DUC—

Mon capitaine, mon colonelle,
Que me demandez-vous ?

LE CAPITAINE ET LE COLONEL—

Un de vos gardes (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

LE DUC—

Allez, mon garde (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

A guard now joins the Captain and the Colonel, and they return to the tower. The children begin over again, "La tour, prends garde ;" the tower answers, "Nous n'avons garde," etc. The officers return to the Duke and ask for two, then three, then four guards. When there are no more guards, they say :—

Votre cher fisse (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

LE DUC—

Allez, mon fisse (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

They return to the tower ; then come again to the Duke, and say :—

Votre présence (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

LE DUC—

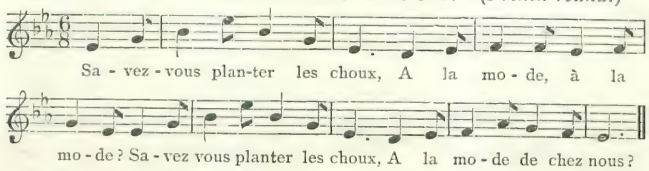
Je vais moi-même (*bis*),
Pour abattre la tour.

The Duke sets out at the head of the troop. He tries to separate the hands of the two children who represent the tower. Each one tries in turn, and the one who succeeds is proclaimed Duke in place of the last one.

duque = duc. *fisse* = fils. *colonelle* = colonel.

This is one of the most ancient of French rounds, and almost one might say the most popular.

SAVEZ-VOUS PLANTER LES CHOUX? (*French round.*)



Savez-vous planter les choux,
A la mode, à la mode ?
Savez-vous planter les choux,
A la mode de chez nous ?

On les plante avec le pied, (*pretend to plant with the foot.*)
A la mode, à la mode ;
On les plante avec le pied,
A la mode de chez nous.

On les plante avec la main, (*with the hand.*)
A la mode, à la mode ;
On les plante avec la main,
A la mode de chez nous.

The children sing on, substituting in each succeeding verse the words "le coude," "le nez," etc., and suiting the action to the words.

LE BERGER.

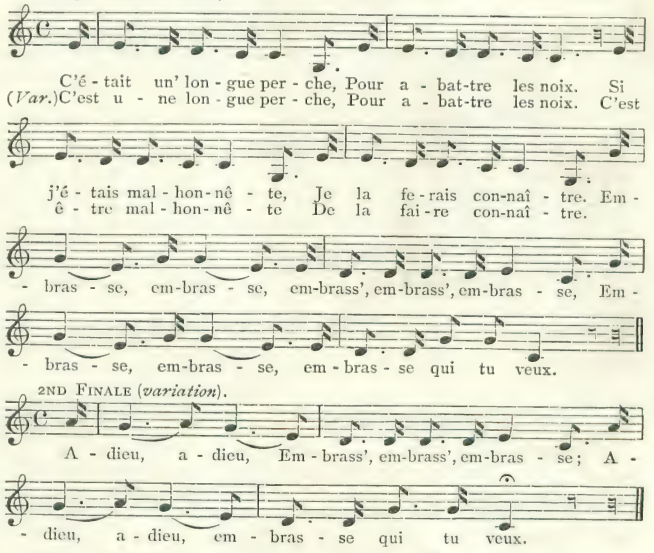
(Complete in one verse.)



This is an old French round, which has gone over into Switzerland, where it is also very popular. At the last word the circle breaks up, and the "berger," who was in the middle, tries to catch one of the other girls, who then takes the place of the "berger" for the next round.

C'ÉTAIT UNE LONGUE PERCHE.

(Complete in one verse.)



This is essentially an old Swiss round, and every canton has its own version ; the two given here are the most usual.

The Secretary to the Mission to the French at Bayswater, begs to acknowledge with sincere thanks the receipt of 7s. 6d. from "Lettie," Liverpool, sent for the Medical Mission in response to the article in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

VARIETIES.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—Each day as we look around us, how many instances do we see of the "Law of Compensation." How often one who is blind is compensated for his loss by other faculties being exceptionally keen, or by having a great gift for music. One who is deficient in the executive branch of his art, whatever it may be, compensated by being given a great talent for teaching the same; or, *vice versâ*, those who have been denied the gift of teaching fully compensated by their powers of execution. Take as another instance, learning; it is a generally acknowledged fact that the "steady old plodder" is always given a first-class memory to, as it were, counterbalance his defect in learning quickly; so that in such a case knowledge, though slowly gained, is a sure thing when acquired. If then we will but take the trouble to look for them we may daily find fresh proofs, fresh instances, of this universal "Law of Compensation."—*Edric Barry Elmore.*

GIRLS AND EXERCISE.—It is frequently asked how much walking exercise should be undertaken daily; and the question is one to which it is impossible to give a definite answer. Much depends upon the temperament, the strength, and the nervous energy of the inquirer, as well as upon the circumstances under which the exercise is taken. It is a matter of daily observation that one can walk much farther with less fatigue if one has an interesting companion, or a special object in view. It may be said generally that most women would be the better for walking at least three or four miles daily, while many are quite able to enjoy thoroughly and benefit by a walk of six or eight miles. If no special motive for walking exists, it is often well to invent one. Dealing with shops at some distance from one's home sometimes offers an inducement for exercise; or visiting friends at some distance from one's residence may be a convenient motive. The main point is to avoid what is sometimes called "taking a constitutional," a proceeding which is very unlikely to have the desired effect in promoting health.—From *The Wife and Mother*, a Medical Guide by Albert Westland, M.A., M.D.

FLOWERS OF AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

A touching instance of the tendency of flowers to linger on the spot where they were once tenderly nurtured is given by Sir Bernard Burke in his *Vicissitudes of Noble Families.*

"Being in search," he says, "of a pedigree with reference to the Findernes, once a great family seat in Derbyshire, I sought for their ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it stood. I entered the church; not a single record of a Finderne was there. I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes."

"'Findernes?' he said. 'We have no Findernes here; but we have something which once belonged to them—we have Findernes' flowers.'

"'Show me them,' I replied; and the old man led me into a field where still remained faint traces of terrace and foundation.

"'There,' said he, pointing to a bed of garden flowers grown wild; 'there are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will they will never die!'"

UNDER EXAMINATION.

A girl of twenty-one, in training for the post of assistant teacher, was recently asked to name the chief English writers of the reign of Queen Anne, and to give a short account of the life and work of each. This was her answer:—

"The reign of Queen Anne has been called the Augustan Age. The chief writers of this period were—Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Goldsmith, and Sir Walter Scott."

An Augustan Age indeed!

But some credit should at least be given to the ingenuity which could frame so splendid a list of names without including one that should by rights be on it.

It may match with that of the schoolboy who is said to have contrived to spell the word *wife* without using one of its proper letters.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

BY SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XII.



SISTER ADELAIDE congratulated her most heartily upon her next step, and promised to give her all the help she could. "Higher position in whatever form," she said, "brings added responsibility, and greater need of true wisdom. Do not be a sister merely in name, Constance, take into your very heart all with whom you have to do. Get to know each one personally who is under your care, whether ward maid, probationer, nurse or patient; each one has his or her own peculiar cares and anxieties, griefs and joys; sympathise as far as possible with all; the very fact of striving to help and know them will be of the greatest service to you, in teaching you to discern character, and thereby enabling you to judge wisely. You will find too as you go along that the higher step requires on your part more varied qualifications if you are to fill your position worthily. You have the responsibility not only of teaching and training others, but of seeing that they in their turn do the work which is required of them to the best of their ability. Finding fault with badly done work will sometimes be your duty, and it will not be a very easy matter to you, if I know you as well as I think I do: you would find it much more pleasant to do a thing over again yourself than to blame another for doing it badly." Constance smiled, knowing well how true it was. "And yet, if you do this," Sister Adelaide went on, "you will be neglecting your own duty, and depriving those whom you should be training of many useful lessons. There need be no personal feeling about it if it is done kindly, and with an honest desire to uphold what is right. There," she said, "I have given you quite a sermon, but you know, Constance, how I long for each nurse and sister to do her very best."

"Yes, I know," said Constance, "and indeed am grateful to you." How much, she thought to herself, do I owe to Sister Adelaide! If ever I make a good sister it will be thanks to her teaching. "When I am quite settled down I shall ask you in to my room to tea: at present it looks very bare, and I have too much to do in my ward to spend any time over it."

Constance was duly installed in her ward, and was now no longer known as Nurse Constance, but as Sister Hamilton. Mrs. Faithful had gone and Miss Price had taken her place. She was tall and matronly-looking, with an abundance of grey hair and keen grey eyes which seemed to look right into you when she spoke.

"I think Miss Price is a very different woman from Mrs. Faithful," said Constance one night to Sister Adelaide. "She seems really wishful to get to know us, and when she comes in to the ward she asks about the men and the nursing as if she was really interested and cared to know."

"I heard that it was a great grief to them at Liverpool when she resigned, but she was pressed to take the work here, as with the large private nursing staff the committee were anxious to get some one who was thoroughly experienced both in hospital work and the training of private nurses, and she has had a wide experience," said Sister Adelaide. "She is by no means young, and I am afraid will find it very uphill work here, but I think she will soon raise the tone of the nursing."

The probationers were loud in her praises; many small rules were struck out in the home; and one of them remarked to Constance:

"Miss Price says almost her only rule for us will be to be quite punctual in our wards and at meals, and not to go out after our evening work without asking her or telling the president where we are going. She means to treat us like grown-up women, not children, and all the rules of 'you must do this and you may not do that' are to be done away."

Constance smiled.

"I hope no one will take advantage of her kindness," she said, possibly doubting a little how such a plan would work.

Time wore on and Constance was feeling quite at home in her new position; she loved her work and was loved by her patients.

Things did not always go smoothly; there are many small daily trials in a sister's life in a hospital ward, none the less trying because of their smallness and constant recurrence. Ignorant probationers, more especially those who did not think they were ignorant, were perhaps her greatest trial.

"You will never be a good nurse," she said rather sadly to a pleasant, ladylike girl possessed of considerable assurance, who she found propping a man up in bed who was not to be moved.

"I am very sorry that you think so," she replied somewhat hurt. "Indeed, I can pick up things very quickly, and hoped I should soon learn all I had to."

"You will not begin at the beginning," said Constance. "Obedience, simple and entire, comes first. What was the use of my telling you that Madden was to be kept lying down?"

"I thought," interrupted the girl, "that the change would ease him."

"You thought," said Constance, "only the other day when nurse told you not to move Perry's leg that you could do no harm, and what was the result. I hoped you would have learnt your lesson then, but it seems not, and I shall be obliged now to tell Miss Price. I am sorry," she said as the girl looked tearful, "but yours is too serious a fault to pass over. If you got into a medical where you might have charge of a case of typhoid, if you thought him hungry possibly you might feed him, and that one act might cost him his life. You will get us all into trouble through your disobedience," she added, "and unless you are willing to learn to do exactly as you are told it is useless for you to think of being a nurse."

The girl looked a little frightened and very much as though she was being hardly treated; eventually she was moved into another ward, but it seemed impossible for her to learn that she was only to carry out orders and not to think and act on her own responsibility. She was therefore dismissed as unsuitable. Some probationers came seemingly to have a good time, and whenever Constance's back was turned would stand laughing and talking with the students, many of whom, not much more than boys, were quite ready to play with anyone who gave them the chance. The honestly ignorant probationers Constance had much patience with, though it was not always easy to pass pleasantly over the blunders which occurred time after time. One great pleasure was the fact that she was working for Doctor Bell, whom she thoroughly liked and respected. He in his turn liked the new Sister Hamilton, and always had a pleasant word of praise or encouragement for her when he visited the ward.

"A thoroughly good woman she is," he remarked one day to Doctor Harrison. "My only wonder is what she has taken to nursing for; not the sort of employment you would think well-educated girls would like, though they must find attraction in it, to judge by the numbers who go in for it."

"Perhaps they want husbands," said Doctor Harrison, an old married man with a large family.

"Some may come husband-hunting," said Doctor Bell, "but those do not make the best nurses; they have too much to do on their own account. I should think Sister Hamilton could have married had she chosen to," and then he thought to himself, "I wonder Seaton did not think of her instead of Rose. Ah, well, there is no accounting for tastes."

"As far as her work goes I hope she will not marry," he said. "I should be sorry to lose her from the ward! No nonsense about her."

"By-the-bye," said Doctor Harrison, "our new matron is looking things up, a bit different from the last one, certainly. Did you hear of her adventure last night. I heard it from Clapp, who was on duty."

"No," said Doctor Bell; "what was it?"

"Well, it appears that Miss Price was over at the home later than usual, an extra nurse having been telegraphed for to some case, and on her return Thomas, who had evidently had a drop too much, offered if she would give him a kiss to make her pass out for ten p.m. She had on a thick veil and he evidently mistook her (can't you imagine his horror when she lifted it and he saw what he had done). She went at once to Clapp, whose room was nearest, and informed him of the state the porter was in; then the secretary was sent for, but I have not heard the end."

Doctor Bell was more interested in the story than he had any appearance of being, and determined to find out the rest for himself. On his way to the hall he met the secretary, who asked him if he could spare a few minutes as there was a little matter on hand which it was needful to refer to him. It seemed that the porter, to excuse himself, had told about Nurse MacMahon and one or two of the nurses who had frequently remained out late. They had denied the accusation, but the porter stuck to it, and said that Doctor Bell could answer for one night when he saw Nurse MacMahon come in. After a long talk with both secretary and matron, Doctor Bell resolved to go in search of Miss Monk and find out which doctor attended her. Fortunately Miss Price had asked for her address when Nurse MacMahon told her she had a friend who could prove her innocence, and she had not dared to refuse it, thinking she would go that very evening, and prepare her once again to take her part. Such was not to be the case; Miss Price was not Mrs. Faithful, and when Nurse MacMahon came very meekly for a pass she said she was not going to give any that day.

Doctor Bell in the meantime found Miss Monk, who was quite taken unawares, not knowing who he was nor what was his errand. Nothing in her account tallied with Nurse MacMahon's story, and Doctor Bell left her fully convinced of Nurse MacMahon's guilt. When Nurse MacMahon knew that she had been found out she confessed to having altered Nurse Rose's pass, and in order more surely to screen herself, made up the story that she had heard her coming in; she also acknowledged Miss Monk's sprained ankle to have had nothing whatever to do with her being late. Whether she felt at all sorry no one really knew, her one desire seemed to be, to get away. Doctor Bell asked as a favour from the matron that before she was allowed to go all the nurses might be assembled and the fact of Nurse Rose's innocence declared. Several of the doctors as well as nearly all the nurses met together, and Doctor Bell himself very plainly, though in few words, told them that Nurse Rose, who had been such a favourite with them all, had at last been proved to have been absolutely blameless concerning the charges which had at one time been brought against her. "Nurse MacMahon," he concluded, "is the culprit."

As he finished speaking his eye fell on Constance; her face looked flushed and almost tearful, and yet there was an exultant expression he did not understand.

"What made you so very glad to hear that Nurse MacMahon had been the mischief-maker?" he said when next he met her.

"Oh! I was not glad on that account," she replied, "please do not think so, but I was glad about Nurse Rose. I had been longing to find out all about it for her sake, and now you have done it for me. I am quite sure that Rose herself will be glad that we know."

"I did not know that you were striving to unravel the skein," he said; "it was Seaton who put me up to it."

What made her pulse quicken, and her cheek get crimson; she was vexed with herself, but could not help it. "He could not have forgotten Rose," she thought; "indeed, he must have cared for her, or he would never have asked for his uncle's help. I do believe he loved her after all," and the very thought stirred up a warm feeling of sympathy towards him.

Nurse MacMahon left the hospital next day. Thomas too was dismissed, and the matron decided with the committee that in place of passes signed by the porter, each nurse when granted leave by the matron should herself fill in the hour of her return, thus putting them on their honour to do right. The change worked well under the matron's watchful eye: those who were upright appreciated it, and the few who took a mean advantage of the new rule were soon found out and sent away.

(*To be continued.*)



"'OH! I WAS NOT GLAD ON THAT ACCOUNT,' SHE REPLIED."



EDUCATIONAL.

ALICE M. FLEET.—The instructions given in housekeeping on £100 per annum appeared in the "G. O. P." in the number for January 9th, 1886, page 228; and how to keep house on £250 per annum in the number for October 4th, page 9, and going through a series of twelve articles in vol. vi.

DOROTHY had better apply to the Principal of the "Teachers' Training and Registration Society," Maria Grey Training College, Salusbury Road, Brondesbury, N.W., if she wishes to qualify as a teacher in a high, or middle school, or in a kindergarten.

MAY S. (Cape Town).—As a member of the English church, you should state your circumstances and wishes to your rector, and he will inform you of any local institution where you may be trained for the work of a missionary. If you have £50 only, you must take an appointment that will be remunerative. On this point he will also inform you. It is useless to tell you of our Missionary Training Colleges in England. Good health is essential as a qualification.

X. Y. Z.—In reference to the training and exams. of lady dispensers, you should apply for all information to one or all of the three institutions below-named. The Middlesex College of Chemistry, 40, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W., where classes for ladies in Dispensing and Practical Pharmacy are held. The Principal is F. Hubert Painter, Esq. The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road, admits women to their lectures, and also to the laboratory. The fee for a year's training is £15. There is also the Pharmaceutical Society, at 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., which admits women to the daily lectures and to the exams. for a fee of £4 4s. You can ascertain for what length of time this fee will suffice. We may add that the University of St. Andrews grants the diploma and title of LL.A. to women, and they have many centres of examination. Apply to the Secretary, "LL.A. Scheme," The University, St. Andrews, Edinburgh.

ART.

A. A. should seek what she requires at a good artists' colourman's, say, in Regent Street or Oxford Street.

AN AMATEUR.—Wash your oil-paint brushes while still wet by steeping them in poppy oil; then wipe, and wash them in soap-suds. If the paint has been allowed to dry on the brush, it must be removed by dipping into turpentine, and then cleaned in soap-suds; but it is best to avoid the necessity for employing the former, if possible. Indeed, no tidy, careful person would leave the paint to dry on her brushes.

A. B. C.—There were four celebrated Italians of the name Guido, but only one was a painter, and he was distinguished by the name Reni, born 1575. Guido Aretino is credited with having invented the gamut. Guido delle Colonne was a poet and historian; and the Marchese, Guido Ubaldi, was a mathematician and author.

WOULD-BE PORTRAIT PAINTER.—Yes, Maria Anna Angelica Kauffmann, R.A. (originally Swiss), did marry, in the country of her adoption, Antonio Zucchi, July 1781, in London, and died Nov. 5th, 1807. She always retained her maiden name.

MAPUGI.—1. For 10s. you could buy a very good box of water-colours. We recommend you to sponge the oil-painting with tepid water, and if more be needed, employ a professional hand, or you may spoil it.—2. Advertise for your lost relatives in an Irish paper.

LES HIRONDELLES.—The designs for crewel work, known as "Brigg's patterns," are to be had in all art-embroidery shops. They require to be transferred with the aid of a warm iron; it must not be a hot one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERPLEXED ONE.—There are Homes for little boys at Farningham and Swanley, Kent, and we think little if any charge is made. Write or have an interview with Mr. A. O. Charles, the Secretary, at the office in Ludgate Circus, E.C. There is a Children's Home and Orphanage (the Rev. Dr. Stevenson's) at Cambridge Heath, and you should apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. Pendlebury, at Bonner Road, London, E. Either of these might suit you for the child.

"ETC."—Your question is an idle one. Study your Bible, and make a note of every name by which our Lord is designated, yourself. It will be an interesting and profitable study.

REGINA.—1. The answer to your question depends on the people themselves.—2. If the girl be very young, uneducated, and not likely to rise in any way to her new station in life, she had better not marry a gentleman, as it is always a great risk; especially for the man.—3. It is well to be on good terms with your husband's family, or this would be a great cause for mutual unhappiness. If you be a woman of good heart and delicate feelings, how could you endure the thought that an unwise marriage had made your husband miserable? Judging from your letter, the lack of education would be a great drawback, and, as far as your own happiness is concerned, we advise against such a marriage.

MARTHA L.—If you propose to set up a flower farm in connection with some distilling firms, you will find that an acre of jasmine plants—we will say some 80,000 of them—would yield, as we believe, about 5000 lbs. of blossoms, of £250 value. Rose-trees, occupying the same space—about 10,000 trees—would yield some 2000 lbs. of flowers, value £76, or thereabouts. That of an acre of violets would amount to about £100, for a produce of 1600 lbs. of flowers. It would be a good plan to raise lavender, an acre of which might produce upwards of 3000 lbs. of flowers, and would yield a return of some £300. You would have to wait about ten years for the growth and blossoming of 300 orange-trees, which might perhaps be grown in Cornwall or the Channel Islands (although of this we do not speak with certainty), an acre of ground sufficing for them, and if successful, in a yield of 2000 lbs. weight of blossoms, which would bring in a return of £50. But we advise you to procure all needful advice at the Horticultural College at Swanley; and make no mistake as to the locality you select for raising the plants you propose to cultivate.

TALL ONE should not be so wretched about her height. Has she never heard the lines of Tennyson—

> "A daughter of the gods—
> Tall, and most divinely fair!"

Do not stoop, nor look anything but proud of your stature; for that carries it off in the best way, and makes other people admire it too.

ST. VINCENT.—Yours is the fourth letter from our girls within a month saying they have been saving "silver paper," and wanting to know whether it was worth 5s. a pound. We know of no use for it, saving perhaps in the decoration of churches and schools at Christmas or Easter. So if any of our readers know where this fad had its origin we should be glad to know all they can tell us.

SPERO MELIORA and MARSHLAND.—"The child, what will she become?" Apply for the House of Education, to the Lady Principal, Ambleside, Westmoreland. It is 265 miles from London.

MARION.—March 13th, 1860, was a Tuesday.

DOT.—"The Grove," so translated in our authorised version of the Bible, was from the two Hebrew words, eshel and asherah; but the former sometimes rendered "trees," see Gen. xxi. 33, the great heat rendering a shady retreat desirable for seasons devoted to prayer—as seen in the case of Abraham. In this case the name employed was eshel. But these groves were afterwards employed for heathen rites, and there were special false prophets of the groves, see Judges iii. 7; 1 Kings xiv. 23; 1 Kings xviii. 19; and 2 Kings xvii. 16. But the name "Grove" appears afterwards to have been applied to one of the false gods worshipped under the trees, being identified with the word Asherah, or Ashtoreth, the supposed wife of Baal, otherwise called Astarte, who was symbolised by a tree. This may be recognised on the wall-sculptures of the ruins of Nineveh. This fact may throw light on the otherwise inexplicable passage in 2 Kings xxiii. 6: "he brought out the grove from the house of the Lord." Ashtoreth was the goddess of the Sidonians, of which corroborative testimony has been found (1855) in an inscription on the sarcophagus of the King Ashmunazer, at Sidon.

DIE VERNON.—1. *Reform in Underclothing*, containing Mrs. Jennings Miller's ideas (vol. ix., pp. 18 and 60); *Recent Ideas on Dress Reform* (October 18, 1890, November 1, 1890, vol. xii.), concerns the same lady.—2. *Aglaia* is the organ of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, address, Miss Margaret Gwyn, Hon. Sec., 136, Regent Street, London, W.

TIRED ONE.—There is a "House of Rest" at Babbacombe, near Torquay, South Devon, of which we have heard most satisfactory accounts from respectable young persons (in business mostly) who have enjoyed its privileges, and returned home greatly refreshed in spirit and improved in health. The Misses Skinner, who instituted the home, and reside close by, will give all information. A return ticket for the journey is supplied by these ladies at half-price, and the terms per week of board and lodging 12s. Thus, for a fortnight's visit the cost would amount to £2 0s. 9d.

MADGE.—The 1st and 2nd volumes of the "G. O. P." have long been out of print, as well as the indexes of many of the volumes. But volumes bound, or unbound, are to be had from subscribers, and at some libraries, second-hand. There is no question of any reprinting.

A. B. C.—We have published two works on the subject of astronomy, which would be of much use and interest to a young student, viz., *The Heavens and the Earth*, by Dunkin, and *The Midnight Sky*, both illustrated. We strongly recommend these to our readers, and they would form valuable Christmas and birthday gifts and prizes.

BETA.—The monoliths, and cromlechs, and stone circles, some unhewn—both religious temples and sepulchral monuments—to be met with all over this country, as you have seen, are ascribed to the early ages of the Celtic race, and supposed to have been introduced by the Phœnician merchants, who commenced the work of civilisation amongst our aboriginal ancestors. Such-like memorial erections of rude stones we read of in the Old Testament; as, for example, Jacob's Pillar at Bethel; and the circles of stone at the foot of Mount Sinai, erected by Moses; and at Gilgal by Joshua.

RUTHERGLEN.—Marriage is so completely a personal question, that the first thing is to inquire, "Will it add to your own happiness and usefulness to others?" and if you like and respect the man himself, we should say marry without fear, if agreed in your religious faith.

A DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING (1) must have patience; probably the child is too young yet to learn.—2. Two very pretty Scotch names for sisters are "Minna and Brenda,"—from one of Sir Walter Scott's tales—and also Marjory, Jessie, Agnes, Euphemia (Effie), Jean, Ursula, and Margaret. These are names much used in Scotland.

WINTER fills the oil-stove too full, or when lit she turns it low, which is sure to make it smell.

WEARY ONE.—1. We are never "far from Him." It is quite impossible. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," and when we are most miserable and weary He is quite near, and knows it all, and is ready to help those who look to Him. 2.—Get a chair-bed, and rearrange the room, so as to sleep in it. We are quite sure you can do it. Take more exercise, and inhale deep breaths of fresh air when you can; and look on the bright side of all things. Make yourself smile. We know how depressing it is sometimes to be with old people; but remember, when we seem to have come to the end of our patience our deliverance may be at hand.

ROGET.—We may each of us be a power in this matter. We have always expressed our horror at the cruelty to birds which has gone on for some years. The best way is, to wear nothing of the kind yourself, and persuade others to be equally careful.

A READER OF "G.O.P."—You should try to obtain some of the missionary papers issued on the subject of China and its people, and get some good volume of travels. And if you intend to go out there, learn to make your clothes and your husband's, and to cook and make the best of the food.

ELLEN HICKS.—November 3rd, 1851, was a Monday.



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THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

BY SISTER JOAN.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN HAMILTON WARD.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL.

"Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose, he has found it and will follow it."—*Carlyle* "*Past and Present.*"



FOR weeks beforehand, preparations for Christmas festivities had been going on in a very unobtrusive way all over the hospital, and Hamilton ward was in no way behind the rest. As the time drew near and things were talked of more openly, there was a good deal of pleasant rivalry and competition amongst the workers, and on Christmas Eve, when it actually came to putting up the decorations, the excitement became general. Sisters, nurses and convalescent patients spent all their available time in making the wards and recreation rooms look as festive as possible. Many of the nurses on Christmas Eve went to bed more tired even than usual, but none of them grudged the weariness when they thought of the bright faces there would be on the morrow, and what a pleasure to many even the anticipations had been.

"A merry Christmas, sister," was almost shouted at Constance as she went into her ward on Christmas morning, each one wishing to be the first to greet her.

"A happy Christmas to you all," she responded brightly as she glanced around, "even though you are in hospital."

The ward was festooned with evergreens, and the bright red holly berries showed out well, giving a look of warmth and brightness, reminding all by their abundance that a cold winter was in store.

Carefully-prepared scrolls worked by patient fingers in many quaint designs and bearing words of pleasant greetings were fastened here and there. The every-day look of the ward had vanished, and an air of festivity reigned.

"I do think our ward will take the palm," said Constance, as she gazed admiringly from one side to the other, "it really does look well. You have very much improved that bit over the fire-place," she said, turning to the night nurse who was busy making a bed. "We left that till last, and had got rather tired so did not do it as well as some of the rest."

"It wanted very little altering," replied the nurse. "Mr. Clapp suggested it when he came his round, and I do think the ward looks just lovely."

Many were the comments passed by those in bed as to how it all looked and whose work was best done, etc.

After sister had spoken to the nurse and probationers she began her round, going in turn to each patient and satisfying herself upon every point she wished to know. How brightly everyone spoke, and nearly all had a cheerful expectant look on their faces; for though breakfast had not differed in any way from an ordinary meal, yet all knew that good things in some shape or form were to be had this day, and the very anticipation gave pleasure.

It is well in a hospital to keep Christmas, and indeed any day which can have a little extra pleasure put into it, or some small change made to vary the oft-times wearisome routine, for though in one sense hospital life has constant changes, yet there is also an unavoidable monotony felt most keenly by the sick which brings with it a weariness of spirit hardly calculated to hasten recovery.

Constance passed on out of this ward into one of the small special wards close by. How different it looked from the one she had just left! Christmas seemed to have been forgotten save for a few bits of holly standing in a vase on the table. A nurse was bending over the bed where lay an emaciated-looking man with hollow cheeks and eyes. He had only been a week or two in hospital, but had suffered for some years from abscess on the liver, and had undergone an operation which, if performed earlier, might have saved him; but he had come in too late, merely in fact to die, and death on this bright Christmas morning was not far away. Constance felt saddened as she went to the bedside, and her voice had a touch of pathos as she said, almost unconsciously, "How is poor Johnson to-day?" The large wistful eyes opened as he heard her voice, and though he did not speak she knew that he was well aware how near the end was. She took the thin wasted hand in hers, felt how feeble was the pulse, and laying it gently beneath the clothes again, said as she stroked his hair, "You will be better off soon." He smiled. "Won't you have a little drink?" she added, but he shook his head and again closed his eyes.

"The chaplain has been in already this morning," said nurse, as they turned away.

"Oh, I am glad!" said Constance, then added, "How sad it seems to be dying on Christmas morning, and without a friend of your own to come near you, quite amongst strangers."

"I don't think he would look upon you as a stranger, sister," the nurse said somewhat shyly. "How he opened his eyes as soon as he heard your voice."

Sister Hamilton turned to her with a smile, saying,

"If death means release from pain, and going home, we ought not to call it sad, as it will be a bright Christmas indeed for him. You need not put the dressings ready this morning," she said as she turned to go, "I am sure the doctor will think him too weak to touch."

Work in a hospital must be done whatever day it is, and Christmas differed in no respect from the rest. On the contrary, work in the accident ward, whether men's or women's, is often increased at Christmas-time. Poor creatures are brought in with cut heads and maimed limbs, possibly having been knocked about by drunken friends, or having themselves had, as they would term it, "a drop too much." Two women had been brought into Bolton ward the night before both seriously hurt, and a special night nurse had to be put on. "Keeping Christmas," one replied when she was sober enough to know what had happened. Keeping Christmas! And how many keep it thus—a real good drink, which if it does not end in a free fight at least ensures an irritable temper and a badly aching head for the next day. "It is a strange way certainly to keep Christ's birthday; better surely to pass it over without recognition than to pretend to keep it thus," so mused Constance as she went about her work.

"A happy Christmas, Sister Hamilton," said the house surgeon as he entered the ward. "Much work for me to do?" with a questioning smile.

"No," said Constance, returning his greeting; "all the small dressings are done, as I knew you would not want to see them to-day. Everything is ready, so we shall not be very long, and there is work enough elsewhere. Matron was in just now, and asked me to tell you that she hoped you and Doctor Clapp would go to the board-room as soon as possible, as the tree could not be finished without your assistance. After dinner, several of the nurses are to be busy there helping in the arrangements for the evening."

"Are you going," he said, "and is there to be dancing at night?"

"'No' to both," she replied, smiling; "my place is certainly in my ward for the present, and as to dancing, matron does not approve of it in a hospital, and no one I am sure could mind when she allows us so much liberty in every way. We are to have music and songs, and a supper; fancy Mrs. Faithful allowing that!"

"No indeed!" answered the house-surgeon, who had known Mrs. Faithful when he was dresser and clerk; "but Miss Price is something like, isn't she?" he said, warmly.

"Yes," replied Constance; "I am quite sure anything she undertakes must be a success, she has such a capable way of managing and doing things."

Though she had been amongst them for so short a time, Miss Price had already won many hearts, both by her ready sympathy and the entire trust she reposed in those under her. The tone of the nursing, as Sister Adelaide had predicted, was already raised; those who had come to play and flirt were got rid of, and obliged to seek employment where the matron was less particular or less observant.

It was no longer considered a crime for a doctor and nurse to be seen speaking to each other, and therefore there was no need to hide it, or to feel guilty, if matron passed at the time; no necessity for the doctor to try to evade her and pop into some ward when she was out of the way. All was expected to be open and above-board, and the wrong which, often unintentionally, follows the trying to deceive was thus avoided. It would indeed have been difficult to evade Miss Price, for she was constantly in and out of the wards, and had more knowledge of the personal character of her sisters and nurses than Mrs. Faithful had in all the years she was in charge. Already she knew most of the old patients by name, and got many a bright smile from them as she spoke in passing.

"How is Johnson to-day?" inquired the house-surgeon, as he and sister went to the first bed.

"Almost at the far end, I think," said Constance, in a low voice; "I fancy he will not live through the day."

They went together from patient to patient, she carrying the ink-pot and telling the doctor of any changes which had taken place since his last visit, and replying to his many questions concerning the condition of each, whilst he marked down diets, prescribed medicines and treatment, and examined the different cases. Then came three or four dressings in which she assisted him, and others which he looked at and left for her to do up again. As soon as his work was done he left the ward, and Constance began in good earnest to finish the dressings, and make each one comfortable again. How the eyes of all followed her as she moved about, each one anxious for his own turn to come to be attended to, and jealous, in more than one case, lest others should receive a larger share than he did of sister's time and attention.

Constance was not one to stand talking with a patient even about his own affairs, but she always managed, whilst doing some little thing for each, to find time for a kind and cheery word as she went her round; asking after the little ones at home, or the sick wife, arranging to get one or another to a convalescent home as soon as the doctor thought fit, and in as many ways as possible helping them to bear their burdens, and so lightening their load.

This morning there was much to be said and talked about; arrangements had to be made for carrying some to the board-room in the evening to see the tree; others, who were disappointed at not going, had to be consoled; many had to be warned to be careful. The topic was of general interest, and the men took part warmly, those who were to go promising to tell their less fortunate neighbours exactly how the tree looked, and all that went on.

There was a short service in the chapel, and Constance had spared all her nurses except the one in the special ward to go to it, and as many of the convalescent patients as inclined went also. The chapel had been tastefully decorated by some of the chaplain's friends, and the bright, cheerful service was much enjoyed.

As Constance was doing her last dressings the church-goers returned, the patients sauntering leisurely back into the ward, talking together of what they thought of the service and how they liked the decorations, whilst the nurse and probationers hurried in, and set to work at once with preparations for dinner, as though to make up for lost time.

Dinner was hailed with delight, bringing real English roast beef and plum-pudding, which was served round to all who were considered fit to have it, and in a surgical ward there were only a few exceptions. These willingly took their beef-tea and milk-pudding, with the promise of some fruit in the afternoon or cake for tea.

"It does smell good though," said one lad quite pleasantly to his neighbour, "and it's many a year since I've tasted real plum-duff."

"Ah, well!" said another, "it's a bit different kind o' Christmas this, to what it was last year out at sea."

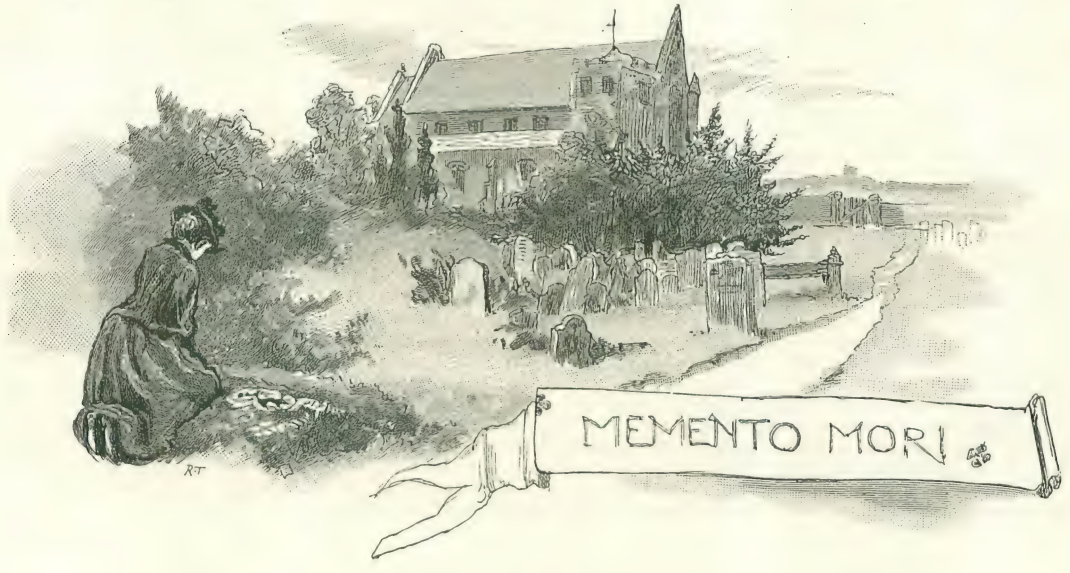
"Now for some of Jack's yarns," said several voices together. The sailor was a great favourite, and often beguiled a weary hour by telling stories of adventure, which were drawn more from a vivid imagination than from actual experience, but which nevertheless served to interest and often excite his hearers.

In the afternoon visitors were allowed in from two to four, and Sister Hamilton was kept very busy, speaking first to one and then to another, and looking out, too, for contraband goods, which were sure to be smuggled in in spite of the porter, and brought as a little Christmas offering to their friends. Slices of very heavy plum-pudding, rolled up in most untempting bits of newspaper, were given to some, and sister was begged, "if she wouldn't be too proud, just to take a taste." She could not hurt their feelings by a refusal, and cut off a small portion, but whether she really ate it we cannot tell.

She had hardly been out of her ward all day, for though poor Johnson was now almost unconscious and needed but little, she saw that the end was very near, and wished to be at hand. Just as she was assisting in cutting cakes for tea, one of the probationers ran up to her saying the nurse in the special ward wanted her at once. Constance went and remained until all was over. There was no struggle, only a stopping of the heart beats, an unutterable stillness, and then she knew that the poor worn-out body was at rest. The special nurse was only a probationer, and this was the first death she had seen. Constance saw she felt somewhat upset, and spoke a few kind words to her, adding, "When you have had your tea, you may assist in the large ward for half an hour, and I will take one of the older probationers to help me here."

The nurse went away, and as soon as the house-surgeon had been up Constance set about performing the last solemn offices for the dead. How strange is death, she thought, one moment here, and the next the lifeless, soulless body, left, as it were, discarded; and to think that death must come to each; surely a nurse, at least, cannot plead an insufficiency of reminders of the fact; the greater fear with some is rather that the very frequency of its occurrence causes callousness, for one has hardly time to pause and think much about it, as work must go on as usual.

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART VI.

I WONDER if any of you have read *Gérard's Herbal*? It is a much more interesting book than you would imagine it to be, so full of quaint fancies and old wisdom. I have been reading it lately, and it has made me wonder if we could not try and add to our too limited list of culinary herbs, and also revive some of the quaint washes and drinks that he speaks of.

In any case, it is high time we gathered and dried the few herbs which our garden holds. When they are beginning to flower is usually the right time, and we must hang the bunches where they will dry most quickly without gathering dust; the secret of keeping dried herbs a good colour lies in this fact.

No store-room is complete without its dried herbs, its sauces and mixed seasonings; having a supply of these close at hand saves an incredible amount of time. I propose that we devote one of these shelves to holding the bottles — wide-mouthed glass bottles with good corks and labels, we must have. They will be no eyesore, quite ornamental, on the contrary.

It is difficult to keep either stores complete, or utensils in condition and to their proper use, when servants are made responsible for them. While it is false economy to make shift with improper tools, no good cook, as I have said before, will use more things, or have a greater number about her than is really needful.

Besides stores such as I have mentioned, there are a few things which it is very handy to have about, and which, in high-class cookery, are really indispensable; I mean such things as little paper cases, *cassolettes*, *coquilles*—or imitation oyster-shells—these latter are very dainty for serving morsels and making them look very appetising.

The little paper cases are easily made from white note-paper, pleated and pressed together, using two tumblers for the purpose.

Another thing we ought never to be without are bread raspings. All crusts of bread should be baked dry and brown, then we must crush them and grind them quite fine. One always requires those for rissoles, cutlets, etc.; and it is such a waste of time to have to make them on every occasion.

Margery has asked me to explain the meaning of a few terms—mostly French terms—that one continually meets with in cookery-books and papers, and especially on *menu* cards. She says she knows the translation of the terms (I should think she ought to, after taking a "first" in languages!), but doesn't quite know what they are meant to represent.

Do you know what is meant by *hors d'œuvre*? No? Well, they are trifles —

really "appetisers"—which are passed round at the commencement of a meal or between two rich courses, to remove the taste of one thing, or to sharpen the palate ready for what is to follow. They include such things as oysters, pickled herring, sardines, anchovies, shrimps, olives, radishes, beetroot, melon, cucumber, lemons, pickles (both vegetable and sweet), and almost any number of little fancy things which are passed round in the paper or pastry-cases I mentioned before. Ornamental *hors d'œuvre* are very often placed upon the table to help in its decoration; they also serve to occupy the attention of the guests while they are waiting between courses.

What is the difference between an *entrée* and an *entremet?* One is served before the principal joint, the other after it. Then *entrées* are chiefly hot, savoury, often rich, dishes, while the *entremets* are lighter in character, sometimes cold, very frequently made from vegetables, or eggs, or fruit.

Small things, as cutlets or sweetbreads, brains, kidneys, etc., in sauces and thick gravies; minces, stews, and most made-up dishes; vegetables and poultry giblets; fillets of fish, smoked and pickled fish; *vol-au-vents* and small game; all and sundry are some of the things which are classed as suitable for *entrées*.

What is the meaning of *marinade*, of *au gratin*, and of *fricassée*, *réchauffée*, etc.?

To *marinée* means to steep anything, for a longer or shorter time, in a preparation or pickle. Meat and fish intended for broiling over the coals are much improved by allowing them to lie in a *marinade* of oil and vinegar for not less than ten minutes previously. A few leaves of fresh herbs and seasoning are generally added to this *marinade*. Until its effect has been tried, no one has any idea of the difference between a steak which has been so treated and one which has been laid upon the gridiron and cooked without previous preparation.

Marinades very often contain wine, the wine replacing vinegar. What we term "brine," for salting meat or fish, or what is prepared for pickling fruits and vegetables, is also called a *marinade*.

The mode of cooking anything *au gratin* is one that is so eminently praiseworthy, for its daintiness and nicety, that I really must make it one of our standard methods. The dish is the first essential; it must be one that will bear the heat of the oven, yet one which is nice enough to be brought to table, as a *gratin* must never be changed from one dish to the other.

In France, where this method of cooking first originated, and where it is ever a favourite, the *gratin* dish is frequently a silver one; often it is an heirloom in the family it belongs to. But the many prettily-shaped shallow dishes which one sees in the new enamelled ware are quite suitable for the purpose. We will suppose we have a moderately-large sole, which we are going to cook *au gratin*. The dish must be well-buttered to begin with, then receive a liberal sprinkling of fine bread-crumbs (not raspings), also minced parsley, chives or shallots, and any nice herbs you may possess. On this "bed" the fish would be laid, then in the same order it would be covered over, keeping the butter for the top. Sometimes a glassful of white wine is poured over all, but the juice of a lemon is very nearly as good.

That is an ordinary plain *gratin*. To further enrich it oysters, mushrooms, cream and eggs, etc., would be added where it was intended to be kept white; for meat, cutlets, etc., tomatoes and a little vinegar or red wine with brown sauce, would give a rich appearance and flavour. Pepper and salt also, but *cela va sans dire*.

The difference between a *fricassée* and a *réchauffée* is that the former is invariably made from fresh meat (which is served in rich, thick gravy), and the latter is, as its name implies, cold meat re-warmed. The last-named may, however, be made to simulate the first very well, for a brown *fricassée* has its chief parts coated with egg and raspings, and fried brown, before its further additions are made.

The true secret of success in all these made-up dishes lies in the attention bestowed upon the making of their sauces. It has been well said, "the cook who has mastered the making of sauces is *un cuisinier accompli*," and I think it was the great *chef* Soyer who said that "what the gamut was to music, sauces were to cookery."

From time to time we shall practise the making of various sauces, but I want you now to make mental note of one or two principal facts concerning their manufacture.

Firstly, then, a too-rapid boiling ruins the flavour of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards.

Then potato-flour is infinitely preferable for the thickening of them to ordinary flour; less of it is required, and it has a clearer, brighter appearance. Also, don't fall into the mistake that so many amateur cooks make, namely, of thinking that an indiscriminate combination of flavourings—a pinch of this and a drop of that—will make a sauce. Not at all, there are a few "standards" which are invariably contained in all sauces; but all spices, herbs, etc., have each an unique character, which character they must and ought to maintain.

There is one custom that is so common in all good French kitchens, and which I am determined to introduce into our own, and that is to have a supply of *friture* or frying-fat always on hand. If carefully poured off from the pan into a little boiling water after every time of using, the same fat will keep good for months, provided, of course, that nothing with a strong flavour has been cooked in it. It is no uncommon sight to see a large pan containing some four or five pounds of fat, put upon the stove when frying is on the *tapis*—French cooks' mode of frying, meaning to literally boil in fat; really it is the correct method too.

Margery, you did the dusting here to-day, did you not? Well, you quite forgot to dust the window-panes. Never thought it was necessary? Did you not know that windows are always dirtier on the inside than upon the outside? It is so, however; much frequent washing of windows might be avoided if a practice were made of dusting them as often as we dust the furniture of our rooms.

Rose tells me she has been on her knees literally polishing the floor-cloth of the front hall with furniture cream; she wants us all to go and admire the result.

Very good, Rose! Infinitely better than merely washing it with water, although I hope you did that before you began to polish. You will now find that a rub with a dry duster every day will be all this will require for the next fortnight. Now let me tell you of a little "wrinkle" regarding linoleums and their kind; it is less labour than doing as Rose has done, and really looks quite as well. It is to wash the linoleum with a little stale milk, using a soft flannel for the purpose, then when it is quite dry to rub it with a soft duster. Too frequent washings—especially the free use of soap—have been the ruin of many good floor-cloths.

Now, girls, I have talked and preached long enough, it is time we set to work. We have these salmon trout to cook: one shall be boiled, one baked; the first will want egg sauce, the second *maître d'hôtel* butter; so there we shall practice two out of our list of sauces; and Ruthie shall make some rice cream to go with that apricot tart. To-morrow we have a stew in prospect, and I must talk to you about the science of stews. You didn't know that science had anything to do with stewing? Ah, but it has!

LUCY H. YATES.

"OUR LITTLE GENIUS."

BY MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER III.



THE tower which communicated with the roof was some little distance from Blanche's room. I ran my fastest, scrambled up a ladder and pushed open a creaking door. The fresh summer air blew hard. Huge chimney-stacks rose above me; the roof was steep in places; every now and then my foot slipped, but I kept on, clinging to copings and projecting tiles as best I could, and always making for the window where Blanche was waiting for me.

At last I saw her leaning out of the window, and a cloud of smoke was round her. She was ten or twelve feet below me, and I could only reach her by letting myself drop on to the parapet that was on a level with her room.

"Creep along the parapet," I shouted; "don't look down, but come."

"Oh, Nora, I can't—I should be killed!"

It was no use arguing that point; if Blanche would not come, I must fetch her. I let myself down the wall, feeling for a support for my feet; a projecting stone helped me, and I clutched a waterspout. Down further there was thick-growing ivy; the ivy gave way under my fingers, and I slipped on to the parapet. At that moment I heard shouts in the garden below; they were coming to our assistance at last. When I joined Blanche she was shivering and crying. A tongue of flame leapt out of the window, the ceiling was on fire.

"It is my fault, Nora, and we shall never escape! I went into the blue room and left the candle burning there."

"Never mind that now, give me your hand. We can't stay here any longer."

The men were hammering at Blanche's door, trying to force it. We could not return that way. Another flame leapt up quite close to us.

"Bring a ladder!" shouted a voice from the garden; and then another man cried out, "Hold fast, miss, the engines are coming."

In the midst of my distress I had time to wonder what use the engines would be to us. I must get Blanche into safety long before they arrived.

"Take my hand, dear, and I will help you across the roof to the tower door."

"I am afraid, Nora!"

Yet she obeyed my directions, though her teeth were chattering with cold and fear. She shut her eyes and let me lead her. When we came to the foot of the wall she was forced to exert herself; she went first; there were holes in the wall which did for steps. I came close behind and helped where I could. I thanked God when we both stood safely in the leaden gutter at the top of the wall.

Blanche, looking in despair at the sloping roof before us, burst into sobs. The fire had spread with such marvellous rapidity that I fancied it might break out anywhere at our feet or in front of us. My only hope was to gain the tower before it was too late.

"Don't move," cried a man's voice from the roof, "I am coming!"

A young man was crawling towards us; he made his way quickly, taking advantage of every coping-stone and water-pipe that could help him. By this time poor Blanche could hardly stand upright; he put his arm round her and fairly carried her up the sloping roof. I followed; once he turned to ask me if I was all right. When at length we got down the ladder into the tower room, there was a buzz of voices. I saw a crowd of people, and I heard Mr. Charingbourne exclaim, "Are they safe? Poor children! God be praised!"

The young man who had helped us out of our difficulties was by my side. He looked at me.

"She would never have got across alone," he said; "it was a plucky thing to do!"

"Do you know who she is, Walter?" asked Mr. Charingbourne. "This brave girl is your cousin, Nora Crofton. We have often told you about her."

Walter held out his hand.

"I am proud to make your acquaintance," he said.

The face was blackened by smoke, but he had a kind smile—and oh, what should we have done without his help?

Mr. Charingbourne took us to the other part of the house behind the baize door, where Mrs. Charingbourne was waiting to embrace and pity us.

In a short time the engines arrived, and the fire was got under. The blue room and Blanche's room were gutted, but there the mischief stopped. The maid whom I had dispatched for help had fallen into a panic, and had not ventured downstairs until she was driven out by the smoke. Fortunately Walter, who had arrived by a late train from London, had walked across the fields from the station, meaning to call up the lodge-keeper rather than run the risk of disturbing his uncle and aunt. It was he who gave the alarm of fire, and first saw our danger on the parapet. As a boy he had often spent hours climbing on the old roof, and was well-acquainted with every tile and gutter. No wonder that he was the first to reach us.

I was perfectly well the day after the accident, but Blanche had received a severe shock to the nerves; she could not speak without crying, and could hardly bear to have me out of her sight. The worst of it was that she would talk about the fire and wonder how she could have been so careless as to leave a lighted candle in the blue room close to the muslin curtains.

"You see, Nora, I was not very pleased with you, and I wanted to try on my new hat, and I did not like to ask you to come and look at it, so I went to the blue room where the glass is larger than mine, and then I fancied I heard you coming and I ran into my room and locked the door twice. And then, you see, when I woke in a fright and heard you calling I could not turn the key. It was so terrible to be shut in there, Nora!"

It was terrible to me to think that I might perhaps have prevented the accident if I had not given way to ill-temper. As I dared not excite her by saying so, I tried to talk of other things, and I succeeded so well that in another ten minutes Blanche was asking me how I liked my new cousin.

"I like him very much," I said, determined not to be offended at anything she might say, "and so will you when you see more of him."

"Oh!" said Blanche clasping her hands, "I see that everything is going on right. Mr. Walter Charingbourne is much to be envied, and, dear Nora, you must admire him for his courage. Think what he did for us on that horrible night! I wish I could come downstairs just to watch you!"

Sorry as I was that Blanche was kept in her room through illness, I could not but feel that it was easier to be on friendly terms with Walter during her absence.

Mother was very much alarmed when she received my account of the fire, and when she read a description of "The Fairborough disaster and the heroic rescue by a young lady," which appeared in a local paper—I believe that the author of the paragraph wanted to see how fine a story he could make out of nothing—she proposed my coming home at once. Mr. and Mrs. Charingbourne were so anxious to keep me, and wrote such kind letters (I read them afterwards), that mother consented to my remaining at Fairborough until the end of the summer.

Walter and I were thrown together a good deal; he was one of the kindest and most unaffected people I had ever met, and the most absent-minded. He took me out with him walking and driving, and told me long stories about the foreign countries he had visited, and the adventures he had had. Sometimes in the middle of a story he would stop abruptly and forget to finish it, then he woke up from his silent fit and apologised.

"My dear Nora," said Mr. Charingbourne one day, "I am rejoiced to see what a good companion you are for Walter, poor fellow. He says that you are the light of the house. You have noticed, of course——"

Here Walter came in and Mrs. Charingbourne talked about something else. There evidently was a mystery. Soon afterwards Walter joined me in the garden.

"I have something to tell you, Nora," he said hurriedly, "Can you listen to me for a few minutes?"

Now you will hardly believe it, but though I was positive that Blanche had invented her family arrangement theory—indeed I had not thought of it for days—when Walter said this and looked at me in his absent manner as if I were a long way off, I began to be shy and uncomfortable. Was he really going to say anything about it? My fancy leapt to the future. Should I have to make him miserable for life by refusing him, and reduce the Charingbournes, whom I loved, to distraction, by thwarting their cherished plans? I walked by his side unable to say a word.

"I don't keep a secret well, Nora, and I have been longing to talk to you about this one."

His voice was altered and he seemed very much in earnest. Was he going to care very much when I said "No," for it never once occurred to me that I might say "Yes"

"Perhaps," I suggested timidly (and at the same moment I was seized with an inclination to laugh, because I was talking like a young lady out of a story-book), "perhaps I had better not hear what you want to tell me."

"Why not? We haven't known each other long, but I think we have a liking for each other already."

I looked straight in front of me and said nothing.

"You will very soon hear all about it, Nora; my dear aunt is longing to tell you, but I said that she must not deprive me of that privilege. The course of true love never did run quite smooth, and there have been all sorts of difficulties. To-day I have had a letter that puts everything straight."

"Who is your letter from?"

"I think you have guessed. From Lucy Warden."

"Lucy Warden?" I stammered.

"Yes, I am sure that you will be the first to congratulate me. She is so good and beautiful. When I heard from my aunt that she had taken a great fancy to you I was delighted. Nora, I am waiting to be congratulated."

"Walter!" I cried, enthusiastically. "I am very, very glad."

He did not stop to hear all I had to say about Lucy; he wanted to talk himself. So he told me the story of his love-making, how he had wished to be engaged more than a year ago, but Lucy, thinking that Mr. Charingbourne would object to the marriage, had refused him—how she had gone away on a visit in order to avoid meeting him, but that he had written to her and been to see her. "My uncle has given his full consent," added Walter. "My aunt is delighted, Lucy has come home again, and I am as happy as the day is long."

I was very happy, too, and oh, so glad that I had not repeated Blanche's confidences.

That afternoon Walter brought Lucy to the Hall. She looked lovely in a white dress and shady hat. When by-and-by I congratulated her and said that I wished I had seen more of her, she kissed me.

"I have always felt as if I had neglected you, Nora; all that has happened made me feel shy with Walter's relations—now I hope that we shall be very good friends. Walter is so good, it is such a happiness to be with him again—I don't know what I have done to deserve it."

"And yet you refused him, Lucy?"

"I thought at the time that it was my duty to refuse him; but oh, Nora, I should never have cared for anyone else. I should always have loved him."

There were tears in her voice as she spoke, and in her beautiful eyes. I dimly perceived how unreal were Blanche's high-flown sentiments compared with Lucy's simplicity.

(To be concluded.)



LITTLE-KNOWN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, AND THE METHODS OF COOKING THEM.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

PART III.

"SOUR-KROUT" and "roth-krout," cold and hot "slaw," and sour and sweet pickles, form a considerable item in the diet of people who live on the other side of the world. All of them are of European origin, the first four in the North of Europe, and sweet pickles, I fancy, in Switzerland—at any rate, that is where I used to see them, and from thence their use has spread to Canada and the United States. Even of this I am not quite sure, for the Swiss recipe I possess for plums done in *aigre-doux* fashion bears, to my mind, unmistakable marks of being a translation from English, and many of the recipes I have got in Switzerland show this. I am speaking of French Switzerland only, which has been a home and resort of English people since and long before the days when Oliver Cromwell ruled, and Charles II. required the regicides at the hands of the Syndic of Vevey.

SAUER-KRAUT

is a word of pure German. Translated, it means sour cabbage, *i.e.*, that which has been allowed to ferment and become sour. An original American recipe is as follows:—Take the solid cabbage-heads, after one or two good frosts in the autumn. Slice as finely as possible, and pack, either in a clean barrel or an earthen jar, and sprinkle in salt as carefully as though it were gold-dust; one pint to a barrel is enough. Add vinegar, one gallon to a barrel, and then pack and pound down as hard as you can. Set it in a warm place, or at the back of the stove for about four weeks, until it has the peculiar *kraut* smell; then put the barrel into a cold place, and if it keep frozen-up for all the winter so much the better. Any firm sweet cabbage will answer for *sauer-kraut*. When you want to cook it, you must squeeze about a quart from the brine, wash it in cold water, drain carefully, and place it in a porcelain saucepan, cover it with cold water, and let it boil for two hours; then pour it into a colander, press out all the water, and put the *kraut* back into the saucepan. Prepare a dressing of one tablespoonful of lard and one of flour, and stir this thoroughly in a frying-pan over the fire until of a light-brown colour; mix this well with the *kraut* and serve. A few caraway-seeds are very often mixed with the *kraut*.

ROTH-KRAUT

is made in the same manner, but we in England more generally prefer what we call "red cabbage pickle." A Swedish way of dressing red cabbage is to slice it thinly, and add to it half a cup of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful each of whole cloves and whole pepper, and a little salt; place in a flat saucepan, cover closely, and cook slowly till tender. It is generally served with boiled or stewed beef. The following is a very old and excellent recipe for making red cabbage pickle. Take a fine closely-grown cabbage; strip the outside leaves from it, cut it in thin slices, and put them in a large dish, strewing salt equally all over them. Cover with a clean cloth, and let them so remain for twenty hours; then drain the cabbage carefully, and put it into a jar with some allspice, whole pepper, and a little sliced ginger. Pour cold white wine vinegar over it, and cover the jar closely from the air.

COLD AND HOT "SLAW"

are forms of using cabbage that are not seen in England. I think "slaw" is a word which is from the Dutch *sla* or *slaa*, contracted from *salade*, the old Dutch *salaet*, or *salat*, and it means sliced cabbage, served uncooked as a salad. The word "salad" comes from the Latin *sal*, *salis*, salt; so it means a sort of salted preparation of something. In my latest American cookery-book I find four recipes for "slaw":—"Cold, with celery, with cold dressing, and with hot dressing, and hot 'slaw.'" In all of them it must be remembered that the cabbage is uncooked, and a very hard and firm head is needful, which must be sliced very finely. Indeed, the last is one of the great characteristics requisite.

COLD "SLAW" WITH CELERY

consists of cabbage and celery mixed in equal proportions, very finely sliced, and dressed as a salad, with vinegar, pepper, and salt. Cold "slaw" with cold dressing is made with the finely shredded cabbage, and a dressing made of a teaspoonful of black pepper, and the same of mustard, and half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, half a teacupful of vinegar, and the same of sour cream. Mix all together carefully, and pour over the sliced cabbage cold.

COLD "SLAW" WITH HOT DRESSING

is made with the sliced cabbage, and the dressing is made with a teacupful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of castor-sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Put these ingredients on all together in a small saucepan, rubbing the flour into the butter, and boil for a moment, then pour over the cold sliced cabbage while hot, cover-up closely, and serve cold. Hot "slaw" is frequently seen in the Western States of America. Take half a pint of vinegar for it, butter the size of an egg, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of castor-sugar, and one each of mustard, salt, and pepper. Boil the vinegar and then add all the other ingredients quickly, and pour over the sliced cabbage. Cover up closely and serve in ten minutes, keeping very hot.

Most of the American cookery-books divide the pickle department into sweet pickles and sour ones; the latter recipes would be found in any English book, and do not materially differ from ours. Some of the resemblances are odd; for instance, in Francatelli's book, the recipe for "Ladies' Delight," is "Cold slaw with hot dressing," or what the Americans call "chopped pickles." In these the materials, such as cabbages, apples, or onions, are uncooked, while the hot and prepared pickle is poured over them, and then the mixture is eaten cold.

Every kind of fruit is sweet-pickled in America, from raspberries and peaches to crab apples. In Switzerland the plums treated in this manner are most delicious, and make even cold mutton agreeable. But as I am often told that the fancy for sweet pickles with meat is an acquired taste, and I had better mention it here, as well as the fact that some people do not acquire it, and prefer those pickles which are quite sour, probably these people would not like chutney, which is usually sweet, sour, and hot as well. The first process in making sour-sweet pickles is to steam the fruit till tender, and make the sweet pickle separately. Then, for pickled plums (the blue plum being generally selected) take eight pounds of plums, not overripe, four pounds of white sugar, one pint of vinegar, two ounces of stick-cinnamon, one ounce of cloves; put the vinegar, sugar, and spices on to boil in a preserving pan, with enamel lining, and heat very gently, stirring the mixture to prevent its burning. Put the plums into a strainer, and when quite tender lift each plum gently into the hot syrup, and simmer all together for five minutes. Put into glass preserving-bottles and seal up while hot. Pickled apples are very good, and are preserved as follows. Take seven pounds of apples, peeled, halved, and carefully cored, and steam them till a straw can run through them. Boil together a pint and a half of vinegar, three pounds and a half of sugar, a stick of cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of cloves. When the apples are tender move them carefully in the preserving-pan, and pour over them the boiling vinegar, sugar, and spices. Simmer very slowly during five minutes, then take out the apples carefully and place them in jars, pour the pickle on them hot, and close up tightly.

The following recipe for pickling either the ordinary blue plum or damsons is one I have tried and found good. In it the fruit is not boiled, and this forms the difference between German and American recipes. To my mind it is best not to steam nor cook the fruit when it is too ripe. Wipe and prick the damsons with a large needle and put them carefully into an earthenware jar. Then take a quart of good vinegar, three pounds of sugar, a large stick of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of cloves, and boil together in an enamelled saucepan for a quarter of an hour. Pour it over the fruit when boiling, and cover the jar with a saucer when hot. Every second day pour this off the plums and boil up again, pouring over the plums once more at boiling-point. In my recipe it says you are to do this every second day for three weeks, and in that case the pickle will be perfection. More modern recipes, however, only give directions for once or twice boiling, and I do not myself think this is enough, but there may be a desirable medium adopted between three times a week for three weeks, which makes nine or ten times, and twice or three times, which is too little. In all cases be guided by the condition of the plums and their becoming tender or not.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES

may be made in the same manner; the cucumbers being used when they are ripe, peeled and the seeds taken out, cut them lengthways, and then once across, and steam till quite tender, or else soak in salt and water for twenty-four hours, and drain and then soak in vinegar and water (half and half) for another twenty-four hours; drain and put into a jar. Boil one quart of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, a stick of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of cloves together, and pour it over when boiling, treating the cucumbers in every respect as you did the plums in the previous recipe. In America melons and watermelons, crab-apples, grapes, tomatoes, pears, pineapples, quinces, peaches, raisins, strawberries, beetroot and rhubarb, are all sweet-pickled in the same manner, and they are usually so good that I almost think you might give your husband cold mutton, provided you could also supply some sweet pickles at the same repast. I need not tell you that they are intended mainly to eat with cold meat, but where you would serve red currant jelly—with hot venison, hare, or mutton—there you may safely serve your sweet pickles. To my mind they are in every way superior to the ordinary pickle, and I do not think you will differ from me when you try them.

THE "UNLUCKY" OPAL.

By EMMA BREWER.

"What radiant changes strike the astonished sight,
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!"—*Falconer.*



To the lover of the rare and beautiful who is untroubled by caprice or fashion there is no gem so dear as the opal with its flashes of brilliant hues. A writer, 500 B.C., said, "The delicate colour and tenderness of the opal reminds me of a loving and beautiful child;" and Pliny described it well when he wrote, "The opal unites within itself the colours of the ruby, amethyst, and emerald, in the most marvellous mixture, and its fire is like the flame of burning sulphur." It has been considered by some that a gem so beautiful, delicate, and pure, ought to be of celestial origin; but although this cannot be proved, it may with truth be affirmed that there is a deep mystery connected with the opal both in its composition and physical properties. That which gives value to this gem is its wonderful play of coloured reflections, which concentrates within it all the glories of the rainbow, and yet if the interior of the opal is examined there is nothing to account for it. Indeed, this precious stone has no colour that may be properly called its own, except a faint bluish tinge something like the tint of quartz, to which mineral it is evidently closely related. For proof of this, break an opal, when it will be seen that all its colours perish. The best conclusion arrived at is that the opal is full of nearly invisible fissures, and that water and air are the mysterious agents working in these tiny crevices in producing and perfecting the beautiful colours.

The opal, like the emerald, is formed of silica or sand, but without the aid of glucina and alumina—it is simply sand with the addition of ten to twelve per cent. of water.

In two or three points it differs from other precious stones. 1st. It cannot possibly be imitated. 2nd. It never crystallises in regular and definite form. 3rd. When it is first taken from the earth it is soft, but hardens and diminishes in bulk by exposure to the air.

The true beauties of the opal are only to be seen when it is moved about, then it appears to have an actual life within it. It is a very fragile stone and requires great skill and care in cutting. It has from time to time been engraved, but it is always a hazardous proceeding on account of the numberless fissures in the stone which it is dangerous to open in the air.

The precious or noble opal came formerly almost entirely from Hungary, and although it was taken hence to India to gain for it the name of Oriental, it has no home there. The matrix of the Hungarian opal is in a kind of felspar rock which yields also lead, silver and gold. The peculiarity of these special opals is that they show a uniform milkiness of surface more or less iridescent, and experience teaches that they resist the effects of wear longer than any other sort, and for this cause are the most valuable.

Opals are found also in Honduras in much the same condition as in Hungary.

During the last few years precious opals of great beauty have been found in Queensland in thin veins of brown ironstone, and bid fair to rival the famous Hungarian stones. "They are at present largely used for cameos, the brilliant colours of the gem forming a marked contrast to the dark background afforded by the ironstone matrix."

The opal has also been discovered in New South Wales in beds of sandstone. Fine stones of large size are rarely found anywhere, indeed they seldom exceed an inch in diameter, and are sold by the piece and not by the carat, if we except a few of the fine specimens of Hungary.

Mr. Streeter says "There is no doubt that the opal mass, originally in a liquid or gelatinous condition, filled up the cavities in the felspar veins and became gradually solidified."

There have been one or two black opals discovered in Egypt but these are very rare; "they have the glow of the ruby seen through a mist like a coal ignited at one end." It is a curious fact that opals are much more brilliant on a hot day, and therefore a jeweller always holds one in his warm hand before showing it.

In ancient times and during the Middle Ages, indeed down to the time of Sir Walter Scott, the opal was believed to bestow on the wearer unmixed good. It was certainly the favourite gem of the Romans in their best periods of intelligence and refinement; so far from being feared in these early times it was eagerly sought for, as it was supposed to possess the power of warning against disaster, and as being "the rosy herald of joy."

The beauty and charm of the opal may be imagined by the fact that at a time when banishment to a Roman was worse than death, one of the senators preferred this to parting with his gem.

This opal, the most famous in history, was the property of the Roman Senator Nonius, who wore it as a ring. Its size was scarcely larger than a hazel nut, but it was so beautiful and perfect that it was valued at the enormous sum of £125,000. Marc Antony desired earnestly to possess this opal in order to make it a present to Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, but Nonius refused to part with it, for it was the idol of his heart, and he sought safety in flight, content to be a beggar also for its sake. After many centuries of prosperity a time of adversity came to the opal. It was deprived of everything save its beauty, and instead of being the harbinger of good was looked upon with superstitious dread and as a gem to be avoided; and this change of fortune is supposed to have been brought about by Sir Walter Scott, who had no love for jewels, and who introduced this among others in his *Anne of Geierstein*, and made it play so ignoble a part that henceforth no one cared to wear it for fear of its bringing ill-luck. He makes Anne of Geierstein say, "Of all the gauds which the females of my house have owned, this (the opal) perhaps has been the most fatal to its possessors." If a Russian of either sex or of any rank should happen to see an opal among goods submitted for purchase he or she will buy nothing that day, for the opal to a Russian is an embodiment of the evil eye.

Fortunately the good common-sense of our Queen in giving her daughters an opal ring as a marriage gift is gradually removing the ban imposed by Sir Walter Scott, and allowing us once again to enjoy its beauty without fear of direful consequences.

A very interesting story is told of the mysterious action of an opal by A. C. Hamlin. I quote it in full.

"A traveller," he says, "from Central America brought home a splendid rough fire opal which dazzled the eye with its fiery reflections. We took it to an honest lapidary, who received it with a doubtful look. The next day the opal was returned having been shaped into the usual oval form, but only a faint gleam of any of the coloured rays flashed from its surface or the interior. Is this the gem we gave you yesterday? we demanded of the artisan. With a smile the lapidary took the transparent stone and roughened its finely polished surface upon the wooden wheel.* In an instant the lost fire returned as if directed by a magic wand The perfect transparency of the gem with its high polish had allowed the rays of light to pass directly through it, and there was but little refraction, but on the roughening of the surface the light was interrupted and the peculiar property of the mineral displayed. Unfortunately the lesson was not concluded here. At the last touch of the wheel the beautiful gem flew into two parts and its glories departed in an instant. Saddened with the day's experience we took the two fragments and cemented them together and tossed the stone into a drawer which contained other mineral specimens of no great value. Some months after while searching for a misplaced stone a gleam of light suddenly flashed out as we opened the drawer. It was the neglected and abused opal which now gleamed with the energy of a living coal of fire. It had recovered its beautiful reflections, and still adorns, notwithstanding its fracture, a most cherished jewel."

There have been one or two famous opals besides that of Nonius; one was an exquisite harlequin opal belonging to the financier D'Anguy before the revolution of the last century. By harlequin is meant an opal with patches of colour of every hue.

The two largest precious opals known in this country were found in the Hungarian mines in 1866, and exhibited by the late Madame Goldschmidt in the Paris Exhibition of 1867. One weighed 186 carats and the other, a magnificent harlequin opal, 160 carats.

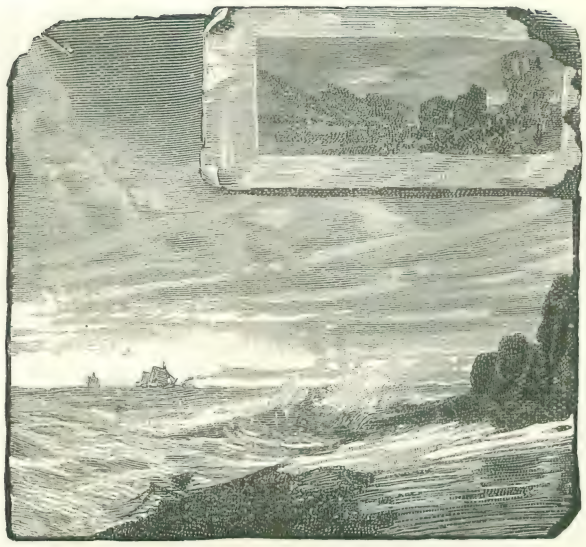
One of the finest known in modern times was that belonging to the Empress Josephine; it was called The Burning of Troy, from the number of red flames blazing on its surface; and there were some good specimens in the Hope Collection, one of which was an inch long and three quarters of an inch wide, whose reflected rays were green and yellow interspersed with flashes of bright blue and deep red. A representation of Apollo's head surrounded by rays of fire is engraved upon it in high relief. It is supposed to be very ancient and of Persian workmanship.

Another of value is an intaglio on a large opal of the portrait of Louis XIII. when he was a child.

* The opal is cut and polished first upon a leaden plate covered with emery, next on a wooden wheel with fine pumice stone, and lastly on a wheel covered with felt, so delicate is the handling necessary to turn out an opal to best advantage.



"I GAZED ACROSS THE SEA OF LIFE WITH YOUTHFUL EYES."



THE SEA OF LIFE.

By ETHEL MORGAN.

I GAZED across the sea of life with youthful eyes,
And all seemed beauteous as a fairy dream;
The rippling waves with golden light did gleam
As o'er the distant hills the sun began to rise.

The storm-winds howled; the angry billows leapt on high;
And I was drifting on the sea of life;
And fearing to be lost in that dread strife—
"Oh, save, Lord, or I perish!" was my piteous cry.

* * * * *

The storm was passed, the harbour-lights before me shone;
The sea of life was sure a phantom sea
Wafting dim memories of the past to me.
And God is Truth and everlasting Life alone.

BEAUTY LORE.

By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

IT is not surprising that the beauty of woman, in praise of which both literature and art have, from the earliest period, lavished some of their grandest works, should have given rise in most countries to a host of strange and romantic fancies. Many of these survive in our midst to-day, and, although experience has long proved how untrustworthy such beliefs are, they still retain their hold on the popular mind, often causing unnecessary prejudice and fear. It is a very old notion, for instance, that beauty is unfortunate, allusions to which are not only found in the poetry and romance of bygone centuries, but are of frequent occurrence in the literature of modern times. Thus it may be remembered how Göethe in his *Faust* makes Helena affirm that "beauty and happiness remain not long united," and Byron in his "Childe Harold" speaks of "the fatal gift of beauty." We may recall, too, Lord Tennyson's charming and pathetic language in "A Dream of Fair Women," where he relates how:—

"In every land,
I saw, however, light illumineth;
Beauty and anguish, walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death."

And there is a well-known passage where Fielding, in the sixth chapter of his *Journey from this World to the Next*, thus writes:—"She (Fortune) was one of the most deformed females I ever beheld, nor could I help observing the frowns she expressed when any beautiful spirit of her own sex passed her, nor the affability that smiled on her face on the approach of any handsome male spirits. Hence I accounted for the truth of an observation I had often made on earth that nothing is more fortunate than handsome men, nor more unfortunate than handsome women." This was the opinion of the host of the *Canterbury Tales*, who thus bewailed the sad fate of Virginia, as related by the doctor of physic—

"Alas! too dear bought she her beauty,
Wherefore I say, that all men may see
That gifts of beauty, or of nature,
Been cause of death of many a creature,
Her beauty was her death."

And there is the old mythological tale which tells how Medusa was a maiden of such beauty as to provoke the jealousy of the goddess Minerva, and on this account she was transformed into a frightful monster. Her admired ringlets became hissing serpents, and no living thing could look upon her without being turned into stone. Legendary lore provides us with many stories of this kind, which illustrate Patterson's well-known lines:—

"O fatal beauty! why art thou bestowed
On hapless woman still to make her wretched?
Betrayed by thee, how many are undone."

It was also commonly supposed that feminine beauty of unusual merit was fatal to long life, and no subject has been more popular with the novelist or poet than the gradual fading away of some young girl gifted in a high degree with good looks. Lord Tennyson in his "May Queen" has interwoven this idea, and it is found and gathered here and there in the literature of most countries. Hence another reason why beauty has been regarded as unfortunate is, from its being thought to be prejudicial to life, a variation of which belief is noticed by Shakespeare when in *Richard III.* he represents the Duke of Gloucester saying:—

"So wise, so young, they say do never live long."

But folk-lore tells us how, occasionally, the death of some young beauty has been frustrated by supernatural means. A story long current in Scotland relates how a lovely young girl, whom consumption had brought to the brink of the grave, was grieved over by her almost heart-broken lover, when suddenly a good-natured mermaid appeared to him, and sang in melodious strains—

"Wad ye let the bonnie May die in your hand,
And with the mugwort flowering i' the land."

Thereupon, the story runs, he administered the juice of this life-giving plant to his fair lady-love, who, before many days had elapsed, arose and blessed the bestower for the return of health. There are many similar stories, and folk-lore has, from time to time, chronicled all kinds of strange practices for cheating death of some charming maiden, and restoring her to health and life.

But another misfortune connected with beauty is that it is evanescent, and, as it has been often-times remarked, what woman would not desire to preserve the freshness of her beauty? And yet poetry has largely dwelt on beauty's transitory character, as in Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim":—

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when just it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently,
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

One well-known writer going so far as to say that, "Beauty is like an almanac: if it last a year, it is well." Although we cannot endorse the old German proverb which says that "Every woman would be rather pretty than pious," yet most women are justly proud of their beauty, for as an early English adage reminds us, "She that is born a beauty, is born married." It is not surprising therefore, that in all ages women have striven to preserve their beauty, however transient it may be. An amusing story is told of a gouty and crooked old queen, who day after day sighed with longing regret that her beauty had vanished, and that her young dancing days were gone. In this sad dilemma she was advised to try some magic restorative to bring back the rosy blush of youth, and accordingly

"Of rosmayn she took six pownde,
And ground it well into a stownde,"

and then mixed it with water, in which she bathed three times a day, taking care to annoint her head with "gode balm" afterwards. In a very short time her old withered face fell away, and she became so young, tender, and fresh, that she began to look out for a husband. The common wayside flower, the lady's mantle, was also once in great repute with ladies; for, according to Hoffman, it had the power of "restoring feminine beauty, however faded, to its early freshness," and an old piece of proverbial-lore tells us that the fair maid who on the 1st of May,

"Washes in dew from the hawthorn-tree
Will ever after handsome be."

Various allusions to these old recipes occur in the literature of the past, and we find the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of the

unfortunate Queen of Scots, making an application for an increased allowance on account of her expensive habit of bathing in wine. Those who could not afford such extravagant luxuries, contented themselves with milk-baths, which were all the fashion in the reign of Charles II. But it is generally acknowledged that the attempt to cheat time of his wrinkles has nearly always proved vain, and only too frequently "the would-be fair ones have been driven in despair to conceal what they found it impossible to remove, and hence the feminine fashion of bedaubing the complexion with artificial tints, a custom which, it may be remembered, was almost universal among Grecian women.

But however much fortune may be reputed to be hostile to beauty, good looks have been termed "a woman's glory," and Galen perhaps was not far wrong in maintaining that one reason why misfortune is so often connected with beauty is, that "Many who have been distinguished for their loveliness have neglected the education of their mind." Some may disparage a beautiful face, like Ralph Nickleby; but, as Mr. Lewes once remarked, "How, think you, should we ever have relished the immortal fragments of Greek literature, if our conception of Greek men and Greek women had been formed by the contemplation of figures such as those of Chinese art? Would any pulse have throbbed at the Labdacidan tale had the descendants of Labdacus risen before the imagination with obese rotundity, large ears, gashes of mouths, eyes lurching upwards towards the temples, and no nose to speak of? Could we, with any sublime emotions, picture to ourselves Fo-Li on the Promethean rock, or a Congon Antigone wailing her unwedded death?" Voltaire, on one occasion, spoke of a certain lady as "a masterpiece of nature," and it is beauty of this description which, occasionally, has almost become a misfortune through exposing its possessor to the jealousy of others less gifted. The old nursery story of Cinderella, which under one form or another is found all over the world, shows how the beautiful sister is persecuted on account of her charms, and many of the folk-tales current on the continent represent beauty as liable to misfortune.

One reason, perhaps, why beauty has been justly coveted by most women is, in some measure, owing to the early belief that a lovely face was the outward indication that the person so adorned was gifted with an equally beautiful soul within. It was long and extensively believed that a lofty soul could not dwell in an ugly casket, and hence a beautiful woman was commonly credited with having a fine and noble character; a notion, alas! which, in only too many instances, history alone has refuted, for as an old proverb truly says, "Beauty may have fair leaves, but little fruit." This once popular belief, however, was a very favourite one with the poets, and is referred to by Shakespeare in the *Tempest* (act I, scene 2).

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple,
If the ill spirit hath so fair a house
Good things will strive to dwell with it."

And Young alludes to the same idea in the following well-known lines:—

"What's female beauty but an air divine
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen—
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace."

Moralists and others have also largely dwelt on this familiar idea, and in one form or another it has prevailed in most countries, and been incorporated in many a legendary romance. Some graceful lines by Sir A. de Vere Hunt on this pretty fancy are worthy of being quoted:—

"What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs or features—No,
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin."

The absence of beauty, on the other hand, was in olden times considered almost a disgrace, it having been a common belief that the ugliness of the wicked was in precise proportion to their wickedness. Hence, an unprepossessing appearance in days gone by subjected the unfortunate woman to the most uncomplimentary stigma, and oftentimes even made her an object of contempt. It is recorded, for instance, that Madame de Bourignon was so ugly when born, that the proposal was actually made of smothering her, so as to spare her a life of ridicule and humiliation. We may quote, too, a story told of the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany who, on entering a church where an ugly priest happened to be officiating, wondered in his mind whether it was possible for God to accept services rendered by so ill-favoured a ministrant. The imperial ministrations, however, were interrupted by the priest's boy mumbling almost unintelligibly the versicle, "It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves." Whereupon the priest reproved him for his indistinct enunciation, and repeated himself the Psalmist's words, which the Emperor took as an undesigned rebuke to his own thoughts.

But notions of beauty and plainness happily differ, and, according to a familiar adage, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." At the same time, however true the proverb may be which reminds us that "Beauty is but skin deep," yet personal appearance has, in times past, made all the difference in the estimation formed by one person of another. Thus, it may be remembered how Queen Elizabeth was careful to admit into her household none but those of "stature and birth," and, on one occasion, it is recorded that she went so far as to refuse the services of a certain individual for no other reason than that one of his jaws was deficient of a tooth. Then there was Tamerlane's wife who, although she had no nose, was thought to be a belle by her contemporaries; and even hunchbacks have had their admirers, on the ground that the "dorsal curvature is the true line of beauty." After all, what is a high ideal of beauty to one is the reverse to another, and it must not be forgotten that the standard of female beauty is dependent in a certain degree on fashion. Dr. Paul Topinard, in his *Anthropology*, has given an interesting summary of the variation of the colour of the skin, from the fairest Englishwoman to the darkest African, furnishing us with abundant examples of the many hues which form the distinguishing marks of different nationalities. These are interesting as showing how widely one country differs from another in its notion as to what constitutes beauty in the complexion. Thus, as it has been remarked, the perfect types of the fair rose-and-lily beauty, which find so much praise in Scandinavia, North Germany and England, would not meet with the same admiration in the nations of Southern Europe, such as Italians and Spaniards. But, speaking of the unrivalled beauty of the English complexion, we may quote two well-deserved compliments by eminent Frenchmen in support of it. Thus M. Taine, admitting the superior beauty of the English girls' complexion, remarked on one occasion, when describing its charms: "Many ladies have their hair decked with diamonds, and their shoulders, much exposed, have the incomparable whiteness of which I have just spoken—the petals of a lily; the gloss of satin does not come near to it." And M. Figuier speaks in the same strain: "Their skins surpass in transparency and brilliancy those of the female inhabitants of all other European countries." The power of woman's beauty over man has long been proverbial all over the world, and from the earliest times has formed one of the leading subjects of the wise-saws current in most countries. According to an old maxim we are reminded that "Beauty draws more than five yoke of oxen," with which may be compared the popular German one, "One hair of a woman draws more than a bell-rope," or, as another version has it, "And beauty draws us with a single hair." On the other hand, there have never been wanting moralists to remind us that, however powerful the fascinatory influence of woman's beauty may be, it is far from always supreme. Accordingly there are a number of proverbs which tell us that whereas "beauty is potent, money is omnipotent," a French variation of which, still much used throughout that country by the peasantry, runs thus:—

"Amour fait beaucoup
Mais argent fait tout."

And we may further compare one oft-quoted saying, to the effect that "Beauties without fortunes have sweethearts plenty, but husbands none at all;" or, as is sometimes said, "Beauty without bounty, avails nought." But the proverb-making cynics have not always been equally chivalrous and complimentary in their allusions to the fair sex. As beautiful women, for instance, had the reputation of being less handy and serviceable than plain ones, the adage arose which says, "A fair woman and a slashed gown will always find some nail in the way;" in other words, in proportion as women value themselves on their personal attractions, they are in the same degree generally apt to be negligent in other things. According to another version of the same proverb, it is very commonly said that "the more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses," but this, like most other items of proverbial literature, must be received with some modification. But cynical sayings of this kind are in the minority, for beauty, in most legendary and historical lore, has been made the characteristic of nearly all superior and exalted beings. Thus, at the present day, beauty is often said to be "fairy-like;" it having been a popular belief that beauty united with power was one of the most attractive features of the fairy tribe. Such was that of the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser, and of Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* and in *Antony and Cleopatra* (iv. 8), Antony on seeing Cleopatra enter, says to Scarus:—

"To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee."

And in *Cymbeline* (iii. 6), when the two brothers find Imogen in their cave, Belarius exclaims, "But that it eats our victuals, I should think here was a fairy," and he then adds:—

". . . Angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! behold divineness
No elder than a boy."

Beauty, too, which Plato described as "a privilege of Nature;" Homer, "a glorious gift of Nature;" Ovid, "a favour bestowed by the gods;" and Shakespeare, "that miracle and queen of gems," has formed the theme of most of those traditionary tales of love and romance which, embodied in the folk-tales current in different countries, portray the many beliefs and fancies which, in the course of centuries, have grouped round this acknowledged charm of womanhood.

NATURE'S SIMPLE REMEDIES.

THOSE who fly to the doctor at the least indication of illness, and who dose themselves with physics and decoctions, which, if not harmful, only give temporary relief, would do well to study the healing and life-giving properties of many of the simple herbs, flowers, and weeds which grow around them.

Although in serious cases it is necessary to have immediate recourse to a physician, there are many ailments of a slighter nature and of frequent occurrence which, with a little common sense and knowledge, can be cured promptly and easily by one's self.

The recipes here given were supplied to me by an old Breton cook, whom I came across whilst staying in an ancient and very isolated castle situated on the extreme western coast of Finistère.

Now though life in these castles is extremely interesting, it is fraught with inconveniences, and the drawback of our Breton domain was its want of a doctor.

Dr. ——, the medical practitioner of the little town of Le Conquet (situate some distance from the castle), was also physician to the islands of Beniguet, Molène, and Ouessant. Consequently his figure was rarely seen within the castle walls, and he was never called for except in cases of dangerous illness.

This difficulty having existed for hundreds and hundreds of years, the inhabitants of the castle have had to be more or less their own doctors, and, amongst other things, possess a very practical knowledge of the medicinal and health-giving properties in the flowers, herbs and trees, which grow with such unstinted luxuriance around their domain.

Marguerite, the cook of the castle where I was staying, added to her knowledge of culinary necessities a profound learning of "Nature's Simple Remedies." Very often on wandering into her charming old kitchen to admire the bright copper utensils that hung round the brick walls would I see her stirring slowly some herbal concoction to heal the sundry ailments with which we would from time to time be seized. On watching her stooping over these mixtures, with the smoke curling upwards and reflecting itself ever and anon in the red copper, one might have taken her for a marvellous witch of old, and I'm not quite sure even now whether she didn't breathe some charm or spell over her simple preparations, of whose wonderful healing and restorative powers I have myself been witness.

Let me begin my recipes with the common, much-despised and much-feared weed—

The *Nettle*.—Up to my sojourn at the castle I had looked upon this weed as a disagreeable invention or freak of Dame Nature, whose sole property was that of fiercely stinging any trespasser daring to approach too close, but lately my ideas have changed completely, and I respect its great value.

To gather nettles gloves must be used, to avoid being stung.

Take three or four roots of nettle, well boil them in a pint of water, and strain off. The liquid thus obtained cleanses the blood of all impurities, and is a soothing stomachic. Dropsy is said to be remedied in its first stages by drinking this beverage.

If spots or eruptions appear on the skin, they will soon disappear after half a dozen doses of this mixture. During last summer's great heat the children used to drink a half-pint bowl of this nightly before going to bed. Its flavour is by no means disagreeable, and with a pinch of salt added tastes slightly of asparagus.

Nettles boiled and served up as spinach is an excellent cooling dish during the summer months, and most wholesome. The liquid in which the tender green shoots of the nettle are boiled is almost black. It is a good wash for the head, preventing the hair from falling, and strengthening the roots.

We used to keep a bowl of this mixed with a tablespoonful of vinegar on our toilet-tables, and wash the roots of our hair with it about twice a month.

Whether it is due to this fortnightly wash I cannot of course judge, but I have never seen such glossy and luxuriant heads of hair as those possessed by the countess and her children, and she assures me that this is the only hair-wash she has ever used. The oils, washes, pomades, and mixtures for the promotion of hair-growth, so popular in this country, have never penetrated within the castle walls, and the inhabitants are certainly none the worse for their absence.

Nettles gathered in the summer, dried, and used as a tea in the winter, are good for the chest and lungs.

Mint and Sage should be cultivated in every garden, as they are not only pretty little plants, but also most useful for culinary and medicinal purposes. The former strengthens the stomach, and is good for the digestion. A cup of mint-tea taken in the morning clears the complexion, takes away bad breath, and is a relief against palpitation of the heart. When prepared in milk instead of water it relieves severe stomach-aches; when mixed with vinegar it stops vomiting. Sage purifies the liver. Made into a tea, it clears the throat. Wounds, etc., bathed with sage-tea quickly heal.

Honey is a delicious sweet, and also possesses wonderful curative properties. We often had recourse to it at the castle, and our garden literally flowed with it—not only in the hives, but also in the old trees. I was present at the cutting down of one of the most ancient trees in the park. It was a wonderfully gnarled and knotty specimen, and when split up with the woodmen's axes was found to be filled with one mass of honeycombs.

These combs were of an immense size, they were dark brown in colour, and gallons of a dark brown fluid exuded from them. Honey of this colour is more precious than that of the lighter golden hue, as it is rarer and of a more perfumed flavour. Three vast brown jars, like those of Ali Baba, were placed as receptacles for the fluid—the combs being cut up in bits, and placed on top for the honey to run through. One of the jars was for table use, one for Marguerite's medicinal purposes, and the third was to receive the wax which was boiled down, mixed with turpentine, and used to polish the floors.

The following are a few honey recipes.

In case of sore throat :—

To two tablespoonfuls of honey, put one of powdered borax, warm in a tin mug, and stir till dissolved. Apply with a brush to the throat and roof of mouth. Swallowing will soon become easy. A gargle for sore throat of great efficacy is honey and vinegar. A good gargle for singers whose throats are affected is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of honey in half a pint of boiling water; this can be drunk without injury. Honey is also a demulcent, and relieves dryness, pain, or cough. It is very nutritious, and we used it as an aperient, and found it beneficial. If mixed with hot water it is supposed to strengthen the eye-sight, but the method which we adopted for clearing and strengthening our eyes was that of opening and shutting them quickly over a basin of cold water, allowing the water to enter well, and brightening with the natural friction of the lid.

To cure blood-shot eyes the steam of boiling water is efficacious.

The Dandelion, like the nettle, is in this country much despised, but the slight bitterness forms a tonic, and is good for the stomach. The young and tender leaves when gathered, chopped up and made into a salad with vinegar, oil and salt is an excellent summer dish. The dandelion roots or taraxacum form a bitter and mild laxative, given formerly in cases of dyspepsia and constipation.

Cowslips and Violets, besides being pretty flowers, possess medicinal qualities; the little cup of the former contains a healing fluid, and can be chewed with good result. The green leaves of the violet if boiled in water—a handful of leaves to half a pint of water—relieves the whooping cough, and is effective in all sorts of coughs, three or four tablespoonfuls every two hours, also used for a sore throat gargle.

Seaweed.—A very useful medicine, much resorted to by the Bretons, is the seaweed (Goeman) that grows on the rocks round Finistère. The gathering of this seaweed was, if a little dangerous, an extremely pleasant occupation. I look back with undiminished pleasure to those hot days last summer when, armed with baskets and bare-footed, we wended our way in and out of the frowning black rocks and pulled off the soft shining branches of seaweed. This seaweed is pale-green in colour when plucked, it is then laid out in the sun until it becomes a transparent white, like ivory. A handful of this boiled in milk and sugar, and then strained off and poured into a mould makes a delicious blanc-mange, and besides its medicinal properties, was one of our favourite sweetmeats served in a custard sauce. The count is of opinion that this seaweed is the same as that used by the birds to make their nests in China—those nests which are so much in vogue for the preparation of their soups.

Strawberries are very wholesome and good for the blood, and if one eats about half a pound daily in the summer, one will note an improvement in the complexion, which will be speedily cleared of pimples or blemishes arising from bad blood. Strawberries are also effective for those suffering from their liver. Strawberries mixed with sugar and milk makes a cooling and refreshing drink for the summer. A tea made from the dried strawberry leaves is good and nourishing to the system.

Sorrel is a vegetable little used and known in this country. In France it is much resorted to, and many good dishes are made from it. It is a wholesome and laxative vegetable; a soup made from it and seasoned with pepper, has a slightly acid flavour and is a safe and natural aperient. When made into a sauce and eaten with mackerel and other such fatty and indigestible food it prevents it from disagreeing with one.

Another remedy to which we frequently resorted was pure

Olive-Oil, which is always at hand in the cruet for salad mixing. It is used both for internal and external purposes. Olive-oil warmed, and a teaspoonful taken every quarter of an hour, is a cure for croup. In such cases also we used to have a flannel dipped in this same warm oil and applied to our chests. For

ear-ache, humming in the ears, etc., a few drops poured into the offending member and then stopped up with cotton-wool affords great relief.

All wounds on the body may be very advantageously dressed with oil. The old cure (had recourse to by the good Samaritan of pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the beggar) is still in vogue at the castle, and is an effective treatment. Oil renders the skin soft, smooth, and flexible; it is very good in the treatment of stiff joints, and if rubbed over the skin of lymphatic people it has a nutritive effect. It is of course known also that oil is the prime cure for burns, as it excludes the air.

I wonder if any English girl knows of the properties possessed by

Powdered *Chalk*.—Marguerite was very fond of it, and was always giving us pinches of it unawares; as it has no taste whatever, it can be taken with ease. Marguerite declares that a pinch or two of chalk-dust taken every day is excellent for bone-forming and the building up of the body; it is also good for the digestion, and those suffering from anæmia, as it purifies and enriches the blood. Chalk, mixed with a little powdered camphor, is excellent for the teeth and gums.

Charcoal, ground to powder, is another simple remedy. A little of it mixed in water or milk is good for the digestion, and a cure for all complaints of the liver. An occasional dose is also an effective remedy for unpleasant breath.

Bran is very wholesome and nutritious, as much indeed as flour. Marguerite used to make a drink for the children of the water in which bran had been boiled, mixed with honey, and it was as refreshing as it was wholesome. Those who suffer from indigestion should always eat bread in which the bran is left, as it is a powerful aid to digestion.

Alum should never be missing from any household. It has a very good effect if applied to bleeding wounds, as it checks the loss of blood. Alum boiled in milk in small quantities is good for the toothache. It must be held in the mouth, but not swallowed. For bleeding of the mouth or tongue, a wash in cold water in which alum has been dissolved is effective.

Salt, moistened with water, is a cure for the sting of a bee. If the teeth are washed once a week with salt it is said to prevent decay. If the table-cloth is stained with claret, salt sprinkled over it removes the stain.

Mustard is useful for both external and internal purposes. As a poultice it is effectual in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and pains in the chest. When suffering from headache, or at the beginning of a cold, a hot mustard foot-bath should be taken. If rubbed on a part that gives great pain, it acts as a counter-irritant, and is sometimes very useful for this reason. It is of all condiments that which makes one relish one's food the most, and is good for promoting the gastric juices. When mixed with warm water, three or four teaspoonfuls to half a pint, it is a powerful emetic in cases of poison, etc.

Lemons are very important fruits for medicinal purposes. They are very good for the blood, and have been used successfully against the disease called scurvy, which illness is generally caused by the want of fresh vegetables and meat. For this reason they should be always procurable on board ship.

Lemon-juice is, further, a preventive of sea-sickness. I have travelled a great deal by sea, and am not at all a good sailor. I have tried almost every remedy against sea-sickness, including champagne, soda-water, etc., but I can say from experience, that by far the most pleasant thing to have by one's side is a freshly-cut lemon. I never journey without one; their scent is refreshing, and prevents one from smelling the horrid odours of the oil and the engines. A drop of the juice on the tongue is pleasant against nausea, and it is also a cure for that sick headache with which the rolling steamer affects one. For people suffering from biliousness, there is no better drink than half a lemon squeezed in a tumbler of water. For those who wish to reduce their superfluous adipose tissue, a tumbler of hot water with a little lemon-juice squeezed in and drunk over night is supposed to be efficacious. Lemon-juice is also given in cases of gout and rheumatism; it is an aid to the digestion, and water with a little lemon-juice sponged on the skin during fever cools the surface. Lemon-juice is likewise recommended for the removal of freckles, and is very efficacious in preventing hands from chapping, if rubbed in immediately after washing.

Liquorice is an old-fashioned remedy, but none the worse for that. It is a pleasant medicine, and a small piece taken after meals aids the digestion. It is a demulcent, and is therefore useful in cases of sore throats and coughs. Mixed with water it makes a soothing drink, and softens and clears the throat.

Apples are a very wholesome fruit. One eaten at breakfast every morning is recommended for the complexion, and its consumption is also advisable for those suffering from gout or liver. In a book on indigestion, read some time back, I remember being struck with the high praise given to the apple and its properties. The following is a quotation:—

"The amount of phosphorous contained in apples, potatoes and tomatoes (without phosphorous no life), causes them to be brain-food of high value."

Dyspeptics are recommended to make generous use of this excellent fruit. Tickling sensations in the throat, the ordinary forerunners of cough, are alleviated by taking a tablespoonful of the cold pulp of the roasted apple at night. Apples are to a certain extent a preventive of jaundice, they lower the temperature of the body in summer; activity is increased by them, fatigue and thirst diminished.

Arrowroot is an effective remedy against diarrhœa, and rarely fails. The children at the castle were given half-a-tablespoonful dry on their tongue (when seized with this complaint), which they swallowed immediately. The dose was repeated three or four times in the day.

Nuts are a nutritive food and have flesh-giving properties. They have been prescribed in cases of great hunger and diabetes. Nuts require good chewing, which stimulates the gastric juices, and they act as a slight aperient when the stomach is healthy.

Camomile flowers are dried and made into a tea which is good for feverish colds, and for cramp. When made into a strong decoction they are very soothing for painful gatherings under the nails, etc. If boiled, strained off and put into a flannel bag they ease boils on the cheek, gatherings inside the mouth and neuralgia. Put the bag against the painful parts. The warm infusion drunk is a mild emetic which can be used in cases of biliousness.

Camphor if dissolved in spirit is good for sprains and contusions. When mixed with olive oil a soothing remedy for rheumatism and pains in the back. When mixed with chalk it is a good tooth-powder. During the great cholera scare which raged in Brest, Le Conquet, and the villages near the castle last summer we used to take occasional doses of powdered camphor in rectified spirits of wine.

Bilberry picking used to be a favourite amusement with us at the castle, and Marguerite was always delighted to see us coming home with our baskets full of these little black berries. Mixed with brandy, they make a powerful medicine for the stoppage of diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. A few drops should be taken on sugar in such cases.

Milk is a most important item of food. At the castle, where we got the milk from our own dairy, we introduced it at nearly every meal. A bowl of warm milk in the morning is of itself a delicious and wholesome repast. Taken the last thing at night it acts as a sedative. For those who go in for much exercise, milk is an excellent food, but many who pass a sedentary life cannot digest it except when boiled. It should not be drunk during meals as it is a meal of itself. Its fatty properties recommend it to the thin and scraggy who wish to gain a little adipose tissue. If you stir up a cup of milk with a hot poker until it boils, and apply it with linen to inflamed eyelids it is very soothing. Milk is a harmless cosmetic for the removal of sunburn—another for the same purpose is the white of an egg well beaten and applied. Much better is prevention than cure in the case of sunburn, and Marguerite gave me a recipe for the preservation of my complexion during the hot summer days spent by the sea-shore, which was as follows:—

First smear the face slightly over with a little oil, lard, cold cream or vaseline. Rub off gently with a towel, and dust the face afterwards with either powdered starch, white fuller's earth or flour. This preparation may not sound very elegant, but it is a most effective preservator of the skin, and the only recipe that I have ever found beneficial in the prevention of sunburn, freckles, tan, roughness or chaps. Scalds and burns are relieved by turpentine. Whiting made into a paste and spread over them is also said to be effective. For chilblains, Marguerite used to supply us with the water in which potatoes in their peel had been boiled. Mustard rubbed on is also good.

Raw onion is a remedy for a wasp's sting. The sting must first be abstracted with the nail or tweezers. I hear that tobacco rubbed into the sting is also an effective cure.

For gnat or mosquito bites, use vinegar and water, or sweet oil.

If one has been bitten by an animal suspected in any way to be poisonous, a bowl of hot milk should be drunk off at once.

Bruises and sprains can be effectually treated with vinegar and water applications. Three times the amount of water to one of vinegar.

If stung by an adder (a not unfrequent occurrence in Brittany, where they exist in vast numbers) have the presence of mind to slit up the animal's back with a pen-knife; a healing fluid will be found there which when applied to the sting affords instant relief.

Warts should be rubbed daily with a radish, or steeped in a mixture composed of vinegar, salt, and the rind of a lemon.

Sprains.—Hold the part affected in very cold water for about two hours. In bad cases mix a little turpentine with flour and yolk of egg. Apply as a plaster.

The juice of unripe grapes, or lemon-juice is good for a tanned skin.

Scratches should be washed in cold water and closed as much as possible by compression; if inflamed a bread poultice should be applied.

In case of *nose bleeding*, put a key down the back, or something very cold; wash the nose with ice cold water, and keep the head as upright as possible.

I could give many more recipes of this kind, but my article is already very long, so I desist.

Many of these recipes may be already well known to "Our Girls," though for the most part they were quite original to me.

They are mostly no doubt old-fashioned recipes that have been handed down from generation to generation. The inhabitants of these ancient Breton castles are very wary of trying new medicines, of the preparation of which they are ignorant. They cling obstinately to the traditions of their ancestors in this respect. Their health does not suffer for their obstinacy.



"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"TIME, TIDE, AND TRAIN WAIT FOR NO MAN."
"MALO VERNÀ QUE BUEN ME HARÀ."

WE must now pass six years, and begin a new epoch in Mara's life. Although she is still school-mistress at Arymor Union Workhouse, and all is outwardly the same with her, changes are effecting about her. We may best understand what these are by going to the Arymor beach, watching her and her pupils, and listening to the conversation that passes amongst them.

Mara herself is sitting alone, while the children are playing on the shore. An acute observer, who knew her well, would find her altered since first we met her at Shanno's cottage. It is not that she looks older, but sadder and graver. Some of the fire has left her eyes, and a portion of the colour her cheeks, and one would say that she had suffered. Such is the case. During these anxious years no Gerwyn has returned to claim her as his wife, and hope, the butterfly hope, has nearly left her, and she knows not if her tiny eggs will ever be quickened into life again.

Gerwyn's ship, the *Adventure*, never returned to port, though most of her sailors and passengers did. She had been wrecked off the coast of Africa, and the long delay of letters was occasioned by her many previous misadventures. Her captain paid Captain Herbert a visit, to tell him of poor Gerwyn's conduct and fate, and to console him and his family by praise of him, for the pain of never seeing him again.

The history of the wreck was, briefly, that the vessel, already in a dangerous state, struck against rocks, and eventually foundered. The captain was ill at the time, disabled by previous anxiety and hard work, and the command devolved on Gerwyn. They were just in sight of the coast of Africa, but no ship appeared, so Gerwyn ordered the boat to be manned, and the captain and passengers to be carried on board. This was done against the will of the captain, who was, however, too weak to resist, and was obliged to submit to being taken from his hammock by Gerwyn himself, and lowered from the sinking ship into the boat. This was no easy matter in the midst of a furious sea, but, thanks to the cool daring of Gerwyn, it was accomplished, and captain, passengers, and about half the sailors were consigned to the mercy of the waves, leaving Gerwyn and the rest of the crew to save themselves as they could. Gerwyn had himself rescued two women who fell over as they clung to the ropes, by jumping into the sea after them, and hauling them to the boat. The boat reached the shore in safety, after a few hours of imminent danger, and when the freight was landed the sailors put back again to the wreck, not visible from the shore. The captain and passengers, after many hardships, were picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America.

It was night when the boat put back, and her intrepid crew could only steer by chance. They fancied they heard shouts at intervals, but they did not reach the wreck until morning. Part of the vessel was still above water, and to this, and the masts and rigging the sailors were still clinging. Gerwyn was seen bravely supporting an exhausted boy, the youngest of the crew. Near him was Shanno's son, Toom. At sight of the boat he raised a shout, caught up by the rest of the perishing crew. Some jumped into the boat, some into the water; but Gerwyn only thought, apparently, of the boy. Himself clinging to the slanted mast, and aided by Toom, he dropped the child into the boat, and as he did so the mast gave way and the ship sank.

The fall of the mast nearly overset the boat, and in righting her, and seeing that the boy was alive and the crew safe, much time was occupied. All thought Gerwyn and Toom lost, for they were not seen to rise and swim to the boat; but as she was struggling through the breakers, some of the sailors saw on the top of a big wave what seemed part of the mast, with two men clinging to it. They shouted and made for it—but mast and men were soon engulphed again. The sea was so rough that it tossed the boat about and drove her farther off, so that when once more the piece of wreck and men were seen they could not be reached. The stout-hearted crew did their best to get to them, but they saw no more of Gerwyn and his friend.

This was the sad story that reached Arymor. Captain Herbert and his family, Sam Jones and his, mourned sincerely for their heroic sons, but time softened their grief. Several years had passed since the event, and they had returned to their usual occupations and spirits. Not so Mara; she was never quite the same again, and although outwardly she was composed and cheerful, a pain constantly gnawed her heart that nothing could drag out. Still she hoped. She believed that Providence, who had made Gerwyn the instrument of saving life, must have guarded him, and that he might yet return. It is on this she is meditating as she sits watching the waves.

Meanwhile, most of the children are playing merrily on the shore; some picking up pebbles, others climbing in and out of an old boat. Three of them, however, are apart from the rest, and at a good distance from them and Mara. These are, Gipsy George, Emily, and Ivor the Foundling, who are sitting amongst the rocks, talking earnestly. George is now a quick, independent boy of twelve, Emily a sweet, golden-haired girl of nine, Ivor a large-eyed, broad-browed, sad-looking child of seven. George, the friend and protector of the others, speaks to them in a manly, decided voice. He says—

"Now listen to me. I am twelve years old, and I shall soon be going away from here. Ivor, you must be a man, and take care of Emily till I come back."

Emily began to cry, and Ivor nearly followed her example.

"You must not go away," sobbed Emily.

"They wouldn't let me stay if I wished it ever so much; and I don't wish it at all."

"Then you will come back?" said Emily.

"Yes, I shall come back and marry you. But now listen, Ivor. I think Mr. Glyn, the Chairman of the Board, wants to have me, for I heard him talking to the master about me."

"You will be happy. He will play to

you all day. I wish I was going to Mr. Glyn," said Ivor.

"And leave governess and me," said Emily reproachfully.

"Now listen," repeated George. "Ivor, do you understand me? I am not going to stay with Mr. Glyn. I won't stop in these parts to be called Gipsy George, and to be told that my mother is a gipsy any more than you shall stop to be called Foundling and Mynydd, and told that you never had any father or mother at all Do you understand, Ivor?"

Ivor opened his eyes very wide and said—

"Yes."

"Then listen with your ears and not your eyes. I mean to run away and to get a rich man like that boy governess was reading about. Then you shall both have white bread with butter as thick as my thumb, and meat every day, and tea with white sugar in it, and cake like that Miss Herbert gave us."

"And what shall governess have?" asked Emily.

"A gold watch and a silk gown; and I'll give all the people in the house lots to eat and some money to spend. And you shall wear fine clothes, Emily, like Miss Herbert, and Ivor shall have——"

"A great big organ," suggested Ivor, now quite awake to what was going on.

"Very well, and a horn and violin, too. And we won't wear workhouse clothes—and we won't have gruel. No, as long as I live, I'll never taste it again, not if I have the 'fluenza ever so bad. I hate gruel!"

"So do I," said Ivor solemnly, "gruel, and the master and Delia, and Mary Jones when she sings so loud."

"You shouldn't hate anyone," said Emily.

"Oh, but you can't help it," said George. "I hate Crow's Beak, and lots of others. But I don't mean to have anything to say to 'em when I've run away. I should have been off years ago only I stayed to protect you two."

This was said with an air of such grand protection that less admiring auditors would have laughed, but Emily and Ivor only clung the more closely to George and entreated him not to go away.

A group of children among rocks is always a pretty picture, nor was this an exception. George, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, seated on a large boulder—the blue-eyed Emily on her knees at his feet—the pale, far-seeing Ivor at his side, his arm round his neck. The waves were dashing in front of them, and sometimes wetting them with their spray, while dark rocks frowned behind. The sun shone brightly overhead, and his beams danced on the sea and brightened Emily's golden hair, and drew answering beams from those young eyes that flashed out into the fresh air. Life was on the wave and breeze, and these orphans, albeit workhouse bred, drank in health and energy from both, as the one bounded up the beach and the other floated around them.

"It sounds like music," said Ivor listening. "I wonder what it says."

"It tells us to work and get rich, and to go in a big ship on the top of its great waves," cried George.

"It makes me cry," said Emily.

"And it makes me sing," said Ivor uttering a wild wailing cadence, half cry, half song.

"Don't be foolish," said George, "but listen to me. Promise not to tell anyone about my running away. I only tell you because you'll both cry if you know nothing about it. When I come back I shall be a man, and Emmy, you'll be a woman, and I'll marry you, and you shall have a silk gown and a white bonnet, and Betty True Blue shall be bridesmaid."

"I am going to marry Emmy," said Ivor. "I say, won't you marry me?"

"I think you're too little, Ivor," said she. "But I'd rather you 'ould both stay here, for I shall never, never leave governess."

While the children were talking thus Mara had been joined by Angharad. To the astonishment of Arymor this young lady was still Miss Herbert. She had refused half the young men of the neighbourhood, because, she said, she did not care for any of them, but the gossips said she was a flirt, and had given encouragement to each by turns, and then thrown them all over.

"Mara, I am so tired!" said Angharad, as she sat down by Mara's side. "Now don't scold. I am only hunting down Mr. Glyn, the Chairman of the Board of Guardians. I saw him at a distance and I think he is coming this way. I offended him grievously yesterday, and I want to make friends. He came to see Llewellen, and I chanced to be in the room alone. He could not have escaped me if he would; indeed, he doesn't run away as he used, but is more like his old self. Still, I cannot help teasing him, though I could bite my tongue through every time I do it."

"You should not care so much for the effect of your words, if you must and will say them," said Mara.

"I don't exactly care, but latterly he has looked vexed, and I don't really want to annoy him, only to draw him out of his moping life."

"Is that all, Angharad?"

"All! Isn't that enough? You don't suppose I want to—to——"

Here Angharad coloured and got confused.

"You have not told me how you offended him," said Mara.

"He said that he was going to take Gipsy George from the workhouse and put him under his man, Jolly, who serves him for butler and footman and all, and is the most odious wretch you ever saw in your life. 'Oh, Mr. Glyn,' said I, 'your antiquated Jolly,' how the man ever got such a name I can't think. 'He will finish what the union so kindly began.' 'What do you mean?' asked he, actually looking me in the face, and he has such lovely eyes."

"Never mind his eyes, Harrie. What did you say? Tell me about poor George."

"Why, I said, 'Mr. Roderick has tried hard to spoil the best temper in the world, and Jolly would try harder.' 'Are my servants then so odious to you?' he asked. 'Oh,' I answered, 'I never saw such cross, moth-eaten old scarecrows! The housekeeper must have come out of the ark, and as to Jolly,' I saw he was growing very red when I spoke that sacred name, 'I am sure he was dug up under a lemon tree and imbibed not only the acid but the colour. Pray, don't put that bright, clever George with those old horrors.' That was about what I said."

"Then you were very ill-mannered to Mr. Glyn, and very unjust to George, who could not go to a better place. What did Mr. Glyn say?"

"He bowed very gravely, said he was sorry that his establishment pleased me so little, grew red, looked at me, not angrily as I deserved, but sadly, and walked away."

"And you, Angharad?"

"I have been penitent ever since, and have made mamma as cross as two sticks by rushing in and out of the house in the hope of seeing the stupid man, and begging his pardon for abusing his mummies. Now I am come here to waylay him on his return home, for he always crosses this beach."

"Harrie, you are a dreadful flirt. It was only yesterday I heard you were engaged to young Jenkinson of Maesgwyn, and he would be a capital match for you. Now——"

"Now I am going to beg pardon of an old friend who used to be like a father to me."

"Where are the children?" suddenly interrupted Mara, jumping up.

"They are all at play about the old boat," said Angharad, "I see them down there in a cluster."

"But George, Emily, and Ivor, were amongst the rocks," cried Mara, running down the beach towards the children on her right.

"Where is Ivor?" she asked, in an agitated voice.

"Sitting by there with George and Emily," answered a dozen children, pointing to the rocks on the left.

"The tide! the tide!" screamed Mara, hastening towards the rocks followed by Angharad.

The tide was rapidly coming in, and the rocks which projected far into the sea were already touched by it, while the boulders on which the children had been sitting were covered by the waves.

"What is it?" screamed Angharad.

"The tide! the tide! They will be drowned!" shrieked Mara, rushing on.

Angharad understood, and immediately thought of Mr. Glyn. She looked round and fancied that she saw him vanishing up a path over the cliff. She turned and ran up the beach as fast as the shingles would let her over a patch of grass, then up the rugged path to the cliffs.

"Mr. Glyn! Mr. Glyn!" she screamed.

Mr. Glyn heard, turned round, and again hurried on.

"Stop! stop! Emily, Ivor, George, the workhouse children are drowning!" she shrieked, gasping for breath.

Mr. Glyn hastened back and eagerly asked what was the matter.

"Come, come!" was all the terrified girl could say as she sprang down the path followed by Mr. Glyn.

They reached the rocks just as Mara was struggling through the advancing waves and trying to get round the point.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Glyn of the frightened children now grouped close to the cliff.

"George, Emily, Ivor, on the other side!" was the answer from all.

"You will not risk your life needlessly," said Angharad, as Mr. Glyn put his foot on a half-covered piece of rock.

"My life is of little value, but I will take care of it," he said, and dashed into the surf.

He reached Mara as she was clinging to a large boulder that the waves had not yet covered.

"Go back instantly," he said, "I will see to the children. There is no danger on the other side, the tide is not in. There is time to reach Craigmawr."

"I will not go back!" shrieked Mara, struggling with the stones amid the dashing surf.

"You must!" said Mr. Glyn, taking her by the arm and forcibly dragging her back to Angharad, saying,

"Keep her with you. I will see to the children. We can get up by Craigmawr."

"My child, my child! Ivor, Ivor!" shrieked Mara, struggling to free herself from the hands of Angharad and the children.

"Hold her, keep her!" said Mr. Glyn, as he again turned to battle with the waves and boulders. He was soon out of sight. When he got round the rock he found that the tide was not in on the other side, and he knew that he had from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour before it would be quite up to the rocks. About half a mile from the place where he stood was Craigmawr, or the Big Rock, and here was a gorge between it and more rocks that led up to the open country. This gorge was on his property, and through it there was a path to his place. Alone, and without loss of time, he might reach this—but the children?

He mounted a large boulder, and looked down the beach. He saw some little figures at no great distance, and hurried on. He soon overtook George and Emily; the latter was crying bitterly, the former looking from side to side and calling, "Ivor, Ivor!"

When he saw Mr. Glyn, he said,

"We have lost Ivor, sir. He went to hide from us, and we don't know where he is. He will be drowned."

"Please to find Ivor," cried Emily.

Mr. Glyn took the little girl in his arms and told George to follow.

"I won't leave Ivor," said the boy stoutly.

"Come with me instantly, or we shall all be lost. I will find Ivor," said Mr. Glyn.

George obeyed unwillingly.

Mr. Glyn had just time to get round the rock to deposit Emily, return to help George, and to dash again through the waves to the farther beach.

It was with difficulty that he rounded the point, but once more he reached the other side in safety. Where was the child? How could he make him come out of his hiding-place? The rocks were full of caves, and if he stopped to examine them both he and the boy must be lost.

Few people cared, professedly and abstractedly, less for life than he did; but now that death stared him in the face in the shape of inaccessible rocks behind, and the devouring sea in front, he shuddered at the thought of it.

He suddenly remembered Ivor's love for music. He began to whistle as loud as he could as he walked quickly on. Years ago he had been wont to whistle all the national airs, accompanying himself on the piano, but since his troubles this accomplishment of his youth had been forsaken, together with many others. Now the flute-like melody stood him in good stead. He had not gone a hundred yards before two black eyes peeped from a cave, and with a cry of thanksgiving he saw Ivor.

When the child perceived Mr. Glyn he was about to retreat, but his deliverer snatched him up and bore him in his arms towards the gorge, which Mr. Glyn scarcely hoped to reach.

"Don't beat me, sir. Don't let the master beat me and shut me up in that dark closet," sobbed Ivor.

"He shall not beat you. Be quiet, and I will play you beautiful music," said Mr. Glyn.

He, like the master and many others, believed Ivor scarcely sane.

Stumbling over the pebbles, and occasionally obliged to stop and lay hold of a stone when a wave, more imperious than the rest, dashed over them, Mr. Glyn and his burden went on in fear, for the child began to apprehend the danger before them.

"Shall we be drowned, sir?" whispered he, awe-struck.

"I hope not. Pray to God."

"Put me down, sir. I don't mind being drowned. God will take me, and I shall hear the angels sing, but you must live for Georgey. It was all my fault. I have been naughty, and ought to be drowned. Pray God forgive me and save Mr. Glyn, and bless dear governess, and Georgey, and Emily, and Betty True Blue—and—the master, and Nanny Crow's Beak, and all."

Mr. Glyn listened to the prayer, and also silently asked for forgiveness.

Nearer and nearer, higher and higher dashed the waves, and wider and wider seemed to open the jaws of death.

But Ivor prayed his innocent prayer over and over again, and then "Our Father," and even began to sing the hymns that he sang to Mara night and morning, while Mr. Glyn pressed closer and closer to the rocks. He felt the little hands round his neck, and in spite of the danger was happier than he had been since last his own children's hands, now vanished, were round him.

At last they drew near Craigmawr. If he could scramble round a point of rock that jutted out into the sea Mr. Glyn knew that they were safe. He approached the stones at its base, over which the breakers were dashing, waited until the waves receded, and plunged into the midst of them. Here he put down the child, and made him clasp his arms tightly round a stone, while he held him with one hand and himself took hold of a piece of rock with the other. The waves dashed over them, and receding, left him just time and space to make another and another effort, until he finally dragged Ivor round the spur upon a portion of the beach, which, more shelving, was not quite covered. A dozen yards brought them to Craigmawr, and they were saved.

Both were of course drenched, and nearly exhausted. Mr. Glyn put Ivor down and sat for a few moments beside him, thanking God for their deliverance from great danger.

They began their toilsome walk hand in hand, but before they had made one third of their way up the broken sides of the ravine the boy's strength was exhausted and he could go no farther. Mr. Glyn took him in his arms and tried to carry him; but not being a strong man, and himself almost exhausted by his contest with the waves, he was soon compelled to put him down again.

"Ivor, will you be afraid to stay by the brook while I go home for help?" he asked.

"Will the master find me and beat me?" murmured the child.

"No, he will not come here."

"Then I am not afraid. The brook sings sweetly."

So Mr. Glyn left him in the midst of a heap of dry leaves beneath a piece of rock.

Here we too must leave him to return to the agonised Mara.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Angharad and the children had prevented her from following Mr. Glyn through the breakers.

"It is useless—useless!" she cried, struggling to free herself. "I must die with him. Let me go, Angharad. Children, I command you."

Her face was pale as death, her hands rigid, and her agitation such that Angharad was terrified.

"Mara, be calm. You can be of no good, Mr. Glyn will save him," said the latter.

"Then let me go over the cliff. Take the children home for me, and let me go, for pity's sake, let me go. My child! my darling!"

There was something in Mara's face and manner that would not be resisted.

"You cannot go alone at this hour," said Angharad.

"I will go with her," said Gipsy George, resolutely. "I will take care of her."

"And I—and I"— echoed Emily, and many other youthful voices, broken by sobs.

But she burst away from Angharad, and ran frantically towards the path over the cliffs, leaving Angharad and the children overwhelmed with terror.

Angharad stood a few moments irresolute, then told the children to follow her, and led the way to the workhouse.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SNOWDROP.—We have given a long series of articles on Good Breeding (some suitable for all classes) as well as on Etiquette, but they have not appeared in separate form. See vols. ii., iii. and iv.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Yes, you had better address the Principal or Secretary of the College of Physical Education on the subject of your daughter's training. All necessary information, and a printed prospectus will doubtless be sent you.

O. I. A. W.—1. To acquire the art of shorthand-writing is often very valuable, and if you desire to do so, you might avail yourself of an amateur society and learn at a nominal expense. Write to Miss Patti Vincent, Sunplemarsh, Addleston, Surrey. Of course we are unable to say whether this club be still carried on, but have had no notice to the contrary.—2. From what you say, we think you may be suffering from asthma; but as there are varieties of that complaint, each requiring a special mode of treatment, and different descriptions of climate, a doctor should see and prescribe.

MABEL.—You will find astronomical maps in a publication of ours entitled *The Midnight Sky*, and much most interesting information suitable for popular use. All large almanacs give the rise and setting of the planets of each month.

J. TUCKER.—Write to the Secretary of the Women's *Department, Agricultural* College, Swanley, Kent, for all requisite information.

MUSIC.

FRANCES.—There is a Harmony Correspondence Class under the management of Miss L. Feary, Cranbrooke House, Earith, near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. Whether this be like those we recommend—amateur clubs—making a merely nominal charge for prizes, we are not quite prepared to say; but if you send a stamped envelope for the rules, you will be able to judge for yourself whether an amateur-effort to help those who cannot afford to pay a professional, or not.

B. A.—Certainly, a musical student who was "fairly advanced" could find some pieces of Mendelssohn which she could play. We are surprised that you are yet ignorant of the fact that women (do not say "females") are admitted to the degrees indicated by the initials "B.A." Have you not observed them after Miss Mary Petrie's name? (the organiser of the scheme of "College by Post"). Two or three of our universities grant it to those who have earned the distinction, of both sexes. You must make your other inquiries at a music-seller's.

ELSA.—The flute is not an instrument which presents any special difficulties to a learner. It is not often played by women, perhaps because it distorts the face of the player.

PENELOPE.—Yes, you may write the notice of your certificate at the London College of Music on any advertisement to obtain pupils, but not on a private card or letter.



A VICTIM TO FASHION.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY.—If you be "very anxious to come to the Lord Jesus," we may give you the comforting assurance that it is because the Divine Spirit of God is drawing you to Him, and constraining you to turn to God. "No man can come unto Me except the Father, which hath sent Me, draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day" (St. John vi. 44). Read that chapter carefully from verse 37 to verse 47, inclusive. How should you come to Christ? By confessing your sins of thought, word, or deed; your feeble faith, your lack of love; your lukewarm gratitude, and—as its fruits—your little zeal for His glory and the salvation of others. By daily earnest prayer for more grace in all these respects, and for the aid and guidance of the Holy Spirit. Ask your Divine Master to take you as you are; and to keep you ever more, for His own merits' sake, and for His promise sake, who hath said, "him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out." True repentance does not consist in crying and fretting, but in turning to God, and striving by the help of His grace to forsake the sins which we have confessed; and by endeavouring to please Him, and remember Him and His goodness, and His will, in all our ways.

REPENTANCE.—Dear young friend, those who show true repentance by confessing, and forsaking any sin or evil course of conduct, are forgiven by their Heavenly Father—not will be—and as nothing they can possibly do could atone for sin, the full free and perfect atonement was made for them by the God-Man, Christ Jesus. He bore the punishment due to sin; He paid our great debt; and "His righteousness is upon all them that believe." It is as it were made over and reckoned to our account, while He took the guilt of our sins and its punishment, and so made our peace with God. But the more we feel He has done for us, the more earnestly we must strive to please Him in all our words and works. So therefore "go in peace."

M. R. W. (Hants).—A "groom-porter" was an officer in the household of the kings of England who succeeded the "Master of Revels," and gave directions as to sports. The word "groom" is of very ancient origin—Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, or Old Dutch.

DOG ROSE.—1. The best treatment for chilblains is (when first the itching and heat commence) to rub the place lightly with dry mustard, not to make it sore, of course. This will put them back.—2. Say, "May I open (or read) my letter?" or, "You will permit me to open my letter?" Never do so without asking leave of your hostess.

PERPLEXED.—We much regret the delay in answering, but your letter was mis-sent. You should not call first, but return the call when made. Do not leave cards; but if the host and hostess be at home you should go in. If out leave cards, of course, for all.

EXCELSIOR.—"It is never too late to mend," or rather to begin a new course in life if you have strength and courage, and seek Divine aid.

HYPATIA.—"Eunice" is pronounced "U-ni-cee.' "Chriemhild" is pronounced "Chrim-hild."

MISERABLE.—No legal marriage can be performed by a woman, especially without a licence, or any legal office. What a goose you are, poor miserable one. The young man is teasing you. Inform him, through some friend (man or middle-aged woman) that "you will place the matter in the hands of your clergyman, if he does not desist from annoying you; and if that be not sufficient, into the hands of your lawyer." Your father would be the right person, but we are supposing that you are an orphan, and fear to tell your guardian. Otherwise, the latter should deal with him and protect you in place of your father.

"WOULD-BE AUTHOR."—It is usual to send the entire story to the Editor, that it may be judged of by the reader as a whole. Well-known authors might send a few chapters at a time, with the consent of the Editor. We wish our boy-friend all success.

"GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER."—It is sad to hear of a young girl just out of school filling her little head, and addling what brains she may have, with infidel and unorthodox literature—"Atheism, Positivism, Protestantism, Catholicism," etc., also with "novels good and bad, so long as well written." What a little creditable confession! If you call yourself a "Christian," what does your Bible say on the subject of heterodox teaching? "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge"; see also Isaiah viii. 20. Besides, at your early age—only a minor in her teens—your judgment is far from being matured. "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled," therefore, why do you pollute your mind by reading "bad novels" because they may be "well written"? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your mother should superintend and direct your studies, more especially as you have shown so much indiscretion.

A READER OF "G.O.P." (New South Wales). Your first question has been answered in an article by "Medicus" since you wrote. Why not wear a gauze or lace round your neck?

COUNTRY MAID should take off the right-hand glove only for afternoon tea.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



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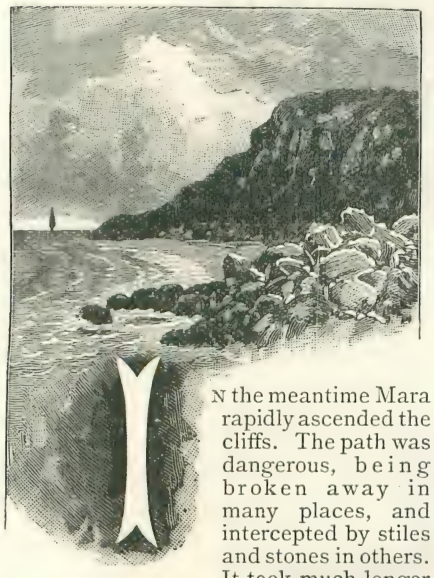
THE NEW SLEEVE AND POINTED BASQUE.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"Madre, che cosa es casar?
Hija, hilar, parir, y llorar.
"When need is highest, help is nighest."



IN the meantime Mara rapidly ascended the cliffs. The path was dangerous, being broken away in many places, and intercepted by stiles and stones in others. It took much longer to reach Craigmawr by this road than by the beach, and the tide was fully in while Mara was still on the cliffs. But she rushed over every obstacle heedless of danger. Anyone who had met her would have thought her mad.

When she reached the summit of Craigmawr she stood a moment looking down upon the sea below, her hair and dress tossing in the wind.

"He is lost! he is drowned!" she screamed as she began to descend the circuitous and dangerous path as recklessly as she had crossed the cliffs.

When at last she got to the bottom she ran down to the sea. Nothing but wild waves and the torrent dashing into them. She threw up her arms and for a moment seemed on the point of rushing into the boiling waters.

"Gerwyn, Gerwyn," she cried, "if you had been here you would have saved him! Both in the cruel sea. Oh, God, forgive me if I join them!"

Onward for a moment until her feet touched the waves, then back again and running desperately up the gorge.

In less than ten minutes she saw a piece of coarse white cloth lying among dead leaves and she sprang with a bound to grasp it. She shrieked so wildly that the birds just singing themselves to sleep among the bushes awoke to frightened twitterings. She thought the boy was dead and had been washed up by the waves; she flung herself down upon him shrieking, "Ivor, Ivor!" She took him up in her arms, she kissed his pale cheeks, she pressed him to her bosom. His eyes unclosed, he smiled, he had been asleep, he was not dead.

"Dear governess," he murmured, putting his exhausted arms round her neck.

"My child, my darling Ivor," she cried sitting down with him in her arms.

"Don't cry," he said, kissing her over and over again. "Mr. Glyn carried me through the waves. Pray God bless him and make me good."

Mara bent over the child and sobbed aloud.

"My darling! thank God! thank God! Gerwyn! Gerwyn! if you were but here!" was all she could say.

Then she fell on her knees and in an agony of conflicting feelings poured out a prayer. Why did she at that moment ask God to forgive her her sins against her father, and to soften his heart towards her? Ivor knelt beside her and clasped his hands.

"Pray God bless governess and me," were his simple words.

By this time the sun was nearly set, and twilight shadows were falling among the rocks and trees. Mara rose, and taking Ivor's hand led him towards Craigmawr. He tottered by her side to the foot of the rock, and a little way up the rugged path, and then his strength gave way. She took him in her arms and toiled up the steep. She could not go far with such a heavy burden without pausing to rest, and every five minutes she was obliged to sit down. Each time Ivor begged to walk, tried, and failed.

"Leave me here, dear governess, I am not afraid," was his cry.

At last they reached the top of the rock, and both were nearly exhausted. They sat down upon the cliffs to rest. Night was coming on, the sea looked dark and fierce beneath, clouds frowned overhead. Mara pressed Ivor shivering in her arms, and tried to chafe his cold limbs. She took off her cloak and put it on him in spite of his remonstrances. She entreated him to take courage for her sake.

"I will do all I can," he said, trying to rise and walk, but he was benumbed by the wet and cold.

"Do you love me, darling?" said Mara.

"Dearly, governess," was the answer in a feeble voice.

Again she took him in her arms and staggered on.

"At least we shall die together," she muttered. "Oh, Gerwyn, Gerwyn!"

In truth she was almost beside herself. She felt that she was not strong enough to carry so big a boy over so dangerous a way, and he was too feeble to walk. She knew that a false step would cast them both over the cliffs into the sea, and that there was no help but in God. Again she prayed earnestly. What if they were benighted on the cliffs? The boy would be dead before morning, and what would become of her? She thought of her father and sister, of the home she had left, of her own short-comings; but the prayer strengthened her. She sat down and told Ivor to get on her back and cling tightly to her neck. He did so, and she stumbled up again, on the verge of a precipice, and went on she knew not how. The moan of the waves and the cry of the seagull were the only sounds she heard. As it grew darker she cried loud for help as she staggered along.

"Put me down, God will take care of me," was Ivor's constant prayer.

They came to a stile between two broken parts of the cliff. This was dangerous by day, but worse by night. Mara paused and shrieked for help. She thought she heard a voice. She shrieked again and Ivor tried to join his cry to hers. They heard an answering "hullo" somewhere, but the rising fog prevented their seeing the speaker.

"Here, by the stile," screamed Mara.

"All right," was the cheery answer.

In a few seconds Captain Herbert stood before them.

"Both safe, thank God!" he said. "Where is Mr. Glyn?"

Where? Mara, in utter selfishness, had never thought of him.

"He is gone home," murmured Ivor.

"Give me the boy, Mara, and follow. Now, my little man, get upon me pick-a-back, and we'll be home in a twinkling. My back's stronger than Miss Vaughan's, and I know every step of the way. The moon's behind the fog, and she'll show directly."

The exhausted child changed bearers, and the good-humoured Captain proceeded. But he soon began to puff and blow audibly, for Ivor was no light weight. Mara kept close behind, and helped to support him. The moon broke forth from the fog, and the cheery Captain welcomed her with a whistle.

"Hold hard, my lad!" he said, as he stumbled and Ivor's hands relaxed.

"You were almost over the cliff," shrieked Mara, clutching the boy.

"Too old a sailor, my girl; but the child's as cold as a cockle. Poor little fellow, 'twas a pity they didn't let Shanno keep him. But you're kind to him, and that's something. You used to have a temper of your own; I don't know how you manage the children so tidily."

"They've no one else, and I've no one else."

"For shame, Mara! You with a father, sister, friends, to say that!"

"Nobody cares for me now, and I—I am wretched!"

"Fiddle-de-dee. You forget the blessings of life."

"Life has nothing but disappointment and desertion. I never forget, I wish I could. Dear Captain Herbert, will he ever come back?"

"Mara, Mara, don't talk of that, or we shall be all lost together."

Captain Herbert's voice trembled, and he staggered under Ivor.

"I have been hoping so long," said Mara, "and now I begin to despair."

"Poor child! poor child! Your love was great indeed. God help us all! The sea is a terrible monster; cheer up,

my darling, and think of some one else. Ah! there's the light in Davy Jones's cottage. All hands to the pump, and we shall be on shore in a jiffy; the foundling shall come to our house to-night and have a warm bed and blankets."

"He must go to the workhouse," said Mara.

"He shall not. Plâs is half a mile nearer than the union, and we can get Llewellen at once. Poor child! suppose it was Rhys *bach*, or Pet Gwenny, or any one of the dozen. Do you think I should let them go to the workhouse? Why shouldn't I take as much care of you, poor, innocent, shipwrecked orphan? You must come too, Mara, you're quite worn out."

Suddenly the distant town appeared, and Mara's heart leapt for joy. Lights in the cottages on the beach—lights in the houses on the pier—lights in Plas Arymor. How bright and cheerful they looked to the toilers on the cliff!

"Now you know what the sight of a lighthouse is to a shipwrecked sailor, Mara," said the Captain.

"How can I ever thank you as I ought?" she said.

"By coming to see us, and cheering up, my dear," was the reply.

A little farther on and the workhouse appeared, its many windows radiant with flickering candles. Mara knew what was going on within, and trembled for the children.

As they came towards the end of the cliff the Captain paused for breath.

"Either the boy is dead or asleep," he said, "for he does not move. There's a light below. Shout, Mara, for help."

Mara screeched out the word "Help," and the light moved up the cliff.

A sailor came to the rescue, lanthorn in hand, and carried Ivor for the Captain. With this reinforcement they soon reached Plâs.

The Captain took Ivor from the sailor and hastened in, calling at the top of his voice, "Mother! Harry! Sophy! boys! girls! Name o' goodness, where are you all? Bring a light. Here's Mara and a drowned foundling."

Mrs. Herbert, her two daughters-in-law, half a dozen children, and Mr. Traherne issued from the drawing-room.

"My dear—my dear, what is the matter," said Mrs. Herbert, who held a large candle in her hand, which, in her haste, she had taken from the candlestick. "What have you got there? Some sea-monster, I shouldn't wonder. Mara, my dear girl, I am as glad to see you as—as——"

Mrs. Herbert paused and began to cry. She never saw Mara without thinking of her lost darling, Gerwyn.

"Bowl out the salt water, mother, and lets have lots of fresh—boiling hot. Look at this poor innocent," said the Captain.

He carried Ivor into the dining-room and laid him on the sofa. Mara took him in her arms to the fire and began to chafe his poor limbs.

"Is he dead?" she asked, shivering all over.

"No, dear, no," answered Mrs. Llewellen, kneeling down by the child, and helping to rub his feet and hands.

Her terrified face belied her words. Ivor showed no signs of life, and was pale and rigid.

"Mally! Peggy! Ann! where are you all?" screamed Mrs. Herbert in the passage. "Why don't you come? The Captain's brought in a dead baby."

The servants soon appeared.

"Water, hot, strong—no, boiling—at once, girls. Brandy to bring him to life. Get the spirits, brother—flannels—get everything. Keys, where are they? Where is Harrie? Mally, look in my work-basket, Tottie, run up to grandmother's——"

"Pocket, grandma," supplied a little girl, poking her fat hand in Mrs. Herbert's pocket and producing the keys.

"Where's Llewellen?" said Captain Herbert. "A doctor's always out of the way when he's wanted. Go and fetch him, one of you."

Mr. Traherne appeared, a bottle in each hand.

"Mara, my dear, what is it?" he said. "I wish—I wish—you would leave that workhouse. Who is the boy?"

"Ivor," said Mara," and the word seemed to hiss out from between her teeth.

"Don't, Mara, don't," said the parson shrinking back. "Is it Gerwyn Ivor?"

"Come upstairs—to Harrie's room," said Mrs. Herbert, bustling in. "Blankets, hot bottle, warming-pan, all ready."

"Let me carry him," said Captain Herbert, taking Ivor from Mara's lap and following his wife.

All the party went upstairs into Angharad's pretty bedroom, bright with pink chintz and the accessories of young ladyhood.

"Poor love," said Mrs. Herbert as the Captain laid him on the bed and Mara covered him up in blankets and began to chafe his feet.

"If you would bring a hot bath, some of you," she said, turning suddenly round.

"Yes, indeed," said the maids and ran out of the room.

One little girl undressed in a corner, and brought her flannel petticoat and socks to Mara, saying,

"Put them on—I'll fetch some more."

Another wanted to rub his feet.

A third said, "I saw his eyes open."

"Will you take the children from the room?" said Mara impatiently to Mrs. Rhys.

That little lady was looking on and doing nothing.

"Fine airs for a union schoolmistress," she said as she swept out of the room telling the children to follow; "and all this fuss about a wretched foundling. I wonder what Harrie will say to her new bedfellow."

A warm bath gradually restored Ivor to life, and when he first opened his large, bewildered eyes Mara and Mrs. Herbert uttered a simultaneous cry of joy.

Ivor again unclosed his eyes, murmured, "Dear governess, I am warm now," and kissed the cheek pressed close to his face.

Mara fell on her knees, buried her face in the bedclothes and sobbed.

Mrs. Herbert put her hand on her head and Ivor said,

"Don't cry—I am so happy. This place is just like heaven. Kiss me again, dear governess."

Mara rose and bent over the child, who freed his arms from the blankets and put them round her neck. Mrs. Herbert began to cry, and when Mara rose from the bed she took her in her arms and kissed her.

Mara leant her head on her shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"Dear child, I didn't know you were so tender-hearted," said Mrs. Herbert. "Why do you never come here? I love you as if you were my daughter."

Here Mrs. Herbert sobbed for company.

"Oh, if you only knew," said Mara. "if I could only tell you all."

"I know how you loved him and how he loved you. My darling boy. My Benjamin. My best beloved. My brave, noble Gerwyn.

Mrs. Herbert and Mara had no more words at command; their sobs choked further speech.

Mrs. Llewellen came in, and made Mara, shivering as she was with cold and emotion, drink the cordial she brought her; and so that painful scene came to an end. Then the Doctor's good wife fed Ivor with warm soup, until he, too, was refreshed, and fell asleep.

Mara was summoned to see Roderick. She found him in a very irritable frame of mind.

"A pretty mess you have got us all into, Miss Vaughan," he began; "this is the return you make me for allowing you to take the children out for walks! Three of 'em nearly drowned, and Mr. Glyn and the foundling brought in for dead! Mrs. R. in hysterics from fright, and the house besieged by gossips. You must come back directly!"

"Must!" said Mara. "Who can make me?"

"I—unless you mean to throw up your situation, and you can't do that without notice."

"I cannot leave Ivor."

"Captain Herbert has promised to take care of him. Your preference for that little idiot is talked of all through the house."

"How dare people talk of me!"

"The tongue's made to talk, Miss Vaughan, and paupers' tongues are no different from other people's."

"I am quite indifferent to people's tongues, Mr. Roderick. Perhaps we had better go at once."

Captain Herbert came in and told Mara that she must stay the night.

"I cannot, thank you," she said decidedly. "I must go with Mr. Roderick."

"Must! Why?"

"Because he says so."

"Rules are rules, Captain, as you know," said the master.

"Good-night, dear Captain Herbert," said Mara. "Take care of Ivor, and I will come to-morrow and fetch him. I am quite ready, Mr. Roderick."

She went away, followed by the master.

"I beg your pardon if I spoke hastily,

Miss Vaughan, but my temper was up. And no wonder, I am sure you will say. Miss Herbert left the children at the door, who made a nice hash of the story. My mind went to two inquests and the dead-house at once. Then George and Emily had to be changed—in came a dozen tramps with orders for a night's lodging—off went Mrs. R. in hysterics—up came all Arymor to hear the news—and nobody to help but Delia."

Mara made no comment on this, so the irritable little man was huffed.

"I gave Gipsy George a good flogging," he said snappishly.

"You did? what for?" cried Mara, angrily.

"For neglecting the little ones. A sort of vicarious flogging, Miss Vaughan. I hope you'll remember in future that eight o'clock's the hour for closing the house. We're hard upon midnight now."

When they reached the workhouse several people were still about waiting for the news; amongst them Betty True Blue.

"Where's the foundling, sir? Is Mr. Glyn safe?" echoed on all sides.

"Both safe," said the master.

"More's the pity for Mynydd," said one. "If the sea had taken him, all his troubles 'ould be over."

"The sea's better than the union," said Betty True Blue. "It do swallow you up, sure, and there's an end of you; but the union do sell you up, and swallow you up, and cast you up again, and pitch you about, till you might be one of them balls the jugglers is playing with."

"I wonder you come into it so often," said the master.

"I come for change of air, sir. All great ladies is going from the country to the salt water and back again for their health."

"I wish you would all go home!" said Roderick, going into the house.

Betty detained Mara to say—

"If you do be wanting help give me a wink, and I'll have the rheumatics 'rectly, and be here as fast as they'll let me. You know, miss *fach*, I am willing to do anything for you, for your own sake and Master Gerwyn's. I am not forgetting how he was standing at the top of my pig-stye with my little pig in his arms, when the sea broke into the house. 'Hurrah!' he was crying, 'Betty True Blue, here's your squeaker roaring like a radical,' and he did give him to me safe enough, before he did think of himself."

"Good-bye, Betty," said Mara, squeezing the good woman's hand.

"Good-night, miss," said several voices. "God bless you for caring for poor orphans."

Mara heard the blessing, and felt humble and sad.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART VII.

An Important Experiment.

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago, Dr. Priestley placed two mice under a glass shade, and found that as they exhausted the air within it they gradually died. Dr. Priestley then bethought of placing under the shade a plant, and found to his surprise that it lived. In due time he put other mice under the shade, and found that they lived. Now Dr. Priestley was not satisfied with simply recording these interesting facts, but surmised that these facts suggested some great principle of mutual help worked by mouse and plant, namely, that the plants purified the inside of the glass for the mice, and that the mice in their turn made the atmosphere suitable for the life of the plant. And he generalised further, that, in a universe wisely governed by orderly law, what is true of the mice and plants must be likewise true of all vegetable and animal life. During the last one hundred years of wonderful research, the microscope, chemical analysis, and allied sciences have proved the truth of the great principle that the plants and mice suggested to the mind of Priestley. How true it is that the ordinary everyday occurrences, unheeded mostly by the vast blind multitude, are, in the hands of those who can see, keys to unlock the secrets of Nature!

A true scientific mind is the mind that can select and gather together a few important facts, and from these facts rear a principle which in its turn will explain the facts; and if there is no body of undoubted facts which the principle cannot explain, then the inquirer has a complete chain of scientific demonstration. The facts suggest the principle, and the principle explains the facts, and the more completely this can be done, the more surely does the principle become a scientific certainty.

In the experience of our everyday life, mind, consciously or unconsciously, precedes matter, and is, I believe, the source from whence matter comes. I could bring forward some very strong arguments to prove this, but must not in these notes enter into the metaphysics of this engrossing problem.

The Use of a Leaf.

The countless numbers of green leaves that clothe a tree in summer, and move with gentle rhythmical sound at the bidding of the winds, and glisten so brightly in the vibrating beams of the sun, are very beautiful to look upon. But they are more than this; they are the means a tree puts forth to secure its food; they clear the atmosphere of unwholesome gases, they regulate the rainfall of a district; equalise its temperature, and give shade, shelter, and rest to much flying, walking, and creeping life.

A tree sends down its tap-roots into the ground as its main support, and from it grow, in endless ramification, the underground branches, the root-hairs of which, with almost nervous intelligence, search for the moisture that carries in solution the salts of the earth, sulphates, nitrates, phosphates of lime, magnesia, and potash. The moisture thus collected flows to the main root, ascends the wood of the tree, then flows along its branches, twigs, and over its leaves, by that marvellous network of tissue, watering the growing cells along its course, and a great part escapes into the air by means of the little stomata. These little openings (stomata) are situated mostly in the underneath part of the leaf, and are like small mouths with curved lips, which have the power of closing to prevent the escape of moisture when very dry weather makes this necessary for the well-being of the tree. Several hundred thousand of them are said to exist in a single oak-leaf, 300 to 350 scattered over each square millimètre of leaf.

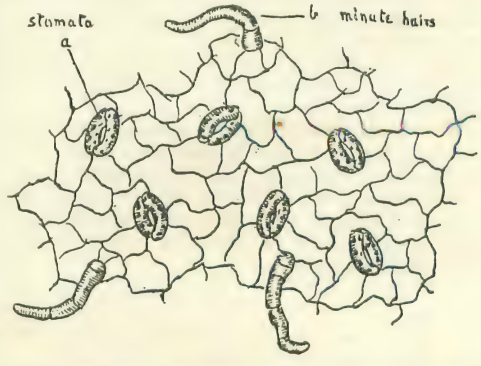
It is calculated that an oak-tree may have 700,000 leaves, and by means of these openings in its leaves throw off 226 times its own weight of water during the year, or 111,125 kilogrammes of water pass from its surface from June to October.

Foul air—carbon dioxide—arising from drainage, decaying vegetable and animal substances, which is so harmful to man, is taken up by the tree through these little openings, and by a marvellous piece of mechanism in the green of the leaf this poisonous carbonic dioxide is split up into two parts, carbon and oxygen; the carbon then recombines with the water and salts brought up from the root and is converted into starch, the food of the tree, while the surplus oxygen that the tree does not require is sent back into the air.

The Use of the Green of the Leaf.

If a leaf is examined under the microscope, it will be seen to be composed of a network of fibres, amongst which lie the soft parts. The soft parts are the living vegetable cells, and the fibres are the conduit pipes which carry the food that these cells require if they are to live and thrive.

A vegetable cell is composed principally of a thin cell-wall, enclosing its simple protoplasmic life, which in its turn encloses the cell-sap. Embedded in the protoplasm are a great number of green chlorophyl corpuscles; so numerous and close together are they that they give the green appearance to the leaf. These green corpuscles require support for their life, and so carbon dioxide, oxygen, and other materials in the cell-sap, reach them as



LOWER EPIDERMIS OF LEAF SHOWING STOMATA.

food. Here now follows the most marvellous transformations which are going on in every one of the million green corpuscles that exist in every leaf. The green corpuscles act as traps, and into this trap is collected the foods I have mentioned above; the sunlight—or in other words the sun's rapid vibrations—then penetrate into the meshes of the chlorophyl, and tear asunder the carbon dioxide and water into their elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and then these three elements, mixing again, in different proportions, with a little nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur, obtained from the earth's salts, form little granules of starch, the perfected food that is essential for all the living cells in every part of the tree.

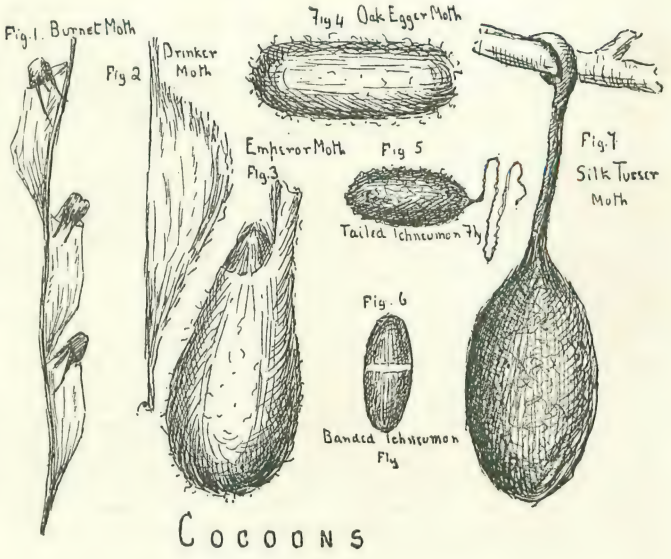
So indeed it may be truly said that each granule of starch is a packet of stored energy captured from the external universe. Try to think of this marvel. All those numberless green leaves waving in the summer air are hard at work, storing food and life for the benefit of the great world of living things. I think it stands to reason that as green is the background of Nature, the human eye has got attuned to it, and therefore it is the best colour to shade our lights and candles with; certainly, bright colours, such as red, are most harmful. In these days of short sight and spectacles, this is important to note and act upon.

How the Moth Escapes from the Cocoon.

The caterpillar, in order to preserve the life of its race, stores an enormous amount of fat, which it accumulates from the vegetation on which it has lived, and then turns into a chrysalis, as a protection against enemies, and to continue living when winter has destroyed its food supply. In hybernation rest, living at a low vitality, the fat that it has stored is sufficient to keep it from death till the miraculous transformation takes place, and the seemingly lifeless pupa emerges from its imprisonment a full grown and beautiful moth.

The cocoon is built of silk, which in its raw state is a gummy substance, and is coiled in tubes extending from the head towards the tail, and issues in strings from an opening below the mouth. When exposed to the air, this glutinous silk material becomes hard and dry.

Amongst twigs, dead leaves, crevices, corners under ledges, the worker scatters a few threads that serve as a scaffold, in the centre of which the spinner builds mostly an oval-shaped cocoon, of so compact and hard a nature that in many cases it will turn the edge of a knife.



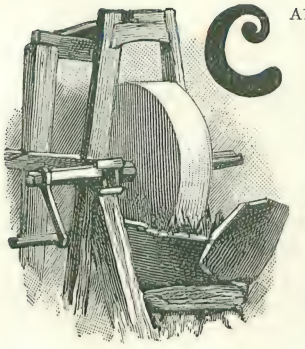
Cocoons

The soft-bodied egger and puss moths escape from their hard and compact shell by pushing off from the end an irregular piece of their cocoon, which looks as if it had been bitten off, although they do not possess any biting jaws. The manner of doing this was for very long a mystery, and many were the amusing speculations suggested as an explanation.

Mr. Oswald Salter conceived the brilliant idea of removing some pupæ from their cocoons, and wrapping each in a piece of blotting-paper, so that each pupa had to pierce the blotting-paper instead of its cocoon; and when in due course it did this, Mr. Salter found that the point of escape was wetted; and by collecting a sufficient quantity he was enabled to analyse the moistened part, and found the moisture to be caustic potash, a substance known to chemists as a powerful solvent. As a confirmation of this Mr. Salter placed a few drops of caustic potash inside several cocoons, and in three minutes they were dissolved into pulp. The head of the emerging moth is covered with a cap, which consists of the front part of the chrysalis shell that serves as a shield, and just behind this covering were discovered a couple of hard sharp points; so that now it is known that the moth first moistens its shell with caustic potash, and then with these sharp points cuts an opening by which it escapes from its imprisonment.

CAN GIRLS INCREASE THEIR STRENGTH?

By "MEDICUS."



Can girls increase their strength? Undoubtedly they can, and in answering the question let me go even further, and state boldly and without fear of contradiction from anyone, that in the increase of strength will lie an increase of health, and therefore additional happiness.

Health and happiness! Why, surely these are prizes well worth trying for, giving as they do an extra chance of a long and pleasant life, repose of mind and freedom from care and worry. Health and happiness—well, I will not go so far as to say that these are synonymous terms, but it is a fact nevertheless, that one cannot be long *un*happy without suffering from derangement of the general health. On the other hand a healthful frame of body generates placidity of temper and evenness of mind. People who possess really good health may not go about their day's labour in an extra-fussy or bustling way, but what they do, they as a rule do well, so that at night they have nothing to repent of, and can therefore place their heads on easy pillows and be certain of good refreshing sleep.

Moreover, health and strength are the deadly foes to all sorts of peevishness and nervous feelings that tend so much to the reduction of bodily vigour and the induction of early wrinkles, impure or sallow complexions, and eyes that are the reverse of bright.

"Oh!" I think I hear one of my gentle readers exclaim, "I *should* like to increase my strength, for indeed, Medicus, I am far from being either healthful or strong. Give me something to make me both, please."

Give you something indeed. No, you must not go that way to work. Lost health and strength are not to be won back in one day nor in twenty. And as for medicines for increasing bodily vigour those are mere secondary considerations.

"What then?" you ask, "shall I rush away and join a gymnasium?"

"No," again I answer, "nature will not be rushed."

But in trying to rush nature many a girl lays the foundation of a feeble and weakly constitution, and injures herself irreparably. Gymnasiums are all very good in their way, and the training learnt and gone into at them is often of the greatest advantage, but it must be carried out with some degree of common sense if not science.

Take a hypothetical case. Miss Smith, let us call her, because that is a very uncommon name, and hardly to be found in the London Directory, Miss Smith, I say, is but a wee mite of a thing, hardly indeed is she the height divine, five feet two inches, although she has turned seventeen. Miss Smith's face is somewhat pale, so too are her gums, while the muscles of her arms are as soft and "dweeble" to the feel as a boiled leek, and the arm not much thicker. She does take exercise, however, but it is by fits and starts, for mentally considered she is somewhat purposeless and unsteady, and apt to take up fads and fancies all of a sudden and abandon them in a week or two as tiresome and useless. The fact is that Miss Smith's mind is quite as "dweeble" as her body. I don't say that she is either ill or an invalid, though she has weary spells of it at times, tiredness towards evening, backache perhaps, and now and then a sleepless or dream-perturbed night which interferes materially with her appetite of a morning.

But it is said by her friends that Miss Smith has a deal of nerve or verve and go in her, and that she can walk quite a wondrous long way if she determines to do so. No doubt of it, I

say, but to put it plainly it is all a flash in the pan. She is very clever, too, her friends tell us, and writes beautiful verses. These cost her a great expenditure of vital power, and sometimes even tears. If she took to poultry-keeping *versus* poetry it would be better for herself, and the poor editor whom she pesters with her poems on spring.

But Miss Smith is walking down the town one day when she meets her friend Miss Vivacious, who is looking as rosy as a rising moon and as hard as horn.

"Oh, Miss Smith," says Miss V., "you're looking almost ill. Do join our gymnasium class; it will make you well and strong in a week."

So to make a long story short Miss Smith does as Miss V. suggests, and joins the gymnasium.

And her flash-in-the-pan nerve takes charge of her when she sees the wonderful things that other girls can do there, and Miss Smith tries to emulate them. She does so after a fashion, but all this is taking too much out of her, and instead of doing her any lasting good the gymnastic training positively injures her, and lucky may she consider herself if she is not eventually laid up.

Indeed I could point to cases of girls who have been injured constitutionally and for life, by what I may term this folly of rushing the gymnastic cure for debility.

Well now, I must suppose that you are somewhat like Miss Smith, my fair reader, and that your gums are rather pale, your muscles rather flabby, and that you are not so healthy as you ought to be from one five weeks end to another.

Don't let me catch you going and joining a gymnasium class, however, without having undergone a preliminary training. A bother, is it? Well, I am sorry you consider it so, but I do assure you it is for your advantage, and you will thank Medicus yet for having pointed it out to you.

"To rush training," I have said in one of my books, "is like attempting to leap over a spiked railing that you do not feel certain in your own mind you are able to clear. If you do *not* clear it you come down, and the fall of Humpty-Dumpty is nothing to what you shall suffer."

Now then, let me be thoroughly practical. I have preached to you already in the columns of the G. O. P. about the golden rules of health till if I am not tired I ought to be, if I had any "tire" in me.

These rules must be remembered, and these must be obeyed if you mean to grow strong at all. I must give you a little encouragment, however, to begin with, by telling you that although you will feel restraint and trouble at first in obeying hygienic rules, if you persevere they will very soon become easy enough, and you will form good habits of living which, even while not appearing to consider the advantages that accrue from them, nothing would induce you to give up.

It is a most excellent plan to *keep a note-book* and write therein the rules you have to obey in getting up your health and strength. You will always have these to refer to, and written out in this way they help one wonderfully.

So now we begin.

You have written out your rules. These will relate to many things or points in this your preliminary training, for I will not hear of you joining that gymnasium class till you feel strong enough to do something without gasping like an asthmatical bantam, not until your limbs are harder and your heart harder—physically I mean. Do not forget that the heart is the great central force-pump which has to send the blood to nourish every portion of the body, that the heart in young folks can be strengthened and made firm just as the biceps can, because like the biceps it is a muscle. But before the heart can be strong it must be supplied with good pure blood, and have plenty of the same to nourish the body withal. If you get these truths well fixed in your mind you have already got one foot on the first rung of the ladder of health.

1. *Pure blood* is most essential. It is a *sine quâ non* in preliminary training. Have you got pure blood in your veins? In asking that question I am not referring in the least to any possible hereditary blood taint. Have you in those veins and arteries of yours good nourishing blood?

You cannot make good blood from physic, though to some extent, as I shall presently show, this may help you. No, good blood is made from food and not from physic. You can put that in your notes.

But to acquire good blood, the food itself must be nourishing and good, and there are some things to be remembered concerning the eating thereof which you will do well to note. I will enumerate these alphabetically, and even dyspeptics may learn a little from my list—

A.—You must eat slowly so that the food may be well mixed with the digestive saliva.

B.—A dinner or breakfast should if possible be partaken of amidst pleasant surroundings. Mirth even aids digestion.

C.—Note what agrees or disagrees with you.

D.—It is not what you eat but what you digest that gives you strength.

E.—Therefore never over-eat.

F.—It is folly eating one meal if the other is not digested.

G.—A glass of very hot water taken about half-an-hour before a meal often does much good, especially in the morning.

H.—Add thereto the juice of half a lemon if your blood is inclined to be rheumatic, *i.e.*, acrid.

I.—Sloppy food is not good in preliminary training. Nor are soups as a rule.

K.—Good oatmeal porridge and milk—not eaten with sugar mind, porridge must have salt—forms a capital breakfast dish. But mind this, if it turns acid or causes flatulence it is best avoided.

L.—Milk is excellent food if you can be out of doors enough. Milk should be taken with toast or biscuit when you feel you want it. Oatmeal biscuits are best. This divides the milk so that it does not curdle all in a lump.

M.—Eggs are also good, especially ducks' eggs. They should be boiled, poached, or "mushed," not fried. Bacon goes well with eggs for breakfast.

N.—If either eggs or milk seems to disagree you must of course avoid them.

O.—Too much meat is as trying to the digestion as the taking of beer or wine would be. Meat once a day is enough. Say for dinner.

P.—Meat for training: mutton or the tenderest and juiciest of beef. Fowl, duck, turkey, with a little curled bacon. Game of any kind.

R.—Meats to be avoided: pork and veal, and *any* meat if not tender.

S.—Fish. Avoid all oily fishes such as plaice, mackerel, fresh herring, and even salmon. The white fishes are best, and oysters are most nutritious. A little pepper should be taken with the oysters, and the squeeze of a lemon with a slice of brown bread—not too new—and butter. The native oyster, not the large.

T.—Bread. This should be light and tasty. I am, however, inclined to leave the choice of the bread to yourself so long as you do not eat it new. Bread, I may add, cannot be too well baked. As regards procuring it really good, I may say happy are they who live in towns and cities. Badly-baked bread and adulterated bread not only produces dyspepsia in its worst of forms, but actually reduces the strength of our bodies, which it was eaten in order to maintain.

U.—Toast is good, that is, if it be toast made from pure, unadulterated, well-baked bread. It should not be too thick. It must be toasted very gradually so as to be done through and through.

V.—Vegetables in training are important. A due proportion of green food is useful, such as well-boiled not spoiled kale, brussel sprouts, or cabbage. Cauliflower is also good. Not too many potatoes. They should be perfectly mashed, no lumps being left. Carrots, parsnips, and artichokes may or may not agree. They need watching as to their digestive effects.

W.—Pastry and sweets are as well avoided. So is cheese; but in summer a nice salad is excellent. Tomatoes, if ripe English ones, not pale, sickly-looking Frenchmen, I cannot speak too highly of.

X.—Yes, fruits, especially apples and pears, prunes, grapes, strawberries, and ripe garden fruits of all kinds. Just ripe enough, you know, not under nor over the mark. Oranges and lemons are good for blood and complexion. Nuts? Certainly, if you are quite certain you can digest them.

Y.—Tea and toast at five, but not strong tea.

Z.—A light but not a sloppy supper. Sauces, I may add, and nearly all condiments except black pepper, mustard, and good cayenne are best avoided.

So, you see, I have given you a complete food alphabet. Pray study it. Every sentence of it might be expounded into a long and instructive sermon on health.

2. System in preliminary training. You cannot keep the fact too clearly before your mind's eye, that in getting up your strength by the means I am trying to describe to you you *must* do things systematically. I am not rushing you. I do not want you to attempt to run up the ladder of health, but to go steadily step by step. If you do a thing one day and neglect it for the next you will simply remain the pale-faced, interesting but flabby little thing you are.

3. Many girls suffer from a slight inclination to *embonpoint*. I have given hints on this subject before now, but I may in my next paper tell you something new perhaps.

4. Exercise. Well, if you can be prevailed upon to take the morning tub as cold as possible, the exercise that you get during the day will do you a deal more good.

In this article you will observe I am only leading up to my plan for making you really strong, happy, and hardy—it is merely preliminary, in fact. I prescribe therefore walking exercise for a month, and walking *only*. Begin by taking a walk twice a day of a mile at least, "there and back." I can't tell you where "there" is, but "back" means your own door, and you must not dawdle there, but go in at once and change whatever is damp on you.

Increase your two walks till "there and back" comes to mean three miles in the morning or forenoon, and three miles in the evening.

Do not stop to stare in at shop windows, but walk as if you meant doing something.

Next month you will, I trust, be in a state fit to undertake a little gymnastic training. If you will permit me to be your mentor, all will go well.

There are many quiet little hobbies and fancies that tend much to strengthen the body and steady the mind. Concerning a few of these I shall not fail to speak.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the books for the present month being Deuteronomy and Joshua.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

Letters sent to us requiring private answers should be accompanied by stamped and directed envelopes, and the questions will then receive direct replies.

QUESTIONS.

71. Mention the inauguration of the Mount of Blessing and the Mount of Cursing. Trace the after-history, up to the present date, of Mount Gerizim; what ancient well is mentioned, and who were the surrounding inhabitants, as mentioned in the life of our Lord?

72. Give the Mosaic division of the year. What months and seasons of our own time correspond to it? What was the Sabbatical year, and the year of jubilee? When does the Jewish Sabbath begin and end?

73. Give the first reference to the "Shekel of the Sanctuary." Where is the shekel of gold mentioned? How many shekels of silver went to a talent? Why had money-changers become needful in our Lord's time?

74. What were the Phylacteries? and what verses of the Bible were written upon them? Which of the four quotations is enjoined to be constantly repeated, and formed the most ancient creed of the Jewish Church, from the beginning?

75. What is the meaning of the name "Joshua"? On what occasion was it changed? and what is its latter form?

76. What period commences with the Book of Joshua? What does it chronicle? and with what four great events does it deal, beginning with Chapter xviii.?

77. What were the three great miracles mentioned in Joshua? and where is a similar miracle twice recorded? What lost book chronicled the battle of Gibeon?

78. What were the two great battles that commenced and closed the career of Joshua as a military commander?

79. What were Joshua's two great qualities? Give an account, in your own words, of his personal character.

80. Describe the Ark of the Covenant. Why was it left at Shiloh? and how long did it remain there? Why was it held sacred by the Israelites?

OUR COMPETITIONS—REPORT AND PRIZE WINNERS.

HANGING LIBRARY-BAG COMPETITION.

Examiners { THE EDITOR and DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

CONSIDERING the difficulties offered by the material of which Dr. Churchill's "mission bags" are made, there is no doubt that our competitors have succeeded wonderfully. This is especially the case with the three prize-bags, which are excellent, both in design and working. The first prize has the design embroidered on a ground of white satin, on which the dove flies, produced in natural shades of grey. The serpent is worked in shades of green, while the binding of red braid has an Oriental-looking decoration of yellow, white, and black silks, in fancy stitches. A scroll-design ornaments the flap, on which is worked, "Lo! I am with you alway," in whites and greys.

The second prize was a very remarkable and painstaking piece of work, the bag being embroidered all over in honeycomb-stitch in two shades of green silk, forming a foundation for the other designs. Below the design of the dove and serpent there was worked on the front, and on the flap, a spray of conventionalised leaves, and at the back a text of Scripture.

The third prize is very remarkable for the beautifully neat way in which the binding is put on, and also for the excellent and well-balanced design, the dove being particularly well done. The working in shades of yellow darkening into brown is also capital.

In the way of "Honourable Mention," we should begin with the bag sent by one of our enterprising girls all the way from the Cape of Good Hope. Of course she has supplied the materials herself, of brown waterproofed cloth. The dove is worked on a foundation of white muslin, and the serpent, which surrounds it, in yellow silks. The braid is beautifully put on by machine, and we consider our far-distant competitor much to be commended. In another good specimen the dove was worked in grey silks on a green velvet foundation, the serpent being also of the green velvet, and the scarlet braid finely buttonhole-stitched all round with green silk. One competitor has done the "R. T. S." design on white jean, and the wonderful embroidery of the serpent deserves mention, as it is worked in half-circles, resembling scales, in buttonhole-stitch with brown silk.

One bag, worked in a spray of flowers of chenille, was very well done, but was disqualified as not having the proper design on it, and we must not omit a mention of two painted bags—the one being very cleverly executed on American cloth, the colouring excellent, but the needlework was not very well done, as was the case with several other competitors' productions.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE (£10 10s.).
Amy Lovegrove, Bilton, Rugby.

SECOND PRIZE (£5 5s.).
Annie E. Owen, Colwyn Bay.

THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.).
May Smith-Spark, Bridgwater.

Honourable Mention.

Maria Murray.	Lois Barber.
Mary A. Waters.	Florence M. Duffett.
Isabella Mackay.	Mabel D. King.
Beatrice E. Davis.	Bessie Gough.
Grace Russell.	

PAINTING COMPETITION.—A LEISURE HOUR.

Examiners { MR. BIRKET FOSTER and THE EDITOR.

THIS competition was highly satisfactory. There were nearly five hundred paintings, and quite two-thirds of these were very carefully done, and others showed very great artistic delicacy. In all the paintings by the undermentioned girls the flowers of Mr. Birket Foster's own garden are easily recognisable and the order of merit is shown in the arrangement of the list. Hearty congratulations to all whose names are printed.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE (£10 10s.).
Mrs. Annie C. Duke, Camera Square, Chelsea.

SECOND PRIZE (£5 5s.).
Miss Bessie Gough, Stokes Croft, Bristol.

Specially Commended.

M. Fanny Crossfield.	Annie V. Pooley.
Ethel Mawson.	Maude Billings.
May Mannings.	Daisy Ilsley.
Ethel G. Le Blanc-Smith.	Janette Spencer.
	Edith M. Winder.
Elizabeth N. Pringle.	Alice M. Green.
Cissy H. Scragg.	Clementine Stainton.
M. Isabel Mackrill.	Kathleen Blood.
Isabelle Walker.	Sarah F. Sharp.
Charlotte E. Newlyn.	Catherine A. Long.
Ethel Harding.	Priscilla Morgan.
Rosa M. M. Clark.	Florence J. Twinill.
Jessie G. McKerrow.	Alice M. Hallett.
Nora Davidson.	Frances Pennefather.
Gilberte Colonjou.	Helen Mannock.
Jane S. Johns.	Annie M. Thatcher.
Emily R. Prescott.	

Girl's Attire:

The NEWEST And BEST.

BY THE "LADY DRESSMAKER."



OUR SUMMER CAPE AND LACE-TRIMMED BODICE.

IT might, perhaps, be a relief to some of my girl-readers if they heard what seems, from an article I have just seen on the subject, to be the extreme limit of the size of waist considered proper for women and girls. Of course there are many who would not reach it, as they would be naturally of a slighter build. It is not, it seems, at all the thing to lace, or to appear even to lace, tightly, and no waist should be smaller than twenty-four inches; while thirty-eight round the bust is not too large for this size of waist, but is the right symmetrical proportion, and forty inches is given as the correct hip-measure with the other measurements. Thus it will be seen that the modern ideas of beauty are of a very solid nature, and, of course, as long as our girls continue their healthy exercises—lawn-tennis, golf, and the revived croquet, which has quite come into favour in the country again—we shall expect to find firm, well-knit, and muscular figures.

The popularity of the jacket-and-skirt costumes is unabated, and blouses are quite as great favourites also. Side by side with them we find the short full, or *godet* basques will be more used than they were last year, the newest ones being plainer in front and fuller at the back, and, I think, shorter, the double ones standing up round the waist, like ruffles. Several new versions of the *bolero*, *senorita*, and the "Eton jacket" are appearing, all of which are intended to make the bodices of our gowns look smarter, as well as add to their warmth. Velvet is still the most fashionable material, or the ever-fascinating *moiré*, and no doubt during the summer we shall constantly see this addition. They are often made also with a belted basque added to them, trimmed in the same manner; and thus a shirt or blouse is made into quite a dressy concern. There is a great passion for ribbons also, and they are tied at the back as well as in front in large bows; or else there are two looped ends, one on each side of the front, which reach to the foot of the skirt.

The attempts made to introduce the draped skirt cannot be said to be very successful; and I see no chance whatever for a draped over-skirt, even with lace, or the thinnest gauze. The only form that seems to meet with any popularity is that which we have illustrated already; in which a few inches of the side of the skirt are caught up to show a foundation of *moiré* or silk of a contrasting colour, and the fulness is arranged in small box-pleating on the hips; or perhaps, only on one side, the sides being sometimes fully open to the waist. Perhaps, as the summer comes on we may see black lace and gauzes with coloured skirts; and these, indeed, I have already seen at some of our best dressmakers, and think them possible; but they are not quite the draped skirt. The general width for the newest walking skirts is about four yards and a half. The backs are often put into three or four large pleats, which gives the fashionable fluted effect; while the fronts are as plain as ever. Even the pleats in front are put into the foundations only, the over-part being cut to fit, by shaping at the waist; or else they are stretched over quite plainly. Where this cannot be accomplished, then a few tiny gathers are carefully distributed round, which make no show, when the dress-bodice is worn. If the skirt be put into four single box-pleats for instance, at the back, each pleat would measure an inch and a half across the top, or even less. All the skirts are lined, and some of the satin and new *moiré* skirts are quite padded at the bottom, as well as lined throughout with what I should call domett, inside the silk lining. One dress of satin that I saw at a well-known West End shop, was very much like a Japanese gown, so padded was it. The foundation skirts, in case of a draped petticoat, are quite narrow; not measuring more than three yards round, for an over-skirt of about four and a half. There is nothing better at present than the plain skirt pattern which we have selected, which seems to be the thing everyone is wearing for skirts for every-day use. It is always short enough to clear the ground: what the French call *ras de terre*.

Our large illustration of "Our Summer Cape and a Lace-trimmed Bodice" gives one of the prettiest styles of producing the "Bolero" or "Senorita" effect by a lace drapery, which may be of white or black lace as preferred, the lace being trimmed again with bias bands of coloured velvet. Our pattern gown was of grey, with white lace and velvet bands of a shade of myrtle green. But of course it could be copied in anything, and for those of our readers who have to remake last summer's gowns, this pattern will be found a very good one. The lace flounces or basques at the waist are, if possible, more popular than ever, and a new kind of lace has been made specially for them, which is plain at the top, being woven in that way so that it may fall in full folds to the edge. Two yards and a half lengths of this are sold for the garniture of a gown. Nothing exceeds the passion for lace this year, but especially for the "string" or "butter-coloured" varieties, which are demanded for every black gown, be it silk, *moiré*, or *crépon* only.

The pattern of our summer's cape is extremely stylish, and will be found available for the capes that require trimming with lace for the summer. The front of the lace "Bolero" will be found in our sketch of "The New Sleeve and Pointed Basque," and in this is also seen the pretty new "fourteenth century sleeve," which will be delightful for the thin gowns of the present season, and which are made of thin materials. These pointed basques, which are full and puffy over the hips, are very fashionable and stylish, and also may be made available for remodelling gowns. In fact, with a new basque and new sleeves, a gown may now be made quite modern, with but small expense. To jackets of last year, also, it is not difficult to add just such *moiré revers* as are illustrated in the centre figure, and thus render it quite up to date.

Amongst the most beautiful materials for the coming season of hot weather are the



GOWN OF FRENCH CAMBRIC.



JACKET FOR DRILL, LINEN, UNLINED.
(*Paper pattern.*)

lovely French cambrics with tiny floral designs, which the French ladies have been long using for underclothing, and which form such stylish materials for summer gowns. We show this month an ideal of one which may be made-up and will probably look better for the morning without any lace save that on the yoked-bodice, as they are prettiest when untrimmed. The new coloured linens must also be mentioned, they are so very pretty and are so much improved from those of last year. They are made up principally as skirts or jackets, and we have selected for this month as our paper pattern a jacket suitable for them, or for the white drills or "Galateas," which are now in favour once more. They are made without linings, and so are very simple and quite within the powers of the home-dressmaker to produce. The only thing to observe is that the edges of the seams must be bound with silk ribbon of a very narrow width. To make the inside look tailor-made, whipping or overcasting the seams will not answer, even in the use of cotton materials. A machine is the best method of working for these jackets, as the seams are thereby more firmly sewn, and they can then be far more easily pressed; and everything of the kind must be pressed to make the joinings look at all well.

A fresh attempt is being made to write-up, and to introduce once more as a fashionable fabric, alpaca, or mohair as the French seem to call it. I do not know whether it will be successful, but I hear of another dear old friend of other days, as having quite "come to the fore" in New York, and that is "French merino;" and there is much white *piqué* to be seen in Paris, but it is more used there for trimmings, I fancy, than for gowns.

In the way of millinery, the fashionable flowers are the geranium, and the mignonette, with clover as an accompaniment. The imitation diamond, or "old paste" buckles, are very much used for both sashes, waist-bands, hats, and small neckties of either velvet or lace, the bright buckle looking very well in this position, with a low-necked gown; while for high-necked ones, it is put at the back, in the centre of a bow of ribbon. In either case, it looks very well indeed, and brightens up a gown.

Our new pattern takes about five yards of thirty-inch material, and is in six pieces, viz., front, and front side-piece; back, and back side-piece; *revers*, and sleeve. It is simple, and easy to make, and should be unlined.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.



THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONSTANCE went thoughtfully back to her ward; but when she saw the cheerful faces of those who had just thoroughly enjoyed their tea and were now preparing for the evening's fun, she felt she must enter into it and not damp their joy.

The tree, which had been the kind gift of some of the lady visitors, was in the board-room, a large spacious room where numbers of the patients could be comfortably accommodated. Of course there were many who were unable to leave their beds, some in the medical ward who felt far too ill to care anything about the festivities, and were unable to think of much beyond their ailments. Yet even these looked pleased and brightened up for a few moments when later on in the evening one of the doctors or nurses brought round their share of the spoil in the shape of some useful article of clothing, pipes, tobacco, books, writing materials, etc., something worth having in fact for each one, and gave them with a pleasant word of sympathy or a wish that next Christmas it might be more enjoyable. "Oh, won't that just do for my old woman," said one aged man as he unfolded a comfortable woollen shawl; "just the very thing I would have liked!" or, "Oh, deary me," said one young woman, "anyone might have knowed what I wanted!" as she opened a little parcel containing several yards of some bright warm material and a little case with needles and cottons. "I do believe," she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "that I'll just have enough to make two frocks out of it, one for 'em each, and here I've been a fretting that they couldn't have none." It was not of course everyone who received presents just to their liking, but both care and trouble had been taken to have each patient's name, and the sisters had been asked to find out as far as was possible what would be most useful or acceptable.

It was a pretty sight to see the numbers of expectant faces all so bright and cheery-looking, in spite of the fact that pain or sickness had been in one form or other the lot of each.

At length the lights were lowered, and a curtain which had hidden the tree from view was pulled aside. What a sight it looked laden with all sorts of lovely things and lit with coloured lights almost to the top! A circle of probationers in their neat uniform stood around it, and just as the patients were about to raise a shout of applause they sang in soft tones the old carol, "See amid the winter snow." Every voice was hushed until the end, when a bright red light shone from behind, lighting up the scene, and the applause was long and loud.

Then came the distributing of the gifts, which would have proved a very onerous task had there not been many hands to help, and much method shown in the previous sorting and arranging. Oh, how the children's faces gleamed at the treasures they received, balls, picture-books, and of course dolls for the girls. One little fair-haired beauty of about two years old, with lovely dark eyes and long dark lashes and the fairest and pinkest of complexions, was actually cheered when lifted up to receive a baby doll dressed in long clothes. She gazed at it for one moment almost breathlessly, then without a glance at the giver or a thought of thanks stretched

out her tiny hands and took it, looking right into the dolly's face, and her own lighting up with joy, broke into a smile as she hugged it to her in true motherly fashion.

When all the presents had been given, the patients and everyone there joined in singing "Auld lang Syne," and then began the work of taking all the poor cripples safely back to their wards. It was over; but what a pleasure it had all been, looked forward to for weeks past with bright anticipations and not less delightful in reality, and forming material for pleasant talk and happy thoughts for days to come.

The rest of the evening's entertainment was devoted to the nurses, who after having comfortably settled their patients and handed them over to those who were on duty for the night (as of course all could not leave at once), prepared themselves for the evening's amusement with praiseworthy alacrity considering their long day's work. The board-room was once more the scene of festivity, and was soon well filled. Several of the visiting doctors and members of the committee looked in for an hour or so, bringing friends with them, and the sounds of music and singing might be heard along the corridor. A portion of the room was again screened off, but the tree had been pushed into a corner, and busy hands had laid a most inviting-looking supper which was to be partaken of later on. The matron had been personally supervising the arrangements; but now she might be seen moving quietly about amongst her nurses, getting one or another to come forward and sing, or speaking to the many friends who had joined them. Constance was seated near Sister Adelaide in one corner of the room, looking very pretty in her dark blue serge, with flushed cheeks, listening intently to a song that one of the nurses was singing. She did not notice Doctor Bell enter the room, and was quite unconscious of a pair of dark earnest eyes which glanced anxiously around and then rested upon her face. Sweeter than ever, the owner of them thought to himself as he gazed at her and realised that she was indeed his ideal, his love—the woman he meant to woo and win.

"How well Nurse Cross sings," Constance said to Sister Adelaide as the voice ceased, followed by a hum of thanks.

"Yes, she has a very rich voice and puts wonderful expression into it," then suddenly exclaimed, "Why, here is Doctor Bell, and actually Mr. Seaton with him too."

Doctor Bell came forward, speaking to one and another on his way, glad to find these two where he could have a quiet chat.

"No need for an introduction, is there?" he asked, looking at Constance who appeared genuinely pleased to see them; then turning to his nephew, "I suppose you knew Sister Adelaide and Sister Hamilton when you were here?"

"Yes," he said smiling, "I know Sister Adelaide well, and may claim some acquaintance with Sister Hamilton, though under a different name. I remarked the change in your dress," he went on, "as soon as I caught sight of you, and must congratulate you on your elevated position. Are you very strict with all your subordinates?"

"I do not think so," said Constance, "but I have not been sister for many months yet."

Occasionally silence reigned whilst some one sang or played; but during the intervals, when everyone talked, there was ample time for a quiet conversation, and Mr. Seaton was well pleased to find himself where he was.

"There have been many changes here since you left," Constance said.

"Yes," he replied, "I heard that Mrs. Faithful had taken her departure. You seem to have gained by the change, though; just fancy an affair like this in her day, she would have thought it most improper."

"Yes, we have indeed gained," Constance continued; "the nursing even is different now; so many of Nurse MacMahon's class, I mean those who did not care for their work, have been sent away and replaced by really nice ones. I suppose you know," she went on a little nervously scanning his face, "that all that mystery was cleared up, and Nurse MacMahon proved to be the culprit. If it had not been for you asking Doctor Bell to find out about it it would never have been discovered, though Nurse MacMahon might have been dismissed all the same; but oh, I was so glad to know that it really had been found out!"

Doctor Bell was apparently talking to Sister Adelaide, but the last sentence caught his ear, and he found himself listening.

"We may go back still further," said Mr. Seaton, "and acknowledge that had you not expressed your anxiety and determination to find it out I should hardly have attempted it, but right glad I am that the mystery was solved," he added with a bright smile, gratified to think that he had been the means even in so remote a way of giving her pleasure; "but may I ask who informed you that I had mentioned the matter to anyone?"

Constance coloured deeply and looked somewhat disappointed as she replied, "Oh, Doctor Bell told me that you had spoken to him about it."

Doctor Bell noticed the hot blood mounting to Constance's face. "'Pon my word, I can see now," he thought, "why Seaton was so anxious about it all. But why such a look of disappointment?" he queried; "she surely ought to feel pleased instead of looking like that. What mysterious creatures women are!" Then evidently continuing his conversation with Sister Adelaide, he remarked, "Well, the nursing is anyway vastly improved; only look at the different class of nurses you have got now."

Constance looked up with a mischievous smile.

"Do you remember once saying that you preferred the servant-class for nurses, and did not approve of ladies taking to the work?"

Doctor Bell seemed rather taken aback.

"When did you hear me say such a thing?" he inquired.

Constance related part of the conversation, telling how she had travelled up to town in the same compartment with him, and what she had thought of him then.

They all laughed.

"Well," said Doctor Bell, "that accounts for it. I always thought I had seen you somewhere. So you have treasured that up against me all these years?"

"Not quite," said Constance; "I have learned to know you better now, but I have always hoped that some day you would change your mind."

Doctor Bell soon afterwards turned away and began talking to some one else. Sister Adelaide too saw some one she wished to speak to, so Mr. Seaton and Constance were left alone. More songs followed. Constance was asked to take part but begged off, and a little later Doctor Bell and Mr. Seaton took their leave, the former whispering to Constance as he turned to go, "You will be glad to hear that my opinions have already undergone the desired change."

Supper was ended, the last song finished, and soon after eleven o'clock the pleasant party broke up. All would have to be at work at the usual hour in the morning; and though Miss Price believed in recreation and amusement for nurses, she did not think it right that patients should suffer the next day from want of attention or irritability of temper on the part of those who attended them caused by insufficient rest.

"What a thorough success the whole thing has been," said Sister Adelaide warmly, as she and Constance walked together towards their rooms. Mr. Seaton's turning up had been so unexpected, and she could not help feeling glad to think how pleased he had seemed to meet Constance again.

"Yes," she replied quietly, "it has been a great success;" but somehow her tone lacked the enthusiasm expressed by Sister Adelaide.

"I feel both glad and sorry," she thought to herself as she sat down for a few moments in her arm-chair before getting into bed. "Very glad about Doctor Bell, and I think it was really good of him to own he had changed; but as to Mr. Seaton, I almost think I wish he had not come."

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

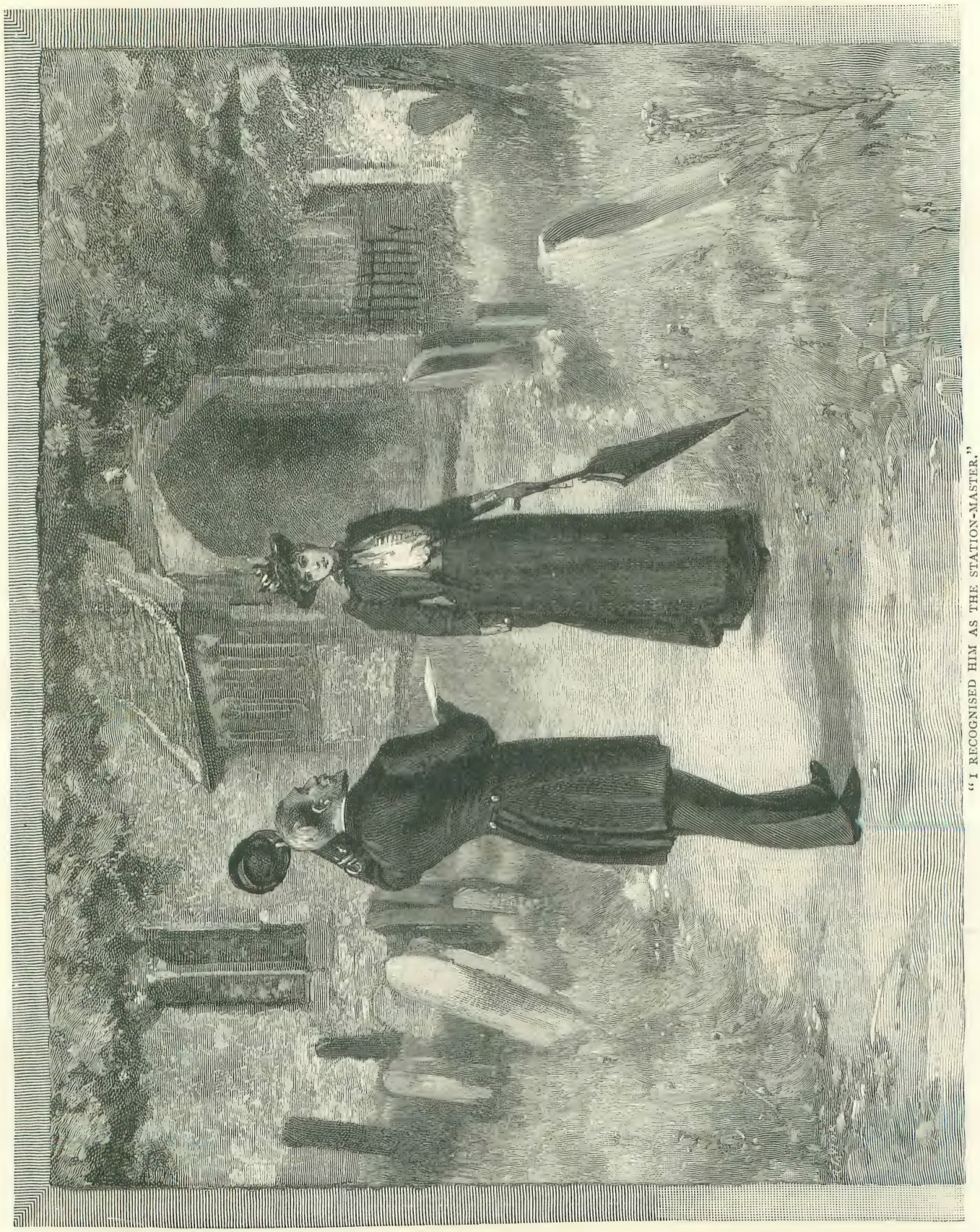
"Oh, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith
And gentleness in suffering; an endurance
Through scorn or trial: these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels!"—*Brent.*

"Fair ladies! you drop manna in the way of starved people."—*Shakspeare.*

"Well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!"—*Cowper.*

"Her voice was sweet
And tuned to music, bearing with it a charm."—*Barry Cornwall.*

"Sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door."
J. R. Drake.

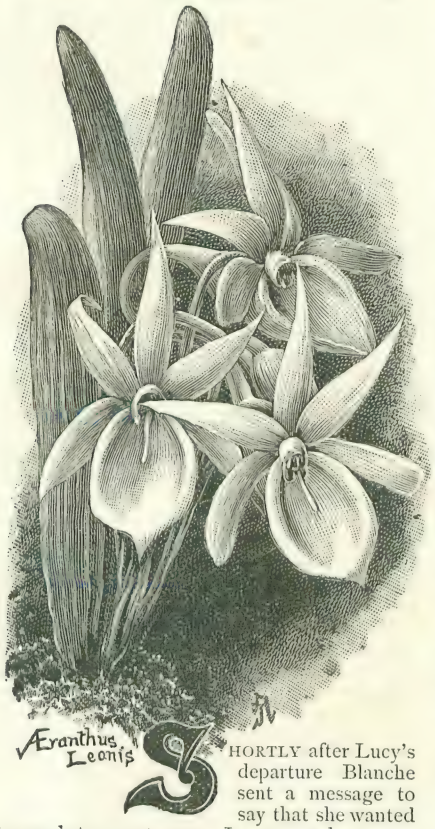


"I RECOGNISED HIM AS THE STATION-MASTER."

"OUR LITLLE GENIUS."

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER IV.



SHORTLY after Lucy's departure Blanche sent a message to say that she wanted to speak to me at once. I ran up to her room.

"I have heard the news!" she cried as I entered; "and, my dearest Nora, what shall I say to console you?"

"Don't say anything—I don't want consolation—I am delighted!"

"Ah! you have such a proud spirit. Do you mean what you say?"

I knelt down by the side of her sofa; she had been crying, and was feverish and excited.

"Indeed, dear Blanche, I do mean it. Please try and forget all that foolish talk."

"Nora, do you truly wish me to forget all our plans and hopes?"

"Yes, I do"—I refrained from saying that the plans and hopes were entirely hers, not mine—"and I wish, dear, that you would try to sleep. You are doing yourself so much harm."

"You saved me from the flames"—she would talk like this at times—"and I love you! To please you I will do anything, even blot out the memory of the past; after all, he is not worthy of my heroine. Draw the curtains, Nora darling, and if you would sing to me I think I could go to sleep."

Blanche does occasionally use extravagant language, nevertheless when she makes a promise she keeps it. We have seen a great deal of each other since those days, but, to my great relief, the family arrangement has been allowed to sink into oblivion.

My visit to Fairborough came to an end suddenly, in a way which I never expected. This is how it happened. It was mother's birthday, and a beautiful bright morning. I was up earlier than usual and walked across the park to the church. I found the door open, so I went in to say my prayers and sit there quietly for a little while. I had never been away from my mother on her birthday before, and the longing to be with her filled my heart, and the desire, too, to tell her all that I had been doing and saying during my absence. Yet, as I came out of church into the sunshine, I had no dread of ill news. As I walked slowly along the path I saw a man coming towards me; he took off his hat politely, and I recognised him as the station-master: he had two yellow envelopes in his hand.

"You are the young lady who is staying at the Hall, miss? Miss Crofton?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"I was taking these telegrams across to the lodge, as the boy is ill. They are both for you, I think?"

I looked at the directions; yes, they were both for me. I thanked the station-master and went home across the park. Under the shelter of the trees I opened my telegrams; until this day when I hear the cawing of rooks the sound brings back to me the memory of that hour. The first was from Dr. Jesson:—"I think it would be wise to come home—Mrs. Crofton not well." The second ran thus:—"Mistress has met with an accident—come immediately." It was from one of the servants. I ran through the park; at the garden-gate I met Lucy.

"I must go home!" I cried; "read these telegrams."

"You must go by the early train; I will ask Walter to order the dog-cart. Come in, dear Nora, and have some breakfast. Don't cry—perhaps she is better already. Mrs. Charingbourne will be so distressed to hear that you have had such bad news."

I hardly remember what happened; they all came round me in the breakfast-room; I did not hear what they said. I could only think that mother, who had devoted herself to me ever since I could remember, was ill, and I was not there to help her.

Lucy packed my box and helped me to dress for the journey. Walter drove me to the station; these two arranged everything for me; as for Lucy, no sister could have been more thoughtful and kind.

The journey seemed endlessly long. I could not read or sleep, I longed to be at home, and yet dreaded to hear the news that would greet me on my arrival.

Young Dr. Jesson met me at the station, his face was very sad.

"What has happened?" I asked. "Tell me at once."

"She has met with an accident, driving a strange pony. She is a little better to-day. My father thought it right to send for you."

"Is she very ill?"

"Yes, she is seriously hurt. This is a sad coming home for you, Nora."

I remembered how I had left Moorlands a few weeks ago, so full of hope and so eager to enjoy myself, and then I remembered Dick's promise. What possessed me I don't know, but I turned round suddenly and said: "You promised me to take care of her. I believed that I could trust you."

"I am very sorry—I would have given ten years of my life to prevent the accident."

"Will she live?" This was the question that I had been asking myself vainly all day.

"Please God, she will." The sound of his voice gave me hope. "You must be brave and strong; she has been asking for you, and there is plenty for you to do at home."

I gave way just a little, and he did his best to comfort me; you see, Dick Jesson and I have known each other all our lives, and he understands what my love for mother is.

The next few days passed as if in a dream; it was a whole week before she was out of danger, and a month before we carried her into the drawing-room and put her on the sofa. She has never since been able to walk as she used to do, but she is thankful that she can get about so well with the help of my arm or a stick. She says that she owes her life to Dick Jesson, who found her lying senseless under the pony carriage, and brought her home. And I had reproached him for not taking care of her. The next time he came I tried to thank him; he would not hear a single word.

"I tried to do the best I could for you, Nora; you know, don't you, that I always do that? Now, why did you go away and leave us for such a long time? If you had asked my advice I should have said, 'We cannot do without you.'"

He was laughing at me *again—I did* not mind—he would not have laughed if mother had not been much better. He never praised me like Mr. Charingbourne, or took me into his confidence like Walter or Blanche, and yet I knew that he was always pleased to see me. People are so very different. I made this remark to mother one day when we were talking together.

"A little experience, my Nora, teaches us to be more charitable in our view of other people, even if they are 'different.' It is not good to stay at home always and have everything your own way."

"It is very hard, though," I argued, "when you are compelled to be with people who don't behave as you like, and worry you with being absurd and tiresome—now, isn't it?"

"Perhaps the best way to evade that difficulty is to remember that the other people may be thinking that we are absurd and tiresome. There is a beautiful line that says, 'Think well! Do-well will follow thought.' Try and think well, dear child."

* * * *

Walter and Lucy were married in the autumn. Blanche paid us her first visit directly after the wedding, and from her I learnt that the bride looked lovely in white satin; that Walter was the most amiable of men, and that the dear old lady and gentleman were as happy as possible.

"Nora," said Blanche to me quite suddenly one day when we were walking in the garden, "I don't wish to break my promise, but I should like to say, my dearest girl, that if I had known your mother before you and I were visitors at Fairborough I don't really think that I should have talked so much nonsense. Respect for her would have kept me silent."

My dear Blanche! she is always ready to own herself in the wrong.

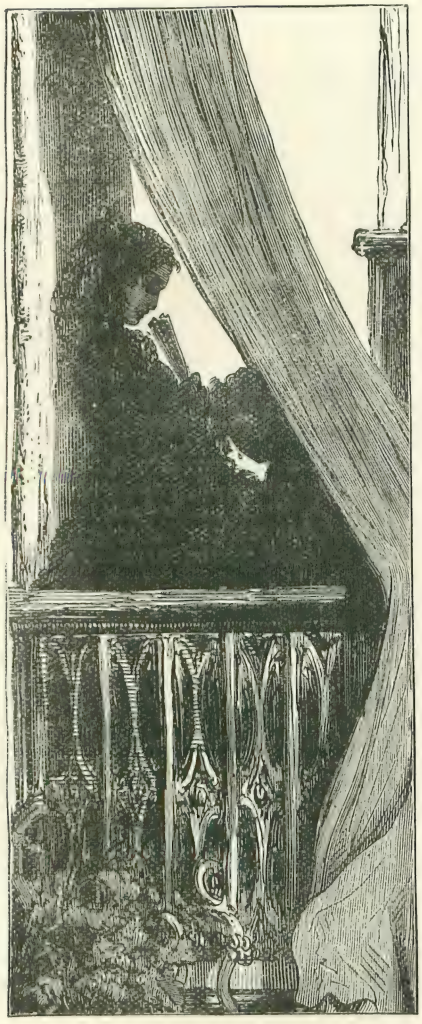
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All that I am telling you took place two years ago. Mother and I are very happy together, and my life is a very busy one. I hope that it will be a long time before we are separated again, even for six weeks. I was saying this to Dick the other day, and he quite agrees with me; he is a person who knows his own mind, and he was really angry when the Charingbournes offered to send me to Leipsic to study.

"Your place is at home with your mother, Nora; she would miss you every hour of the day, and as for me, I should be miserable. Don't go." So I stayed at home.

[THE END.]

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF SPAIN.



SUNNY Spain, the land of romance and adventure! What visions the word conjures up of deep blue cloudless skies, and glorious sunshine flooding the whole landscape with an effulgence of light beside which our brightest days appear pale and wan! How one seems to see its rugged hills and fair smiling plains clothed with rich groves of olive or orange, and the fruitful vineyards teeming with their luscious produce!

And as accompaniment to the beauties of nature, memory paints in glowing tints the inhabitants of this favoured land. The mind recalls pictures of fascinating Spanish *belles*, attired in short wide skirts, which allow dainty feet and ankles to show to best advantage, the effect being heightened by spotless hose and smartly-buckled high-heeled shoes. The graceful figure and well-poised head are coquettishly veiled by a lace mantilla, while the indispensable large fan is brought into play with all the art known only to a Spanish girl.

Then, too, there are the dark-skinned, black-whiskered, firmly-knit men in low-crowned hats with up-turned brim, or the wide shady *sombrero*; short jackets profusely decorated with small silver buttons, the waist encircled with a crimson *faja*, or sash, while black knee-breeches and hose complete the costume, displaying and setting off remarkably well-shaped limbs.

As a matter of fact, however, these fancy-painted pictures would hardly bear the test of everyday observation; for, in this nineteenth century one may live in some parts of the Peninsula for years without coming across (except on the stage) the old-time national costume which we have described.

Romantic Spain of the novelist, painter, and poet, is almost exclusively Andalusia; the northern and eastern provinces differing widely in many striking points, even as to the language. In the southern half of the Peninsula the long occupation of the Moors has left traces which it will yet take many a generation to efface. The seclusion of the women in the south, for instance, is still semi-oriental, although this is gradually giving way before the advancing tide of modern ideas. But in spite of the insensible influence brought to bear on Spanish conservatism by an increasingly liberal education, and by growing contact with other nations, English girls would fret sorely at the trammels with which custom hedges in her Spanish sisters.

The Andalusian girl of to-day, even amongst the lower classes, is never allowed out of the house alone, even upon the most trivial errand or for the shortest distance; she must be always accompanied by a relative or dependent. Should she break her shackles—which by the way she does not feel as such—she would be exposed to impertinent looks and remarks from the men she might meet, and would certainly lose caste with her friends.

At certain hours of the day, and more especially at certain hours of certain days of the week, the unmarried girls of the upper and lower middle classes encase themselves in their tightest corsets (which as a rule are entirely discarded in the house), and don a costume in the latest fashion. Thus armed for conquest they are escorted to the promenade or *paseo*, whither resort bachelors, eligible and ineligible. Should one of these be favourably impressed by some fair one, he proceeds to declare his preference by what in England would be called impertinent staring, and by persistent following at the heels of the lady. If intent on forsaking the paths of single blessedness, the ordinary usages of society are employed to obtain an introduction; but if these fail, it is by no means unusual for the smitten youth to follow the young lady (unless she happens to be escorted by a relative of the sterner sex) and pour into her ear, with all the fervour of the southern imagination, the most extravagant praise of her beauty.

To these blandishments the lady apparently pays not the slightest heed, though, if there is any sympathy, a quick glance from her is sufficient to encourage her admirer. He will then, as a rule, follow the *señorita* to her home, and prowl around the house at every possible moment until the damsel appears at one of the barred windows. These manœuvres are repeated for a considerable length of time until, after much perseverance, the patient swain is rewarded with a few words—perhaps of expostulation. These lead to explanations and declarations of undying love and devotion on the part of the gentleman. Should these be favourably received, the young lady will then ask her mother or nearest female relative if Don Such-an-one may speak with her regularly at the window. Permission being granted, he is considered as her *novio* or sweetheart, but only on probation. It is no uncommon thing even in broad daylight to come across these infatuated *novios* holding sweet converse—somewhat disjointed and interrupted it is to be feared—with a girl perched up on a fourth or fifth floor balcony, while the lover is craning his neck from the pavement below. The common staircases too, of the tall houses let out in flats are by no means despised by love's votaries, the writer having more than once discovered a young couple whispering soft nothings through the tiny grating of the thick outer doors.

All this savours to our insular notions of the decidedly ridiculous, but on the other hand the freedom of intercourse with the opposite sex accorded to English and American girls is regarded by their Spanish contemporaries as in shocking taste, and eminently improper.

After a more or less lengthy acquaintance cultivated in this manner, the suitor, if in a position to marry, speaks to papa and asks his permission to enter the house. Matters are then regarded as critical, and shortly afterwards a visit may be expected from the father, or if he is dead, from the mother of the young man to the nearest relative of the lady, formally to "ask her hand" on behalf of the bashful lover. One sees frequently in the newspapers an announcement that Señor Don So-and-so has visited Señor Don somebody else *a pedir la mano* (to ask the hand) of his lovely daughter Carmen or Mercedes, as the case may be, for his son.

It is open to discussion whether this portion of the proceedings may not be worthy of imitation in other countries. It must certainly save the suitor much embarrassment, and the experienced elders are able to go coolly and thoroughly into the financial part of the transaction in a business-like spirit, untrammelled by love's doubts, or fears, or hesitations.

Supposing everything to be satisfactory, the ceremony of betrothal or *tomar dichos* takes place. The young couple with their near relatives meet at the parish church, where certain papers are filled in (and charged for); the banns can then be called in church. Before the actual marriage ceremony, however, each party must present a document signed by a Catholic priest, affirming that he or she has confessed and received absolution. A state official attends to legalise civilly the marriage, and as with dissenters in England, his presence is absolutely essential to the validity of the ceremony.

As soon as the impending marriage is formally announced, presents from friends and relatives pour in. Two or three months before the wedding-day, the house for the newly-married couple is chosen and furnished by the bridegroom. The ceremony may take place in the morning or afternoon. If the bride is young, her dress is white, with wreath of orange blossoms and veil; if of maturer age a black dress and lace mantilla are considered more correct. There are no bridesmaids, but a *madrina* (literally godmother), and witnesses are indispensable. After the ceremony, the guests assemble in the house of the bride's parents, or if more convenient, in a private room in some hotel, where an elegant repast is served, but there is no wedding-cake. A *soirée* usually follows, in which the bride and groom take part; the latter retire before the evening is finished, going to their own house. The following day the newly-married pair pay a formal visit to their respective parents, and then start off on the wedding trip.

On their return they send bon-bons and confections of sweetmeats in elegant *bonbonières* to their friends, which are followed by cards "offering their house." Until etiquette is complied with on this point, no visits are made to them.

In Biscay and the northern provinces the marriage customs differ in many particulars. For one thing the men are to our ideas more respectful and less importunate in their wooing, and the girls are consequently more circumspect. The custom of not allowing unmarried girls out of the house alone is, however, rigidly

enforced, and the promenade is also the happy hunting-ground for the youths of the district.

In the villages of Biscay the maidens of the poorer classes wear a distinctive costume from that worn by matrons or widows. It is in the "Valle de Aratia," which is called the heart of Biscay, that the ancient customs are most rigidly kept up. A head kerchief of bright colours, made by the wearer's own hands, is the distinctive mark of the single girl. The preliminary steps of making acquaintance on the *paseo* are similar to those already described, excepting that the man keeps his distance better, and the maiden is more careful to assure herself that the *prétendant* is actuated by deeper feelings than mere caprice. As in Andalusia and other parts of Spain, the lovers are never left alone; all the wooing must be overheard by the *dueña*, who is, however, often very lenient and discreet. As soon as the lovers are agreed, the family of the man makes a formal visit to the family of the girl, and exaggerated compliments as to the beauty of the bride, and the worth of the future bridegroom, are exchanged. Contrary to the custom in Andalusia, the woman brings all the necessaries for the house. In the country, however, and amongst the poorer class, the couple share and share alike, and the two fathers perform a sort of duet together. Says one, "I give a bed." "I also," replies the other; but not infrequently when one father has reached his limit and refuses to follow suit, the match is unromantically broken off. But when no such catastrophe occurs, the parents between them manage every business detail, down to procuring the necessary documents, such as certificates of baptism, of good conduct, exemption from liability to military service, etc. The religious ceremony is upon the same lines as the Roman Catholic service in England, except that in the middle of it thirteen pieces of money are placed on a plate with the marriage ring, and presented to the priest. This money is locally called *saras*, and varies in value according to the position of the parties. If of silver, the money is kept by the priest, but sometimes *onzas* of gold are presented, and these are afterwards withdrawn by the bridegroom, and are usually made into earrings and bracelets for the bride.

It is only their just due to add that Spanish girls make excellent wives and tender mothers. As a rule they take an industrious part in all domestic matters, and are pre-eminently "keepers at home," while their imperfect education and lack of intellectual interests are to a great extent counterbalanced by their natural wit and intelligence, and the fascinating *gracia* of their manners.

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART V.

TAKING OUT STAINS.

"I MIGHT as well use a nutmeg grater," groaned little Mrs. Bowen, one morning, as she rubbed her face gently with a hem-stitched article. "This handkerchief is of the finest linen. What can Bridget do to make these things so raspy?"

Bridget was not offended at being asked about her method.

She willingly owned that all her mistress's kerchiefs were passed through starch water.

"They'd just be wisps if I didn't," she explained. "An' I would have double the number to wash every week."

The offence came in when Mrs. Bowen requested that no Glenfield should be used for the future. Bridget tossed her head and——

Next week a pile of soft rags were laid on the dressing-table in the pink room. At the end of the octave, too, Mrs. Bowen found her sachet empty. She had used all the unresisting wisps in a very short time.

"Of course there is a *via-media*," decided Miss Bond when helplessly appealed to. "Cottony things like Bridget's last venture look soiled before being taken out of the pocket. I will tell her what to do."

The next week, accordingly, Mrs. Bowen rejoiced once more in crispy satiny handkerchiefs. Yet Bridget had been spared any recourse to the starch box.

"Wash the things well." Thus Miss Bond had directed her friend's cook. "Bleach. Then put in blue water. Fold. Pass through the mangle. Iron while wet. That is the little-known secret. Always smooth the edges first (a crookedly folded handkerchief never looks well), and on the right side. Then satin face will be nothing to the surface."

Miss Bond had another word to say about handkerchiefs too.

"They are not altogether pleasant things to deal with at times," she said to her friend. "But washing them need not be a disgusting operation. Soaking in cold water for twelve hours takes out every impurity A drop of sanitas in the soaking water will also prevent the spread of infection. I am sure the way colds run through a house is often caused by careless laundry work. The heat handkerchiefs are subjected to in washing and boiling does not destroy all influenza germs. We must neutralise them, then, by sanitas. In its liquid form of course. It is quite colourless, and subsequent boiling removes all odour."

"My dear Annette! you are scientific as well as practical," quoth little Mrs. Bowen admiringly. "You have hit on the weak spot in our sanitary code. What is the use of doctors examining houses and dust-bins for microbes, when they let more than soiled clothes go out of a house?"

"I certainly have my own theories how influenza is propagated, at any rate," said Miss Bond, pursing up her lips and speaking oracularly. "It need not spread in your home, Bella, if you follow the above plan with your family. A big bottle of sanitas costs 1s., and is invaluable. In surgery as well as in the laundry. Bind up the children's wounds with a rag dipped in the liquid. No festers or lockjaw will follow!"

Fortunately the latter misfortune does not often come after a cut or a bruise or a scrape. But Mrs. Bowen found her friend's recipe was a wonderful thing for "skinning" over broken knees and contused elbows.

"It seems to me, a lady who has cookies in her laundry will never be out of vinegar or salt," said Miss Bond one day to her friend as she gave this advice. "Another good thing is, that ammonia—and how would our jaegars look without ammonia?—is the best remedy for wasp stings. A third inducement to have proper laundry necessaries at hand is, that sanitas not only purifies linen, but mends up the family in the way of accidents."

"Three reasons for understanding the art of washing," quoth Mrs. Bowen, laughing. "It sounds like the triple heads of a sermon, Annette."

Lecture or not, Miss Bond was always applied to on every occasion that her skill was needed.

Mr. Bowen, I am sorry to say, was a trial to his wife in the matter of "slinging ink."

By a particular twist of his wrist when using a pen he could scatter quite a shower of black spots in an infinitesimal space of time. He was also warranted always to leave an inkpot wherever it was most in the way, and most invisible to the naked eye.

Result—disastrous to all tablecloths.

Now, on an oval table in the big drawing-room Mrs. Bowen had a much cherished oriental square. Foundation, crimson; embroidery, gold. We will say (under protest) that it was more Mr. Bowen's misfortune than his fault that this particular cloth should be visited by a deluge of ink from an open inkstand.

His wife fled to Miss Bond, almost in tears. Her Cairene treasure was surely spoilt.

"Quick—quick!" directed the energetic spinster, putting on her bonnet and running over to No. 17, "our best chance is while the stain is still wet. Oh, Mr. Bowen, how could you?" she inquired severely as she met that poor man.

There was sternness on her tongue but a twinkle in her eye.

"Pure cussedness, I am afraid," responded that gentleman in grieved accents. "I am sorry to say," screwing up his face in anything but a contrite manner, "there is a combination against my literary efforts in this house."

Then he went; very glad to get away from the bustle round the oval table.

"Get me some of the tepid boiled milk from breakfast," directed Miss Bond. "Now I am going to soak this unlucky stain."

With the tips of her fingers she gently rubbed the cloth in the warm milk, changing the fluid every time it grew tinged.

"The two P's—Promptness and Patience," she said as she renewed the milk for the fifth time, "are required with ink. Never be satisfied till the fluid you leave is colourless. There, Bella; now a rinse in lukewarm water and your cloth will be as good as new."

"Will nothing but fresh-boiled milk answer?" inquired the mistress, looking somewhat ruefully at the empty jug.

"Buttermilk is even better if you have it at hand. Warm, and use it exactly the same. Be careful to wash out every atom with water or a sour smell will remain. Finish by pressing with a cool iron."

"Annette, many thanks!"

Miss Bond waited. She knew this burst of gratitude betokened a lively sense of advice to come. She only tarried three seconds by the clock, then——

"If my husband spills ink on a white damask cloth (I hope he will never do so again, but it is well to be prepared) am I to proceed in the same way?"

"Not at all," came the prompt answer. "Salt is usually at hand in an eating room, fortunately. Rub a little on to the spot. Then apply lemon—one cut in half does best—and pour boiling water through. As demonstrated in the past, Bella."

Mrs. Bowen had almost forgotten that gone-by lesson. But she turned up her April "G. O. P." and refreshed her memory.

Anyone who meets with a similar misfortune can do the same.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNDECIDED ONE should be certain of the truth of her information; and if she is so, she should tell her mother and be guided by her advice.

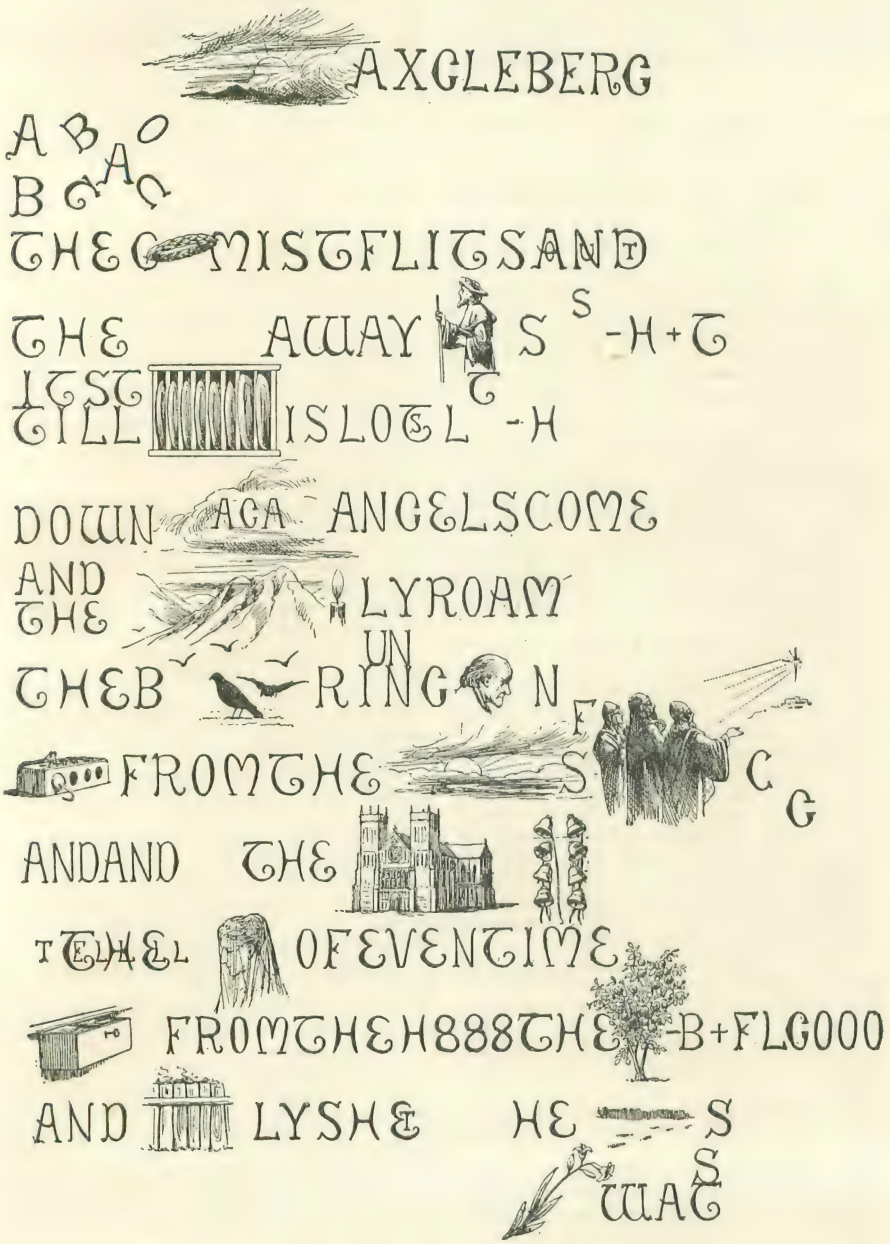
P. E. M. A.—We suppose information could be obtained by writing to the Prisons Department, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.

MISS PROSSER.—Several small manuals are in circulation on the rearing of rabbits. We advise you to order one of them from your librarian.

SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.—Why not write to the doctor you consulted and ask for a dietary such as the late Sir Andrew Clark supplied, and other great doctors still supply? Then you will know exactly what to take. We are surprised that the doctor did not give one when you went to consult him.

KATE WARREN.—There is little, if any, demand for translations, unless for good works in Russian. Why not have a small class at home, if unable to go out—for French and German, and more especially for conversational French and German.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. If more than five competitors send in perfect solutions the money will be equally divided between them.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be June 19th, 1894; from abroad, August 9th, 1894.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

SPIDER should inquire into the nature of this new friendship, and let her intended husband know that it is very inexpedient under the circumstances. It looks ill in any case, and is in the worst taste even if there be nothing serious in it. It is to be hoped that this new acquaintance has not been left in ignorance of the man's engagement; ascertain this.

A LITTLE FRENCH MAIDEN is much grieved about her diminutive size, which does not really matter if she be a delightful maiden—sweet and lovable, for any internal beauty of soul will speedily be seen in the face. The hair should be dressed simply, in a coil of plaits at the back, or twisted into a coil. Keep it pretty smooth, and the fringe should be very light over the forehead. A small person should not allow her head to look large, as it seems to dwarf the apparent stature.

ANXIOUS LOVER.—If the man to whom you have been engaged for the last five years seems to have grown tired of you, do not try to keep him to his pledge. Ask him to tell you candidly what he feels, and whether he would be glad to be released. If it would "break your heart" if he acknowledged that he was tired of you, how much worse it would be if you kept him to the engagement, and you found he was sick of you after you were married to him!

FIFTEEN.—"Lee-la" is the way to pronounce "Leila."

ALCYONE.—You would get the information at any Free Library; one of the most interesting of works was Stephen's *Yucatan* and *Central America*.

N. C. and DESPONDENT 19.—It is a difficult and rather responsible thing to advise going abroad to take a situation, but you might write to Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris, for advice.

ISA MILLAR.—The lines you send us do not compose a "sonnet." There are only nine feet in the first line and seven in the next; all should contain ten feet. The rhymes, also, in your poem, all fall alternately, not after the manner of sonnets, though they may be placed alternately after the 8th line, and the last two may rhyme together. It ought, likewise, to contain some new and beautiful ideas; and as the metre is rather ragged there should be much compensation.

BLUE EYES and RED NOSE.—1. We have answered your question, and you will find it given in the answers of last year. You have more leisure to look for it than we have.—2. You may wear your hat as you please; the size and shape guiding you as to its position on the head.

MAGARETTA.—1. There is no more harm in reading the books which form what is known as the "Apocrypha" than in reading any old historical book, or one of a fabulous character. The only wrong would consist in regarding them as divinely inspired. We should consider you to be too young to read works like *Ardath* (not "Adarth") and the Apocryphal book named in it is "Esdras," not "Esdra." You should try to be accurate.—2. "Seven" denotes fulness or completeness.

DRESDINA.—If you have no father, your mother uncle, or brother should "give you away."

CONSTANT READER.—Refer to all our answers to others wishing to enter service as lady's maid, for they abound in the Correspondence columns. Also see our articles on the "Duties of Servants."

FLEUR DE LYS.—You did wrong in accepting handsome presents from any man to whom you were not engaged. By so doing you gave the young man in question the greatest encouragement. If you endeavour to avoid him—and, at least, never see him alone—on your part, your father is the right person who should give him a friendly hint, not to be so pointed in his kindly attentions to you, as it had already attracted the notice of others, which was very undesirable for any girl not engaged.

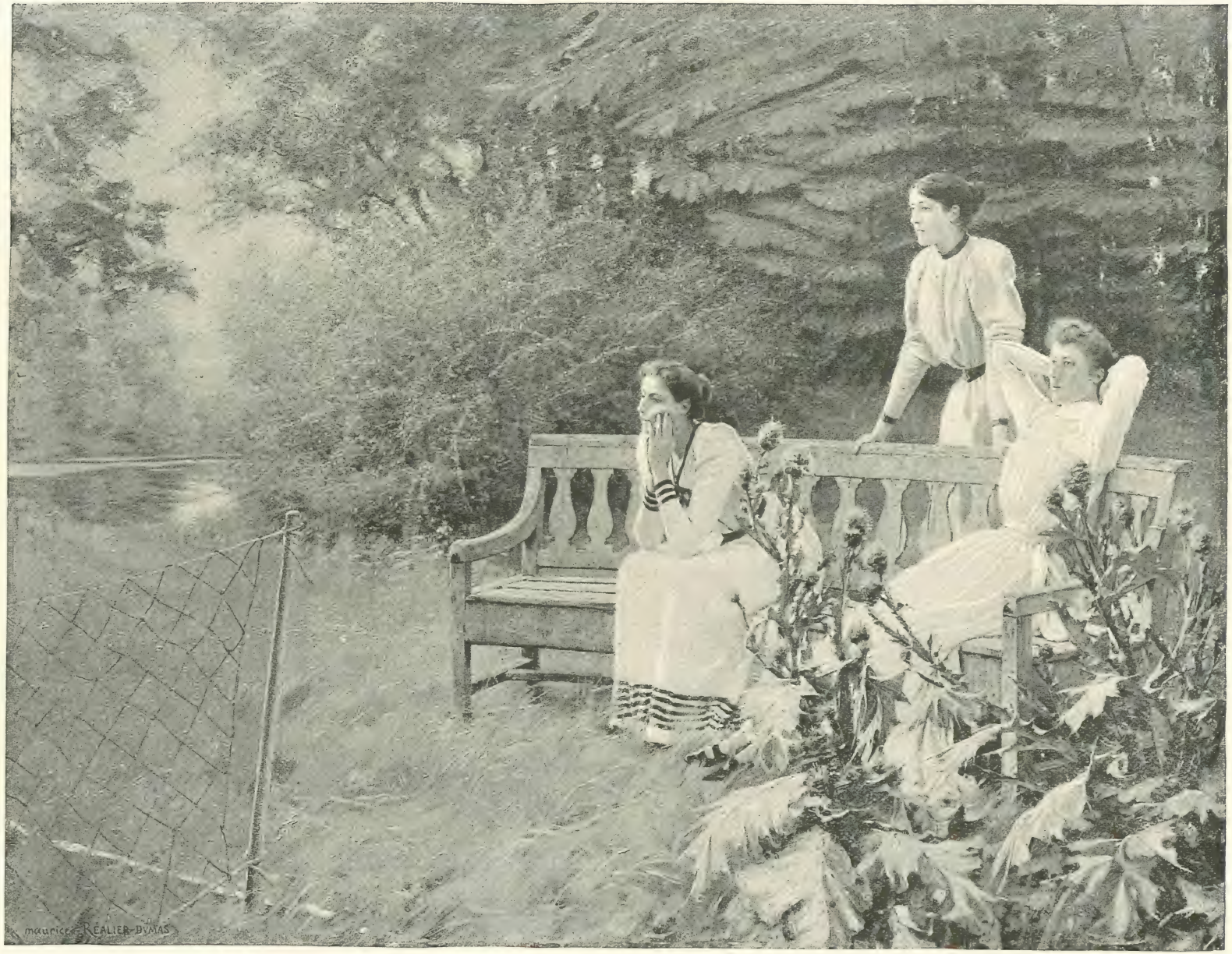
BETA.—1. It is against rule for a woman to rise from her chair when a man is presented to her; but there are circumstances when she may set it aside if she please. When her hostess presents her husband you may half-rise when he extends his hand as your host, and you may partially rise when an elderly man greets you.—2. Certainly, a separate card should be left for the daughter of the house. A card might be thus turned up at the corner for several daughters of the house, had the visitor only one card to spare.

SAL.—1. Mendelssohn was a Hebrew by birth, like almost all our great composers. Whether he became a Christian we have not been informed.—2. Our long series of articles on the subject of "good breeding under every circumstance of life" came out in vols. ii., iii., iv., and v., "G. O. P.," under various names, such as "Dinners in Society," "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," "Duties of Hostess and Guest," etc. You will have to look for them.

M. CANDLER should direct to the Editor of the *Leisure Hour*, not to us.

RUBY.—1. In the higher circles of society the rule is inflexible as to a girl's introduction into society at the age of eighteen, and not before that. In "middle class society" there may be no fixed rule.—2. We cannot decide that point. You may turn up your hair, however, in any case, and lengthen your dresses so as to clear the ground.

PEA-POD'S handwriting is not yet formed, but promises well, though too large.



TENNIS.

From the painting by M. REALIER-DUMAS *in the Salon, Paris.*



VOL. XV.—No. 753.] JUNE 2, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON RECREATIONS FOR GIRLS.

By SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON M.D., F.R.S.

THE day is fast passing away when the common belief existed that women were, by nature, consigned to the monotony of indoor life and domestic care. Hector might still declaim to his Andromache—

"No more, but hasten to thy tasks at home,
To guide the spindle and direct the loom.
My glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men."

Yet I doubt if he would be quietly listened to in these days, if the enemy were at the gate, for we have now an army of women who would fight by the side of their husbands and brothers if necessity called them. Within a very short space of time, within my own recollection, certainly, a change has been effected in respect to the cultivation of physical exercise amongst women that is historical in its character. My old and able teacher of anatomy, when I was a student, was persistent in his lesson that women were not capable of cultivation, physically, like men. He did not pretend that their ribs differed in number from those of men, indeed, from two fine skeletons, one of a woman, another of a man, he demonstrated that the sexes were alike, strictly, in respect to ribs, but in the matter of muscles he held they were not alike; a woman could not throw a cricket-ball as a man did; she could "chuck" it by an "underhand movement," but she could not fling it or pitch it. The muscles were not formed for the work. We know better now, for have we not a ladies' team, and does not the team do credit to the old English game?

Of course the argument of the old-school men was based on a fundamental error. They simply witnessed the phenomenon of deficient development from deficient exercise, and they mistook cause for effect. Except under special circumstances women are just as able as men to take part in recreative pursuits; they are as much benefited by such pursuits, and, if yielding wisely

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PREPARING FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL.

and judiciously to circumstances, they moderate their zeal so as not to show too competitive a spirit in any contests in which they may be engaged, they add greatly and gracefully to the science of health and to the usefulness of life, by their new efforts.

This general fact admitted, and there are, amongst scholars who have studied the subject carefully, very few, I think, who would question the matter; the points to be considered are those of detail respecting recreative exercise for women. It is to this inquiry I shall devote attention, collecting my material from the information obtained from a fairly long period of observation and experience.

Before entering into these details I would beg permission to remark that there are certain general principles relating to recreation for women which, in a degree, stand alone, that is to say, while they apply to some extent to both sexes, they especially apply to the female sex.

First and foremost, those recreations are best adapted for women which do not interfere with duties and functions especially belonging to the woman, duties and functions which cannot possibly be performed by men. One of the great dangers at the present time is that women, in their anxiety to compete in various recreative exercises, are given to forget the fact that, *nolens volens*, they are born to do what men can never do; that if the race is to progress they must some day become mothers, that they must undertake special maternal duties, and that for home to be home they must, within the sphere of home, display domestic talents, and do domestic work which comes exclusively under their control. They must remember, moreover, without thinking of giving up recreative pleasures and exercises as matters of necessity, that every attempt to pass in recreation beyond a certain bound of natural womanly duties, is to pass into a sphere with which such duties are utterly incompatible. In other words, extreme physical strength and power of resistance to natural forces, with skill to surmount great obstacles, with craft to overcome great difficulties, with courage to carry everything that may come in the way, with dispositions, in plain words, to fight and make level all that is in opposition, means a state of body and mind which could not be in harmony with those gentler traits, attributes, and affections belonging to the birth and the care of the young and feeble. Mind and body go together in action, are attuned one to the other when a mere strength of physical organisation is fully developed. The mental qualities of resolution and conflict are joined to the physical qualities which sustain strength, resolution, and conflict, and it were something worse than crushing a fly on the wheel of a locomotive, to see the representative of pure manly attributes engaged systematically in the nursery.

Secondly, those recreations are best for women which, according with the more refined spirit of the woman, do not vulgarise. All qualities that vulgarise make the woman not only objectionable generally but objectionable specifically when they unfit her for the instruction and training of children, male or female. Too often necessity makes mothers and women vulgar in their nature. Brought up in schools where rudeness and vulgarity of habit are dominant, they reflect upon young and susceptible minds their own nature, and we look with pity if we are merciful, with disgust if we are not merciful, on the mixed products of nature and imitation which follow on the rude patterns we would avoid in recreative pursuits.

Thirdly, the best recreations for women are those which cause the body to be equally developed, and to be, in development, as perfect as possible. This is another way of saying that recreations should lead to beauty, and, if I am correct in my view, every recreation should have this tendency. A man may say this without being supposed to flatter the opposite sex, for beauty is a virtue as commendable to men as to women. What is more, it is a tribute which being much sought after, is one that should render recreations for women specially agreeable to their tastes and inclinations, for women more than men love, naturally, beauty not only when they see it, but beauty as they know it in their own persons. The cynical may laugh at books of fashion, and may consider them the height of folly, but no cynic can run down the signs of beauty, or destroy that distinction which everyone recognises as between the beauty and the beast. We may call fashion the outward display of beauty, the surreptitious display if it be confined to that which is only artificial for adorning the person; but let beauty extend to the person itself, let it not only be skin deep but more than skin deep, that is, belonging to the whole frame; then the worst cynic can say nothing that the world will believe, except that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

There are recreations which lead to general beauty, and there are recreations which divert from general beauty. There are some recreations which add extra development of beauty to the body, and others which, being opposed to natural law and often brought into action, deform rather than beautify, and, though fitted to the recreation, is not fitted to the strength and quality of the body as a whole organisation. It is remarkable, moreover, how very little of divergence from harmony of action will throw out the animal body both in form and function. This is most conspicuous in regard to form, and those artists who are most correct and masterly in their delineations are those who are freest from defect in form. I remember a most distinguished sculptor who produced in marble a beautiful design or model of a woman; it seemed perfect when looked at in detail, but when it was glanced at from a distance, as one design, something wrong was detected in it. It ceased to be beautiful. The artist himself was conscious of some grievous fault, but did not see wherein it lay. At last a friendly anatomical eye coming fresh upon the subject lighted on the defect or deformity, if so it may be called. It was a trifling matter, but it was everything; one small section of the body on one side was enlarged, and although a very trivial erasure was required to remedy the defect, it would have been fatal if it had not been detected and removed. The removal completed the beauty of the whole design. It is the same with regard to the building up of the human body from nature. Beauty, in unity, as dependent upon recreation should ever be a first consideration. The same is the case with regard to function. It is true that the body adapts itself to various errors, to various positions, to various distortions. But that body is most perfect in which compensatory efforts to meet or conceal defects are least required, because any compensation means an unnecessary effort, and an unnecessary effort means an expenditure of bodily power—two acts, when one might be sufficient.

Typical Recreations.

The recreations of the English life open to women at the present time, and coinciding with the principles above narrated, is the question that now concerns us. In answering it, as briefly as possible, I shall refer to a few forms of recreation most likely to be attractive.

Walking is naturally the first exercise, and carried out correctly is, perhaps, the best of all, though it may be the most monotonous. Good walking is an art to be learned; it does not consist in moving with rapidity; neither man nor woman is destined to walk more than four miles per hour, and the woman who achieves three and a half miles does well. The amount that should be done per day varies according to age and constitution; but even in tours six hours' walking out of the twenty-four is amply sufficient for those women who are best trained. This would limit walking exercises for recreation to a distance of twenty-four miles a day at the best. In walking, uprightness of the body is an essential aid to good development. The head should be kept erect, but some freedom of motion in the upper limbs should be permitted. The breathing should be evenly maintained, and should be always carried out by the nostrils, not by the mouth. The step should be light, elastic, and free from toe to heel. All impediments of long dresses should be laid aside, and the boot or shoe should never have a heel to it above half an inch in height. The boot should have a full-size across the fore part, so as to prevent the toes from being cramped, and the ankle should be left as free as possible. The shoe should partake, in fact, as largely as can be of the old sandal principle, which, after all, has never been surpassed.

Swimming should be cultivated not only as a recreation but as a useful practice. No recreation brings a larger number of muscles into play than swimming, and, barring accidents, I know of no exercise that more equally develops the body or gives freer play to the respiration. The dangers to be avoided in swimming are those incident to long diving, and to prolonged immersion in the water. I have seen mischief even in young women from both these sources, from long immersion especially. So soon as it is found that the body of the swimmer instead of reacting well in a warm glow on coming out of the water, is dark and cold with blue lips, goose-skin, chilliness and feebleness, the story is told that the immersion has been too long, and has done injury.

Dancing properly carried out is one of the happiest and healthiest of recreations. Unfortunately, it has of late dropped into an absurd fashion of overwork and overstrain, in late hours, and in unwholesome atmospheres. Dancing should be cultivated as an outdoor exercise as it was in the olden time, and should consist, more than it does, of individual dancing than in couples, as in the waltz. Dancing is one of those recreations which especially excites the circulation of the blood, and raises dangerously—when carried to extreme—the beat of the heart.

Lawn Tennis, which has become so essentially an English game, stands well on the roll of recreations for women, in so far as healthy movement is concerned. Without excessive fatigue it brings into play all the great groups of muscles of the body, and it has the advantage that it trains specially the sense of sight, enabling the player to measure distances with exactitude as well as to become familiar with the best mode of using muscular force with quick exactitude. The objections to it are the accidents which sometimes happen from muscular strain and the weariness that is induced from too prolonged indulgence in it as a pastime.

Cycling is unquestionably a good exercise for women, but it has its disadvantages in that it does not equalise muscular movement. Carried too far, in fact, it leads to unbalanced development of the lower limbs, and may produce a certain measure of deformity in the lower limbs. The exercise of cycling greatly increases the circulation, the heart increasing in its beat to an unnatural degree. Extreme competition even by powerful women has been shown in my experience to be detrimental to the health, and I particularly warn riders against efforts in climbing hills and against prolonged extreme efforts. I do not

consider that a woman can continue to ride safely above forty miles a day, and she must be an accomplished rider, mounted on a light machine, a bicycle, and unencumbered by unnecessary dress who can bear that effort. From ten to twenty miles of cycling exercise per day under favourable conditions of weather and on good roads is truly useful recreation, and ought to be generally encouraged but not exceeded.

Rowing in moderate degree is a good exercise for women, and the firmness with which women sit in rowing is in their favour. There are few sights more graceful than the appearance of a good oarswoman, and there is a fair amount of muscular movement in the exercise that leads to good development. But rowing is the exact opposite of cycling. In rowing, the upper limbs and upper part of the body are most brought into play. Rowing tells upon the respiration rather than on the circulation, and causes always when first carried out considerable dyspnœa or shortness of breath. This is a danger therefore which ought to be avoided. At the same time, in persons of feeble and delicate chest, good results are obtained by careful and moderate rowing from the very expansion which in time is gained from it.

Cricket is an excellent game for women; it calls into play great groups of muscles, it teaches measurement of distance, it causes precision of movement of the hands guided by sight, and it produces good active running movements of the body. The risks from it (less accidents) are overstrain, and especially overstrain from overhand bowling, which is neither graceful nor useful, nor indeed anything more than a conceit.

Skating and *rinking* are good and graceful exercises. *Hockey* is both a simple and good exercise for women, and is, I am glad to say, coming largely into fashion. *Golf*, somewhat wearisome, is a fine exercise for women advanced in life, and *archery*, good at all ages, is admirable as a trainer of the senses and a cultivator of graceful movement. *Croquet*, a gentle pastime, having great claims on our attention as a recreative pleasure, deserves considerable praise. It was the recreation which of all others was first to call women out of the drawing-room on to the lawn, and to lead to the other and more active delights of bodily movement.

I reserve to the last, *riding on horseback*. This recreation is unfortunately restricted to ladies of wealth and position, but it is a noble and splendid form of recreation when kept within legitimate bounds. I do not know that it is more healthful than cycling, but it is perhaps more exhilarating, and there is about it a touch of adventure which is by no means a contemptible part of all recreations.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"A VIEUX COMPTES NOUVELLES DISPUTES."

"DO GOOD, AND THEN DO IT AGAIN."



THE next day was Saturday, the busiest of days at the work house. Mara could not get away to fetch Ivor until the afternoon, and before that came she had much to do and endure. Mr. and Mrs. Roderick considered her the cause of the unusual excitement and late hours of the previous day, and were evidently annoyed with her. Moreover, the master underwent an examination by Mr. Glyn concerning the children, and when it came out that he had flogged George, Mr. Glyn showed his displeasure more openly than was his custom.

"The boy was not to blame," he said, "he merely went in search of the foundling, and the tide came upon them unawares."

"Then Miss Vaughan was to blame, sir," said the master.

"Possibly. But you did not flog Miss Vaughan," said Mr. Glyn, dryly. "If we run the thing to ground I am to blame, who took on myself to allow her and the children the benefit of walks on the sea-shore. If you will let me therefore be the scapegoat, I will take the fault on myself also. George is a fine, brave fellow, and ought not to have been punished."

"He is very bold and impertinent, and browbeats me," said the master.

"What has he said?"

"That he would do the same again to save Ivor."

"Hum! so would I!" said Mr. Glyn; "but you would not flog me. When can George come to me?"

"After Christmas, sir."

"Then we will consider that point as settled, and I am sure you will let this little affair die a natural death. The poor foundling is saved after much danger, and nobody is the worse for it. May I see Miss Vaughan?"

"Certainly, sir," said the master, and left the board-room.

He soon returned with Mara.

"I will not keep you, Roderick," said Mr. Glyn, and the little man went away.

"Excuse me, Miss Vaughan, but as the guardians are gone, and I have a little time, I took the liberty of asking to see you, just to inquire how this affair came about. You look ill. I am afraid your generous exertions——"

"Thank you, Mr. Glyn, I am quite well. Now I have the opportunity, may I thank you from my very heart for what you did for those poor children. God will bless you. You saved his life—Ivor's. Oh! Mr. Glyn!"

"Do not name that, I am glad to have been the instrument of good. But you, Miss Vaughan! you will be more careful in future, not—not on the children's account, but on your own. Your heroism was great, but caution is the better part of valour, and—and—you understand, I am sure."

"Perfectly," said Mara, colouring. "I was careless, and oh! I have been punished enough."

"Why were the children so far away from you? and, may I ask, what brought Miss Herbert on the scene?"

"She was going over the beach, and seeing me, came and sat down by me," said Mara, with some hesitation.

"Oh, indeed! you are old friends, I fancy?"

"Yes, and true ones. Angharad never forsakes a friend."

"Perhaps she kept your attention engaged while the children strayed."

"Possibly," said Mara, shortly, remembering what the conversation had been.

"Your father was at the Board to-day, and asked me about last night," said Mr. Glyn.

"He is waiting for me now," said Mara; "I have been so engaged that I have not yet seen him."

"One word more, Miss Vaughan." This word was the one Mr. Glyn had wanted to say from the first. "You must not make a favourite of Ivor. They gossip about it."

Mr. Glyn bolted, leaving Mara in much perplexity.

No sooner was he gone than Mr. Vaughan came into the room. He kissed Mara more affectionately than usual, and she returned his embrace with unaccustomed warmth.

"Are you ill, child?" he said anxiously. "You might have lost your life in that wild walk over the cliffs."

"I am well, father. Captain Herbert saved me from danger, if there was any."

At the hated name Mr. Vaughan's temporary show of feeling was again clouded.

"I thought of you and Nanno, father, as the night came on, and I heard the sea roaring beneath me," said Mara, simply.

"Then you will avoid such adventures in future by returning to us," said Mr. Vaughan.

"I cannot, I cannot," was the reply; "I must not leave the children."

"Your anxiety about them is praiseworthy, Mara, and I am glad to hear that you do your duty by them. But your duty to your father should be first. You rarely come home now. Nanno is lonely without you, and I feel that I ought to have two daughters."

The stress on the ought roused Mara.

"You have, father. I will come at Christmas, if I may. But oh! do not ask me to leave the children."

"I am punished indeed!" said Mr.

Vaughan. "I have thought too much of you, Mara. You had your own way too much in being allowed to mix with the worldly-minded and irreligious, and this is the result."

"Oh, father, you kept us strict enough."

"Had I done so you would not be here now. I shudder to think of your unprotected state last night. How long do you mean to continue in this degrading position?"

"I wish to stay until the children who were here when I first came, leave."

"And then you will return to us?"

"Father, you used to tell me to live by the day. Who can look forward for three or four years?"

"You still think of remaining here so long? You have been here nearly seven."

"I cannot tell. I love the children, and had you seen their joy at finding me safe this morning, you would not wonder that I do not wish to forsake them."

"At Christmas then you will be at home. Perhaps you will consider the matter, and lay to heart where your duty lies by that time, and settle to remain with us. I fear filial love is shallow within you."

"You are hard on me, father. Here I am of use, but I would fain please you, indeed I would."

"Then, my dear, let Christmas be the term of your sojourn here, and come home. I weary of your absence."

Mara had never heard her father say so much before—had never before felt so tenderly towards him; but she could not promise to return to Tyrmynydd. The sense of danger had brought these two natures nearer, but had made neither less yielding. A diversion was made in their conversation by the arrival of Mariana, who had heard of the adventure of the previous evening and hastened to her sister. Her affections were made manifest by the occasion, and Mr. Vaughan looked on with troubled surprise, while his daughters wept in one another's arms.

But Mara's duties soon called her away. She walked with her father and sister to the gate, kissed them, and returned sadly to the house.

Then she set out to fetch Ivor, and while she is hurrying to Plas Arymor, we will see how he has passed the morning.

Angharad insisted on his breakfasting with her and her parents, a favour she refused her nephews and nieces. "We have enough of you all day long," she would say, "we will not have the sacred hour of breakfast invaded." She did her best to show off Ivor, and to make him eat; but he did not second her good intentions. He was shy and frightened, and asked frequently for "Governess."

"Let us adopt him," said Harrie to her father.

"My darling, we have adopted enough of our own flesh and blood," was the reply, "and I can afford no money for foundlings, though I confess I longed to take him when I first saw him with Shanno; but we have had half-a-dozen more grandchildren since then."

"Not one of them so dear as this boy," said Harrie, filling his plate with ham for the third time.

"Angharad, you will make the child as thirsty as a sponge," said Mrs. Herbert. "He certainly is like dearest Gerwyn. Where is the likeness? He's Welsh, for no one with English blood ever had that sort of face. Matty's and Sophia's children are quite different, and not half as handsome."

"He sings like an angel," said Harrie.

"Can you sing Welsh, boy?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ivor, hiding his face behind Angharad.

"Then sing me a Welsh song, directly."

But Ivor, like most nightingales, was shy, and could not sing when asked. He continued to hide his face, and began to cry.

"Never mind, never mind, little dolt," said Mrs. Herbert in her loudest key, "go and play, and we will sing by-and-by."

There was a sound of grandchildren in the hall, and Harrie took Ivor out.

"Here he is! here's the foundling! Then you weren't drowned after all! And did Mrs. Harrie have you to breakfast? I'll pay her off for that. Come and play at battledore and shuttlecock. No, let him play with me at ninepins. He's been crying, poor fellow! Aunty, for shame! you've been beating him," and many other similar sentences greeted them.

"Show him your playthings, and be gentle with him, you little ruffians," said Harrie, yielding herself up to be kissed.

Ivor looked frightened to death.

"Come with me; it was I lent you my flannel petticoat," said one little girl, confidentially, and Ivor allowed himself to be beguiled by pretty Miss Edith.

Angharad left Ivor with the children and went into the drawing-room. But she was not long left alone. One after the other her nephews and nieces came to complain that Ivor would not play, and that he was certainly a little idiot. She told them to ask him to sing, and she soon heard childish voices in the distance, piping like bullfinches.

Edith came in, breathless, to tell her that the foundling could sing every song in the world, and was teaching her. She was followed by the rest, dragging in Ivor.

"Sing to Aunt Harrie," was the uproarious cry.

But the sudden appearance of Captain and Mrs. Herbert again frightened away the nightingale's notes, and Ivor hid behind Angharad's sofa.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Mrs. Herbert; "if you won't sing to me I must sing to you."

There was a Welsh harp in one corner of the room, near a grand piano. Mrs. Herbert had been a performer in her day, and still loved to play her favourite national airs. She sat down to the harp, and Angharad went towards the piano to accompany her mother.

"That's jolly!" said Gerwyn, a boy of twelve, who, with the rest of the children, went towards the instruments. They were all fond of music, and tolerably quiet while it was in progress.

Ivor remained behind the sofa, his big eyes peering over it. Captain Herbert stood by his wife's side, as much captivated by her music as when he first fell in love with her through it.

Mrs. Herbert struck up the "March of the Men of Harlech," an inspiriting air, which she played and Angharad accompanied with native fire. Captain Herbert's large foot, and his grandchildren's little feet, beat time to the music.

Ivor's big eyes grew bigger. He crept from behind the sofa, and by degrees drew near the harp; he had never heard one before. He stood entranced, and gazed at the strings from which Mrs. Herbert's round, fat fingers drew sweet music, as if his young soul had gone into them.

At last, as if irresistibly impelled, he burst out singing. No one present had ever heard such a voice before. There was no longer any difficulty; the nightingale's notes came instinctively, and as the musicians played air after air, so Ivor sang, sometimes finding words, sometimes only sound, but always melody.

Captain Herbert and the children clapped their hands, cried "bravo, encore," and joined lustily in chorus.

In the midst of the concert Mara and Mr. Glyn were ushered in. As the performers had their backs to the door, no one saw them but the Captain, who put his finger on his lips. They quietly joined the group unperceived.

When the pretty air "Y deryn pir" was ended, Captain Herbert greeted Mr. Glyn and Mara, and the rest of the party became aware of their presence.

Ivor was examining the harp, and playing imaginary chords.

"It lives, it speaks," said the boy, looking at Mara, who having spoken to him, took no further apparent notice of him. "Governess, will you come? It is alive."

Mara went to him and as she stooped over him, he put his arms round her neck.

"Are you angry, dear governess? You did not kiss me," he said.

Poor Mara brushed away her tears as she whispered, "No, darling, hush! you must not talk here."

"Kiss me, too," said little Edith to Mara. "I love Ivor—he is a nice little boy, and I don't care if he is a foundling."

Mara kissed the child and turned away.

"Mr. Glyn, you have saved the life of a born genius," said Captain Herbert. "We owe you a vote of thanks."

"Margaret Vaughan says she must go and take away the boy," interrupted Mrs. Herbert. "The world is turned upside down, and the young people with it. You, Mr. Glyn, are as odd as any of them."

"Odder," suggested Angharad with a glance at Mr. Glyn.

"And," continued her mother, "there is no real Welsh blood in any of your veins."

"I must go, if you please," said Mara. "Ivor, have you anything to say?"

The timid boy glanced round and whispered,

"Thank you, sir—thank you, ma'am—thank you, miss." Then suddenly looking at Mr. Glyn, added, "Did the sea hurt you, sir? Were you very much afraid?"

Mr. Glyn smiled as he took Ivor's hand, and told him that he was quite well.

Shillings and sixpences were showered upon Ivor, and when Mara at last led him out of the room, the Captain, his wife, and grandchildren accompanied them to the door.

Mrs. Herbert obtained a shy promise from Mr. Glyn to come and see them occasionally, and the Captain assured him of a hearty welcome. Angharad was provokingly silent, and sat upright, with her mischievous look in her eyes. He soon took his leave.

"He is the dullest stick I ever saw," said Mrs. Herbert. "I think he's mad. He needn't have made any difficulty about coming here, for I'm sure he isn't so mighty agreeable that we shall miss him if he stays away."

"He is the only man worth speaking to in this neighbourhood," said Angharad.

"Hoity toity! how did you find that out?" asked her mother. "I hope you haven't an eye to Brynmawr."

"We'll ask him here to dinner, Harrie," laughed the Captain, "and you shall have a fair chance."

"I am tired to death," said Harrie, and am going to sleep," and therewith she made herself comfortable on the sofa.

No word was spoken worthy of record by our friends at Arymor until Christmas came. Then Mr. Vaughan renewed his request that Mara should come home. A few days before Christmas Day she therefore asked for a holiday and went.

She was glad to be once more with her sister, towards whom she had been drawn more closely by trouble and disappointment. Mariana was, however, unusually quiet and reserved, and Mara was not long in discovering the cause. Edwin Morris was again in England, and expected at Tyrmynydd for Christmas. Mara was much annoyed at this, and suspected that the great anxiety of her father to have her at home had something to do with it. In truth, Mr. Vaughan's desire that Edwin and Mara should marry had not diminished by time.

Edwin was expected on Christmas Eve, and Mara and Nanno sat together waiting his arrival. Mr. Vaughan had gone to meet him.

"Mara, why will you not come home to us!" said Mariana. "If you but knew the loneliness of my life you would."

"Do good people like you ever feel lonely?" said Mara. "I thought the religion you and my father profess filled up all void."

"Our religion is yours, sister. We cannot attain unto perfection in this world, and I sometimes long to flee away and be at rest."

"I thought such a wish could only spring from impatient hearts like mine, not from calm spirits like yours. I long to die every day of my life, but I am not ready."

"Oh, Mara! and you are engaged in a great work that lays hold of your mind, while I only go daily over the dull routine of life, with no hope this side the grave."

Mara looked steadily at her sister, and saw tears in her eyes. She got up, put her arms round her neck, and kissed her. The familiar action drew the tears down her pale cheek, but, as Mariana returned the embrace, she said, "Don't, dearest Mara. Father must not see that I have been crying to-night, when all is expected to be joy."

"Why do you cry, dear Nanno?"

"I cannot tell. My life is so still that the excitement of having you at home and expecting Edwin seems too much. Mara, if he asks you again, you must not refuse him."

"And why, Nanno?"

"Because he is good, and loves you; because he has left home and country for your sake; because my father wishes it, and thinks you are now worthy to be his wife; and because he would make you happy as no other man on earth could."

"Have you finished your reasons, Nanno? Then let me give mine. I would not have Edwin because I do not love him, and because I am not more worthy to be his wife now than I was six years ago, and because I love another, alive or dead, sister. I believe Gerwyn to be still living, and I love him—oh, God, how I love him!"

Mara sank down at Mariana's feet, as she had done six years before, and hid her face in her lap. She sobbed aloud, and it was now Mariana's turn to comfort. Stroking her sister's head, leaning over her, weeping for her, she said, "My darling, do not cry so! I did not think you still loved like this. I believed you had forgotten him."

"Forgotten!" cried Mara, starting to her feet. "Are we a race to forget? Did my father, did you, did even Edwin, ever change or forget? When I forget, either madness or death will have laid hold on me. Nanno, if you love me, never leave me alone with Edwin."

"Mara, I love you dearly; but I cannot come between you and him. All else that is sisterly I will gladly do, but not intermeddle with his love for you."

Mariana's sweet voice faltered, and her eyelashes drooped over her soft eyes. Mara looked at her, and felt what a gulf of purity there was between them. She had never loved her sister so well before.

"Nanno, the world is hard; father is hard; all are hard but you," she said. "You are good, and do not deserve to be unhappy. I am bad, hypocritical, wicked; but I cling to you more and more. Oh, if you but knew all!"

"Enough, darling, to know that you really love me," said Mariana. "To think that I am understood at last!"

Poor Mariana's longing for sympathy seemed about to be satisfied. If Mara even partially understood her, she might be happy, she thought.

"I am ashamed of my own selfishness and shortsightedness, Nanno," said Mara. "I have never been wise or good enough to understand you."

"Hush!" said Mariana, her pale face flushing. "I hear wheels."

Mara tried to regain composure by assuming a stern manner, while Nanno was visibly agitated. Both sisters rose, the one nervously stirring the fire and arranging the well-spread table for the hundredth time, the other ringing the bell to summon the servants.

In that lonely house amongst the hills an arrival was a great event. For the last three or four years no visitor had stayed there longer than a night at a time, and the few chance guests who came were usually preachers, and occasionally their wives. Thus Mariana's life had been very monotonous, brightened only by her sister's rare visits or her own to the union. She tried to believe that the regularity of home, her daily duties in the house and farm, her visits to the poor, her care of her father, and the love, duly returned, of all the animals, ought to suffice for her happiness: but still she keenly felt the want of sympathy. She knew that although her father esteemed her highly, he did not understand her, and what love there was hidden behind his stern exterior she believed to be given to Mara. But she bore her yoke in silence and patience, and loved on, hoping for sympathy as years went by.

"They are coming down the drive; go out first, Mara," she said, her heart beating only too quickly.

"We need not go out at all, dear. Wait till they come in," was the reply.

But soon they and the rest of the household were at the door. As they stood in the stone porch, the two maid-servants behind with candles, and the man with a lantern in front, they looked more cheerful than they felt. A hoar frost was on the leafless trees, on which the lights from the candles and the approaching lamps gleamed fitfully. The air was so light and clear that they heard the distant murmur of the sea. At last the dog-cart pulled up before the door, and Mr. Vaughan and Edwin alighted.

"Mariana! Margaret!" said Edwin, grasping the offered hands. "Thank God that I see you again."

His voice was hollow and his manner agitated. He followed Mr. Vaughan and Mara into the dining-room, while Nanno stood aside. He drew near the huge fire, and glanced round at the well-known room and well-covered table. "This is like home," he said; "thank God!"

Whatever awkwardness any of the party felt was removed by the necessities of life. To get rid of frozen great-coats, procure slippers, make the tea, and minister to the pale, hollow-eyed companion of their youth, was soon the occupation of the sisters. They forgot themselves and thought only of Edwin.

(To be continued.)



LEMURS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

Amongst the many curious animals I have kept and studied there had never, so far, been a specimen of the monkey tribe. I always feared I could not meet their requirements in the way of food and temperature, and that a proper place for such creatures did not exist at the Grove.

However, the offer of a pair of lemurs tempted me into many consultations and much searching amongst the books in the library, in order to find out all that could be learned about the nature of these animals, and I found myself speculating as to whether it would be possible to make them happy.

Lemurs are inhabitants of the island of Madagascar, where they live in the woods, feeding on fruits. All accounts agree in describing them as quiet gentle creatures, very agile in their movements and nocturnal in their habits.

The word *lemur* was employed by the ancients to describe the unbodied spirits of men, whether beneficent or malignant; the festivals called lemuria were appointed for the appeasing and "laying" of ghosts. The animals received their name from their almost noiseless movements; they would, I suppose, look very ghastly and uncanny as they flitted about on the tree-branches at night.

The more I read about them the more it appeared to me that I must not lightly pass by such an opportunity of obtaining rare subjects for naturalistic study.

So the lemurs were accepted, and I sent a man to the other side of London to bring them, cage and all, with great care to their new home.

Until I knew their size and something about their requirements I could not very well prepare a place for them, and I reckoned on their living in the cage that they came in at least for a few days after their arrival. What, then, was my dismay when the lemurs arrived to find that they were packed in a small hamper, and that no cage had come with them, as it had been found too large to be conveyed by any cab or other sort of carriage.

Plainly the poor animals could not stay in the hamper, and I had nothing large enough to hold them. They were so timid that I was afraid to let them loose in the conservatory; they might have sprung up to the roof and remained there, where it would be cold, and as I had been very specially warned to guard them against draughts, I was puzzled indeed to know what to do with them. At last a large circular linen-basket was found, which made a temporary home until we could think of some better place in which to keep them.

When the hamper was opened the poor frightened creatures were seen, locked in each other's arms, gazing at us with round glassy eyes. It was some days before we could really see what beautiful animals they were, since their timidity was so great that, though they would eat bananas out of my hand gently enough, nothing would induce them to come out of their hiding-place and be friendly.

As soon as possible a bay at one end of the conservatory was wired in, some tree-branches were fixed for the lemurs to climb upon, and a large plant-case, with glass sides and top and soft hay within, made a cosy retreat when they wished for complete retirement.

It was very enjoyable to let the new pets into their pleasant home. They instantly and fully approved of it, climbing at once up to the highest branch, and gazing down at us with a far happier expression in their great eyes than they had hitherto shown. And now for the first time we could appreciate the beauty of their silky-white fur and wonderful tails.

I found out that these were specimens of the ruffed lemur, the most beautiful of the ten species found in Madagascar. I will try and describe them, though it will not be easy to give a very clear idea of creatures which vary so much in aspect according to the position they adopt.

Sitting on their glass-house, side by side, with their long furry tails coiled around them they looked like two huge Persian cats, but standing or climbing they showed themselves as true monkeys, but far exceeding the ordinary monkey in gracefulness.

Round the head was a full ruff of long white hairs setting off the gentle fox-like face, which was mostly black, as were the small well-shaped hands and feet. Lemurs have four fingers and a thumb on the hands, and the great toe and four smaller ones, as well as the fingers have perfect nails, which makes them look very human.

The thick silky fur was white with large patches of black, and the tail, three-quarters of a yard in length, was precisely like a lady's black fur boa, and was used much in the same way, either laid gracefully across the back, or over the feet, wherever warmth was required.

When food was offered to them they had a curious way of obtaining it when not quite within their reach. The little black hand was stretched out and took a firm but very gentle grasp of my fingers, drawing them nearer until the coveted fruit could be reached, and even if the banana could have been taken direct, they preferred to hold my hand, and did it so prettily I was tempted always to make them reach out for it.

Considering the ghost-like character associated with these animals we thought that "Spectre" and "Phantom" would be appropriate names; they do not however respond to any endearing epithets, and only manifest emotion when a banana is offered for their acceptance.

I fancy they are somewhat unintelligent; they differ greatly from the ordinary type of monkey, in that they sit still by the hour together, and have no idea of mischief or of helping themselves in any way; for instance, a monkey, if feeling cold, will accept a shawl and wrap it round him, finding the comfort of it; but these creatures would sit and shiver, and die of cold before the idea of covering themselves would enter their dull brains.

They are masters of the art of expressing surprise and contempt. If something is offered to them that they do not like, they bridle up and turn away their heads as much as to say, "Dear me, no! nothing earthly would induce me to take a thing like that, remove it at once!"

My greatest surprise in connection with the lemurs took place about two months after their arrival. I had carried Mungo* to see them, and carefully holding him by his string I allowed him to stand and gaze at them through the wires.

He had often done this before, and beyond a few angry snorts and their usual grunting sounds they had taken no notice, but on this occasion they both at the same moment set up the most terrific roar that I ever heard. I do not exaggerate when I declare that it really seemed as loud as the roar of a lion at the Zoo. I was close to them, and it was so utterly unexpected I don't think I was ever quite so astonished in all my life. The sound was truly awful, and it lasted for half a minute or more, till I felt completely stunned, and was glad enough to retreat to a quiet room where my nerves could recover from the shock.

I think the Madagascar woods where these animals dwell must be most gruesome places at night, with these black and white creatures flitting about in the branches, abruptly uttering their terrific roars at intervals.

A family quarrel among lemurs must be a thing to remember. Besides this they also give a loud groan now and then, which irresistibly reminds one of Punch's "moaning gipsy in the back-garden." Such a groan must sound additionally weird at night in the dark woods.

When I gave my friends an account of the scare I had had, one of them returned with me to the conservatory to be favoured with a special performance of "Ghosts." Mungo was brought in once more, and up rose the awful sound, with such effect that my friend turned and fled, even though she had been forewarned. Fear is quite irresistibly awakened by the strange quality of the sound given forth by these animals. Having very slight means of defending themselves, I imagine this roaring power has been bestowed upon them to enable them to scare their foes, and drive away through fear such enemies as their soft hands could never overcome in fair fight.

After keeping these lemurs about a year, I found that by no amount of kindness or coaxing could I get them to be really friendly, and I feared they were not over happy without companions of their own kind. They were doubtless caught too old to be tamed. It was therefore deemed best to present them to the Zoo, where under the kind and skilful treatment they receive, they are, I believe, in splendid health and spirits.

Visitors to the monkey-house can identify them from the description I have here given, and cannot fail to admire the agile movements and furry beauty of my quondam pets.

* My pet mongoose.



ADA AND RUTH.

THE STORY OF TWO GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER I.

THE light of a lovely spring evening was falling on the shores of fair South Devon, the land where there is an echo, and that no faint one, of Italy in northern climes. It was all one soft glow; the gently heaving shadowy-green plain of ocean, the band of lacy foam which was going to and fro with lazy grace of wavy motion on the yellow sand, the little white-sailed ships in the far distance that seemed balancing themselves on the water like big snowy-winged birds, the turf and shrubberies of the grey, quaintly-built creeper-dressed old house, the house itself with its many rows of burning windows, the fountain which was leaping up and singing merrily its evening song, the flower-beds where there was beginning to be a sparkling and twinkling of varied hues.

It was, in truth, one picture of brightness, a brightness which found its full reflection in the faces of two young girls, who were wandering together up and down the lawn in earnest talk. Both these faces had all the youth, and all the joy, and all the freshness in them that shone in everything around them; but here the similarity between them ended, there was not in them the faintest shadow of likeness. The girls were evidently not sisters. The face of Ada Winterborne was a vision of faultless beauty from the low arch of the fair, delicate brow, to the dimples on the rounded chin. The face of Ruth Stapleton would have been called a plain face, for there was scarcely a regular feature in it, if it had not been for the flowers of sweet temper which were budding in every smile that played round her lips, or which blossomed there in calm stillness when she sat silent, had it not been for the light of feeling and intelligence which shone in her eyes, and when she was animated flashed out into a more radiant flame.

These two girls had been schoolfellows, and throughout the whole of their short lives had been hitherto joined by the closest ties of trust and love, though there was no blood relationship between them. Their fathers had been fast friends before them, and this circumstance had first knit the bond between the daughters.

Mr. Winterborne had made a large fortune by trade at a comparatively early age, had retired from business and bought an extensive and beautiful property in South Devon, to which county he had been attached by former associations connected with his wife, who had died after a year of married life at the birth of their daughter, and had never ceased to be tenderly lamented by him. Charles Stapleton, Ruth's father, had been born to considerable independent means, which would have made it quite unnecessary for him to follow any profession. His active nature, however, had shrunk from the idea of an idle life, and the higher instincts of his character, together with his brave, strong religious convictions, had cried out resolutely and loudly against it. He had, therefore, taken orders as a clergyman, and being ready at once to be a true soldier of his King, had gone out as a missionary.

In India Mr. Stapleton had worked gallantly in his Master's cause, and meeting a noble-hearted Christian lady, who was his comrade for some months in the fight for God, close companionship grew gradually into love, and he married her. Several children were born to this pair; but the Lord who bade the little ones come to Him took them all out of their mother's arms into His eternal embrace, except one daughter called Ruth, who lived and bloomed upon earth beneath her parents' eyes. When little Ruth reached the age at which European children cannot live in India, and her father and mother were forced to be separated from her, for not even for her sake would they leave the good work they had taken in hand for the Master, she was placed at the same school where the daughter of Charles Stapleton's old friend Winterborne was, and all her holidays were spent at Charfield, the Devonshire home of the Winterbornes. Thus it came to pass that the childish intimacy between the two girls was moulded gradually into a warm, deep, sisterly affection.

It was often a wonder to those who watched the development of the two girls that such a love should have grown up between them, for their characters and dispositions were quite as unlike as their faces; even the very faculties of their minds were entirely different. At school Ada was first in every kind of brilliant accomplishment, her fine flexible voice and her bright ready execution on the piano were the pride of the whole establishment. She learned everything that makes a woman shining and attractive in society as if it was her birthright, and it came to her by instinct. Ada's little tongue had always an applicable pretty word on its tip which could spring forth from her red mouth to suit every occasion. Ada's little brain would often leap at once at points and conclusions in her lessons which it took other girls days to reach. She had a somewhat fiery hasty temper, it is true, but she was such a pet and favourite with everyone that this defect was always forgiven the moment it made its appearance; besides, she had quick sympathies, which, though they were not very deep, nevertheless lay so near the surface that smiles or tears would always come swiftly to the lovely eyes and lips to meet the joys or sorrows of others.

In all these things Ruth was just the opposite of her friend; so much the opposite indeed, that the teachers at the school, at least those among them who possessed no keen insight into character, would sometimes say compassionately, "Poor Ruth!" as they watched the girls together. But "poor Ruth" was, in reality, the last term which could, with justice, be applied to the missionary's child. She had, it is true, no showy flashing gifts. She had no talents for accomplishments, not even for embroidery; but, on the other hand, she made many solid acquirements gradually but securely her own, and though she said nothing about it, and few of her schoolfellows had any idea of the fact, she understood more about history and geography than a dozen of them put together. She was slow in showing her feelings, yet, somehow, there was hardly a girl in the school who had not at one time or another confided her small griefs, and troubles, and difficulties to Ruth Stapleton. When they went to her to tell her of the darkness they were in they scarcely knew why they went, but when they left her there was always a gleam of calm sunshine on their faces and in their hearts. There was another great difference between Ruth Stapleton and her friend. Ruth's young feet were set firmly on the Rock of Ages; her parents had early led thither her tiny footsteps, and she had been very ready to know the road. One of the teachers at the school who knew, in its fulness and preciousness, the faithfulness of Him who hath promised to give all good things to His people, had continued and strengthened in the child the work which father and mother had begun. But for Ada Winterborne her religion was, as yet, without any life and power, though Ruth, in her quiet fashion, had often striven to lead her into the way up to the kingdom.

Thus time had gone on, and the two girls had bloomed into early womanhood, and, a few months before we find them on the lawn at Charfield, had left school altogether. Some three years before this period, Mrs. Stapleton, her health being prematurely worn-out by her brave Christian labours, had passed away from India into the better land. Her husband's grief had been sore, so had Ruth's, though they both knew that their dear one had most surely heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Mr. Stapleton, however, struggled on courageously for some time alone in his God-given task; more than half his earthly light was gone out, but the light from above was brighter than ever. But gradually even his strength of body and mind began to give way before the combined weight of labour and sorrow that he had been bearing. He longed to see his daughter, and find glimpses or echoes of her mother in her voice and her eyes; so yielding to letters which came from Ruth and his old friend Mr. Winterborne, calling upon him lovingly and earnestly to come to them, he at length gave up his missionary work and returned to England. This evening, as the two girls stood there in the light of the spring sunset, they were awaiting his arrival.

"Oh, Ruth," cried Ada, "we must make your father come and settle very, very near here, so that we shall never be separated. I could not do without you. They used to say at school that we were so unlike in everything; but we will make our lives as much alike as ever we can, won't we, darling?"

Her eyes smiled back softly an answer; then her cheeks began to glow with excitement, for the sound of wheels reached their ears.

(To be continued.)



SPIRATIONS.

By ETHEL MORGAN.

Oh, that my life might be
A beautiful melody
Borne on the wings of all breezes that blow,
Far above time and place,
Thrilling with love and grace,
Into the glorious vastness of heaven,
Into the highest, which no man may know.

Banish all worthlessness!
Teach me all nobleness,
Lord and Creator of all things that be;
Make my life true and brave,
Free as the ocean wave,
Pure as the snowflakes from heaven above,
Strong, loving, merciful, hidden in Thee.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM AND THE STRUGGLE.

Meantime there was sorrow and anxiety in the old home. The head of the house had been suffering more and more heavily from disease brought on by a terrible voyage in the East. He was sent by his father long years ago to transact some difficult business, and the ship on which he travelled was amply stored by his father with provisions for the son, who was then as ever a comfort and blessing to him. But he did not know the character of the vessel. The captain was a drunkard, and the provisions for the crew utterly unfit for human food; the water was foul, and the sailors sickened one after another. Of course he shared all he had; but what were the stores provided for this one passenger to the needs of a large crew. He saved the sailors, but destroyed his own life. And as a great physician he consulted said, the wonder was not that he should suffer as he did, but that he should live at all. The foul provisions and bad spirits were all that was left after the generous gift was gone, and were simply destruction to one who had denied himself every luxury, and lived abstemiously and was a water-drinker only. He had been accustomed to avoid all such expenses, to provide himself with eminent masters, and form a fine library without being a burden to his father. After that terrible journey his life was one long sorrow but for the love and devotion of his home. Ruin in a home where there is perfect love and trust in each other is sorrow, but it is not the bitterest or the hardest to bear. There is a quaint epitaph in Paris—

"Dors en paix, O ma mère; ton fils t'obéira toujours," and there was the same spirit in this sorely-stricken house. Son and daughters with one hope devoted themselves to their home, the son to work hard and alone far away, the youngest daughter, the "sunny bird of home" as she was called, to her art as we have already related. And the eldest daughter, what of her? She began as a very tiny child to find the joy of expression in music. When her little fingers could scarcely grasp the keys, the overture to the Freischütz used to puzzle her extremely. There seemed so little power in the old square piano to express all she wanted; the piano could say so little of what the music said to her. She had a wonderful memory, and could repeat in her fashion all the music she had heard of a long opera, and delighted in extemporising, an art apparently hereditary in her family, as a great-uncle was detained by his affectionate parents in prison for fear his beautiful extemporisations should lead him to devote himself to music, a "blot on the scutcheon" they could not forgive.

Of her music lessons under the tender and delicate mother, only such bright memories remain as fragments of sunny mornings beside her, whose kisses and delight when the little child did well were after all the best recompense, though they were supplemented by a pretty dish of ripe fruit to be earned by careful playing. But she was also free to attend the masters she wished, drawing with her little sister in the studio, and German with that best of German masters, Dr. Bernays, who became an attached friend of the family, but who, alas, was so terribly punctual that he seemed like Mephistopheles, to appear as the clock struck, and the German exercises were not always ready.

They also enjoyed the care of a most charming French governess, whose marriage separated her from her pupils, but whose memory is still dear for her gracious tenderness and capital teaching to them both. There were also concerts, elocution classes and lectures by the most eminent people on almost every subject under heaven at the Literary and Scientific Institution to which their parents belonged, where the children learnt that invaluable lesson, how much there was of wonderful to know, how little they knew, and how very small and insignificant they were.

But as time went on, the elder sister succeeded to the post of honour and usefulness in trying to save the home so dear to them all. She was, as they say in war, "called to the front." Now student life in the Forties was a very different thing from what it is in these days, and it needed some resolution in her parents to send her alone, where there were all the dangers of mixed society much magnified by the social ideas then current. But the mother quietly said, "I can trust my daughter," and the young girl determined to deserve the trust. She was not ill-prepared for such a struggle for life.

There were old home customs which were a very good preparation for professional work. The children never had any pocket-money that they did not earn and work hard for. Also their old habits of early hours, and of making the most of stray minutes and, above all, the love of learning and of steady hard work stood them in good stead; and all told when the battle of life began in earnest, and our young student was taken to the Royal Academy of Music by her mother. In the dim light of a winter's afternoon she saw the large concert-room in which the Principal, Mr. Cipriani Potter, was giving a lesson. The large green board over the central mantle-piece attracted her attention at once with its list of names with honours, and the Principal's verdict on the last examination. There were a few others in the room, masters probably, but after a little delay the young girl was called up for examination. The kind bright expression which met her as she looked up was a warrant for hope, and it was not an untrue one. After playing the first movement of a sonata of Beethoven and answering a few questions, and proffering a humble petition to be taken into Mr. Potter's class, which was for the time impossible, she had then first-rate masters given her, piano, singing, and harmony, besides sight-singing and other classes.

The expenses were not slight, especially to them, thirty guineas a year besides all subsidiary expenses, music, books, etc., was something for a ruined family to find; but they were cheerfully met, and as return, what joy to hope to repay all that love and anxiety by future success and power to help the home.

Meantime the student-life was a very happy one. She used to try to get her class-lesson fixed very early, for that which was a trouble to others was, thanks to the home-training, a



"OH, THAT MY LIFE MIGHT BE
A BEAUTIFUL MELODY."

delight to her. Others were sometimes late, and then the master would turn to her and give her precious minutes of extra time, while the early long walks in the sunshine, learning her poetry, were so pleasant in the quiet and solitary London streets. As she said, "What a blessing it is one always remembers the sunny hours most!" Then one had peculiar advantages in the Royal Academy at that time. There were fewer students, but more social feeling; fewer opportunities of display, but more of making real friends. Besides, the members of the Council used to come occasionally to the lady-superintendent's room, to hear any pupils of whom the masters had spoken, and those days were very pleasant. Those members of the Council often took a kindly interest in the pupils, and helped them further in their career. Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmoreland, to whose introduction this young girl was indebted for her nomination, often came to hear her and others, and took so much interest in her progress that many important introductions were due to his kindly influence; and to her this interest was the more precious because she thought he resembled her father, as she remembered him in earlier years, before illness had enfeebled and altered a form once so eminently handsome and noble. On one occasion his lordship's good opinion was almost an inconvenience, for, after singing some Italian songs to him, he said (almost like Shakespeare's Henry VIII.), "Ha! you must have an Italian class!"

"My lord," the poor child gasped, "I never taught Italian in my life!"

"Never mind," his lordship continued, "teach them to pronounce as you do, and I shall be satisfied."

Even Miss Taylor, the lady-superintendent, pleaded for her, urging the time it would cost a pupil who was working so hard; but in vain. My lord said, "It is the law of the Royal Academy that the pupils shall teach when required."

It did not turn out so badly as it promised, for, when it was known, there were so many kind voices saying, "Take me, dear—let me be with you," that there was a very pleasant outcome of kindness and goodwill; but there were too many volunteers for her class, and a second was ultimately formed for the overflow. The comedy did not end without a spice of mischief, for the next day, waiting for her harmony lesson in the concert-room, one of the elder pupils, Miss D——, spoke of the new Italian class, and the chaplain coming in, our student asked, as a favour, if he could not manage to get her excused? He advised her to write, or speak, and plead her cause; but he said he doubted the result, as he thought Lord Burghersh wished her to take it. But Miss D——, perhaps to moderate the young girl's possible vanity, said, "Oh, Miss O—— and several others had had it offered to them, who had got off because they would not take the class," and sundry other amiable little hints, which our young friend passed over without remark. But when Miss Taylor, the lady superintendent, came in, and Mr. Lucas was giving his harmony lessons, her chance came, and she meekly observed to Miss Taylor, "Knowing the rules of the Royal Academy, madam, I should scarcely have thought of trying to escape; but since Miss O—— and others have refused——" On which Miss Taylor turned sharply round, and, having asked her authority, asked Miss D—— "on what authority she had said so;" adding that Lord Burghersh had wished this pupil to take it, and she had objected, saying it would take so much of her time; but my lord had appealed to the law, and said there was no other who could take it so well. But, she said, as soon as there was anyone who could take an Italian class, the class should be transferred or divided; whereupon, great joy among the *Pacifici*, and a crushed and flattened appearance in the war party.

Taken altogether, the life was a very bright and friendly one, in spite of those little quips and quirks which arise in every society where interests jostle one another. The routine was pleasant—exhausting sometimes—when, what with early lessons, long classes, afternoon rehearsals, and evening orchestral practises, one might have been a *flos aeris* for all the possibilities of supporting existence on the usual means.

Once, when an examination was going on, two friends, waiting for their class to be called in, had installed themselves in a cosy corner, with an extemporaneous canopy and screen, and a prudent provision of lunch, and looked so exquisitely comfortable and happy that Miss Birch, the eminent singer, passing, looked in, and observing they had a choice home-made veal-pie, which was departing rapidly, said, she "never fancied any veal-pies but her mother's," and she wished them every success so kindly, as if that little reminiscence of home had touched her.

The examinations were troubled crises, so full of woe and nervousness to some, but to others very happy in the kindness and respect with which they were treated, in the delightful feeling of having the sympathy and approbation of their masters and the council, and also in that keen delight which generous natures feel in the success of their friends.

Each class went in separately at the appointed time with their master, unless the masters were among the few examiners, and each pupil was called up to the piano and the table, round which the examiners sat, and where they wrote those notes on which so much depended. One examination was remembered with peculiar interest, for it was the last one in which a very favourite pupil was to appear. Engaged, as they all knew, to Sterndale Bennett, and he on the council of examiners, it fluttered the young girls who loved her and sympathised intensely with her, to go in with her to this, her last appearance amongst them all, until they should see her as a bride. So the girls streamed in the doorway through which they saw the awe-inspiring circle of examiners, the Principal at their head. He smiled a welcome to her as she was called up to their table of green cloth. She looked so modestly timid and sweet, but never glanced in the direction of that one professor who alone took no part in the proceedings at that interesting moment.

All the examinations were exciting and instructive; they reminded one of what the mother had said when her children were speculating on the various turns of fate—"You will find that the girls who give you most trouble by their bold unmannerly assumption will not pass that ordeal," and it was so. One, the proud possessor of an amount of assurance quite enough to appal any instructor, was unable to answer a simple question or to play a single bar. Another, the haughtiest among her fellow-pupils, retired in a passion of disgrace to the sorrow of even those whom she had treated most uncivilly, while one most timid and gentle girl, inheritor of a great name, who had fretted day and night for fear of disgracing her masters and displeasing her mother, came out to her friend who loved her so, smiling through her tears and telling her friend, while yet she could scarcely speak, the encouraging and praising comments on her work.

The daily routine was full of variety. The classes were held in the concert-room and the adjacent ones. The lady-superintendent's room was the cosiest and warmest one, and also the quietest, as it lay far behind over what might by a strong effort of imagination be called a garden, and here was the grand piano on which pupils nervously played when summoned by Lord Burghersh (soon afterwards Earl of Westmoreland), or any of the committee, and the table on which lay the books of attendance signed by each professor recording the number of pupils, the time of his attendance and, if any, the absentees. But the harmony master, Mr. Lucas, hardly ever within the memory of girl had any absentees. His pupils were too nervously anxious and also too thoroughly kept in hand, to the silent admiration of one of his pupils, the young girl of whom we have written, who could watch his stern control over those who would have been only too willing to have enlivened their lessons with a little feminine amusement. She knew and loved the tender delicate wife and mother who, with her children, watched for his coming home, and was proud of her master who autocratically governed those unruly and mischievous girls who would have been too glad to have their own way.

The piano and singing classes were quieter, as each pupil had her own time, and there was no possibility of the united mischief of numbers. In that cosy room of the lady-superintendent lay those oracular books also, in which, before the end of the term, each professor had to sign his verdict upon the work of the whole term. Luckily each sub-professor also had the same duty, so she, our student, was able while signing her own reports to remember the agonised entreaties of her fellow-pupils, and to cast a discriminating eye of friendly inquiry on their master's reports and tell them their fate.

In the afternoon came the sight-singing classes, in which great works were gone through under one of the kindest and most respected of masters, Mr. Elliot, and sometimes the orchestral rehearsals in which concerted music with solos, duets, trios, etc., were gone through with the orchestra. Those were more exciting, the music richer, the rooms more crowded. The best pupils floated to the top as leaders of their respective divisions, and each and all were liable to be called up to the piano by a look from our conductor for solos in concerted movements. Sometimes, alas, to the woe of a pupil, if she or he happened not to have nerves equal to the occasion, there would be a tragedy, someone else was called up and the movement repeated. Sometimes, but very rarely, a low "very well" would escape our leader and most glorious master, Mr. Lucas, to those who rejoiced in the difficulties and the hope of conquering them, and fired by his approbation the music went as if inspired. Sometimes it was a piano playing with the orchestra.

How little do people know, who only hear music, what the delight is of playing those wonderful conversations with the orchestra. "Higher still, and higher," speaking and being answered in a language more expressive and nobler than that of words, and better still to sing with the orchestra.

"The sound
Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.
The flute is sweet
To gods and men, but sweeter far the lyre
And voice of a true singer." *

Not everyone knows what an inspiration it is to take part in a noble work. The glow of its fire and beauty taking more and more possession of you, till amidst the intricacies of its choruses solos come, and a sign bids you rise and sing, and you feel as if the life and soul of that glorious music entered yours, and you realise what he did who said and sung—

* From the "Epic of Hades."

"I knew my life
Rise up within me and expand, and all
The human which so nearly is divine
Was glorified." *

Then there were the evening chamber concerts for selected pupils, very bright and pleasant in those brilliantly-lighted rooms filled with young people, with a sort of House of Lords of professors and masters, and a running current of pleasant chatting in the intervals between the pieces of the programme. Very refreshing too, that delightful pause for tea and conversation when favoured students were well taken care of. This child was happy enough to have Sterndale Bennett often as her chaperon (and how popular and charming he was, all who had the happiness of knowing him will agree), besides her other masters who looked after the tired and timid girl who felt so happy in their care. Even now, so long after, the bright happy rooms full of excited young people (all save the few Dons were students), the hum of those young sweet voices, the (not unwelcome) clatter of tea and coffee cups, and the moving crowds with their very audible and decided opinions (young people are so decided in their infallible judgments) form a bright pageant of the past which is very real still to the grateful girl who was so happy then and met with such generous kindness.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the "Epic of Hades."

AMERICAN SLANG, CATCH-WORDS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

WELL as I knew the quaintness of the "slang," and, indeed, of the American colloquial language altogether (which perhaps should hardly be called "slang"), I never was quite so much struck by it as last year, when I traversed the United States and Canada on my journey to the "Great Show," i.e. the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Some of it is so comical, and the fun is added-to a thousand times by the fact that no one looks at it in that light; and the words or expressions are so common that they have ceased to be noticed.

Beginning with the old lady who travelled with me up to Niagara, and told me she had lost so much money, as well as her farm, and "she felt it considerable to have to climb down and take a back seat at her time of life." "I'm going to visit round for a spell," she continued. "My daughter lives out west in Nebraska. I should admire to see you out there; she's gotten her a good home, and she's a real smart woman, though she ain't much to look at. She favours her par, and he was as homely as a brushwood fence." We had great talks together, mine ancient chum and I, and she "took quite a shine" to me, as she kindly said. One of her many confidences was, that "she had gotten religion, and in all her troubles had been a waiter on Providence!" The last I heard of her was, her advice to me to "hustle" or I'd never catch the train. "You have to hustle," she said, "and don't you forget it at the Bridge." And I did "hustle" indeed! but I thus caught my train successfully.

When you land in Canada, the word "hustle" is the most constant sound you hear, and everyone impresses on you that "you'll have to hustle," whatever you are about to do. You "hustle to the tram-cars, and the train," and if ever, by any chance, you have to meet anyone, you "hustle" more than ever. As to the telephone, it is the most dreadful "hustle" in the world.

"I'm just death on cake," exclaims a young lady, who also says everything is "just too sweet," and she has "seen such a lovely man," while she also talks about a "brainy" woman, this word being much applied in America to people and to things. A "brainy" newspaper means clever and able, in the sense of imaginative. "You have a brick in your hat," if you get tipsy; and if this be not your business, you reply, "It's not my funeral" (which it certainly is not, in the sense that you are not yet dead).

"Takes the cake" and "bad hat," or, as the Californians say, "a bad egg," have both made their bows before an English audience; and we also know the ugly and everlastingly-used word "boodle" and "boodler." This is really a Dutch word meaning, in its proper sense, "property left by a relation," a "testator." It always means money in its present sense; but not money honestly got. In contradistinction to "boodling," a man will assure you that the money is "straight money," i.e. honestly come by. Judging by the charges made in various newspapers, political money is always "boodled."

"He just tore past me like a streak of greased lightning. I guess that buggy won't be worth shucks when he stops," is a vivid description of a runaway of double-distilled swiftness. "Shucks" are the outer skins of the corn-cobs, and of course are quite valueless. If you have got on your "store clothes" you are what we should call a "swell," but if you are "going it" to an even greater extent, you are "cutting a big swathe," a term derived from the wielding of the scythe in hay-time.

An "air line" means the most direct route. If you were in the backwoods you would say, you "went across lots," i.e. across the fields. "Slantendicularly" means to go crookedly, or on one side. "I can't gee with her," is the method of saying that you don't get on with a person; and if some plan or attempt have been a failure, if you said, in the west, that it did not "pan out right," everyone would understand that the man who "bossed" the job had made a failure in some way, and matters had not turned out as was anticipated.

"As mad as mad," and "as savage as a meat axe," are both ordinary expressions. "Acted real mean" is another; and if you were abusive you would probably be exhorted to "dry up and not pile up the agony like that." It is a very funny habit also when you ask someone: "Is this yours?" to hear them say, "Well, it's not anyone else's;" and "don't you forget it," is the commonest addition to every piece of proffered information. "You didn't think I belonged to that crowd, did you?" was the scathing answer to an inquiry as to the invited guests at a picnic.

In Canada you hear much of the "Chore boy," and in the backwoods in May, when the black flies are bad, he weeds the garden "enveloped in the smoke of a smudge," the latter word meaning a smoke made by kindling a fire in an old tin pan with damp wood. A smudge is used to keep off mosquitoes; and I have seen half-a-dozen burning round a house on a summer evening, in the hope of affording a little rest from their torture.

In the north-western parts of Canada you drive about on a "buckboard," which is a machine having four wheels, a floor laid between them on the springs, and a seat in the centre—a dreadfully ramshackle affair. But when you go over the country roads and find that your horse picks his way through rocks, and that your carriage is expected to go over them, you realise that nothing very solidly built could surmount such difficulties and such real dangers. But oh! the beauty of the woods in Canada in May, when the dogwood and the lilies are all in flower; the dog's-tooth-violets also, and the forget-me-nots blossom under-foot. Or, when in the hush of the early morning you waken in time to hear the great forest around you wakening up too, with the "drumming" of the partridge, or the prolonged cry of the whip-poor-wills, there is a peculiar enchantment in your surroundings.

Out on these northern lakes they catch fish by "trolling," and when a man says he "trolled home," you know he has hung a fishing-line from the stern of the boat, with a bit of tin to glitter and attract the fish. And it is in these "diggings" that, when you "go to see your best girl," the process called courtship becomes of a more electric nature, and is called "sparking." There, too, they take "store pay," which means that wages are paid in kind, by an order on the store for a certain amount. There also whiskey becomes "tangle-leg," a very good name too, for it does cause much confusion amongst men's legs sometimes; and you make acquaintance with the word "crank," a much-meaning term, and if they look out for their own interests, "they have an axe to grind." "Bass" is in universal use, and "the boss has been there, and knows all about it," and most likely you will find he is "the biggest toad in the swamp." The expression that most rejoiced me was "stay put." "I've put it up several times, and it won't stay put." What lots of things I have known in life that don't "stay put!"

The quaintness of the native American humour is at times wonderful. A very good instance of it was given the other day in a weekly paper, in the shape of a story about a distressed and deeply-mourning widow. A friend who is inquiring for her, says sympathetically, "Poor dear, I suppose she takes no comfort out of anything, not even music." "Oh, yes she does," was the answer, "she plays the piano, but on account of her mourning she only uses the black keys."

In an American paper I found the following collection of political proverbs, which I think are excellent, terse, sensible, and witty:—

"Thar's never a short crop ov polliticks."

"A statesman that stays pore, ought never to be out ov a job."

"'Honerable,' before some men's names don't kno what it is thar fer."

"A politishan that kin lie, and won't, is kep purty bizzy exercizin his ability."

"Some men that is in favor of paper money

will vote fer silver, and take thar pay in gold; and *visy versy*."

"Don't look a boughten vote in the mouth."

"An aingel in polliticks will shed its wings after the first campane."

The use of abbreviations in America is very extraordinary, especially on the railroads. A gentleman told me he had gone to the ticket-office—I think, in Chicago—and had asked what was the best route to St. Louis; the clerk said at once, "St. Louis? Go over the C. B. and G., C. R. I., and P. A. T., and S. F., C. and A. I. C. I., and S. W." This seems what would be called over there "as clear as mud;" but, after all, it is only the names of the railways you must traverse to get to your destination.

The negroes are amongst the most amusing of the people you meet, even on the cars. The porter (as he is called) of the "sleepers" gave me no end of amusement; and the following, which I hope you will enjoy, is a capital specimen of negro talk.

"I'm po'ly, honey, po'ly. Ky'ant spec' to hold togedder much longer, wid de pains roun' hyar, an' numony lyin' roun' in de chest, an' cramps constant. I'm breakin', breakin' fas'. De good Lord sen's punishment to dem dat needs His 'flictin' rod; He's gettin' me ready, I s'pose. But de debbil, he trabbels fas'; done catch up ef I doan be mighty spry."

As she went on the old woman swayed her body to and fro, repeating the tale of her misfortunes as if to an inward accompaniment of merriment. Her laugh seemed to have spread over the entire surface of her whole frame.

Then all at once a sudden seriousness seized upon her. She leaned over close to Glory to whisper with suppressed eagerness:

"Yer ain't done got married yet, chile?"

"No," Glory replied lightly, looking down in the earnest black face. She was laughing now into the solemn eyes fixed upon her. "No, not yet, Sukey; nobody'll have me."

"How ole you gettin', chile?" The black eyes rebuked Glory's levity by a still more impressive solemnity in their gaze.

"I'm nineteen, Sukey, las' May."

"Fer goodness' sake, honey, done hurry up and kotch some un!" cried the negress, holding up her chocolate arms in the fervour and heat of her admonition. But Glory continued to smile, the smile broadening into a laugh at the old woman's tragic view of the hopelessness of her still unmated condition.

"The trouble is, Sukey, there isn't anybody to catch," Glory answered at last through her laugh.

"Dar mus' be some un, honey; de Lord nebber meant gals like you ter go fru life ole maids; 'tain't de way de Lord works, nohow. Dar's some un'll 'ong, you jes see ef dar woan. Hit look like dat to me; he's roun' de corner, un mebbe yer'll fine him knockin' at de do' when you get home. An' you jes le'h 'im in, honey; done mek no great ter-do, for dar ain't no time ter lose, nohow. An', honey," continued the negress, with increasing fervour of intensity, as she took hold of Glory's falling skirts with both her strong black hands, and lifted her shining face, glistening with the warmth of her appeal, "you jes' be kyarful how you marries de second time. Fus' time ain't no account, nohow; dey's sure ter die or be killed off, or somethin' happens, likely 'nuff. But de second one, he's de one dat stays by yer—he's dar, sure's yer skin, an' dar ain't no gettin' rid ob him no more'n rheumatics or de taxes; he's roun' constant. You 'member what 'spectable nigger Jeff was, my fust husband? Well, Ben, you know, he's diff'rent; he's jes' a low-down, no 'count nigger, lyin' roun' drinkin' and cussin' 'nuff ter try de sperit ob der archangel. Goodness knows I'se had 'nuff ob second husbands."

The military term "baggage" does duty where we, in England, should use "luggage," and here we have not yet adopted the "All aboard," which is the universal signal for the starting off of every form of conveyance, from a "buggy" to a tramcar or railway train. Nor have we either the term "deadhead" for the person who holds a free pass; nor yet adopted the phrase "He's a rustler," though, in its place, we do say, "He's a daisy," meaning much the same thing.

When the true American inquires "Where are my gums?" you need not think she is alluding in any way to her mouth; she only means to inquire for her goloshes; and should she ask your "given name" you will know she means what we should call the Christian name and not the surname. The funniest misnomer which one hears is in the northern parts of Canada, where people talk about "lunch;" if you chance to arrive in the middle of the night, the meat you would partake of would be called "lunch," and if you started with an early breakfast, that would be "lunch," too. In fact, I found that all meals eaten out of due season were "lunches," and the real lunch has no existence where there is perpetually early dinner.

And now I think I have almost come to the end of my notes, save one, which I must chronicle. Upon one of the northern lakes of Canada someone in my hearing asked, "What So-and-so was doing now?" (meaning, of course, whether he had any employment). The answer of his brother was at once funny and spoke a volume as well. "Oh, he ain't doing much, he mostly takes it out looking round," and I will end with the Western and Southern form of salutation and adieu—

"So-long, So-long!"

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

THE TURQUOISE, AND CAT'S EYE.

By EMMA BREWER.

THE TURQUOISE.

A clear sky, free from all clouds, will most excellently discover the beauty of a true turquoise.—*Thos. Nicols.*

THE turquoise, which is an emblem of prosperity, has, by reason of its beauty and mysterious gifts, attained to the high rank of a precious stone.

It is now, as it has ever been, a general favourite, although it is neither transparent nor does it occur in crystals.

Old writers delight to tell of its power and influence for good, and its detestation of vice, and were never tired of declaring that it was one of God's wonderful gifts to man bestowed upon him for his use and contemplation in order that he might be strengthened in grace and virtue and in the avoidance of evil.

The sympathy of the turquoise with its owner has been rich in suggestions for poets—

"And true as turkois in the dear lord's ring
Look well or ill with him."*

Again,

"As a compassionate turkois that doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well."

The turquoise was believed to protect its wearer by taking upon itself any danger that threatened, but in order to receive all the advantages which this stone was supposed to grant the wearer must have received it as a gift and not by purchase. It is a proverb in Russia that a turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune. And another, "that the colour of a turquoise pales when the well-being of the giver is in peril," and the modern superstition is that "the turquoise is a sovereign defence against mortal wounds."

The historian, Boetius de Boot, relates the following as coming within his own experience, and shows his firm belief in the mysterious properties of the turquoise.

"The turquoise had been thirty years in the possession of a Spaniard who resided within a short distance of my father's house. After his death, his furniture and effects were exposed for sale, as is the custom with us. Among other articles was this turquoise ring; but although many persons, admirers of its extraordinary beauty during its late master's lifetime, were now come to buy it, no one would offer for it, so entirely had it lost its colour. In fact it was more like a malachite than a turquoise. My father and brother, who had also gone with the intention of purchasing it, being well acquainted with its perfections, were amazed with the change. My father bought it notwithstanding, being induced to do so by the low price put upon it. On his return home, however, ashamed to wear so mean-looking a gem, he gave it to me, saying, 'Son, as the virtues of the turkois are said to exist only when the stone has been given, I will try its efficacy by bestowing it upon thee.' Little appreciating the gift, I had my arms engraved upon it as though it had been an agate or other less precious stone such as are used for seals and not for ornaments. I had not worn it a month before it resumed its pristine beauty and daily seemed to increase in splendour." This, however, was not all. De Boot still further relates that he was travelling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when in the dark his horse stumbled and fell with his rider from a bank on to the road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider were the worse, but when he washed his hands on the following morning he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger portion reset and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident

* Ben Jonson.

which was like to have caused him a broken limb, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself and had to be reset.

The turquoise has always been a favourite gem for the betrothal ring, notwithstanding that the beauty of its colour is said to depend upon the constancy of its giver, and therefore must often be productive of pain to the wearer.

That it is still in favour as a wedding-gift we see by the present offered by the people of Kensington to Miss Borthwick on her marriage with Earl Bathurst, consisting of a turquoise bracelet and brooch.*

A couple of centuries ago a man scarcely thought himself dressed unless he wore on his finger a turquoise ring.

Queen Elizabeth always wore a turquoise ring, by whom given is not recorded. At her death it was taken from her finger by a lady in waiting and thrown out of the window to Sir John Harrington, who hurried with it to James VI. of Scotland as a sign of the death of the queen.

Another ring with a history is the turquoise of Shylock stolen by his daughter.

Although this gem was so highly prized in the Middle Ages it does not appear to have been known to the ancients, for among the numerous precious stones furnished by Persia and noted in the literary remains of antiquity the turquoise has no place.

At the present time, however, the gem *par excellence* of Persia is the turquoise, and a very interesting account of its mines and miners has been drawn up by Mr. Schindler, the recent director of the mines, and forwarded to our Foreign Office.

The celebrated turquoise mines, evidently those mentioned by Tavernier as three days journey from Meshed, and furnishing the most beautiful old rock turquoise, are situate in a district which Mr. Schindler calls Maden, about forty square miles in extent within the province of Nishapur, Khorassin. The villages of the district contain a population of about 1200, who are almost entirely occupied with the obtaining, cutting, and selling of turquoises.

The turquoise veins run between porphyry, limestone, and sandstone, never higher than 5800 feet above the level of the sea, nor lower than 4800. The climate is excellent; wheat, barley, and mulberry trees grow well at a height of 5000 feet, and fig-trees on the slopes 6000 feet above the level of the sea.

Nearly all the men engaged in the turquoise industry are inveterate opium smokers, and many of the women have also acquired the vice. The gain of turquoises has made the people careless of all else, and yet there are very few of the inhabitants who possess anything worth speaking of, in fact they live from hand to mouth like most people whose income is uncertain. A good turquoise is found, and the money obtained by its sale is spent at once. It is no unusual thing at the mines to see men who pay yearly to the Government a tax of sixty tomans,† that is about £20, and who beyond this gain one hundred and fifty tomans, £50, having literally nothing to eat.

The turquoise mines are of two kinds: first, the mines proper having shafts and galleries in the rocks, and secondly, the khâkî mines or diggings in the detritus of disintegrated rock washed down towards the plain.

The treasures of the former are difficult to arrive at, seeing that they are partly filled by rubbish and are often unsafe to work in. It is only during the last thirty or forty years that blasting with gunpowder has been resorted to by the miners; formerly all the work was done by picks, and much better, for they extracted the turquoises entire, while the gunpowder, doing more work, often breaks the stones into small pieces.

The khâkî or diggings extend from the foot of the mountain a mile or two into the plain, and here in alluvial soil some of the best stones are found. Work is carried on without any system; the earth is brought to the surface, sifted and searched, the latter being done by children. The fine turquoise presented to the Shah, valued at £2000, as well as many other very fine ones, have been found in the diggings or khâkî. Still the work here is more of the character of a speculation than in the mines proper.

The findings are divided into three classes, the very best are called "ring-stones," and sold by the piece. The colour of these must be fast and of the deep blue of the sky; a small speck of a lighter shade or an almost inappreciable tinge of green decreases the value considerably. There is also that indefinable property of a good turquoise called the "zât," something like the "water" of a diamond and the "lustre" of a pearl, and even a fine-coloured turquoise without the "zât" is of very little worth.

The second best are called "bârkhâneh" turquoises, and are sold by the pound at the mines for about £90 per pound for the best, and about £25 per pound for the lowest or fourth quality.

Only the best of these second stones find their way into the European market, and although some are used by jewellers for rings, the fact that the miners do not class them or sell them as "ring-stones" proves that they are not of the first quality. One can buy small cut turquoises of third quality in Persia at the rate of two or three shillings a thousand. These "bârkhâneh" stones are frequently used by Persians for daggers, sword-hilts, and sheaths. Sir Richard Burton in his *Gold Mines of Midian* mentions having seen a bright blue turquoise set in the stock of a Bedouin matchlock, which had been exposed to wear and weather for fifty years, but had lost nothing of its colour.

Then there is the third class of findings called "Arabi" turquoises, a term used by the Persians for bad and unsaleable stones. Some of the miners when on a pilgrimage to Mekka had taken with them a quantity of bad turquoises, and had sold them well to the Arabs, hence they are called "Arabi."

Work in the mines proper is difficult owing to the unsafe condition of the galleries; but a miner rarely returns empty-handed, whereas at the diggings the work is comparatively easy, but the finding of turquoises a matter of chance. It often happens that a miner after working hard for a few months in the mines, and having saved a few tomans, gets a fever fit on him to try his luck at the diggings, and he works till his savings have vanished and his tools pawned and nothing of worth to show for it, and then he goes back to the mines. The majority of good workmen rarely work out of the mines, but send their children to the diggings—there being no danger in the work there and maybe a chance of luck—and a sight of the people at the diggings will show you the young, the very old, the weak and the idle. During the summer months strangers come to Mâhden to try their luck at the diggings.

The original finders of the turquoise do not gain much. The elders generally buy the stones direct from the workmen, and then sell them to merchants at Meshed or to agents who visit the mines. The first profit on turquoises is never less than ten per cent., and is often twenty per cent.; for example, one of the elders buys turquoises for ten tomans (that is ten times six shillings and eightpence) from the miners and sells them to an agent or middleman for twelve tomans, the agent sells them to the dealers in Meshed for fourteen or fifteen tomans. The dealer sorts them and sells some in the country, and the remainder he sends to Moscow, where they are bought by special agents for European dealers. It is a safe calculation that turquoises bought of the miners for ten tomans are sold for twenty-five tomans in Europe. Mr. Schindler says it is strange that up to now European dealers have not thought it worth their while to send their own agents to the mines.

The miners rarely cut their own findings, and therefore do not often know the quality of the stones.

Enormous profits are often made on "ring-stones;" for example, a turquoise valued at Meshed at £300 was bought for £3 from the finder by an elder; he sold it uncut in Meshed for £38. After being cut it was sent to Paris, where it was valued at £600. The second purchaser only received £340 for it, the difference was gained by the agents.

The annual output of the mines proper and the diggings averaged for the last few years over £8300 value at the mines; the final purchasers probably pay three times this amount.

The turquoise in Persia is now as a rule cut by wheels made of a composition of emery and gum, whereas formerly it was cut on slabs of sandstone. The polishing is done generally by children on a slab of very fine grained sandstone.

The discovery of the true turquoise in Victoria, described by the Melbourne *Argus* a month or two since, and copied in the *Times* of Oct. 18, 1893, is looked upon as a phase of mining industry in that colony likely to be rich in results.

The pioneer, a man named Gascoigne, was a member of the Victorian mounted police force, whose hobby was collecting specimens of minerals from the various districts he visited. He was placed in the King River district, and while there made the acquaintance of a young man, a thorough bushranger. Asking him if he had ever come across gold in the district, he answered "No;" but that twelve miles away over the hills he had noticed veins of blue stone in the rocks, and nobody seemed to know what it was; the two men went off together, the bushman leaving the other to his search while he went further on to look for wild horses. Gascoigne, after a search, at length came across some grey, slaty rock in which there was a blue vein. With his clasp-knife he took out a number of pieces of the blue stone and submitted them to the School of Mines, and the secretary reported they were of little or no value.

Gascoigne was not satisfied with this, and on visiting Melbourne later he had the stone thoroughly tested by an Italian expert, who found it to be the true turquoise, a judgment which has since been thoroughly confirmed. Mining leases have been taken up, and everything is prospering, and it is believed that ere long turquoises from Australia will be competing in European markets with those that have been found for centuries in the famous mines of the Persian province of Khorassin.

One noteworthy feature about turquoise mining is, that although veins may be traced on or near the surface, the stone so found is generally affected by the surface-drainage and the atmospheric influences of countless centuries. Experience proves that the deeper down the miner goes, the better is his chance of finding stones of first-rate quality.

There are turquoise mines in Mount Sinai, the stones being here embedded in a matrix very much like that in which diamonds are found in Brazil. One of the hieroglyphic inscriptions in Sinai mentions the "Goddess Hathor, mistress of the land of the turquoises."

We have had some very good turquoises from Mexico. Among the ancient Mexicans

* November 11, 1893.
† A toman is about 6*s.* 8*d.*

it was a favourite material for inlaid mosaic work, of which some beautiful specimens may be seen in the British Museum.

The turquoise is the gem most frequently employed for amulets by the Orientals, who engrave sentences of the Koran upon it, filling in the characters with gold.

In 1808 a magnificent necklace of turquoise, consisting of twelve stones, was in the market; each stone was engraved in relief with a figure of one of the Cæsars.

The chemical nature of the turquoise has hitherto remained problematic as the results of investigations have never agreed; the only elements invariably present were alumina and copper. Mr. Streeter, however, gives its chemical composition thus—

Phosphorous pentoxide .	32·8
Alumina	40·2
Water	19·2
Copper oxide	5·3
Iron and manganese oxides	2·5
	100·0

The turquoise, like all other precious stones, has its double. In this case it is the occidental turquoise, which is in fact a fossil ivory produced from the teeth of a past race of animals brought into contact with substances containing copper and iron. It differs entirely from the Oriental or old rock turquoise both in structure and in composition. It is also softer and more opaque than the true gem, and in some Eastern lands is preferred to the Oriental.

THE CAT'S EYE

stands next to the diamond and sapphire in hardness, and notwithstanding its name is a very beautiful gem, and one that has always been held in high esteem in India, where it is venerated as a charm against witchcraft; and in Ceylon, which is its special home, a native would rather part with anything in his possession than give up his cat's-eye, if he be lucky enough to have one.

The cat's-eye, which is a rare variety of chrysoberyl, is found in the form of rolled pebbles in the river-sands of Ceylon in company with sapphires, topaz, and other gems. Twin crystals of great beauty have been also found in the emerald mines of the Ural.

Its chief characteristic is a remarkable play of light running from end to end, the result, no doubt, of its internal structure, which seems to be full of minute channels. No matter what colour the ground-work may be, the line of light is nearly always white, and more or less iridescent, and it is upon the beauty, perfection, and number of these lines, which run across the middle of the stone, that the value of the gem is based.

The stone is of various colours from pale straw through all shades of brown, and from very pale apple green to the deepest olive. As the gem is moved about, it is beautiful with its soft deep colour, and its mysterious, luminous streak shifting restlessly from side to side, especially under a bright sunlight or gaslight.

It is not difficult to conceive an imaginative and superstitious people regarding this precious stone with awe; and, believing it to be the abode of spirits, they hold it sacred, fit only to dedicate to their gods.

There are three stones which bear a resemblance to the Oriental cat's-eye, but they will not bear the test of close comparison. The one which approaches most nearly is a variety of quartz called quartz cat's-eye, and it ought not to be possible for even the unlearned in precious stones to mistake this for the true; for example, the ray of light in the real is iridescent, in the false dull; the hardness in the real is 8·5, in the false 7; the specific gravity of the real is 3·8, of the false 2·6. The real cat's-eye often shows a beautiful dichroism, the false never. The composition also differs; in the true gem we find 80 parts alumina, 20 glucina, and for colouring matter oxide of iron: in the false 48 parts are silicon and 51 oxygen, with a small amount of oxide of iron and lime.

The difference between the two is also great in intrinsic worth, the one of great value, the other of little; the one used for personal ornaments, while the other is made into snuff-boxes or to form a thin veneer to small tables.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XV.

A FRESH MOVE.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."—*Longfellow.*

It was a bright spring morning in May; the trees were already showing signs of green, and the fresh youth and beauty all around sent forth a feeling of gladness into many hearts. Not only the absence of traffic in the London streets, but the very stillness in the air betokened it to be a Sunday, even before the church bells called to mind the fact, or the church-goers were to be seen, passing this way and that to their various places of worship.

Constance was walking quickly along a broad thoroughfare leading to one of the great squares. As she got nearer she saw a figure whom she recognised at once to be Mr. Seaton leaning against the low wall which protected the centre of the square. Instinctively she slackened her pace. He was evidently waiting for some one, for he kept looking about expectantly, and when he caught sight of Constance went forward to meet her. She noticed how pale and worn he looked as he held out his hand, and her heart smote her at once for having allowed herself to make such an appointment, and wondered what her people at home would think if they knew. She felt shy and awkward, and tried to throw it off by talking in a very unconcerned way about anything that came uppermost in her mind.

About a fortnight after the Christmas festivities Constance had received a letter from Mr. Seaton, asking her to marry him, and begging at least for some hope, if only in the far distance.

She had replied, hardly knowing indeed what she had said, except that she had refused him, and nothing further had passed between them, until a day or two previously, when he had again written, saying that he was up in town and was anxious for an interview, and as he did not wish to come to the hospital where he was so well known, suggested their meeting outside. Constance had no intention of accepting him when she made the appointment; she had always thought of him in connection with Nurse Rose, and could not realise that he was indeed in love with her.

The very fact of her apparent indifference made it difficult for Mr. Seaton to say what he had meant to, and Constance gave him no help. He had told her in his letter that he loved her, but now he appeared self-absorbed and awkward.

They wandered on into the parks without much thought of whither they were going, until Constance suddenly felt as if she must somehow put an end to it all, and suggested their going to church. Mr. Seaton reluctantly agreed, and they went into the first they came to. Neither, however, were in the mood for a service, and the one here jarred upon rather than harmonised with their feelings; both were relieved when it was over.

As they retraced their steps Mr. Seaton made a great effort, and told Constance something of what he wanted her to know. She listened, but still without comprehending how deep was his affection for her. She felt distressed and blamed herself for coming, but gave him the same answer she had done before.

"It is useless," he said somewhat sorrowfully but coldly, "to prolong our walk. We may as well say good-bye at once. I ought to have understood before that when you said 'No' you meant it."

Constance held out her hand. She wanted to make some apology, to say how sorry she was to have pained him; how much she really liked him (for she owned to herself she did like him very much), but how she had never thought of love until she had received his letter. This and much more she longed to say, but speech failed her. After a moment's silence she merely said good-bye, and she said it so quietly and calmly that Mr. Seaton, as he walked back alone, was inclined to wonder if she possessed a heart at all.

Constance felt utterly wretched as she climbed the stairs to her room. "If she could only tell some one," she thought. She felt very much tempted to confide in Sister Adelaide, and ask her advice. She little guessed what warm sympathy she would have received had she done so, or how lovingly Sister Adelaide would have tried to help her.

One of the sisters meeting her on her way upstairs remarked as she passed, "How cold and tired you look, Sister Hamilton; church does not seem to have agreed with you this morning! I'm quite glad I stayed at home."

"No, I certainly will not tell anyone," Constance mentally remarked to herself. "It is quite sufficient that the thing has happened. I wish I could just sit down and think quietly instead of going straight back to my ward."

It was just as well she could not, and that she was kept very busy all the rest of that day and for some weeks to come, so much so that she had no time to think of herself, and required all her energies to get through each day's work as it came. Doctor Bell once mentioned to her that his nephew had thoughts of going abroad, as he did not care to start a practice on his own account.

He had never been able to find out whether there was anything between Mr. Seaton and Constance, and yet he had his suspicions that she was in some way connected with his unsettlement and the desire he had for change of scene and life.

Constance was busy at the time doing a dressing with a new house-surgeon, and though Doctor Bell looked anxiously for some show of feeling or surprise, she merely remarked without looking up: "I expect he will enjoy that

sort of work very much; he was always fond of travelling, was he not?"

Time wore on and Constance's three years were almost completed; the three years which had seemed so long to look forward to, and now on looking back had slipped away so quickly.

Miss Price called her into her office one morning to ask her about the future, whether she was willing to remain on as a sister or was desirous of becoming a night superintendent, and so step by step climbing up the ladder till she became matron.

Constance smiled.

"No," she said. "I have at present no particular ambition in the way of rising in my profession. I still prefer working myself to making others work, and I like the nursing part far more than I should ever like merely over-looking."

"Then I think I should advise you to keep to the nursing," said Miss Price. "Some are more fitted for supervising, but if you really love the actual work you are just the kind who are wanted as heads of wards. Indeed, I shall be only too glad to keep you, and Doctor Bell was saying the other day he did hope you would not be moving off as soon as your time was up."

Constance seemed to hesitate. "Well, think it over," Miss Price continued; "there is plenty of time yet: come in a week, say, and let me know what you decide; perhaps you are wanted at home, or thinking of giving up nursing?" she smiled, questioningly. But Constance shook her head. "Talk it over with some of the sisters," she added, as Constance turned to go. "If you are going to keep to the work it is just as well to have some clear notion of what you want to do, or you may turn into a rolling stone; there are other kinds of nursing besides hospital work; some are better fitted for one, some for another, and if you have a preference for some special kind, you will be sure to do it best."

A few days later Constance was seated with Sister Adelaide in her cosy room, telling her of the conversation she had had with Miss Price.

"You know," she said, "I really should like best to nurse the soldiers; I have longed over and over again to do that."

"There is nothing like trying to do a thing which you have made up your mind you would like to do," said Sister Adelaide, "even if you find it not at all what you expected it to be. Why do you not write to Nurse Dorothy and ask her how you are to set about it? there must be a good many nurses employed in that way, I suppose, though I really do not know much about it."

Constance had heard several times from Nurse Dorothy, but somehow her letters, though most interesting in their accounts of life abroad, had not been so full of nursing detail as she would have liked. She was now in England again, and evidently was not going to remain on as an army nurse, for she told Constance in her last letter that she was hoping for the post of matron in a home for district nurses somewhere in the north. "You would not like to join Nurse Dorothy, would you?" Sister Adelaide went on; "district nursing is almost in its infancy yet, but there is a large scope for workers, and the really good nursing of the poor in their own homes by right-minded women ought certainly to prove a large factor in the education and raising of the masses."

"Yes," said Constance, "I am sure it is a grand work, but I do not think I should like it so much as hospital work. I shall take your advice though, and write to Nurse Dorothy, and tell matron that in the meantime I should like to stay on where I am."

Constance sent her letter, and sooner than she expected received a reply; though Dorothy had never, as she termed it, joined the army sisters, having been sent out under the Stafford House Committee, she took the trouble to find out all she could about them.

"You must apply," she wrote, "to the head of the Medical Department at the War Office, and obtain from him papers which you will have to fill in. Do not be very sanguine as to your success. I hear it is much-coveted work, and there are numbers already applying. The rules are said to be very strict, and they are most particular who they take in, requiring a reference 'from some lady moving in good society,' in addition to the certificates from the hospital where the nurse has been trained.

"If you do succeed, you will at least have the satisfaction of feeling you belong to a most select few! There are not thirty nurses in all at present, I believe, who work amongst the soldiers. I shall be most interested to hear what success you have, and what you think of it all, after you have worked at it for awhile."

Constance read her letter a second time; she had not in any way pictured to herself the management of army nursing; she had thoughts of soldiers sick and wounded, with no one to look after them, dying far away from home for their Queen and country, and quite apart from any warlike motives which Constance did not possess, she longed to go and nurse them. As to the difficulties to be overcome she naturally felt more determined than ever to make the effort, and lost no time in writing to the War Office. She was quite ignorant of "blue letters" and how to word them, and addressed her modest note to the Manager of the Medical Department, War Office, and awaited the result.

The usual papers were returned to her, which she filled in, and to her surprise and pleasure she was told that there would be a vacancy in about a month, and on the 1st of March she would be expected to join for duty at their largest home hospital.

Constance went with her good news at once to Sister Adelaide. "Now I have got what I have longed for," she said, "it will be my life-work."

Sister Adelaide looked very kindly at the eager, gentle face, she had been a little anxious about her lately; when not at work she had been more quiet than usual, and had lost much of her joyousness.

"How old are you, Constance?" she asked; "not yet twenty-seven," in reply to her statement; "you are quite young yet; do not be ruling out hard-and-fast lines about your life; be content to carry sunshine with you wherever you go."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Every Morning.

There are three dutiful acts which a Christian should conscientiously do every morning. The first is an act of thanksgiving for the mercies of the night; the second is an act of faith by which one commits one's soul to the keeping of the Redeemer, in the full persuasion that Christ will faithfully keep what is thus trustfully placed in his hands; the third is an act of determination to speak a kind word of cheer or to do some helpful deed to at least one fellow-creature during the day.

Sidney Smith, quoting from an unknown writer, says that to thus place a drop of comfort into the life of one tired spirit every day would be to make three hundred and sixty-five people more or less happy every year. Should one do this every day for forty years, she would brighten the lives of fourteen thousand six hundred persons. And in thus making her life a stream of blessing to others, the Christian would greatly add to her own happiness, since it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Girls and Stimulants.—Young women should especially be careful to avoid acquiring the habit of taking any alcoholic fluids to supply the place of more valuable food. The proper place of alcoholic stimulants, so far as they may be required or taken at all, is as an adjuvant to the more solid meals of the day; and, even then, they should only be taken in very moderate quantity. Probably the majority of women will enjoy better health while abstaining from all alcoholic drinks; but even in cases where the digestion is assisted and health improved by a little wine or beer taken with meals, an invariable rule should be adopted that no stimulants be taken at any other time without direct medical sanction or recommendation. Irregular stimulant-drinking is not only directly injurious in many ways, but also the indirect cause of many maladies, more especially of the nervous system, and is exceedingly apt to lead to permanent habits of inebriety. Considerable experience has shown that this practice is one of the most fertile causes of unhappy married life; while conclusive evidence proves its injurious effect upon the health of the offspring.—From *The Wife and Mother*, a Medical Guide by Albert Westland, M.A., M.D.

"Day unto day her dainty hands
Make life's soiled temples clean;
And there's a wake of glory, where
Her spirit pure hath been."
Gerald Massey.

"In words be thou
A gentle flower grown musical."—*Derozier.*

Buried Rivers.

1. To-day we met Edgar on Neville's mare. She is a one-eyed brute; and when I leaned forward to drive a little nail into the broken saddle, she tried, with her neck arched, to bite me, to stamp on my foot, and to kick me. But a gust of wind suddenly came, and we had our hats carried off; so he rode rapidly away, for she would bear no more control.

2. "Do you notice the scent of myrrh on Eva's handkerchief?" "Myrrh? I never use it. It is arnica, that Rosalind used for Emily's sprained wrist. It is a very good remedy in numerous cases," Eva replied, "and has not a disagreeable odour, only a woody one, vanishing quickly."

3. Lady Emma intends well, and is always busy on new plans for her servants' good; but she expects too much from them, so is often disappointed, because, though they owe service to her, they like Lady Isabel better, and unaffectedly show it.

4. I am in hopes of gaining my cause, for in O'Connor's case, in every particular the same as mine, the jury agreed that, were Sam Brett and Cormac on good terms with Bryan, there need have been no ransom, merely damages. So, even against hope, I hope to gain it. Ximena.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

STAR.—You speak of an amateur Literary Club, but do not specify whether a Reading or an Essay Club. If you want the former, send a stamped envelope to Miss Mann, Berwick Villas, 46, Trinity Road, Wood Green, N.; or to Miss G. Gabb, 18, Wellington Square, Hastings, Sussex; or else to Miss A. S. Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk; the subjects in the latter society including botany, geology, zoology, and geography. There are annually many changes as to the secretaries and conductors of such societies and their addresses. If you want an Essay Club, write Miss Withington, Secretary of the Phœnix Essay Society, Ashfield-Pendleton, Manchester. Stories and poems are admitted as well as essays. This club inflicts no fines. There are also Magazine Societies.

A BONNIE ENGLISH MAID (?).—You are too young to be eligible for any hospital. See our answers to the scores of inquirers on the same subject. But you might begin your home studies by procuring the little manual so often recommended, as you will see. You can also go through a course of ambulance study at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, and many other places where classes are held. Get a certificate and a medal also, if possible.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—There is a home for students of University College, at College Hall, Byng Place, London, W.C., Principal, Miss Grove. Also, Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C., Principal, Miss Cail. Apply to both, and send stamped envelopes for reply.

CARINA BIANCA.—Write to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Westminster, S.W., for a form on which to enter your application to sit at the Civil Service examination.

AGNES.—Go to some ambulance classes, and obtain a certificate and a medal, if you can; and study the manual entitled *Sick Nursing at Home* (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). Then resume your vocation later on.

A WOULD-BE NURSE had better refer to our very many answers to other correspondents on this subject—as to age, health, temper, patience, and those home-duties that ought not to be set aside for a self-chosen life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. G. McG——.—We much approve of your desire to be engaged in some good work for Christ's sake, apart from your duties in earning your living. The address of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen is 118, Queen Victoria Street (Bridge House), E.C. Write to the Secretary, Mr. Francis H. Wood. We answer our correspondents without any charge.

MYRTLE.—1. There are cases when to refuse granting a favour to one person precludes your conceding it, on the same occasion, to another.—2. To send presents and birthday-cards to men is very indiscreet. It is "playing with edged tools," and is making your attentions cheap. It is forward and familiar.

ERICA.—The words "*Dum spiro spero*," are Latin, and mean "whilst, or so long as I breathe, I hope."

"SISTER ROSE."—Accept our thanks for your kind and grateful letter. We are most thankful to hear that some of our Answers to Correspondents have been a help to you, and that you "have seen the fruits of your own work," both as a Sunday-school teacher, and as regards your weekly Bible Class. But as you say you "want to be a missionary away from your own home," and that you think "your father would not like you to leave home," you would be doing a very evil and un-Christian act in going. Your father is your guide, and you are placed under his authority by God; and you have to "show obedience at home, and requite your parents" for all you owe to them. Beware of "running where you are not sent."

ANN BUSHE.—We must repeat our opinion, so often given, that it is inexpedient for girls to correspond with men until engaged to them; and especially when so young—scarcely more than a child, as the girl is of whom you write. She may be very clever in managing the house, but she is utterly inexperienced, and her tastes and her judgment quite unformed. The man she may like to-day she might feel an insuperable objection to at five-and-twenty.

META.—The Hoang-ho is (being translated) the Yellow River, and like the Yang-tsze-Kiang, rises in Thibet, and after flowing upwards of 1000 miles falls into the Yellow Sea.

FLIGHTY SEVENTEEN should never go to a doctor nor a dentist unaccompanied by an older woman. Likewise, to drive with a man in a dog-cart, you should be accompanied by a friend or servant of your own sex, or by a brother.

ELEANOR A. N.—The discoloration of the teeth results from want of cleanliness. They should be brushed with chalk in the morning and tooth-soap at night. The state of your breath is probably connected with a bad digestion.

MARY.—Exchange your stamps with other collectors, or take them for sale to shops where cards of stamps are exhibited in the windows. There is a stamp department at all large co-operative stores. We think that you will find no difficulty in Dublin.

F. T. (Bath).—Not having seen the watch, nor heard the name of the maker, we cannot pronounce any opinion upon it. Watches in white metal cases can be had at the price you name, that go well, and prove satisfactory.

J. P.—The word "prevent" has both a modern and obsolete meaning. As employed in the Collect (Book of Common Prayer), it is used in its original sense. It is derived from the Latin compound word *præ-venire—præ*, before, and *venire*, to come—and as such it is employed (as you may know) in French. Thus it means to precede or go before; as well as, according to its modern use, to hinder or obstruct.

"AN INJURED INNOCENT."—After all our answers already given, how can you inquire? It would be "forward" to write to a strange man and "ask him to meet you somewhere." It would be utterly disgraceful and grossly indelicate. How could you so debase yourself?

ANXIOUS ONE.—Write to our publisher; his department is unconnected with that of the editor.

A. P.—You will not be eligible until you have been trained. There is no such thing as an "Imfirmary," it should be spelt Infirmary. Write to the Secretary or Superintendent of the Lambeth Infirmary, if that be your choice, and call there to obtain information and to be seen yourself. We think you are too young.

—— (Swansea). We thank our unknown reader for the strong expressions kindly employed in reference to her approval of our paper. With reference to the prepositions yours, hers, ours, and theirs, she is quite right in saying that they take no apostrophe, having the noun understood though not expressed. According to Dr. Angus, hers is a double genitive form, as are ours and theirs. Mine, thine, our, and your—originally genitives—were used in Anglo-Saxon as possessive pronouns and declined as such. Properly they should now be used only when possession or appurtenance is implied.

OLIVENE. — Your father is right in not spending money on your being taught to play the piano, when your necessary education has been so neglected, and to sell your watch to obtain a few lessons would be silly indeed; especially as you are not likely to get a piano. You have to educate yourself from the very beginning, for your writing, spelling, grammar, and pronunciation of English are all bad. It is clear that you drop your "h's" and put them on the wrong words, as you write the word "as," "has." You ought to be learning to earn your bread, or to help others; and it would be a sad waste of time to be strumming on the piano when your ordinary education has to be finished, and the useful work of your life to be commenced.

THORNLESS ROSE will find our five articles on the meaning and derivation of girls' Christian names in vol. iv. They commenced on Oct. 21st, 1882.

LAVINIA E. M. and CONSTANT READER II.—We have given two articles on the several duties of domestic servants. See vol. ii., pages 534 and 646, commencing May 22nd, 1881. You must qualify in hair-dressing, dressmaking, millinery, and plain sewing.

ALICE.—At fifteen years of age you are too young to be anything but an under-housemaid (except in a lodging-house), a kitchen-maid, or an under-nurse, or schoolroom maid.

FLORA SHORT.—We can give you no information about the private life and birthday of any clown. The 31st of August, 1863, was a Monday.

PEARL.—1. We are shocked at your taking one of the metaphorical names of our blessed Lord, and decline to give it in full.—2. English brides do not supply house-linen. A man should bring home his bride to a properly furnished home, in every way supplied with necessaries, when he takes her away from the comforts of her own home in her parents' house.

PERPLEXED SEVENTEEN.—Never go out alone—never appear to see the man, and inform your parents of the nuisance and impertinent intrusiveness to which you have been subjected.

VIOLET.—We can only say that we are glad you see the error of your way, and desire to conduct yourself in a more respectable manner. Cease to meet the man, and never do anything "unknown to your parents." You have been breaking the Fifth Commandment.

OLIVE. — The description of animal called in the Psalms and the Book of Job leviathan has been a moot question. In five cases the word used meant the crocodile; but some of the learned have thought it the great python, which is to be found represented on the Egyptian monuments. This monster is not now found in Palestine; but it has been recently captured in the river Zerka which flows through the plain of Sharon.

DODO.—1. Damp hands are the result of constitutional evil.—2. Permanent freckles that remain during winter as well as summer, are not, we believe, to be cured by any external application. See the articles by "Medicus" in reference to the complexion, and care of the hands and feet, the teeth, and the hair.

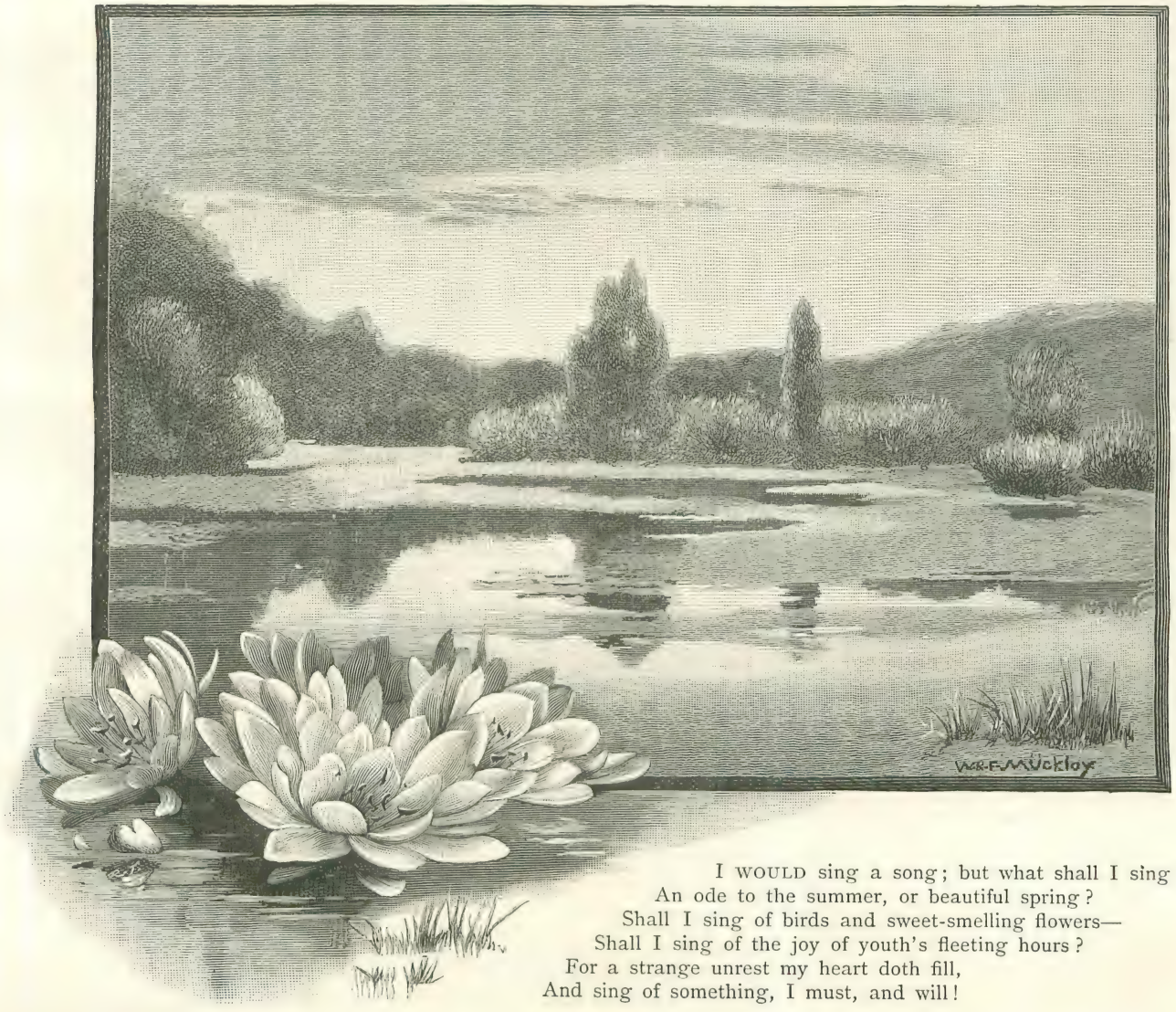
JEMIMA A. JONES.—A "fit of the blues" usually proceeds from a derangement of the liver and digestion. Take something for that, under proper advice; be careful about your diet, take gentle outdoor exercise, and occupy yourself in both useful and recreative employments. Never be idle, never give way to brooding. Pray for the graces of gratitude and of faith, and trust in a loving Providence. Both persons you name have much of good and of truth in their theories. We do not discuss such matters.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 754.] JUNE 9, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A SONG OF LOVE.

BY ETHEL MORGAN.



I WOULD sing a song; but what shall I sing?
An ode to the summer, or beautiful spring?
Shall I sing of birds and sweet-smelling flowers—
Shall I sing of the joy of youth's fleeting hours?
For a strange unrest my heart doth fill,
And sing of something, I must, and will!

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But summer is passing, the daylight dies,
The birds will warble 'neath sunnier skies;
The flowers will vanish as visions bright,
And round us will gather the mists of night.
Then is there nothing that lasts for aye?
Will all things wither and pass away?

Nay, something must last for ever, I know,
As the ages swiftly shall come and go;
Though suns may rise, and though suns may set,
Though the heart of man may worry and fret;
Though rivers end in the rolling sea,
Though Time is lost in Eternity,

The love of God will remain for aye
Unchanged, unchanging from day to day;
For ever the same that mighty love,
Though the Earth shall melt, and the Heavens above,
As a dream of the night, shall pass away,
Lost in the glorious light of day.

Then I'll sing of that mighty changeless love,
And my song will rise to Heaven above;
'Twill traverse the earth from sea to sea,
'Twill vanish into eternity;
'Twill roll as a wave on that deathless shore,
And sweetly echo for evermore.



THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

LATER on Constance got permission from Miss Price to go at the time named, and a month afterwards she bid farewell to St. Margaret's Hospital and all the old familiar faces, and sallied forth in search of fresh scenes and a new experience. It was the 1st of March, a glorious day in the early spring, with just sufficient touch of frost in the air to make it thoroughly exhilarating, whilst the warmth and brightness of the sunshine came as a pleasant reminder that the long winter was at last over. It was one of those perfect days, when Nature seemed once more roused into action, buds were showing themselves on the trees and hedges, and the golden heads of the daffodils were already to be seen in woods and fields.

In a large square room in the very centre of a huge military hospital on this bright March afternoon sat two sisters; they were dressed alike in grey stuff dresses, white aprons, turned-down collars and cuffs, fine cambric handkerchiefs folded over their heads, making soft looking caps, and bright scarlet cashmere capes fitting round their shoulders. It was a singular uniform, and one that could not fail to attract attention.

The room was possessed of four good-sized windows, and the afternoon sun was streaming in, lighting up everything, and making the scarlet capes look more brilliant than usual.

One of the sisters was seated on a low chair by the window busily engaged with some needlework, but glancing up now and again as figures passed in the grounds below, or as boats glided along the smooth water which bounded them on one side. She was a finely-built woman with auburn hair and deep grey eyes and a singularly attractive face which, but for the extreme thinness of the lips, would have been considered handsome. There was nothing particularly attractive in the furnishing of the room; anyone coming freshly into it naturally walked straight up to one of the windows, and looking out on the lovely landscape exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful! What a charming room, to be sure."

At one end on a bracket stood a miniature statue of the brave pioneer of military nursing, and many a youthful follower looked at it in reverence fired by ambition to follow in her steps. A long table at which the sisters dined took up one end of the room, and always had a white cloth on it suggestive of the next meal.

There was a large mirror over the fireplace, which was often hung with festoons of ivy brought in by one or another from the woods.

A bookshelf hung in one corner, and a huge cupboard almost filled up one side of the room. A comfortable couch, a round table, and a piano found accommodation in the centre, and two high-backed arm-chairs stood as if sure of a welcome on either side of the fireplace.

Reclining in one of these arm-chairs, with a book on her knee and her feet on a footstool, was the other occupant of the room. She was much stouter than her companion, and had a remarkably fine face with black eyes and an abundance of jet black hair. The book was closed, and evidently the owner was feeling inclined to be lazy, and lay back dreamily watching the clouds as they floated past, or made a remark now and then to her more industrious neighbour.

The door presently opened and a sister entered dressed exactly as were the two in the room.

"Not been out to-day, how lazy you are," she remarked, as she walked up to them, and without waiting for an answer went on, "I have been right through the woods, and now am going to have tea; bring yours and let us have it at the same time."

"Just put some of our tea into your tea-pot," said Sister Duncan, who was still lolling back in the large arm-chair looking the very picture of ease and good-nature. "I feel quite exhausted with the thoughts of all you get through. By-the-bye, what is the name of the new sister who is expected to-night? I wonder what she will be like, and where she comes from, and how much training she has had."

The others laughed.

"You will be able to put her through her catechism when she gets here," said Sister Stamford, who had laid aside her work and was aiding the preparations for tea. "I only hope she will not be like the last comer."

The tea was soon made, butter and jam was brought out from the cupboard in the room, and the three sat down to enjoy their afternoon meal. Each sister was served out with a week's allowance of tea or coffee, sugar and butter, and each had a special corner of the cupboard where she kept it with her own cup, saucer, and teapot.

At breakfast and tea each sister made her own tea or coffee, as the case might be, but the eggs, bacon, or whatever was provided for breakfast was cooked in the kitchen.

Breakfast was ready at half-past seven; but prayers were not until eight, as the sisters did not go on duty until a quarter past, so that those who preferred a little extra bed to a hot breakfast, hurried in just in time to finish before the Lady Superintendent made her appearance.

Each sister got her own tea any time between three and six, according to her own convenience, and when finished removed her things to a side table, and the little maid whose business it was to wait on them washed up.

"I wonder when the sisters will be back from Africa," remarked Sister Peel as she rose from the table. "I have always got it hanging over me that I shall have to give up my division, and indeed I am quite tired of hearing about Sister Pinches; though I have never seen her, I am quite sure I shall not like her when she does come. I hate all paragons!"

"You ought to be devoted to Sister MacMahon in that case," put in Sister Stamford, "she certainly cannot be called a paragon unless it be of vice. I cannot think how she ever got into the service where we are all supposed to be such ladies. I call it a sin to have taken a woman like her. Not many matrons would keep her; certainly very few would have taken her; but then, what can you expect under the circumstances. It takes a woman to fathom and understand women—youth, a pretty face, and attractive manners get over most men. Hush, here she comes!" she added in a low tone as the door opened and Sister MacMahon came into the room, evidently with the same object in view as themselves, for she went to her cupboard, took out her teapot, and proceeded to make her tea, then bringing her things to the table

seated herself at some little distance from the others and began her meal. She was one of the junior sisters, not having been at the hospital much more than six months, and some of the others had been six or seven years in the service. On the whole she had been fairly quiet since her arrival, though already one newcomer had left in disgrace through no fault of her own, but because she had quite unconsciously been made a tool of by Sister MacMahon, and finding that her story was not believed by Miss Playfair, asked to be allowed to resign.

Sister MacMahon thought she had come to a capital place for sport, her only difficulty being the fact that she had no companion to suit her, and when she heard that a newcomer was expected, hoped that she might be one after her own heart, and consequently this afternoon she was feeling in rather extra good spirits.

Before all had left the table the servant came in with a message from Miss Playfair to say that the president was to see to the newcomer who was expected about six o'clock, and she was to be ready to go on duty the next morning, and Miss Playfair would see her after prayers.

Before long the president made her appearance, coming in like the rest for tea. She was rather a sweet-faced looking woman of medium height, with large brown eyes and fair wavy hair. She was the senior at home until the two returned from South Africa, and had already completed six years' service. She was sick officers sister, and was rather more busy than usual just now, having two who were very ill—one an operation case, and the other suffering from typhoid fever. She made no comment on receiving Miss Playfair's message further than remarking, "Oh, to be sure, I forgot Sister Wilson was to come to-night. I hope she will get here before I have to go back to my ward."

Wilson, thought Sister MacMahon to herself, surely I know that name. "Can you tell me," she inquired of the president, "what Miss Wilson's Christian name is?"

"Let me see, Hope, I think," she replied. "I have heard it, but I am not quite sure. Do you expect to find an old friend?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied Sister MacMahon; "the name sounded familiar, that was all." But she rose from the table as though to put a stop to further questioning, and left the room.

"It is to be hoped, I am sure, that she will not be an old friend of Sister MacMahon's," remarked Sister Stamford as the door closed, "a nice pair they would be."

Constance, meanwhile, was fast nearing her destination. It was too dark to see the names of the stations which she passed, and as she was totally unacquainted with these parts, nothing that she saw around gave her any clue to her whereabouts.

She was naturally wondering a good deal to herself as to what sort of a place she was getting to, and she thought she felt more nervous now than even when she first set forth to St. Margaret's.

At length the train stopped; there were not many passengers, and everyone seemed to be getting out. A porter came up and informed her where she was, and she was not sorry to find that she had reached her journey's end.

She was fortunate enough to procure a cab, and in spite of the darkness she realised that she was indeed in the country, and the pure air and absence of noise and smoke were delightful prospects after the dust and din of the great city she had left.

Very soon she saw lights in the distance, and next she found she was inside the hospital grounds and driving right along the front of a very long building. She had a vague memory of stairs and corridors as she followed the cabman until she stopped and rang a bell. The door outside which they were standing was opened by a small maidservant, who seemed to know all about Constance's arrival, and was quite patronising as she ushered her in and told the man where to put the box.

"Miss Playfair is not at home," she said in reply to Constance's inquiry. "Oh, here is Sister Horniblow," as the president came forward; "she will see after you," and so saying she took her departure.

They were standing in a narrow passage with doors on either side, and Constance was just speculating as to whether they were rooms or merely cupboards, when the appearance of the sister stopped all further conjectures.

"How pretty she is," thought Constance, "and what a becoming dress. I wonder if all wear the same."

"How do you do?" she said pleasantly, holding out her hand. "It is Miss Wilson, is it not? I am sorry that Miss Playfair is out and will not be able to see you till morning, but she asked me to take care that you were made comfortable. I will show you your room, as I am sure you will be glad to get your things off, and you will be able to unpack before supper, which will be ready about eight. You are to go on duty, I believe, in the morning," she said, as she opened one of the doors near where they were standing, showing a tiny room, smaller, Constance thought, than the one which she first called her own at St. Margaret's.

"Here are your aprons, and I will just show you how to put on your cap," continued the sister, "as no one is allowed to be about without one on. It would be considered quite a crime," she added with a bright smile. "There, I must be off now, as I have my work to do," so saying she closed the door and left Constance to her own thoughts.

She set to work unpacking her things, tidying up as she went along, feeling somewhat desolate, and longing for her old friends, and wondering very much what Miss Playfair was like, and whether all the sisters would be as nice as the one she had seen. One sister had been on the look-out for her arrival, and caught sight of her as she was following the cabman along the corridors; it was Sister MacMahon, and at the first glimpse of Miss Wilson's face the expectation died out of her own, leaving an expression of blank despair. When later on the sisters had assembled for supper and Constance had been introduced by the president to as many as were there, some one remarked that Sister MacMahon had complained of headache, and gone to bed.

Constance was standing talking to Sister Duncan, but the name caught her ear and involuntarily she looked up. Every action of a new-comer is noted by some one, and when she had returned to her room and a few remained talking together, Sister Stamford remarked, "Well, what do you think of Miss Wilson? Did you notice how she pricked up her ears at Sister MacMahon's name. I do believe she knows her."

"If she does know her, she is not one bit her style. She is a lady, whoever she may be, and has a very sweet face," put in the president.

"Oh, it is a mistake to judge by looks; so at least I have found it," replied Sister Stamford, "but we shall see; she has not much to say for herself," she went on, "or else you shut her up with your catechising," turning to Sister Duncan.

"No, I let her off very easily indeed," she answered; "besides, to tell you the truth, I rather took to her."

When Constance awakened in the morning the sun was streaming into her room, and hearing movements around her she got up, and on looking out was delighted with the view which met her gaze.

When she went into the day-room, feeling shy and strange, the president got up and asked her to come and sit by her, saying she had made the tea for her.

Breakfast seemed to be a hurried meal, and each one returned to her room as soon as she had finished. Just as Constance and Sister Stamford were going out together they met Sister MacMahon just entering in haste to swallow down her breakfast before prayers. Sister MacMahon would have passed without any sign of recognition, but when Constance exclaimed "Nurse MacMahon," she stopped, and with a forced smile which Constance knew so well, said:

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Constance coloured. "How could she meet her thus?" she thought; then realising that Sister Stamford was looking on with apparent interest she moved forward, without remarking, as she otherwise would have done, where she had met her.

Prayers followed, which were read by the president, this being the case whenever Miss Playfair failed to make her appearance, after which came the terrible moment (the remembrance of which would never fade from her memory), when she was told to go into the office as the lady-superintendent wished to see her.

After a timid knock Constance entered, and was aware of a woman's figure bending over a table on which were piles of large blue envelopes and paper. Miss Playfair, for she it was, raised her head; she might have had a pleasant face but for certain hard lines.

"How do you do?" she said without rising and with no warmth of greeting in her tone. "You arrived last night. I shall wish you to go on duty this morning and take over one of the surgical divisions? Did you see a card in your room with rules?"

Constance had not noticed it.

"When you leave me," she continued, "you had better read it through, and you must understand that I am most particular about the rules being strictly adhered to."

Constance felt her heart sink within her.

"You will find nursing in the army very different from civil hospital work," went on Miss Playfair, looking her up and down, "and amongst so many men you cannot be too circumspect. Have nothing to say to anyone, doctors, patients, or orderlies, except what is necessary concerning your work. You may go now," she added, turning again to her table, "and tell Sister Peel I wish to see her."

An hour later Constance was standing in a little scullery belonging to the first surgical division, feeling most dejected. Sister Peel had been told to hand over her division, and was not particularly pleasant about it, though of course Constance could not help it, and was quite distressed at having to take the work from her.

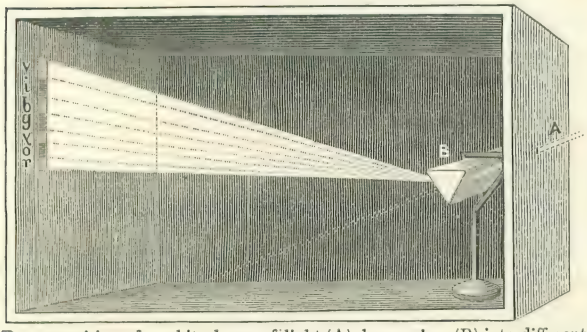
"It is Doctor Bell's visiting day," she thought to herself, as she waited alone whilst Sister Peel went round with her doctor. "I wonder why I was not satisfied to remain where I was and where everyone was so kind. I would give a good deal I know to be back at this moment. What will Dorothy say when she hears that Nurse MacMahon is one of our select band; and the rules too, I must really send her a copy, they are so amusing. Quiet and orderly behaviour is enjoined in wards and corridors, personal reserve is to be combined with strict and respectful obedience to officers, courtesy and kindness is to be shown to non-commissioned officers and men, jewellery is forbidden, and frizzled hair not allowed." Constance smiled to herself as she thought of some of them. "No civil hospital, I am sure, can boast of such a comprehensive set of rules as are thought to be necessary for this select band of ladies."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

PART VIII.

The Mystery of Colour.



Decomposition of a white beam of light (A), by a prism (B) into different bands of colour—(v) violet, (i) indigo, (b) blue, (g) green, (y) yellow, (o) orange, (r) red.

If in a small darkened room, a round hole is made high up in a shutter, and a ray of light allowed to enter through it, and fall upon a piece of glass called a prism, the ray will divide into violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red bands of colour. If these bands of colour are again allowed to fall upon a second prism, placed in a certain position, they will again be united into a white beam of light. This simple experiment proves that the white of a beam of light results from a mingling together of the colours of the spectrum. Red is seen by us to be red, because little vibratory waves, travelling at the rate of 458 million of million times in a second, fall upon the eye, the length of each wave being $\frac{1}{36000}$ of an inch. Violet is seen by us to be violet, because vibratory waves travelling at the rate of 727 million of million times per second fall upon the eye, and have a wave-length of $\frac{1}{64000}$ of an inch, and so on, each several colour having vibratory waves, that recur at different lengths and velocity.

Objects are put together in various ways, or in scientific language, have different molecular constructions, and so each molecular construction reflects back to the eye its own particular vibratory motion or colour. Thus the molecular surface of a white object reflects back to the eye the undivided white light, and takes into its own construction none. A black surface sends back practically none of the white light, but instead absorbs all the rays that fall upon it. A green surface absorbs or quenches all the other bands of colour which make up the white light, except the green, which it sends dancing back to the eye. Therefore a red rose is constructed in such a manner as to absorb or quench the different rates of vibration that make up the different colours, except the red vibration, which instead of absorbing, it sends back to the eye as little vibratory waves pulsing at the rate of 458 million of million times per second. Some flowers are constructed to send back blended colours, and so is obtained all the infinite variation of hues and colours seen in the garden and hedge-row.

The Use of Colour to a Flower.

Mankind has for long ages, and with a fond conceit, imagined that the sweet smell and beautiful colour of flowers were fashioned with principal regard for his benefit. That they do administer to his purer and higher life cannot be questioned, but this is not the chief reason for their glorious existence.

The smell and colour of a flower are intended firstly as a method of securing the most healthy and perfect growth of the tree on which it appears; and while doing this essential work it unconsciously pours out on all sides a stream of the purest health and delight.

Human society will be verily in a noble state when its members live out earnestly and easily their higher life, and in doing so administer mostly, fitly, and helpfully to the true happiness of those about them.

Cross fertilisation (by which is meant that the pollen of one tree of the same species is conveyed to another tree of the same species), is the means that vegetation employs to secure a strong and healthy existence.

The wind accomplishes this for the inconspicuous flowers of the pines, oaks, poplar, willow, hazel, nettles, grasses, sedges, etc. The bright petal has developed and unfolds itself as a signal to the butterfly, bee or insect that it contains a store of honey, which as a rule cannot be taken except by the insect that bears on its body the pollen of another plant of the same species, and so the insect, in abstracting the honey (unconsciously I imagine) leaves behind part of the pollen it has collected, and thus is secured the greatly needed cross fertilisation.

Very showy flowers, especially those with variegated or spotted petals are seldom sweet; whereas white or very pale flowers, such as the jasmine and clematis, and inconspicuous flowers as the mignonette or sweet violet, have developed instead their sweet smell, which attracts certain insect fertilisers. Some flowers smell only at night as an invitation to the night-flying moths; were they to smell by day they would probably be robbed of their nectar by day-flying insects, which could not effect the requisite fertilisation,

A Moth's Weapon of Defence.

One day I was walking along by some ugly looking suburban wooden palings, and noticed that what appeared a dead leaf (as is so often the case) had got stuck between its planks, and that a boy was looking hard at it. Being in a hurry, and with my thoughts far away, I walked on; but after going a few paces it occurred to me that the boy could not with open mouth be simply looking at a dead leaf, so I retraced my steps, and found that what I thought was a dead leaf was a lappet moth.

I at once secured the insect. Here is a very good illustration of how moths by mimicking their surroundings can deceive their enemies. The imitation was so good that I was deceived, and the boy was too puzzled to do anything except stare in wonder and astonishment.

In the American tropics exceedingly beautiful and bright butterflies (*Heliconidæ*) fly about slowly and weakly, and being very conspicuous (as they are in no way like their surroundings) can easily be seen by their enemies, and yet they fly about in great numbers apparently untouched. The reason being that these beautiful insects possess a strong, pungent, semiaromatic or medicinal odour, which seems to pervade all the juices of their system, and if squeezed between the fingers a yellow juice exudes that stains them, and requires a deal of washing to efface. Birds in consequence, learning from experience, will not touch them. My lappet moth had developed a dull brown colour (like a dead leaf) as a protection, whereas these South American butterflies have developed bright colours as a warning of danger; a protection against enemies being the end desired and effectually attained by both species.



Lappet Moth on a Fence.



Lappet Moth (Lasiocampa Quercifolia)

Now if any other butterflies, not having a nasty taste, can mimic in appearance the nasty flavoured ones, they would stand a good chance of deceiving their enemies, and thus of preserving their lives. This is done by certain of the lepalis, which so exactly resembles the nasty tasting heliconidæ, that they not only delude their enemies, but have mystified such eminent naturalists as Bates and Wallace.

The effect of Music on Dogs.

I have wondered, on seeing dogs howling at music, while not attempting to get away from it, what are the sensations that it excites in their brains. Does it with them as with us, only in lesser measure, arouse a sensation of sadness and pleasure subtly mixed, a dreamy feeling that there is a something beyond our experience which cannot be defined, suggestive of hope and harmony, of loftier existence than the present.

Some dogs will howl when the violin is played and not when the piano, and others will do just the reverse of this. Some notes will excite this effect and not others, and so on. I used to watch with amusement a smart-looking fox terrier, sitting, as was his habit, on the ledge of an upstair window, noticing with the keenest interest the passers below him, and when one of his own race passed his excitement grew intense. One day he was sitting in his accustomed seat, when a street organ, quite unperceived by him (mark that), began to play. At the very first note his attentive keen head and forward ears were sent up into the air in an attitude of supreme despair, and he began to howl as if every nerve of his body was on the rack, just as if an electrical message had been sent from the first note straight to his brain.

On excellent authority I have heard of a dog who would howl directly his master began to extemporise, and if the composition proceeded, would jump on to his master's knees and try to paw away his hands from the piano.

Professor Weissmann, the noted German naturalist and philosopher, tells of a dog so fond of music that directly it began in the house he would come from distant rooms and open with his paw the door of the room where the music was going on. He knew of another dog who would never be kept at home during the fair, which was held twice a year at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This dog would gratify his love of music by following the street bands that played at that time. His master indulged his musical talent by keeping his supper for him till his return home each evening.

H. B. M. Buchanan, B.A.

ADA AND RUTH.

THE STORY OF TWO GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER II.



A joy too deep and full at first for words, a feeling of strong, warm arms around her that held her more lovingly and closely, and with a tenderer touch than any arms had held her since her early childhood, a consciousness that the sunshine was brighter, and the sea-breeze softer, and the flowers sweeter than sunshine and breeze had ever been before; such were Ruth's first impressions of her father's arrival. Then, after a few minutes of silent thankfulness, her father said, looking down at her and lifting her head which still lay upon his breast—

"Child, your eyes are your mother's, and yet not your mother's. You are a sweet, new gift which God has given me, and yet you are like an old blessing given back."

"I will try to be a double gladness to you, father, I will try to make up for mother's loss ever, ever so little, and I will try to be something to you, too, as your own little Ruth herself," she answered, a smile making a rainbow of her tears, which were still flowing softly.

After that, Ada came forward to have her share of affectionate greeting from her father's old friend, and to hover round him for awhile in her winning, caressing way; and next Mr. Winterborne, who had just come in, hastened out, with his big, hearty voice trembling a little, though he strove to hide a tear which would insist upon making its way up into his eye, to bid his old school-fellow welcome.

At length, however, all the bustle, and the tumult of feeling, and the cross-fire of questions and answers, and the gathering up of long dropped threads of memory were over, and Ruth and her father were alone together, together to kneel down and offer up a prayer of gratitude for their reunion: she knelt beside him, and he held her hand in his; it seemed to her like a dream, for she had so often dreamt and re-dreamt of this meeting, and yet how calmly, how securely true and real it all was, and what a radiant future appeared to the girl to be spread out before her.

"We do mean to be so happy now, don't we, father?" cried the girl, the natural joyousness of her age at length, at such a moment, breaking down the barriers of her usual quiet stillness of tone and manner and overflowing from her lips, as, the moments of solemn thanksgiving being past, she and her father stood side by side at the window in the evening light. "Ada and I have settled it all; we shall take that pretty villa down by the bay, you can just see the top of it there to the right between the trees, and Ada and I shall be always near each other, and I shall be able to love her and you too; and you and dear, kind Mr. Winterborne will be able to have long, long talks together and we shall be all just like one family. And then," she went on, her eyes glowing, "and then, papa, you and I will go about among the poor people, and you will teach me to do ever, ever so much more good among them than I have done before, and at Christmas we will make every cottage bright with gifts; nice warm shawls for the old women, and toys for the little children, and packets of tea for their mothers; we are quite rich, papa dear, are we not? Mr. Winterborne has always told me that we are. The one thing that makes having plenty of money something to be glad about is, that it makes us able to help all the sad, and the weak, and the poor, and to bring comfort where it is all coldness and gloom."

As the girl spoke these last words, a troubled look came over Charles Stapleton's face, that same expression had been there with yet greater intensity as he had sat in the carriage which had brought him from the railway station to Charfield, but the joy of the meeting with his daughter had, for a time, driven it entirely away, and his still handsome features had had an almost youthful sunshine upon them. Now, however, the shadow, which had been there before he saw his child, returned and settled on his brow, and Ruth noticed it wonderingly, yet with innate womanly quickness.

"Is anything the matter, papa? Have I stupidly said something that I ought not?" she asked timidly.

He was silent for some moments, but the way in which he put his arm around her and drew her close to him showed her that he was not angry with her, whatever else might be in his mind.

"Would you care very much for being poor, my Ruth?" he said at length, in a low tone.

She looked up quickly, surprised at what seemed to her a strange question just at that instant, when there was apparently nothing to call it forth; then seeing that his eyes were fixed very gravely and earnestly upon her, she answered, after some seconds of hesitation, as if the notion were one quite new to her, yet answered very quietly and firmly, as if she had fully made up her mind on the subject,

"No, I should not care for it if I could still keep your love and the love of everyone that is dear to me, and if I could find some calling in which I could work bravely to get my own living, and to strive, at the same time, to be a true servant of God; I daresay I should find many things I could do for Him, and a great deal in my life that I could give Him without money."

There came a gleam of most serene and radiant light across the father's face as he listened to her, a gleam dispelling for awhile all cloud.

"My child," he whispered, "if the blessed can watch what is going on here below, it must gladden your mother, even in the midst of the joy of her Lord, to hear such words as these from you to-day."

"Do you think so?" she said with a happy smile, yet speaking very simply; then after a short pause she added, "but, father, is there any reason for your asking me this question about being poor?"

"Yes, Ruth, there is a reason for it," he answered slowly; "after my landing at Southampton, and before I came here, I went to London, where I was called by an urgent letter from our family lawyer which had reached me just before I left India. There I found that a great misfortune had happened to us. The world in general, no doubt, would call it a crushing misfortune. But it cannot be that for those who live for something better than this world, my Ruth; besides, the joy of looking on you, of holding you in my arms, took half the weight of it off me, and now to hear you speak as you spoke lately is a higher, more strengthening thing still for your father."

"And this misfortune has something to do with loss of money?" asked Ruth.

"The bank, Ruth, in which the greater part of our money was, has suddenly failed. I tell it you plainly at once, because I see, now, that you are brave enough and strong enough to bear such news as a Christian woman should."

The sudden tidings were, in truth, no small shock to Ruth Stapleton. She had always, from her childhood, been used to regard herself and her parents as in very easy circumstances, and to think that she should one day be an heiress; she had had full right to do this, for, as has before been said, her father possessed so ample a fortune that he had no need, as far as this world went, to follow any profession. The words she had just spoken showed sufficiently that her education had been of so judicious and nobly Christian a sort, that she looked upon wealth, as every religious man and woman should do, as a high trust from God put into her hands to make her active and zealous in doing good; but not the less for this was it naturally a considerable blow to her to find herself all at once and unexpectedly thrown into poverty. Her father was right, however. Ruth, with God's grace helping her, met the situation with wondrous calmness and courage. After he had spoken, she stood for some moments with her hands tightly clasped on her breast, with her colour coming and going quickly, with her breath hurrying in and out between her parted lips, which looked as if they wanted to send forth a cry, but were restrained by a power from within stronger than themselves. Then at length she murmured, and the sound came to the father's ear softly yet refreshingly like an evening breeze, such as he had known after the burning day in eastern climes,

"The dear Master above must know that this is best for us, He will lead us, He will show us the way in the new paths; may His dear will be done."

Then she drew once more very close to her father's side, and put her arms around him with a new strength of love in their touch.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

IN this, the concluding part of my series, I propose, not only to pursue the subject of Women's Progress in its onward march into further fields of multifarious work, but to gather up the threads of what sailors would call "a yarn," not yet spun out to their full completeness in the three preceding articles. For, as time travels on, new ventures are made, and new successes follow; and the number rapidly increases of women who work efficiently; albeit, some on humble lines, and for ever unknown to fame; yet with ample credit to themselves, and unquestionable benefit to others. And so, likewise, the roll of distinguished names amongst women of splendid abilities, and of energy equally great, shows day by day, and month by month, their ever-increasing numbers.

I may extract a few passages from a Transatlantic paper. "The girl-graduates this year are unusually interesting. They include those who have taken courses in Law, Medicine, and Theology, Bachelors and Masters of Arts, and one or two Doctors of Philosophy. At Vassar the themes of their commencement addresses included for example, 'New Prison Methods,' 'Spiritualisation of Thought in France,' and 'Mediæval and Modern Charity.' Even in their school-days they dream of uplifting and bettering the human race, the great Mother-heart of womanhood, speaking through the enlightenment of woman's brain. When Vassar college was founded, solemn old gentlemen doubted whether it would live, 'the delicate female brain could never bear the strain of severe study.' But Vassar has passed its twenty-seventh anniversary, and numerous others for women have been established; and nearly every college and university in the land is open to them. And the 'delicate female brain' steals away the best and most difficult to obtain of the prizes and collegiate honours to be conferred." By the terms of Miss Garrett's gift to the medical school at "Johns Hopkins University," the award of Honours will be absolutely impartial in that school, and a graduate of Vassar, Miss Christine Ladd, was the first permitted to enter as a student. The first woman who received from it the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was Miss Florence Bascom, who had previously taken the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Literature, and Science, and Master of Arts. At Columbia College, New York City, Miss Laura Grace Levy won the Mathematical Prize over a number of young men competitors.

It is pleasant to hear that the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Heidelberg have admitted women students to the degree of "Doctor," and a Fräulein Windscheid is about to compete for it. At Gottingen, similar facilities are offered, and two English ladies who have already studied mathematics at Cambridge, are attending lectures there.

Before concluding this department of women's intellectual culture, I must add a few more instances of the highest culture attaining the highest academical honours. The Misses A. M. J. E. Johnson, and E. A. Stoney attained to the position of "Wranglers" last year. Both these studious and gifted lady Wranglers are distinguished as regards sports—the latter a tennis champion. Amongst other remarkable women of Girton and Newnham who have risen to positions of the first eminence, senior and junior "Optimes," and first-class honours in the Natural Science, Classical, and Historical "Tripos," I may cite, for example, Miss Minnie Baldwin, Miss Edith Purdie, Miss Edith M. Platt, Miss Norah L. Fry, and Miss Lillian C. A. Tomms (now Mrs. Henry Clarke). Also at the London University, Miss Maria Ogilvie has passed the examination for the degree of "Doctor of Science" with the highest credit, having previously gained the Gold Medal as the Head of the Ladies' College, Edinburgh, and a Prize of £100. In 1890 she obtained her degree as Bachelor of Science at University College, London, and was awarded the Gold Medal for Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. Space would fail me, or I should like to add very many more distinguished names; but I cannot even record all the honours attained by the gifted women already named.

Having spoken of distinguished scholars of Girton and Newnham, it is only fair to conclude this part of my subject by observing that the newly appointed Principal of Bedford College, is Miss Emily Penrose, a student of Somerville Hall, and a brilliant classical scholar.

Again reverting to women's progress in America, I may mention that Miss Alice Heald, for several years past a County "Superintendent of Public Schools" in Iowa, was appointed (about a year ago) a member of the "State Board of Education," and having been proposed as the Republican nominee for "State Superintendent of Public Instruction," was so heartily supported by prominent persons connected with education in that State, that no doubt she was duly appointed to the office. Already I have referred to lady astronomers, and may add that Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of the late astronomer, R. A. Proctor, is delivering lectures on Astronomy to young people, under the management of Major Pond, Everett House, New York.

It is a fact worth recording, that a Miss Knowles has been elected Attorney-General of the State of Montana, U. S. A., after a spirited campaign against two male competitors, and at the age of twenty-eight. It may be observed that while having a strong, firm character of face, she is a pretty woman; and it certainly is not those who have little chance of making conquests amongst the stronger sex that devote their time and strength to intellectual labour.

I spoke of Miss Millicent Fawcett and Miss B. Lamm as distinguished sanitary engineers, and I should have mentioned another, practising in the same profession, Miss Mary Bryant. Having been recommended as a promising scholar by the Durham College of Science, and being a graduate of the London University as well as of Durham, she undertook, some little time since, to investigate by the method of thermo-electric functions the changes of temperature which boiler-plates undergo during the conduction of heat. This was really a valuable application of knowledge and ability; for an accurate acquaintance with the conditions to which these plates are subject is a matter of considerable importance in marine engineering. It has been said that women have no gift for producing mechanical inventions; but with a wider field opened out to them, and better opportunities for the development of their abilities, we find already a small harvest of useful appliances springing up in many lines. Amongst a great variety of such inventions, including the "flying tricycle," recently patented in America, and before-named, we find the "Burden Horse-shoe machine," which turns out a shoe every three seconds. Another invention is that of a combined house-heater and kitchen range; devised by a Mrs. Wilcox; which is so perfect in its construction that a house of ten rooms can be heated during a period of twenty-four hours, and the cooking for the family accomplished with four ordinary scuttlefuls of coal only. It may be interesting to some to know a few particulars of its construction. A coil of pipe passes through the furnace part of the range, and through this pipe the water circulates; and it is heated and passed to the different rooms through other pipes, packed with asbestos to retain the heat. This ingenious invention was exhibited at the Chicago "World's Fair." I cannot afford to give further space to examples of women's mechanical capabilities, which for lack of teaching have lain dormant.

Engaged in another department of practical science we find Miss Mary O'Brien, of University College, Aberystwith, who is attached to the Oxford Botanical Laboratories, and devotes herself to the assimilation of nitrogen by leguminous and other plants. Women gardeners are much on the increase, and the good feeling of the "Kent County Council" has been shown in throwing open to their competition (with men) thirty-five scholarships of £60 each, and some at £30, at the "Swanley Horticultural College." It is estimated that there are at present 6000 lady-gardeners in London alone (including the suburbs) who keep private gardens in order, either by the day or by contract; and classes are numerous round about London on the flower farms for their training.

Perhaps the creation of a lady mayor (not "mayoress" by marriage) may startle some of my readers. But the lead, as in the granting the franchise to women, has been taken by our own colony, New Zealand. The lady who holds the highest office in Onchunga is a Mrs. Yates, and she has had considerable experience in municipal affairs, her husband having filled the position she now holds for four years, assisted by his wife. She is a woman of exceptionable ability and clearness of mind, as may be supposed, her strength of mind being stamped on her countenance. Some of the rules she has instituted seem admirable. She says, "There should be much less talking"—fifteen minutes is the limit in her council, and five for a reply. She favours the institution of lady jurors and police warders, holding that no woman should be denied a woman to look after her. Mrs. Yates is herself a "Justice of the Peace," and since her appointment as mayor, a lady of Christchurch, and another of Dunedin, have been made Official Inspectors of Lunatic Asylums, with the powers also of Justices of the Peace.

A few words now on the subject of fresh, so-called "departures" in the manual employments and trades taken up by women. I am not able at this moment to say how many women are engaged in trade in this country, but in Paris there are 8000 women said to be doing business on an independent footing. Here we have 58,000 women enrolled in "Trade Unions." I do not name this with any idea of approval, but simply as proving their probable engagement in business, and the combined effort made to such an extensive degree in the supposed interests of trade. One lady, Miss Beatrice Potter, deserves well of the manual bread-earners as having written and read a paper on "How best to do away with the 'Sweating System,'" at a somewhat recent congress of co-operative societies, and published at the "Co-operative Union, Limited" (City Buildings, Manchester). I have not read the paper

myself, but it is said to demonstrate "how thoroughly a woman may master the details of a branch of social economy," and it is described as "a treatise which is as interesting as it is instructive."

Not even service in the passenger and mercantile navy is a forbidden vocation to a small proportion of energetic women having a special fitness for the duties such a command entails. There are properly licensed and certificated marine captains or "skippers" commanding steamships of the American passenger and mercantile navy who are women qualified as such; and there is also a female "purser," the first in the field (and there may now be others), Miss Beulah True. She was appointed to the *Emeline* of the "Maine Central Steamboat Service," the daughter of the captain. She is qualified as a navigator, could steer the ship from the age of eleven, and has acted as her father's "mate"—in every sense of the word— on many a long voyage. She is a clever artist likewise, and drew the illustrations for a history of Hancock, Maine, which has recently been published. She is only just out of her "teens," and is very pretty, gentle, and graceful. She likewise holds the appointment of "freight clerk and messenger for the American Express Company." Another young and beautiful woman has accompanied her American Arctic-explorer husband, Lieutenant Peary, on his expeditions to the region of the North Pole, and has braved all the dangers, fatigue, and privations of an Arctic winter.

The wife of Captain Healey, U.S.R.M., has also accompanied her husband four times to the Arctic regions in the revenue cutter *Bear*. These enterprises are not uncommon amongst the wives of sea-captains. Some very remarkable instances of the ability and courage exhibited by women, when the whole care and navigation of a ship has been entirely left in their hands, are on record, no advantage of previous training for such work having been utilised in these cases of extreme and unexpected emergency. I may here add the name of Mme. Nansen as an enterprising, fearless, and capable traveller, who proposed to join the expedition to the North Pole with her distinguished husband. But on the present occasion the state of her health precluded the carrying out of the enterprise. I have already named some energetic and practically useful and benevolent women explorers, and may include the name of Miss A. Taylor, who has written a work on her travels and adventures in Thibet.

It may surprise some of my readers to hear that we have already a lady stockbroker, and one of whom the highest opinion has been expressed. She is not enrolled in due form as such; but this is no bar to her practising in that capacity for those who feel confidence in both her ability and her integrity. I refer to Miss Amy E. Bell. This lady had a distinguished career at University College, Bristol, and a brief sojourn also at Newnham. She never advertises, and undertakes no speculative accounts whatever; and although a mere outsider, she has gained a reputation for highly-trained ability and absolute integrity, and has carried on her vocation for a period of about eight years.

I made some reference to women as illustrators; and picking up another of the dropped threads of the "yarn" which I am spinning, I am only just in giving two more names of women who are doing greatly-approved work in this line. These ladies are sisters, students of the Royal Academy, Miss Gertrude Hammond having been the winner of the £40 prize offered by the Academy for the best painting of a frieze subject, and one of her pictures having been recently purchased by the Empress Frederick. Excellent work of theirs in black and white have appeared in the *Idler*.

I might fill many columns with accounts of the several branches of philanthropic work carried on by our English women on a large scale; but I think it best to draw your attention to the new publication of a series of "Congress Papers," edited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, by command of Her Royal Highness the benevolent Princess Christian. It is entitled *Woman's Mission*, and was specially prepared for the Royal British Commission of the Chicago Exhibition (Messrs. Sampson Low). Women's work for children, and ragged schools, for girls, soldiers and sailors; for emigration also, and work in connection with the Church of England, are all dealt with amongst the subjects contained in this volume; together with sick-nursing, guardianship of the poor, and art, including needlework, etc. The efforts made for the reform, help, and elevation of their fellow-countrywomen—and men by no means excluded—by "honourable women, not a few," is a leading feature of the times. The example given by many members of our own aristocracy is worthy of universal emulation. At the head of these we have that of the Princess Christian, who, amongst many other efforts for the public good, established the School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, and the Girls' College, for their training in many departments of practical work, at Ealing.

Lady Henry Somerset is President of the "World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union for Great Britain," and the British Temperance Association, and is the leader of the White Ribbon Band, and of the Upward and Onward Association. The Countess of Carlisle is likewise an active worker in the Temperance Movement. The young Duchess of Montrose is giving her time and attention to the training of wives; and at the recent opening of the institution to which she has given her patronage, she made an admirable speech on the lack of knowledge amongst the lower classes of how to make a man's home comfortable; and likewise on the wretched, haphazard, so-called "training" of domestic servants, so large a majority of whom demand wages which they are not qualified to earn honestly. Miss Eleanor Benson, who a few months ago fell a victim to diphtheria contracted in the course of her district-visiting, bequeathed £2000 to the parishes of Lambeth for the purpose of training girls as servants, providing them with outfits and the means of paying for a holiday. Miss Tait, daughter of the former archbishop, is appointed to administer the fund. The young Duchess of Sutherland is another champion of temperance, and presiding over a meeting of 2000 women very recently at Hanley, she made an admirable speech. Another successful worker in the cause of temperance is to be found in Miss Frances Willard, M.A., President of the World's W.C.T.U., and of the National Sister Association, U.S.A. This lady was the first dean of a woman's college. Again, through the energetic action taken by another American lady, the daughter of a Governor of Ohio, some hundreds of drinking-saloons were closed.

Turning to a different field of labour, let me draw attention to the mission of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, Superintendent of the Society for Inaugurating Bible Reading for the World's W.C.T.U. The best known of her works is the *Secret of a Happy Life*, which has gone through forty editions, and, including Chinese, it has been translated into more than a dozen languages. Here, in England, we have such an army of influential women engaged in similar or other valuable work, both of the higher and middle classes, that I cannot attempt to extend my list. Yet I should particularly like to name the work carried on by the promoters of Bible-reading and prayer associations, which are so frequently named in the Correspondence columns of this Paper. A woman's accredited and authorised position, in regard to all such work is clear, from the terms with which St. Paul speaks of them, and the encouragement he commands to be given them (Philippians iv. 3), "Help those women who laboured with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life."

The new movement set on foot by Miss Stokes for the inauguration of a Female Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, placed under the same conditions as to military discipline and medical training as the staff corps of men, is an excellent undertaking. There will be no superficiality in their qualification in every branch of the work undertaken, including cooking, camping, transport, mending of carriages, harness, and tents, etc. On the occasion of the Egyptian campaign 1500 nurses volunteered for war-service.

How can I close a subject so full of interest to those for whom this magazine is specially provided, when so very much yet remains to be told? But all things must come to an end, and I will only add that the Report of a Royal Commission is about to appear on the question of women's wages, which are so inadequately paid, as compared with that which men claim and receive. I am glad to see that two fresh nominations have been made to women of appointments as Female Inspectors of Factories and Workshops. That women are found quick, efficient, and conscientious in places of trust has been more than demonstrated, and they are found able to compete on even lines with their brethren, and rise to the highest positions. Only recently Miss Arundel Colliver has retired from the Clearing-House branch of the General Post Office, where she entered as a telegraph-clerk twenty-three years ago. The next year she rose to be chief of the branch, charged at £250 per annum, and ten years ago at £400. This may be an encouraging little piece of information to many. Once more, in conclusion, we must not yet imagine that we "have the world at our feet." Amongst other populous countries we are a "drug," as in the "celestial empire." Even some of their ponds are too select for the reception of such worthless trash, amongst those whose proverb would teach us, "the worst son is better than the cleverest daughter!" A notice (we read in a contemporary) is now affixed to a large piece of water at Foochow: "Girls must not be drowned in this water."





"LILIES AND MEMORIES."

LILIES AND MEMORIES.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

OLD joys and sunny scenes return
To charm my weary eyes;
Out of the lily's silver urn
These hallowed visions rise.

I see the cottage in the lane,
When summer days are sweet;
I tread the lily-path again
With dancing girlish feet.

The doves are cooing in the wood,
The swallows flit and dart;
O! balmy days, too bright, too good,
For such a thankless heart!

My mother smiles—I hear her speak
In tender tones and low,
And feel again upon my cheek
The kiss of long ago.

O! lilies of the golden past,
O! love that made me blest,
Surely the Father's house is vast,
And there our treasures rest!

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

OF THE ITALIAN.

PART III.

IT is worthy of note that two contemporary Italian artists of the fifteenth century were sainted during their lifetime by the common voice of the people. One was a nun of the order of St. Clara, and the public loved to speak of her as "the Saint of Bologna." The other, at the age of twenty, became a Dominican monk, and was soon called "Il Beato," the Blessed. The name of this gentle holy friar, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, is probably as familiar to most of us as a nursery proverb. But I doubt if more than one or two here and there could tell us the name of the first modern paintress of any note. Yet Caterina Vigri should still be interesting, should still live in the memory of those who extol the touching sincerity of feeling, the really honest un-self-conscious goodness, in the quaint pictures of Giotto and his followers.

Very little is known of Caterina's personal history. Some old writers say that she was born of a noble family in Ferrara, in 1413; but recent authorities give Bologna as her birthplace, and have added a year to the date just mentioned. According to her Italian critics, she first distinguished herself by adorning service-books with miniatures, and tradition speaks of her as a maker of little amuletic images, that cured more diseases than the best physician in the city. But this, after all, is not saying a great deal, for the very best physician of those days (as shall be shown in due time) prescribed "remedies" apter to enrich the undertaker than to cure the patient. And then, may we not suppose that the sick had implicit faith in those amuletic trifles? and is it not worth while to remember that our own faith is very often the main ingredient in the medicines which do us good? Many credulous patients have derived health and strength from coloured bread pills, and some doctors I have met with inspired such a feeling of distrust as put a headache into every dose of their mildest tonics. So, remembering all this, I see no reason why Caterina's amulets may not have cured a long array of nervous and trustful invalids.

Two of the artist's pictures, inscribed with her name and the dates 1452 and 1456, are in the Pinacothek of Bologna and the Salla Palladiana of the Venetian Academy. Both, I think, are extremely interesting, and in both a St. Ursula holds open with both hands a long and heavy ermined robe, in the furry shelter of which kneel many quaint, serious little maidens wearing odd little crowns. The critic Kugler sneers at these efforts, with their unaffected, childlike character, and then assures the world that Caterina Vigri was an Ursuline nun who had studied under Lippo Scannabecchi, a Bolognese artist who discovered oil-painting before John van Eyck of Bruges. All I remark is that Lippo Scannabecchi, whom you probably know as Lippo Dalmasio, is reported to have died before the birth of Caterina Vigri shortly after making his will in 1410; that the foundress of the order of Ursuline nuns, Angela Merici, was born at Desenzano some years after Caterina's death; and, lastly, that Caterina was plainly taught and inspired by the only paintings known to her, the strange, earnest semi-Byzantine paintings of Lippo Dalmasio and Vitale da Bologna. In fine, she did the very best she could with the means at her disposal, and the wonder is that her design is as good as it is.

I have but to add, that Caterina died at Bologna in the year 1463, and was buried in the convent of Corpus Domini, which she had founded, and in which a few of her *naïve* paintings are still treasured jealously. And it may interest you to hear that Pope Clement XI., two hundred and forty-nine years after her death, conferred upon her the distinction of beatification, and so confirmed that title by which she was best known to her contemporaries.

With this we turn to Onorata Rodiana, whom I think we may consider as the only woman who ever achieved fame as a soldier and success in the world of art. Castelleone, in Cremona, was Onorata's native town, and she was born there in the early part of the fifteenth century. I cannot tell you who taught her to use the pencil and the brush. But I believe that, had it not been for her reputation as a clever painter and a beautiful woman, she might never have handled the dagger and the sword except, maybe, in play. The story runs thus: Onorata, when yet very young, was so admired for her beauty and her cleverness, that one day the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, who was justly called the tyrant of Cremona, asked himself how he, as a knight of chivalry, could best pay his dutiful compliments to her, and at the same time encourage her artistic exertions. The question was not difficult to answer, for Gabrino had been long of opinion that his noble palace was in need of pictorial decoration; and no sooner did this old idea come again to mind, than he sent a courteous message to the young girl appointing her to the hard task of making his state rooms more attractive. And during some weeks Onorata enjoyed her new work, difficult as it was; but it chanced one hot morning that the whole course of her peaceful life was changed by a dissolute scamp, a courtier, who came swaggering into the apartment, the walls of which she was painting, "and dared to offer an insulting freedom." Without attempting to describe the brutal scene which followed, I will content myself with saying, that Onorata had at last to defend herself with a dagger, and in doing so, killed her cowardly assailant. Then, horror-stricken, the girl hastened from the room, and quickly after, disguised as a man, fled the city.

Very soon there was a great stir at the palace, and stout men-at-arms were soon searching the city and scouring the country in all directions. But Onorata, being well aware that the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo would command a hot pursuit, had taken every possible advantage of her start, and no soldier got even a very distant glimpse of her doublet and hose.

In less than three months the marquis relented, and even summoned the artist to come back at once to her work, "which none but she could finish." Onorata, however,

could not return, as she had enlisted herself, after having braved many hard privations, in Oldrado Lampugnano's troop of Condottieri, where her sparkling intelligence and, above all, her intrepid courage "raised her to a position of command;" and so fond was she of fighting and camp-life that she continued soldiering, painting in her leisure hours, for thirty years. Are we then to believe that her companions, the brave Condottieri, used language less plain than that which Tommy Atkins is so noted for? Or was Onorata beloved and respected as a new Joan of Arc? I cannot say. But it pleases me to believe that, like the Luck of Roaring Camp, she softened the natures of those brave rude men. In 1472, whilst relieving her native town, Castelleone, from the Venetians who were besieging it, Onorata Rodiana fell mortally wounded, and died, like Nelson, in the blessed hour of victory.

Are you surprised to hear that I have now mentioned the only Italian women-artists of the great fifteenth century? Do you think it strange that a century in which all the most notable Italian painters were born—all except Fra Angelico, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese—should have been so singularly poor in clever women? This, to be sure, is a singular fact; but I hope to show that it is not difficult to account for it. There are, however, two ways of accounting for it, a German way and an English way; but the German, I think, is the right way. Indeed the German critic is usually trustworthy, for he does not, as a rule, regard time as money. He proceeds warily and slowly in his search after truth, whereas the English critic is apt to write with a rapidity which is inimical to accuracy of statement. It is no uncommon thing to find that, in his haste to produce a given amount of "copy" in a given time, he managed to mistake his own intuitions for historic facts. What follows will illustrate the truth of this assertion.

A well-known writer, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, would make us believe that clever girls met with no encouragement in any country during the revival of letters and of art. He tells us plainly, in *Women's Work and Worth*, that "an obstinate prejudice prevailed against the development of the artistic capabilities of women," who were "debarred from an intimate and continued communion with nature, from studying the achievements of the famous masters, from gaining a knowledge of the human organisation. The unreality and the narrowness of their moral and intellectual culture effectually prevented their progress. Their love of art flickered and died out like a lamp for which no oil is provided . . . How loud would have been the outcry if any woman had proposed to dedicate herself to the service of art! She would have been told that her purpose was indecorous; next, that she was physically unfitted to carry it out; and, lastly, that she could not hope to compete with men."

Stuff and nonsense! Our critic did not study his pleasing subject carefully, so how was he to know that Italy could boast in the sixteenth century of no fewer than twenty-seven clever female artists, all of whom were esteemed and "made much of?" Some of these fair painters (as shall be shown) were protected by the sovereign princes of Italy, above all by Popes Clement VII., Pius IV., and Gregory XIII.; but even beyond Italy, Philip II. of Spain, that terrible man, but great art patron, received several at his rigid, austere court and paid them liberally for their work. This being so, are we to believe that it was customary for Italian parents to run counter to their daughters' artistic aspirations? Is it in fact at all likely that most Italian fathers considered it would be "indecorous" for their girls to cultivate those very talents which the church, as represented by the popes, deemed estimable in women? Depend upon it, the average Italian parent saw nothing "indecorous" in anything protected by the church, praised by the well-informed, and admired by austere kings. He, like the average father of to-day, echoed the thoughts of the great world, and the great world, as we have seen, was a helpful friend to the female artist.

In short, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams contrived to mistake his own intuitions for historic facts. He should have said that the women of former and greater times seldom achieved success in the higher walks of art, simply because the proprieties of the day did not allow them to draw from the life, the undraped life. And in Italy, he might have added, girls married when so very young, that they had usually but little time, either before or after marriage, in which to study art with the proper seriousness. Some Italian ladies, it is true, did paint earnestly and successfully with little children playing about their easels; but we must suppose that the practice of art, where women were concerned, ended very frequently as it ends nowadays—with marriage!

But this is true of the sixteenth, as well as of the fifteenth century, and so we have still to explain why the one was so much poorer than the other in interesting women artists. In the fifteenth century, according to Dr. Ernst Gühl, woman's position in the world was altogether changed by the decline and death of chivalry, and that change was long unfavourable to the higher aspirations of her mind. Before I attempt to prove that Dr. Gühl is right, I wish to call your attention to the following fact: that chivalry did not begin to decline rapidly till about the middle of the century in question, at which period, as Sir Walter Scott says, it "Still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured; in some countries, by the establishment of arbitrary power, in others, by that of free institutions, which alike rendered useless the interference of those self-endowed redressers of wrong, whose only warrant of authority was the sword."

Chivalry, in its best days, was at once a sacred and a military organisation, an order of noble knights that defended Christendom against the Pagan and the Turk. Its sacred character was made manifest in numerous pious observances, and in such solemn vows as served to exalt the sentiment of mercy to a degree unknown to the heroes of antiquity. In other words, the true knight of chivalry respected his fallen enemies; whereas Achilles, to give you but one classic illustration, tied his fallen foe, the dead Hector, by the heels to his chariot, and in savage triumph dragged the body three times round the walls of Troy. So you see that mercy, whose quality *was* strained in Pagan times, was one of the virtues encouraged by chivalry. And to honour all women for the love of one was another. The gentler sex indeed was regarded with a sort of adoration, for the first good knights of chivalry seem to have felt what Richard Steele expressed so touchingly in words—I mean, that to love a noble woman was a liberal education.

With chivalry in its decline and decay we are not concerned here. Neither need we dwell upon the innumerable follies which disfigure its early history. Good knights, in order to prove their courage in times of peace, were certainly much too fond of holding bridges against all comers; and it is scarcely edifying to read that one nobleman made a great name for himself by sowing a large ploughed field with gold pieces, and another by killing and burning thirty superb horses. I have mentioned these insane follies because I wish you to understand that common sense, a quality which we esteem so highly, never prevented the virtues of chivalry from becoming ludicrous and extravagant. A sort of madness, known in France as "exaltation," turned generosity into wanton prodigality, bravery into foolhardiness, and respect for women into that extravagance of sentiment which Cervantes ridicules in Don Quixote, and which we may laugh at sometimes when reading of the imaginary cases tried in the Courts of Love. Yet it must never be forgotten that the story of Don Quixote himself is really the very sad story of a very noble gentleman, a sort of Charles Lamb with a little swarm of bees in his bonnet; and that those Courts of Love, with all their fantastic nonsense, were as schools to the ladies who shone in them. For without all doubt, something more than a beautiful face went to make a signal success in a Court of Love. True art in dressing, a playful and delicate wit and humour well in keeping with the spirit of the trial, were equally requisite. And I am sure that skill and taste in music, in literature, or in painting, served to distinguish one charming and clever lady from another. In a word, every Court of Love stimulated numerous women to the cultivation of their talents, and taught them to adorn something more than that part of the head which lies outside.

When chivalry had become a romance of the past, the near and delightful past, what happened? Woman fell at once from her "poetic elevation," was no longer the object of an inspiriting, stimulating worship. Yet the spirit of chivalry was still brilliantly alive in the poems of the troubadours, in the feminine talk of the day. And young girls sang those poems, and listened eagerly to that talk, and were affected strongly and permanently by what they heard and sang. If I may so express it, they lived in "Knightland," just as we, some years ago, lived in Fairyland; and when they were told that those great radiant knights, of whom they loved to think, and to speak, and to dream, had vanished for ever from the world, theirs was a bitter disappointment indeed, as was yours, I daresay, when you tried to find fairies in twilight woods. But their disappointment lasted ever so much longer than yours, because their grandmothers and their mothers, who remembered the waning glory of "the good old days," were never tired of bemoaning the weariness of life without chivalry, and the shocking rudeness of all the young men. Thus a great deal of precious time was lost in vain regrets, and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that the feminine mind began to take an interest in actual life.

Then, even in barbaric Germany, a few women were noted for their literary and artistic attainments; while Italy, favoured by and sacred to the arts, had every reason to be proud of a really noteworthy sculptress, Properzia de' Rossi; of a celebrated improvisatrice, Beatrice Pio; and of three fair poets—Veronica Gambara, Vittoria Colonna, and Gaspara Stampa.

Properzia de' Rossi was born at Bologna, in or about the year 1494. "The child was an infant phenomenon, like the youngest Miss Crummles," and was trying to do great things when she should have been studying. None the less, by dint of hard work, Properzia rose to eminence in her laborious art, and she is still remarkable as Italy's only good sculptress. The eminent engraver, Marc Antonio Raimondi, taught her to draw, but no one knows who taught her to model. She was very pretty, played several instruments better than any woman of her day in Bologna, and gained in scientific studies a distinction "well calculated," says Vasari, "to awaken the envy, not of women only, but also of men." As an artist she first called attention to herself by rivalling the achievements of two sculptors of antiquity, Callicrates and Mirme-

cides. Callicrates engraved some of Homer's verses on a grain of millet, and out of ivory made ants and other insects, so very delicate and minute that a moderately short-sighted person had, as it were, to admire them with his nose. As for Mirmecides, it is reported that he carved a chariot and four horses, with the charioteer, so small that a fly with its wings spread wide would have covered the whole. Properzia de' Rossi did something equally difficult, that preached the same great lesson of patience to the world. She managed to cut no fewer than seventy human heads on a cherry-stone, a wonderful little work of art which may be seen to-day in the cabinet of gems at the Uffizi. And upon eleven peach-stones, still treasured at Bologna in the Palazzo Manili, Properzia carved miracles of beauty and grace. These small intaglios are set in the body of a double-headed eagle in silver filigree, and each one is richly enchased on both sides. The face of a virgin saint, whose name is written underneath, and whose special virtue is recorded in a well-chosen motto, graces one side. As to the other it is adorned with a bust, representing one of the eleven "good" apostles, for it seems that Properzia could not bring herself to deliver down to posterity her own secret idea of Judas Iscariot!

Encouraged by her successes in this narrow but pleasing field of work, Properzia addressed herself to the task of ornamenting certain flat spaces above the arch over the high altar of the Church of the Madonna del Barracano; and it was reckoned surprising that her airy hand, a hand so astonishingly adept in cutting microscopic letters and tiny faces, should have given a decorative breadth and vigour to the scrollwork and the lions, the griffins and the eagles'-heads, the vases and the censers, with which those flat spaces were quickly made inaptly interesting. In 1525, shortly after Properzia had brought this curious ornamental work to completion, Il Tribolo, a sculptor of some note, was appointed to superintend the finishing of the bas-reliefs about the portals of the basilica of St. Petronius, in Bologna—bas-reliefs which Giacomo del Quercia had begun, and which, owing to artists' squabbles, had been long in a rough-hewn state. Anxious to have a share in the works, the young sculptress applied without loss of time to the superintendent, who told her that he would like to see a highly-wrought specimen of her skill. So Properzia executed a bust, in the whitest marble, of Count Guido de' Pepoli, that "pleased the family and the whole city, and procured immediate orders from Il Tribolo." These were commissions for the two spirited bas-reliefs, now in the sacristy of St. Petronius, representing Potiphar's wife seeking to detain Joseph by holding his garment, and the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon. Vasari calls the first of these productions "a lovely picture, modelled and chiselled with womanly grace, and more than admirable"—dear, lovable, gallant old Vasari! —"But envy," says Mrs. Ellet, "took occasion to make this monument of Properzia's genius a reproach to her memory. It was reported that she was profoundly in love with a young nobleman, Anton Galeazzo Malvasio, who cared little for her, and that she depicted her own unhappy passion in the beautiful creation of her chisel. It was probably true that her life was embittered by this unreturned love. One of her countrymen says the proud patrician disdained to own as his wife one who bore a less ancient name; and that he failed in his attempt to persuade her to become his on less honourable terms. Professional jealousy aided in the attempt to depress the pining artist. Amico Albertini, with several other artists, commenced a crusade against her, and slandered her to the superintendent with such effect that the wardens refused to pay the proper price for her labours on the façade. Even her alto-relief was not allowed to have its appointed place. Properzia had no heart to contend against this unmanly persecution. She never attempted any other work for the building, and the grief to which she was abandoned gradually undermined her health." Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, like nearly every writer of art I am acquainted with, says that Properzia "died in 1530 of a broken heart, bequeathing a bas-relief which she had undertaken to the one who had rejected her affections." And Mrs. Hemans, in her *Records of Women*, represents the unhappy artist as exclaiming—

> . . . "Tell me no more, no more,
> Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
> To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

Now, though I have no doubt that Properzia suffered much from the cowardly persecution of her brother-artists, yet am I certain that her fiery temper would not let her be a pining, woebegone martyr, such as Mrs. Ellet describes her. I am certain of this, because Properzia "was twice summoned to appear in court; the first time (in 1520) at the suit of her neighbour, Francesco da Milano, who accused her of having caused the trunk of a tree and twenty-four feet of vine to be thrown into his garden; and the second time (in 1525) at the suit of a painter named Miola, who charged her with assault and battery, and bore on his face marks which attested the truth of the accusation." I met with these disillusionising facts in Mr. Charles Perkins's *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*, and I wish I could come upon a detailed account of the second trial, so as to learn why Miola was thus immortalised with blows and scratches. However, there is enough evidence to prove that Properzia could fight her own battles, and in a way which made her terrible to her enemies.

As regards that unrequited passion, Mr. Perkins is of opinion that Properzia was not only devotedly attached to, she was also honestly loved by, Antonio Galeazzo Malvasio de' Bottigari, who survived her, and did not marry for some years after her death. But why these supposed fond lovers did not set the wedding-bells a-ringing, none can say.

Properzia de' Rossi died on the 14th of February, 1530. A few days later, Pope Clement VII., who had been called to Bologna to crown Charles V., asked to see her, but she had been already laid to rest in the Spedale della Morte.

W. SHAW SPARROW.



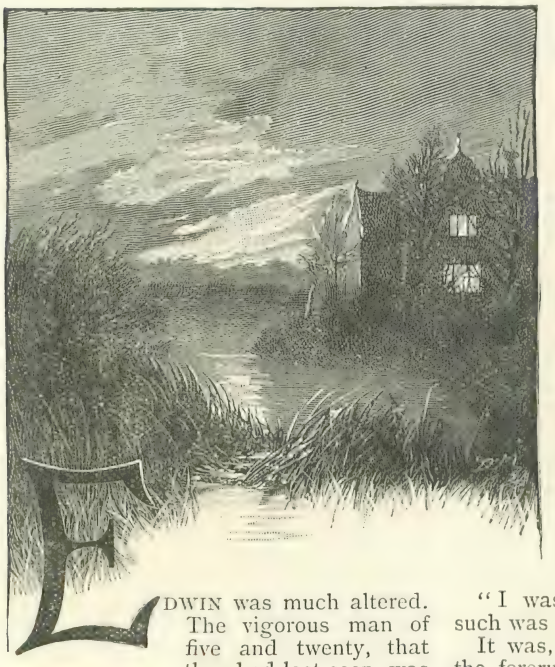
"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"L'on revient toujours
A ses premiers amours."

"Wer die Rose pflücken will, darf sich vor den Dornen nicht fürchten."



EDWIN was much altered. The vigorous man of five and twenty, that they had last seen, was in six years changed into a man of forty. His hair was turning grey, his face elongated, his figure bent. But what he had lost in physical he had gained in intellectual strength. There was a deeper expression in his piercing grey eyes, an increased dignity in his bearing. If his brow was lined, it was with thought; and if his frame was enfeebled, it was by labour. Mara looked at the man she had once shunned with a sort of fear, Mariana with veneration.

When, at last, warmth and circulation were restored by fire and food, there was space for conversation. All four drew round the cheerful fire, upon which great logs of crisp, sparkling wood were heaped, and began to talk in earnest. Mr. Vaughan grew almost genial, Mara's face kindled into its natural beauty, and Mariana flushed and paled as each word of Edwin's awoke some chord of feeling, while he seemed never to tire of looking at the trio.

"You have been ill, Edwin," said Mara. "What has made you so?"

"You have been ill, too, Margaret," he replied. "You are more changed than Mariana."

"Your paths have been among the thorns and briers," said Mr. Vaughan; "Nanno's has been unchequered."

"Never mind us, Edwin," said Mara; "tell us of yourself."

But Edwin could not speak readily of himself. It was by degrees they got him to talk of his wanderings and labours, and as they questioned and grew interested he warmed with his subject and poured forth some of his missionary history. He told them how he had been in the north of North America, preaching the gospel to such as would listen; how he had been in hourly danger of his life, sometimes from wild beasts, sometimes from wilder men; how he had been benighted in forests, swamped in rivers, benumbed in snows, drenched in rains, bewildered in prairies, sick and alone in solitary huts.

"But you have not laboured in vain," said Mr. Vaughan.

"I believe that where seed is sown fruit is coming," said Edwin; "but the soil is very barren."

"Were you the first missionary?" asked Mariana.

"In that particular part I was; but now there are several stations, and I have left earnest men behind me, who will do more than I could ever do."

"But you learnt the language and are the pioneer," said Mariana.

"I was the first, Mariana, and as such was privileged to pave the way."

It was, in fact, Edwin who had been the forerunner of other missionaries in those desolate regions, and who had first acquired the native dialect and preached in it to the native Indian.

"How did you reach them? What did you preach?" asked Mara.

"'Peace on earth, good will to men.' I proclaimed this wherever I went and gained a hearing. Then I told them of a Saviour, and they listened eagerly. The glad tidings of salvation were heard amid savage strife, squalid wretchedness, heathen customs, and cruel abuse, and I thanked God and took courage."

"Then you have planted the Gospel according to the Apostles, my son," said Mr. Vaughan, his face unusually radiant. "I am thankful to have such a one under my roof."

"I would fain be a humble follower in their footsteps, but the world and lack of faith have been busy with me. But do not ask me more to-night, uncle. Do not set fire to my vanity by praising me. I know my own shortcomings. Mara, tell me what heathen you have converted at home?"

As Edwin tried thus to change the conversation he met Mara's eyes riveted on him; a slight flush overspread his face. "Do you find the women the most teachable and easily entreated, as I have done?" he added.

"My boys are usually more pliable than my girls," said Mara; "I like teaching them best."

"Women are ever empty and vain," said Mr. Vaughan; "they should learn in silence."

"The workhouse women do not learn in silence, father," said Mara. "If they follow their natural bent, they can scarcely be called empty, for they cannot get their flow of words out fast enough."

"Women may be wordy and still empty," said Mr. Vaughan; "they are too often sacks filled with chaff."

"Women have been ever good to me," said Edwin. "Abroad, I have found them often willing to give me food and shelter, when the men would have hunted me to death. If they are the weaker, they are the kindlier and least selfish sex."

"You are young—you are young," said Mr. Vaughan.

"You cannot complain of women, sir," said Edwin, glancing at his cousins.

"No, no!" said Mr. Vaughan hastily, rising as if to put an end to a conversation which was becoming too flippant he thought. "You must be tired. We will have worship, and then to rest."

They went into the hall, where the servants joined them, and Edwin offered up a short and fervent thanksgiving for his restoration to home and country, together with prayers for both, and for the success of the work he had quitted for a time. When they separated for the night, there was more of family harmony and peace amongst them than there had been for a long time.,

"Why were you so silent, Nanno?" said Mara, when they reached their room. "You scarcely spoke all the evening."

"I cannot talk when my heart is full," said Mariana.

"Then you are not one of father's empty vessels," laughed Mara. "What do you think of Edwin?"

"I think he looks sadly ill, and that he will die, if he is not taken care of," said Mariana.

"Nonsense! He will get better now he is come home. But he looks old and worn. Still he is a thousand times nicer so than he was when he left us hale and rosy."

"He is not inwardly changed, Mara," said Mariana, glancing at her sister.

"He is less sententious and self-righteous, more liberal and humble," said Mara.

"But he is quite as pious, dear Mara."

"Perhaps more so. I don't know how that may be; I cannot read the heart."

"He must have milk and plenty of strengthening food," said Nanno thoughtfully. "I pray that he may get better. But then he would go out again as missionary."

Mariana sighed as she spoke, and again glanced at Mara. She believed that this would depend on her. But Mara was ready for bed, and she jumped

into it, saying as she did so, "This room is cold enough, but not as cold as the union."

Mr. Vaughan disapproved of luxuries, amongst which he reckoned fire in the bedroom, so his daughters had none. Nevertheless Mariana remained up long, heedless of cold. She was on her knees, praying for Edwin, for Mara—asking to be aided to subdue her own affections and to labour in love for others. Her father would have said that she "wrestled in prayer;" and truly the enemy she sought to conquer was hard to be overcome.

She knelt so long in the cold that at last Mara pretended to awake, and asked her drowsily why she did not come to bed. She started, rose, put out the candle, and lay down by her sister. As she kissed her, a tear fell on Mara's cheek, who, taking her in her arms, said, "Let me warm you, dear; you are so cold—so cold. Edwin will recover, and he will never think of me again."

"Hush! hush!" murmured Nanno, and her sister felt that she trembled.

"We have both our hidden griefs," thought Mara; "I am not alone in my sorrow. Poor Nanno!"

Christmas Day came, with its burden of associations. Mr. Vaughan did not approve of keeping "days, times, and years," and even this blessed day was much as every other to him. Still even he was trammelled by old custom, and roast beef and plum-pudding appeared on his dinner-table. This year he produced his best to do honour to Edwin, and prepared himself for enjoyment. He looked with pleasure on his handsome daughter Mara, as she sat opposite Edwin, and imagined that he saw his dearest hopes on the eve of fulfilment. Edwin already looked better, and his children did their best to be cheerful on his account.

The snow fell soft and thick as they were busy with the roast beef, and called forth Mariana's sympathy with the live stock. "I hope the cows are housed and the sheep in fold," she said. "It has been snowing all day."

"Your friend Billo will have seen to that," said Mr. Vaughan. "He is devoted to Nanno, but I fear he is a godless boy, Edwin. You must talk to him."

"There is an animal of some kind looking in at the window," said Edwin. "It is a small child, I declare. Poor little fellow, what can he want?"

"Halfpence," said Mr. Vaughan grimly. "I discourage juvenile beggars, carollers, and all idlers. Send him away. Go away, boy."

He shook his head and finger at the window. But Edwin was up and at the door, followed by Mara, exclaiming in terror, "It is Ivor!"

No sooner was the door opened than Ivor ran into the passage, threw himself into Mara's arms, and began to sob.

"Ivor! Ivor! why did you come here?" asked Mara.

"I came for you," sobbed Ivor.

"Pray come back to your dinner," said Mr. Vaughan, who was now alone at table. "Send the boy away. Tell him we do not give to beggars."

"Take him to the kitchen, Mara," whispered Mariana. "Edwin, come back with me. It is the foundling from the workhouse, father, who is come after Mara. Poor little fellow, he is half-frozen to death!"

"He must have run away, then; send him back directly. Where is Mara?"

Mara was in the kitchen with Ivor; she found Shanno and Billo there, with the other servants, and gave Ivor into their charge.

"Oh *bachgen annwyl!*" cried Shanno, folding the boy in her arms.

"That's the ghose's babby," said Billo, opening wide his eyes.

"Go you into dinner, Miss Mara," said Shanno; "we'll be seeing to the child. If master is keeping noise about him, I will be taking him home with me."

"Don't be angry, dear governess," said Ivor, as Shanno seated him in a low stool by the fire.

"Go you, go you," said Shanno, well knowing Mr. Vaughan's peculiarities.

"Ivor, why did you come?" repeated Mara.

"There's big eyes he has!" said Billo. "Drink you this, little ghose," and he presented a basin of steaming Welsh broth, redolent of leeks to the child.

Mara returned to the dining-room. "I beg your pardon, father," she said humbly, "but Ivor has come after me."

"Then you had better send Billo back with him. The boy is always in mischief. It was only the other day he nearly cost you and Mr. Glyn your lives. Edwin, you are not eating."

"I was thinking of the text, 'and He gathered the lambs in His arms,'" said Edwin. "The child looked so like a stray lamb."

Mara glanced almost affectionately at Edwin, and her father saw it.

"Let the boy have his dinner, Mariana, and then we will send him back. No—I will see to him myself." Mr. Vaughan left the dining-room, followed by Mara. Edwin half rose.

"You had better not go," said Mariana. "Father likes to manage things himself; he will do what is right. No one could be unkind to Ivor the Foundling."

"Are they all so fond of Margaret?" asked Edwin.

"I think they are all fond of her, but Ivor more than the rest,"

"How changed she is!" mused Edwin.

Mr. Vaughan found Ivor surrounded by all his domestics. One was feeding him, another rubbing his feet; all questioning him. Like Edwin, Ivor was an event.

As soon as he saw Mara he broke from them and ran to her. She whispered to him, "Ivor, if you love me, be good to Mr. Vaughan."

The boy went straight up to Mr. Vaughan, and, half-shy, half-frightened, said, "Sir, I love governess, and will be good to you"

Mariana was right; no one could be unkind to Ivor the Foundling.

Mr. Vaughan looked down from his elevation on the boy's broad brow and large wistful eyes. His stern glance relaxed, the corners of his rigid mouth gave way, and something like a smile passed over his face.

"Mak' you your bow, Ivor," whispered Shanno.

Ivor bowed his head.

"Give your lamb some dinner," said Mr. Vaughan, "and I will question him afterwards. You must be a good girl, Mara, to have gained such love and obedience,"

"Thank you, father," said Mara, as they returned to the dining-room; "I will take the child back myself."

"You will not leave us again, Mara," said Mr. Vaughan decidedly. "I shall part with you no more, unless it be to consign you to another protector, namely, a husband."

When dinner was over Mr. Vaughan sent for Ivor.

"Now, little boy," he said as Ivor stood before him, "you are to tell me the truth. Why did you run away from the workhouse to-day?"

"Because the master beat me, sir," said Ivor, hanging down his head.

"Why did he beat you?"

"Because I cried after governess. And please, sir, I couldn't help it."

"Why could you not help it?"

The child looked at Mr. Vaughan as if he did not understand the question.

"Why could you not help it?" repeated Mr. Vaughan.

"Because I love her," was the answer; while the large eyes turned dreamily on Mara.

Edwin also looked at her, and was painfully struck by the expression of her face. It was pale and anxious, and her eyes were riveted on her father as if they could never be removed.

"Do all the children love her?" pursued Mr. Vaughan.

"I don't know, sir. Georgy and Emily and I love her in our hearts."

"How did you get out of the workhouse?"

"I slipped away when nobody was looking, sir."

"How did you find your way here?"

"I don't know, sir; I came."

"Tell the truth, boy; you must know."

"I don't say stories, sir, indeed. I ran up the hill, and then I looked to see the pretty white snow come down, and a robin piped so," here the child made a sweet note like a robin's, "and when he flew away I ran after him over the snow. I lost the pretty robin, and then a pussy cat came out of a hole, and I ran after him."

"He means a hare or rabbit," gasped Mara.

"What then?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"The pussy went into the snow, and I tried to pull her out, but I lost her too. Do you think she is dead and buried in the snow, sir?"

Ivor shuddered as he asked the question.

"No, he is alive and well. But how did you come here?"

"I saw some sheep, sir, very cold upon the mountain, and I went after

them, but they wouldn't stop for me, though I sang a song to them."

"Then they are not in fold," muttered Mariana.

"Surely the boy is an idiot," said Mr. Vaughan, meeting Mara's fixed tearful eyes.

She shook her head; she could not speak.

"And what then?" continued Mr. Vaughan.

"Then a great black crow made a noise that frightened me, and I ran till I saw a gate. I got over it, and a big bird, all green and yellow, with a long spangled tail, flew out of the trees, and I ran after it, and so I came here and found governess."

"He means the peacock," said Mariana.

While Ivor was telling his tale he had put his hand on Mr. Vaughan's knee, and fixed his eyes on his face. No human heart could have resisted the beauty of those eyes, and Mr. Vaughan, stern as he undoubtedly was, had a human heart. He put his hand on the child's head and stroked it, but his words belied the action, they were cold as ever.

"Do you know, child, that you were wrong to run away, and I must send you home again."

Ivor uttered a little cry and ran to Mara.

"I will not go without you. Georgy says we have no home. I will hide in the snow and die."

"Oh, father," pleaded Mariana, "don't send him away. See how it snows."

Tears were streaming down Mara's face.

But Ivor raised his head from Mara's lap and looked at Mr. Vaughan. It was strange that he did not fear him. He crept over to him again.

"Please, sir, don't make governess cry. If I may stay here I will sing you all my songs and hymns. I know a pretty Christmas hymn, about the kind Saviour coming to help poor people."

"Sing it," said Mr. Vaughan, his brow relaxing.

Ivor sang a Christmas carol that Mara had taught him, and such was the exceeding beauty of his voice that everyone was entranced by it. Edwin turned his wondering eyes from the agitated Mara to the child. Mr. Vaughan listened with pleasure and surprise, and Mariana wept with her sister,

When the carol was ended Mr. Vaughan took the child on his knee and told him to sing again. He sang hymn after hymn—English and Welsh—adapted for church and chapel. At last he sang an old Welsh Psalm that Mara's mother used to sing in the days of her youth. A tear gathered in Mr. Vaughan's eye. He suddenly put Ivor down, got up, and left the room.

"Have I been naughty?" said Ivor, running to Mara.

"No, darling, no," she sobbed.

"Mara, what is it?" asked Edwin and Mariana simultaneously.

"Nothing," said Mara making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Vaughan returned.

"He may stay till to-morrow," he said. "I have told Billo to go to the workhouse, and say that he is safe. Mara, will you tell Roderick that when the boy is old enough for service I will have him? Ivor, would you like to keep sheep?"

He sat down and the boy again stood at his knee.

"Yes, sir, like King David, only I shouldn't like to kill the giant."

He shuddered again.

"That was God's work," said Mr. Vaughan. "Then you will be a shepherd," he added, again taking the child on his knee.

"Yes, sir, I should like to live here always with you and governess. May I have a flute, like the little boy in the spelling-book? If I may have my concertina again, sir, I will play you all my tunes."

"Sweet innocent," said Edwin, "no wonder Margaret loves you."

Mr. Vaughan became suddenly aware of his daughter's suppressed emotion, and resuming his customary tone, said,

"You had better take the child away now. If he is a good boy, I will help him when the time comes."

Mara took Ivor into the other room, and Mariana followed.

"Dear sister," said the latter, "how good you are, and how he loves you."

"I am foolish, Nanno," said Mara. "Leave me a moment and I shall be well."

Mariana went away.

Alone with Ivor Mara put her arm round him and kissed him tenderly. The boy nestled his head on her breast.

"You were so good, my love," she said. "Why were you so good to my father?"

"Because you told me to be good if I loved you, and I do love you, dear governess."

"Could you love my father, darling?"

"Yes, I think I could. When I keep his sheep and lambs on the hills I will try to love him very much. May I come now, and have my concertina back?"

"What do you mean?"

"The master took it away when I cried, and said I should never have it again. Oh, may I have it, my dear concertina? And they beat Georgy for taking my part. Will you not send me back again without you?"

"I will go with you to-morrow, darling. But will you listen to me very attentively, Ivor? I want you to believe that if I do not always seem to think of you and talk to you as much as I used to do I do not love you less."

"What, governess?" said Ivor, who did not understand.

"I love you very dearly, Ivor? Do you believe it?"

"Yes, governess, I know that."

"Will you still believe it if I do not show it?"

"I will try; I have tried, governess, for you have not loved me very much since I was nearly drowned. I have been very sorry."

Mara pressed the boy to her heart and wept.

"Don't cry, dear governess. I will believe it, indeed I will."

While Mara and Ivor were alone Mr. Vaughan and Edwin were talking of them.

"She does her duty; the children love her," said the former.

"A passing strange love," said Edwin. "It seems almost maternal."

"The child has no one else," said Mr. Vaughan. "He is a lonely lamb indeed. Edwin, she is better fitted to be a minister's wife than she was six years ago. I think she looks with favour upon you, and has forgotten that ungodly youth, Gerwyn Herbert."

The colour mounted to Edwin's face.

"Oh, if it were but so!" he ejaculated.

"If you love her still you have my consent to ask her again," said Mr. Vaughan. "You know the wish of my heart."

"If I love her," sighed Edwin, "but I could not force her affections, sir. I will make one last trial and pray that it may be blessed. I tremble to give way again to earthly love."

In the evening while Ivor was singing to Shanno and the servants in the kitchen Mara was combating her father's wish that she should remain at home. She was firm in declaring that she must return to the workhouse with Ivor, as the children had evidently been ill-used; but she promised to reconsider her resolution of remaining there until Ivor left. Her father gave a reluctant consent, hoping that Edwin would intervene to place her again in her proper sphere.

After breakfast the following morning Nanno took Ivor to see the animals. Edwin found Mara alone, and without much circumlocution began the subject nearest his heart. As he did so he trembled and grew paler than usual, and Mara felt that her time of trial was come.

"Margaret," he said, "I cannot lose this opportunity of speaking to you on a subject that separated us years ago. I have never ceased to love you from that hour to this. In spite of prayer to the Unseen to implant His image alone in my soul, yours still dwelt there, and I have prayed for you, Margaret, as never mortal man prayed, and not in vain, for you are changed since we parted."

"Changed, but not mended, as you think," said Mara, her cheeks flushing.

"Whatever you may be, I ask you again to be my wife. No man can offer you a truer heart, for I have never loved any woman but you, and never shall."

"Hush, Edwin," said Mara, rising and going towards the door. Edwin rose also, and detained her near the window. Without the snow was falling fast; on the window-sill the robins were pecking crumbs strewn for them by Mariana.

"You must not leave me until you have given me my final answer," said Edwin.

"Why will you not understand that it must be the same now as when you first asked me," said Mara. "Edwin, I can never be your wife."

"In pity do not say so," said Edwin, taking Mara's hands and looking beseechingly into her face; "you cannot still think of him who has been so long lost, and even if your love lies buried with him, I will take what you

have to give—your friendship—your esteem."

"I do not deserve your love," said Mara, "If you knew me as I am you would despise me."

"Never: even if you are not all I think you, I will love you more and more."

"Edwin, I can never be your wife. We are separated by barriers that you know not of. If you love me you will never ask me again."

"Is this my final sentence, Mara?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall now finish my course as I began it—alone."

Edwin sat down on the window-seat, covered his face with his hands, and groaned heavily.

Mara, much affected by the grief she had caused, put her hand on his shoulder. She felt a deep pity for him, but knew not how to comfort him. She wished she could tear off the mask from herself and appear to him as she knew herself to be, but whenever conscience bade her be penitent and confess, fear held her back.

"Edwin," she said, "if you knew all you would not love me; if I could but tell you the secret of my life you would understand me and despise me."

Edwin took her hand and grasped it tightly.

"Tell it me, Mara, let me share your sorrows if I may not your love. I should thus go to the barren deserts of Africa with a lighter heart."

"Africa!" exclaimed Mara. "Are you going to Africa?"

"Yes. If you had consented to be my wife I might have found work at home, but now I must go forth alone to the darkest corners of the earth. I have thought of you more than of God. May He help me to forget you."

"Africa!" repeated Mara, scarcely thinking of Edwin. "If Gerwyn lives he is there; will you seek him? Oh, if I could tell you all I might find comfort, but I promised, and I dare not break my promise."

"Gerwyn Herbert would have been at home now if he was alive," said Edwin. "Surely you must have lost hope."

"Not quite. I think he may have been cast ashore from the mast to which he clung, and enslaved. I cannot give up hope. I dare not—life, honour, depend on him, as well as love. Edwin, help me to find him, will you?"

In the agitation of the moment Mara sank on her knees at Edwin's feet, clasped her hands, and looked wildly into his face.

"Don't, dear Mara," he said. "What can you mean? I do not understand you. Confide in me, and I will help you if I can."

"I dare not—I have promised. But for his sake—for mine—for Ivor's sake—oh, what am I saying? Forget it—I—I—did not mean it—my promise. My promise!"

Mara sank lower still, and buried her face in her hands. As she lay crouched at Edwin's feet he gazed down upon her. He roused himself and got up.

"Mara, Mara!" he said, "for pity's sake do not lie there."

He lifted her from the ground and as she rose she murmured, "Have I said too much or too little?" then recovering herself with a mighty effort she stood before Edwin. She looked so wild and unlike herself that his worst fears returned. He sat down again upon the window-seat, leant his elbow on the sill, covered his face, and sobbed like a woman.

Mara, in her turn looked down upon him. Did he love her so very dearly? She saw, as in a dream, the snow-flakes falling thick and fast without, and Nanno's robins pecking the crumbs. She never forgot that picture.

"Dear Edwin," she said, "I do not deserve your sorrow, and I cannot console you. Look to Nanno, she will comfort you as she does the robins. She is so good. She thinks of everyone except herself, and I think of no one but myself."

These simple words aroused Edwin. He raised his head and he, too, saw Nanno's red-breasted pensioners.

"Will you help me, *Edwin, as Nanno* helps the birds?" said Mara meekly, tears relaxing the wildness of her eyes.

"How can I help you, Mara?" Your mysterious manner and words have troubled me as I was never troubled before."

"Forget them, Edwin, for I do not know what I said. Only search for Gerwyn if you love me. You are good, and your efforts may be blessed."

"Margaret, I entreat you to tell your father and sister the secret that weighs upon you," said Edwin solemnly.

"I cannot—I must not. But bring me back Gerwyn, and all will be well. When you find him tell him that I have loved and suffered for him all these years—that I have kept the secret and shall keep it still until he returns to tell it."

"Oh, Mara, what can you mean?" said Edwin.

"If you but knew you would pity me, indeed," answered Mara.

"But I should not cease to pray for you. This I will do as long as I live. Oh, Margaret! cousin! beloved of my youth! if I could share your grief, I would—if I could ease your conscience, God knows I would. I pity you—I will try to cease to love you."

Edwin took Mara's hand, almost as cold as his own. She felt that he trembled.

"God bless and help you," he said, faintly, and before she could speak, he hurried out of the room.

The next moment she heard the front door open, and saw him pass the window. He did not look in, but went forward, heedless of the cold, while the snow fell soft, and thick, and white around him.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

BUNNIE.—You must get private addresses out of the great London Directory, to be seen at any Post Office or librarian's. If persons in society only—not public characters—you will find them in the Red or Blue Books. For the private address of the singer, Mr. Sims Reeves, you must inquire elsewhere than of us. You should not commence the training of your voice until sixteen years of age. Begin with half an hour a day for some time, and beware of straining your voice at high notes. The made-notes are not pretty, and the chief object should be to please, rather than surprise, your audience.

SNOWDROP.—We cannot "describe" the price of a harp, violin, or banjo, further than that it will consist of some coins of gold or silver, if not given for love, nor do we give the charges for private tuition in any department of education? The cost of each instrument we cannot tell you, as it would be contrary to our rules; besides which they vary much in price. You should attend to your spelling, which is of more consequence than accomplishments.

NOM DE GUERRE.—A harp is an expensive instrument to buy, but is not difficult to learn. Lessons at the same rate as piano lessons. The tips of the fingers are tender for a time, but it makes no difference in their shape.

L. C. V.—We gave an article on the guitar, by Madam Sidney Pratten, in vol. ii., page 350; kindly refer to it for an answer.

EDITH.—*Sherzo* (or *scherzando*) is an Italian word, used in music, meaning "playful" or "sportive." It is pronounced "*skertzo*"; and a composition called by this name would mean that it was to be executed in a playful or sportive manner.

BLENHEIM HOUSE SCHOOL. The song is an old one, and is called "Robin Red Breast." It begins—

"Good-bye, good-bye to summer, for summer is nearly done."

ANNETTE.—If nervousness be the cause of your redness of the hands when performing instrumental music, we cannot prescribe for you. If otherwise, we recommend your wearing gloves.

STELLA.—Your hymn-tune is fairly correct, considering that it is a first attempt. So you may take courage.

ART.

RATIONAL.—We cannot inform you of any way by which you could "get under the patronage" of H.R.H. the Duchess of York or the Princess Christian. Your "art needlework," if exhibited at the South Kensington School, which is under the patronage of the last-named princess, might come under her notice were it of a very high-class character.

ROSA CLARK.—Anyone is eligible as a competitor who even occasionally reads our paper, as you apparently do, for the prizes to be given for both the art designs.

MARIAN.—The art of enamelling had its origin in the East. There are six different styles:—the Byzantine, the celebrated artist-monk, Theophilus, having executed much in the 11th or 12th centuries; the Early Limoges, or *Cloissonnés*, dating from the same period; the Early Italian, Ugolino Veri, having executed the shrine in the Cathedral of Orvieto in 1338; the Benvenuto Cellini; the Leonardo Limousin (or Late Limoges); and the Petito (or Miniature Style), so-called after its originator, Petito. The art, as practised in Japan, is executed in the same way as the *Cloissonné*.

A READER.—The art of engraving and also of sculpture dates back to remote antiquity, though we cannot say with whom they originated. The Babylonians were skilled in them some four or five thousand years ago. The paintings and statues produced in Egypt in the IVth Dynasty, 3800 years before Christ, were beautiful—as still in evidence.

F. G.—You seem to have some natural taste for drawing, the sketch of a head being the best. But you need much teaching, and should join an art class, which would enable you to study anatomy, and then you would give your figures hands and feet of a natural size, and their arms would not look like drumsticks. You only want teaching, as you give promise of better work.

CHRISTOPHER.—We cannot give trade addresses of any kind. Ask your own librarian to procure for you a book on the subject you name. Your writing is cramped, and the "e" very misshapen.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

B. R. should go to the engravers of monograms and armorial bearings and select from the letters and combinations of initial letters whatever she may prefer. We are not monogram designers.

CLARA.—If sprinkling the white velvet slippers with flour, and shaking and beating, do not suffice to clean them when soiled, you should take them to a professional cleaner.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT."—Books on natural history, including birds, beasts, fish, insects, and plants would be very suitable for you at the age of thirteen. We may also suggest two books by one of our own writers, *Restful Work for Youthful Hands* (Griffiths and Farran), and *By Land and Sea* (Cassell's), expressly written for young folks like yourself, and full of adventures at home and abroad.

A GOAT REARER ought to know all about the price of "female kid goats," and where to get them. If you have forgotten how you procured those you have reared, you had better go to Covent Garden and obtain all information, and perhaps the animal there. We do not give addresses.

DORANA.—We see no harm in a paper chase, and it would do you no harm to be accompanied by a few little boys. But it is very undesirable for girls, even several together, to go far from home without a servant or governess to look after them. A grown person should be within call or sound of a whistle.

INQUIRER.—We believe that no absolute decision has been arrived at as to what *Bdellium* was, mentioned in Genesis ii. 12, and again in Numbers xi. 7, two thousand years later, so it is clear that the Israelites were acquainted with the substance; and that it was precious is evidenced by its mention with gold. Some say it was an aromatic gum resin produced from trees in South Arabia and elsewhere. At the present day a substance called African Bdellium, obtained from *Balsamodendron;* and Indian Bdellium from *B. Roxburghii*, are imported by way of Bombay, into this country.

MYRA S.—We thank you for your gratifying acknowledgment of our answer to your letter; and are thankful that our advice has proved of service to you.

SWEET SEVENTEEN should not invite curates, nor any men visitors, to come into tea when her parents are out. It is not a young daughter of the house on whom the duty of hospitality devolves, more especially as "Sweet Seventeen" supposes that "a young fellow can hardly help admiring a pretty face, and enjoy the society of one who has a sweet smile!" Was it from the "young fellow" curates that she learned to think herself both "pretty" and "sweet"? We recommend her mother to forbid the admission of gentlemen-visitors, when her fledgling of seventeen is alone to receive them. This "sweet one" should not be out in society till a year older, and then should be under the wing of a chaperone. Were the visitor an old lady in a cap and wig, would she be as tenacious about "showing hospitality"? We think an exception should be made in favour of the old lady when the mother is out, as she may need rest and refreshment, and the mother would not deprive her of the pleasure of providing them.

A WORKING WOMAN.—We believe that the thing to prevent the burning of the skin when in contact with vitriol is to wipe it off at once with a perfectly dry cloth. It is the use of, or contact with water, that makes it burn. Thus, when it goes into the eyes, which are moist, it destroys them. To apply common chalk-powder to the skin—being of a drying nature—will prove an effectual safeguard against injury. But we do not speak from personal experience.

TRUSTY.—1. Nov. 11th, 1877, was a Sunday; and August 1st, 1884, a Friday.—2. The emancipation of her slaves by England, extending throughout her possessions, took place in 1834, and in 1838 slavery was abolished in the East Indies. The Act was passed in 1833. The enormous sum paid by England for the benefit of the slaves—who thus were turned out of their homes—and for the compensation of their owners amounted to 20,000,000 pounds sterling, voted as a grant by Parliament. If we be regarded as a money-making and loving people, what other nation has done likewise for any great principle?

INEZ.—When you pay a visit, give your name very distinctly to the servant who opens the door, but do not send in a card. Only strangers calling for the purpose of collecting for charities, or on business, need to send in a card.

BUDGE.—You might join the Odd Minutes Society, the particulars of which you could obtain from the founder and Secretary, Miss Powel, of Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. It is a needlework or knitting society, and is doing important service all over London. Or else give help (in knitting) to the Mission for the North Sea Fishermen, Bridge House, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The Secretary will give you all information.

SEVENTEEN.—The name "battledore" is said by some to be a corruption of the Spanish word *batalladar*, signifying a great combatant, who has fought many battles. The game played with it and a shuttlecock was known as far back as the sixteenth century, being named in an old comedy of the year 1609. There is likewise a reference to it as a pastime of Prince Henry, son of James I. A second origin has been given of the word "battledore," connecting it with an appliance which it resembles (having been originally made of wood only) in the *baton* (or beetle) employed in the washing of linen by foreigners, who beat the wet articles on a board, otherwise a *battre d'eau*, or beat water.

ROSEBUD.—You may render your shoes waterproof by using the following recipe:—Melt three ounces of spermaceti in an earthen vessel over a slow fire; add to it six drachms of india-rubber, cut into slices; and when these are dissolved, add eight ounces of tallow, two ounces of hog's lard, and four ounces of amber varnish. Mix all together, and the compound will be ready for immediate use. Give two or three coats with an ordinary blacking-brush, and a good polish will be likewise obtained. There is another good recipe for waterproofing shoes, but the above may be found effectual.

PLAFFETS.—If you call alone—a formal visit—leave two cards for your father (on the gentleman and lady) and one for yourself, should she not be at home. If at home go in, and on leaving lay your father's cards on the hall-table. You should not leave your own card on a man.

MARGUERITA.—That a man should be ten years older than his wife is reasonable; seventeen years is rather too much; still it need be no obstacle.

NETTIE.—If you have been advised to use coloured glasses, you should do so, by all means; but we should also recommend some attention being paid to your general health.



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THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

BY SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

ORDERS FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
flowed round our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness, His rest."
E. B. Browning.

THE SISTERS who had been in South Africa were now on their way home; they had been away nearly a year and were glad to return; the novelty and excitement of life abroad wears off in time, and unless the worker has his work really at heart, he gets restless and weary; and even those who have, realise at times, when far away from all the old familiar scenes and faces, that "there is no place like home."

On their arrival they found that they were both to be sent for duty to one of the other hospitals where nursing sisters were stationed, and thus, for the present at any rate, Sister Peel was spared the sight of the paragon, whom she had made up her mind she would dislike.

Several new sisters had been taken on, one or two, unfortunately for the nursing and also for the comfort of the home-life, very much after the pattern of Sister MacMahon, and

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"POINTING TO THE MINIATURE STATUE ON THE BRACKET."

Constance confessed to herself that there was as great a variety in the class of workers, in proportion to their small numbers, as would be found in any of the large civil hospitals.

In spite of the feeling of dejection which she experienced on taking over her new duties, there was also a certain amount of pleasurable excitement in starting the work she had so longed to do, and already found to be so widely different from all her dreams.

The hours on duty were very different from St. Margaret's; the sisters went on soon after eight in the morning and remained in their divisions till one o'clock; they were not supposed to stay in their wards unless they were actually doing something for a patient, or someone was very ill. Each sister had a little scullery or kitchen near her wards, where she sat, and which in fact she made her head-quarters, going to and fro as she was needed.

Between one and two the sisters dined, after which they again returned to their divisions until three, when the supernumerary sister went on, having charge of all the wards till six, at which hour the divisional sisters again returned to work and remained on until half-past eight, when they had supper and the night sisters took over, thus relieving them of all further anxiety.

The sisters were all on the same footing, each one when on duty being entirely responsible for the wards she had charge of; they shared the night-work, doing it by turn, three months at a time.

In many respects they were not nearly as free as in a civil hospital where, off duty, if they were going out no one would question where they went, whilst here no one was allowed to go beyond the few small villages near them without getting permission from Miss Playfair. Of course the rule was sometimes broken, but at the risk of being seen and reprimanded. Surely one would think that ladies over five-and-twenty might be trusted to go where they wished, and need not be treated quite so much like children!

The work, too, was quite different from work in a civil hospital. The food, which was cooked in the cook-house by trained orderlies, was carried up to each ward by the orderly in charge. Each patient's diet, whether chicken, steak, or chop, was placed in a small tin dish, the vegetables and gravy with it; these tins were put in a large tin with a cover and tray, the latter supposed to hold boiling water, and in point of fact sometimes did, but by no means always. The orderly put the tin down on the ward-table, and those patients who were up took their own dinners, and handed round the rest to those in bed; he was supposed to wait and see that all were served before going to his own. The medical officer on duty for the day went round to each ward, and putting his head inside the door, which was thrown open by a corporal who accompanied him, inquired "any complaints." Sometimes one or another did speak and say that his chop was all fat, or his fish not as much as he thought he ought to have, or the potatoes were bad, but complaints did not come often; though a soldier may love a grumble to himself or his neighbour, he generally puts up with a good deal before complaining to an officer, and usually some one in the ward replied, "No, sir," and the doctor followed the corporal on to the next ward, and so on and on round the huge building. Unless an orderly happened to walk behind him, one of the men generally got up and shut the door, otherwise they were left wide open.

The sister, it will be seen, had but little to do with the meals, though of course the feeding of helpless cases, or the administering of nourishment at stated times fell to her share. The stimulants were also handed over to her, and Constance soon found that it was in no way contrary to rules to cook a few dinners for those who were sick, and consequently a little fanciful. The very fact of their coming hot and steaming from the sisters' scullery was quite enough to give a relish, and many a dinner she used to cook for her sick men.

The patients were dressed in blue serge trousers and jackets, with long blue overcoats for walking in the grounds, and red handkerchiefs round their necks tied in a sailor's knot. Each wore his own cap, which was the sole distinguishing mark as to what regiment he belonged.

When they came into hospital each man drew out of store everything he would be likely to want during his stay in the way of mug, basin, spoon, plate, knife and fork, bed-linen, clothes, brush and comb, etc., and signed a paper stating that he had got them whole, and if he broke anything he knew that he would be charged for it on going out.

Each sister had a certain amount of linen under her care, which she could use as she thought necessary. The linen at St. Margaret's Constance well remembered; each sister there having in charge enough for all her patients, and anxious work it was added to all her other cares to see that she lost none, as, of course, she would have had to have made it good. Here two dozen of everything seemed a trifling amount, and one of the orderlies took it down for her each morning and brought up the clean, so, further than seeing that none were missing, she had no trouble.

Unlike a civil hospital, the sister was not responsible for the cleanliness of the wards; the floors were often scrubbed in a morning before she came on duty, and she had nothing to do with it other than find fault with the orderly if he had taken men out of their beds to scrub, who were not allowed up, which did happen if care was not taken, as Constance soon found. The convalescent patients in each ward did most of the ward work, and the orderly seemed to expect those who were up and about to look after and attend to the wants of those who were unable to do anything for themselves.

Constance had eighty patients under her care, and when she first took over the ward she was inclined to wonder whether she would ever manage the work at all. She was not, as we have seen, wanting either in energy or determination, and "if others have done it," she said to herself, "I must be able to do it too," and soon she found that it was by no means beyond her powers, as she seemed to be expected to superintend more than do; but, fortunately, no one found fault with her for doing as much as she pleased, and in addition to the carrying out of the doctors' orders she had time to do many little things for the comfort of her patients.

She soon began to understand the working of things, but the distinctions in dress were at first most bewildering to her, and it was some time before she knew that the stripes on a man's left arm below the elbow denoted the fact that he was, according to military estimation, a man of good conduct, whilst one, two, or three stripes below the shoulder on the right arm showed his rank. Over and over again when she wanted something done in a ward she would stop someone she met in the corridor and ask for his help, and get told with a smile of superiority that he was the sergeant or corporal, as the case might be, but that he would send the orderly. Not only were the ways of things different, the work itself had much that was new. There were soldiers home from the late campaigns suffering from wounds caused by bayonets, bullets, or shot from guns. Old Indian warriors coming home, after years of service abroad, merely to die perchance of dysentery or some malarial fever, rarely if ever come across in a civil hospital.

Constance had several in her division who were very ill; one was dying with injuries he had received to his spine, another had hip-joint disease, others were suffering from abscesses and many other complaints.

How she wished for nurses instead of the orderlies to help her with the work: it seemed so strange to have only men to give the orders to, and though many of them seemed quite kind and most wishful to do what was required of them, yet they seemed so rough and often dense, and did not do the things in the way she intended. They never seemed to be on the look-out to do anything for a sick man unless asked by him or told to do it, and it struck Constance that the fact of their remaining in their wards till a certain hour was not in any way for the patients' comfort, but merely because they were obliged to be there. It took her, of course, many months, nay, rather years, to grow familiar with all their ways, and to learn something of the complex machinery of which the service is made, and the wheels within wheels which regulate it.

"You must be very careful," said Sister Horniblow to her one day, "about sorting out your own ward-linen, and never leave anything about. If any of the men were short, they would not think it the least harm to take yours instead." Constance looked surprised. "They would not call it stealing," she said; "their term is 'making;' when you hear that they are short of things and are going to make them, it may be only a towel, it simply means they are going to pick up the first one they can lay their hands on and make their own amount good. No! do not feel very hard on them," she went on, as she saw a look of scorn on Constance's face. "Get to know them for yourself before you condemn them, and, take my advice, if you find things are wrong, don't go reporting."

"What do you mean?" said Constance, somewhat interested; she had liked Sister Horniblow from the first, and was quite willing to take advice from her.

"Well," she continued, "our rules say that a sister will at once report any misconduct on anybody's part that she has to do with, and Miss Playfair always expects to be told. What I say is, don't do it."

"But our rules," began Constance, "are they to be set aside?"

"You never bound yourself over to fulfil to the letter all our rules, I hope," said Sister Horniblow. "All I can say is, if you mean to report everything that you see done wrong, then the sooner you get out of this the better. You will make it most uncomfortable for everyone, and yourself into the bargain—you will just be hated. I am quite aware that I am giving you the very opposite advice that, from a military point of view, would be considered right; but we are here as nurses, not soldiers, and unless the welfare of a patient is concerned, in which case it is sometimes one's duty to make a complaint, I can only say the less sisters do in the way of reporting the better. Besides," she went on more earnestly, "reporting a man in the army for a breach of discipline means giving him a bad name, getting him made a prisoner, and driving him little by little till he loses self-respect, and then is utterly careless as to what becomes of him. Some of the men dislike the idea of having women over them, and I have found in my short experience that there are quite a sufficient number of people in the service whose business it seems to be to find fault, and that persuasion and kindly interest on the sisters' part will generally get the right thing done, and prove more effectual in the long run than heaps of reports."

"I shall certainly try your plan," said Constance; "but how much more satisfactory it would be if the rules were not there; many of them are quite absurd, and are daily broken; it would be a good thing if they were revised."

"Fresh rules in the service are constantly being made," said Sister Horniblow; "I think the existence of many of the old ones is forgotten, and someone commits himself in some form or other, and the matter is taken up at the War Office, and rules are sent round to say that no one in future is to do such and such a thing. You cannot alter the service," she went on, "do what you will, and her advice," pointing up with her hand to the miniature statue on the bracket, "is, 'If you cannot suffer it, come out of it.'"

A month passed away, and Constance was getting well into her new work, and found a great deal which interested her in it.

All the talk just now was of the coming session, when about sixty young doctors were expected. They had to go through a three-months' course, preparatory to being admitted to the English or Indian Medical Service.

There was a large mess-block in the hospital grounds where the medical staff resided, and as many of the young ones as could be accommodated had rooms in the building; others had quarters inside the hospital, and others again had to find lodgings in the village. Many had been house-surgeons and physicians in civil hospitals, and felt somewhat like schoolboys back at college when they found themselves hedged in by rules and regulations. Many, too, were the snubs they got from some of their seniors, who seemed to think it an essential part of their training that they should fully realise their own position as juniors. Certainly they were not spared, but were drilled with the most punctilious care into all the ways and works required to be learned by medical officers in Her Majesty's Service.

Their arrival made considerable stir, not only in the hospital itself, where quarters had to be got ready and orderlies liberated to act as their servants, but in the mess, where so many extra had to live and dine, and in the little village, where lodging-house keepers, cab proprietors, shopkeepers, washerwomen, and boatmen, all hoped to make as good a thing as possible out of the new-comers. It was little to be wondered at that, amidst all these preparations, the topic was one of general interest, and that their coming was discussed long before they made their appearance.

It would indeed have been strange had the nursing staff of the hospital alone stood apart and taken no interest whatever in the midst of all the general excitement. It certainly was not the case, and from Miss Playfair downwards, all in one way or another shared the interest.

"I hope they won't be such a rowdy set as last time," said Sister Horniblow; "I don't mind a little fun, but they carried things too far."

"They were not all noisy," said Sister Peel, "but those who were made enough for all."

"I wonder," put in Sister Duncan, "if we shall meet any old friends; there are generally one or two whom someone has come across in a civil hospital. We shall soon know. Trust Sister Stamford for having the list of their names as soon as ever anyone has."

"I am sorry Sister MacMahon is in such force just now, and two bosom friends; why, they'll be up to all manner of tricks, and no credit to the rest of us, I'm sure."

The day at length came, and young men were to be seen arriving by almost every train. Some travelled in their ordinary attire, hardly liking to arrive in regimentals; others glad to get into them; and some, feeling decidedly smarter than ever in their lives before and much better looking, arrived in full rig. One of the number was evidently not satisfied with his every-day uniform, and to the intense astonishment of lookers-on, stepped out of the train dressed in his scarlet mess-jacket: whether he feared being late for dinner, or wished to make a full display at once, or was merely ignorant of what he was supposed to wear, we do not know; doubtless the fact was never forgotten by his comrades, and he was reminded of it many times before his three months were completed.

The first morning after their arrival they were all given different wards to take charge of, and so learn the routine of a military hospital. They had a great deal of case-taking, writing down in books kept for the purpose all about different patients, their treatment, etc., and one of the rules was that they were not allowed to give any man a pudding, eggs, pint of beef-tea, or milk, or anything which came under the head of an extra, in addition to his diet, without writing up his case from the time he came in till he went: possibly the rule was made with a view to economy—Government transactions at least aim at being worked on the saving principle—and to a looker-on it might appear as though advancement in Her Majesty's Service depended considerably on a man's capability for keeping down expenses. Paper and ink are the only things which are used with the utmost liberality.

Miss Playfair was quite as much interested as anyone in the arrival of the new doctors, and looked forward with true feminine enjoyment to pleasant afternoon teas. "I'm quite glad the session is beginning again," she said to herself; "the place seems so much more lively; it is so nice, too, having them popping in of an afternoon, besides the many little things I am able to do for them. Of course I have to look about a good deal more and see that there is no talking and playing between them and the sisters. Women in these days do seem to take up nursing from such low motives; they find me pretty sharp, I fancy, in seeing through them. I don't blame the men for talking if they give them the chance, but I will just speak to them to-morrow, and warn them."

Accordingly, after prayers next day, Miss Playfair took the opportunity of expressing her view of the situation, and endeavoured to instil into the minds of the sisters, in no very gentle or measured terms, the way in which she expected them to behave.

"What can she take us for?" said Constance afterwards to Sister Horniblow; "she cannot surely think she is talking to ladies; indeed, if we do not know how to behave ourselves, it would be far better for her to dismiss us at once, and be more careful who she takes in for the future."

"Dismiss us, indeed!" put in Sister Stamford; "why, the head of the Medical Department takes us in, and he alone can send us out, so it is not much Miss Playfair has to do with it."

"I call that rather hard on the superintendent," replied Constance, "supposing her to be a woman fitted for her position. A matron in a civil hospital would consider her post to be rather a sinecure if the committee took in nurses whether she approved of them or not."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Quaint Epitaph.

The following epitaph from a churchyard in Hull records the tragic fate of one, Thomas Ramage, who died in 1824, presumably from hydrophobia.

"Let sleeping dogs lie, is a proverb that's true;
As he who lies under has cause to tell you;
For he woke one that slept, who bit him in rage,
And he died of his wound, did Thomas Ramage."

Making Progress.—Every sincere wish and prayer for goodness is sure to help on our spiritual progress, directly or indirectly. By one road or another it brings us nearer God.

Handsome is that Handsome Does.—No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of words.—*Hughes.*

A Cheap Seat.

An Irishman was once asked by a friend to go to a concert with him. Pat consented.

They had not gone far on the way before Pat asked how much the seats were.

His friend said the front seats were one shilling each, and the back seats were sixpence each, and programmes one penny each.

"All right," said Pat; "I will sit in the programmes."

Eating by Act of Parliament.—Some of the regulations of our ancestors would be highly unpopular nowadays. In the tenth year of the reign of King Edward III., there was an Act of Parliament passed which ordained that no man should be served with more than two courses, except upon some great holiday therein specified, on which occasion he might be served with three.

Trying Times.—About the hottest furnace into which a child of God can be cast is that of worldly prosperity.

Charade II.

My first holds many a habitation
Diverse according to its nation;
Each busy inmate takes his station.

Now here, now there, his course he wends;
Prompt to each signal he attends,
Ready to meet with foes or friends.

My second—listen to its voice
Bidding us sorrow or rejoice—
We lose a friend, we wed our choice.

Deep in the sea it oft has been,
Yet high in air its form is seen
In crowded street or woodland green.

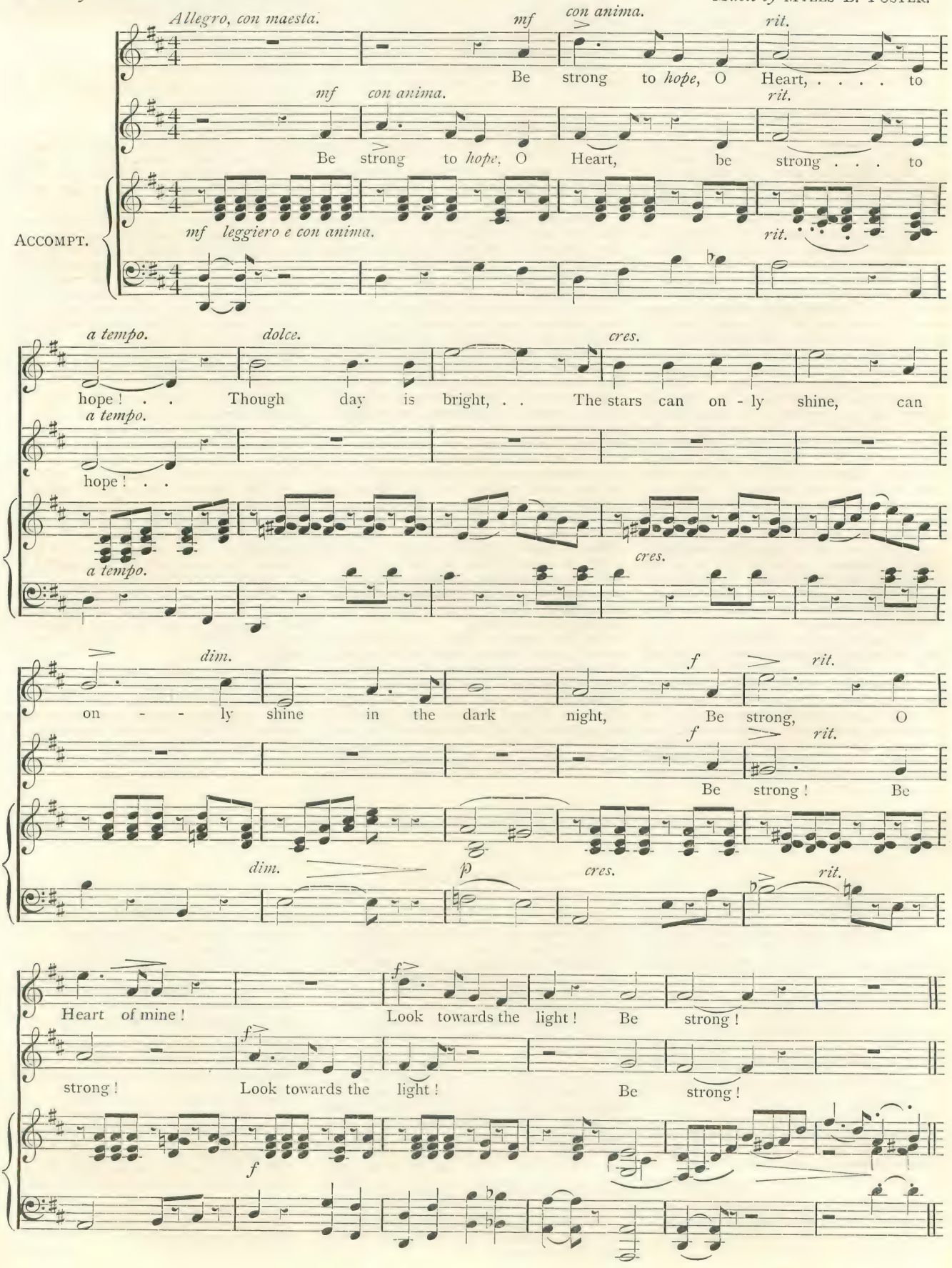
Combined, you see a poet, famed
When Bonaparte dominion claimed;
But now his works are seldom named.

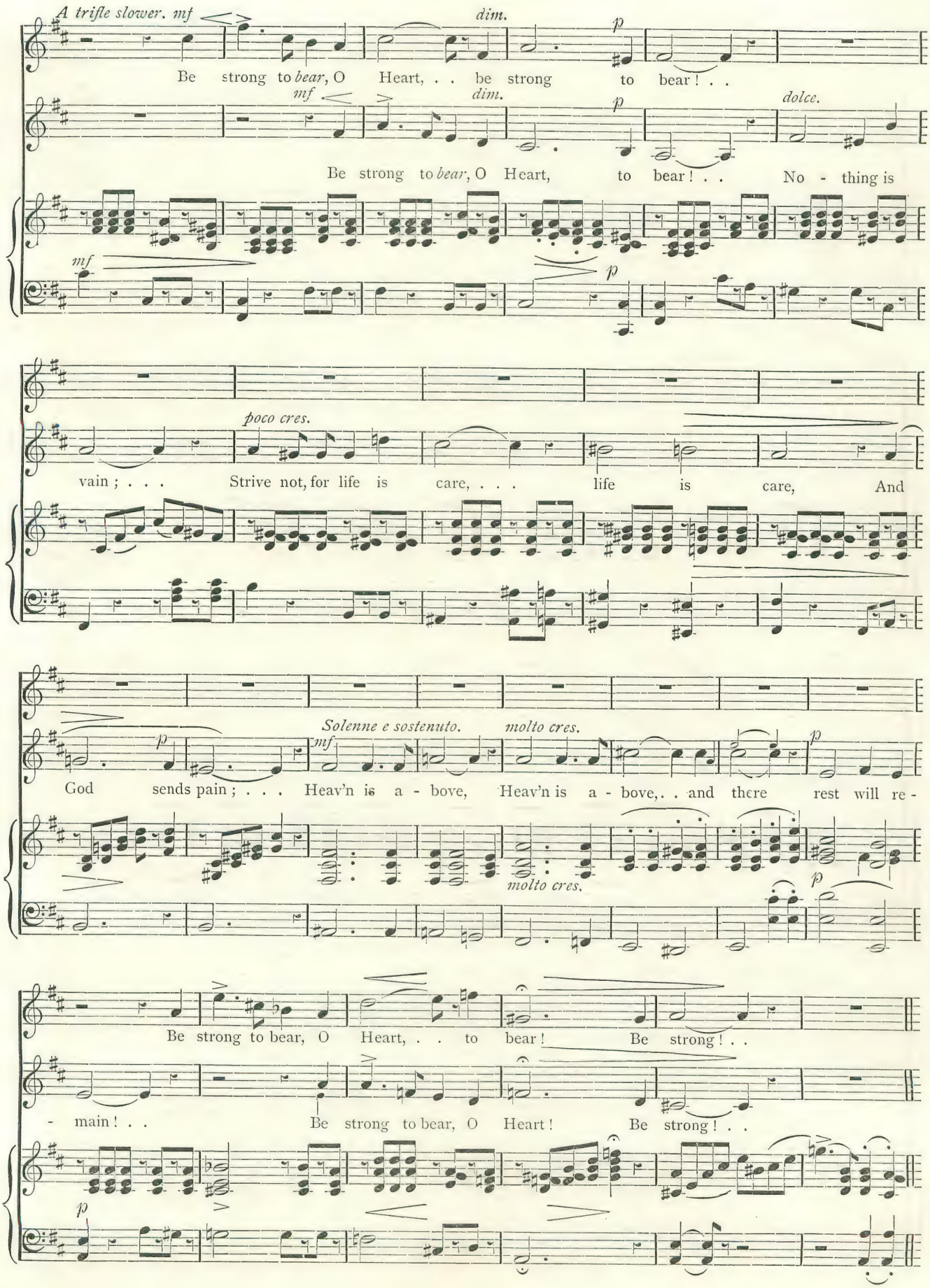
Yet are his lines true poetry;
Rousing with fervid minstrelsy
Enthusiastic sympathy.

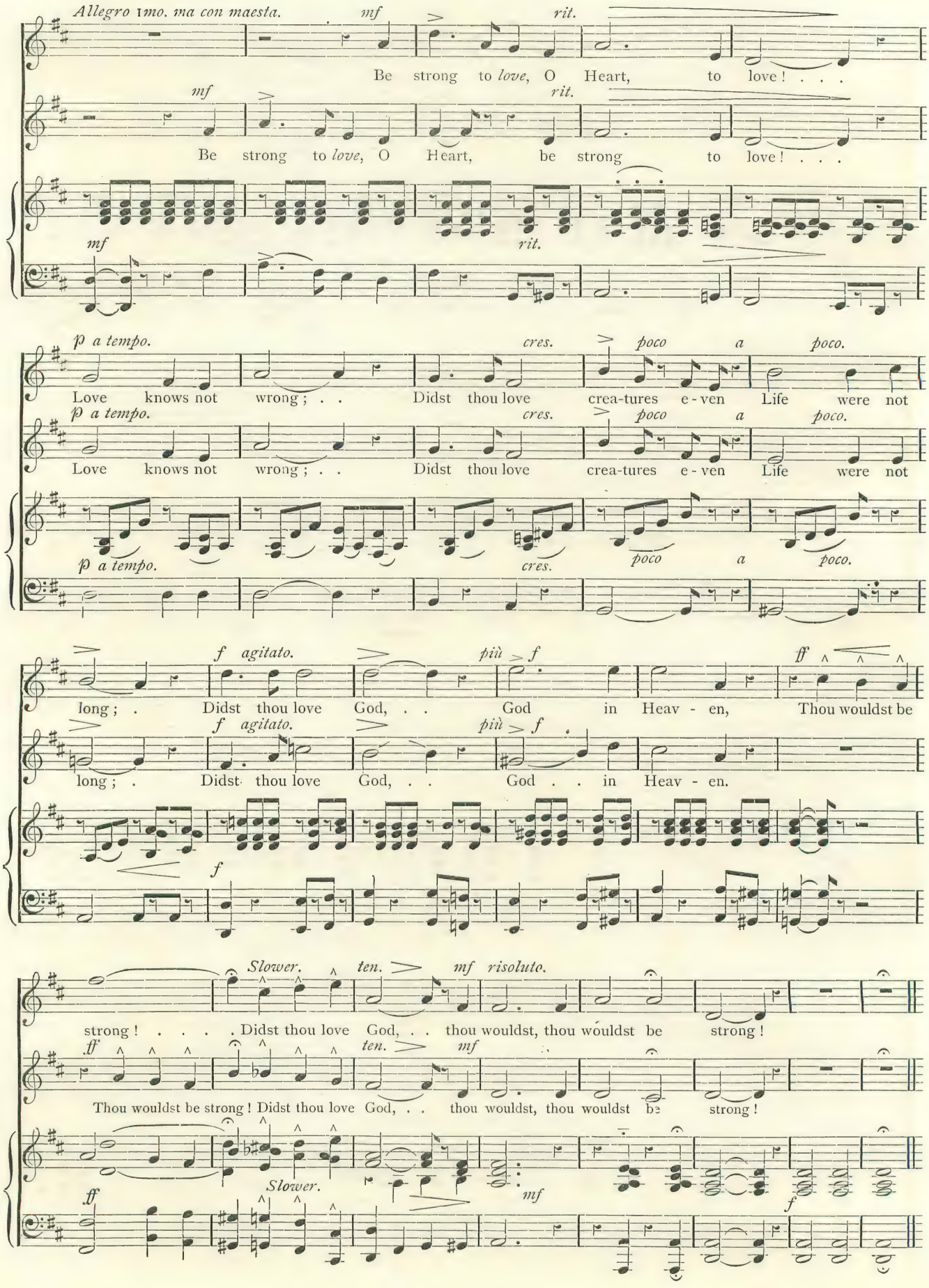
Ximena.

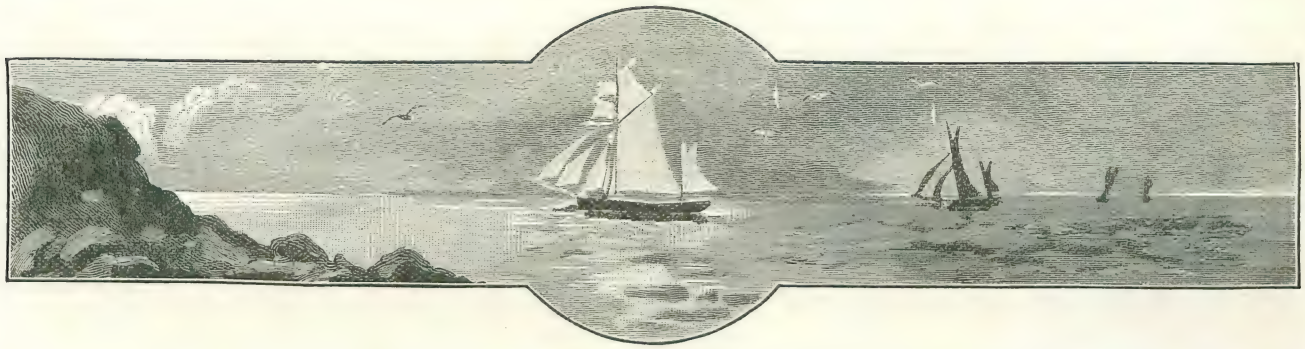
BE STRONG!

Words by ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. *Music by* MYLES B. FOSTER.




A trifle slower. mf
dim.
p
Be strong to bear, O Heart, . . be strong to bear! . .
mf
dim.
p
dolce.
Be strong to bear, O Heart, to bear! . . No - thing is
mf
p
poco cres.
vain; . . . Strive not, for life is care, . . . life is care, And
p
Solenne e sostenuto.
mf
molto cres.
p
God sends pain; . . . Heav'n is a - bove, Heav'n is a - bove, . . and there rest will re -
molto cres.
p
Be strong to bear, O Heart, . . to bear! Be strong! . .
- main! . . Be strong to bear, O Heart! Be strong! . .
p


Allegro vivo. ma con maesta.
mf
rit.
Be strong to love, O Heart, to love! . . .
mf
rit.
Be strong to love, O Heart, be strong to love! . . .
mf
rit.
p a tempo.
cres.
poco a poco.
Love knows not wrong; . . Didst thou love crea-tures e-ven Life were not
p a tempo.
cres.
poco a poco.
Love knows not wrong; . . Didst thou love crea-tures e-ven Life were not
p a tempo.
cres.
poco a poco.
f agitato.
più f
ff
long; . Didst thou love God, . . God in Heav-en, Thou wouldst be
f agitato.
più f
long; . Didst thou love God, . . God . . in Heav-en.
f
Slower.
ten.
mf risoluto.
strong! . . . . Didst thou love God, . . thou wouldst, thou wouldst be strong!
ff
ten.
mf
Thou wouldst be strong! Didst thou love God, . . thou wouldst, thou wouldst be strong!
ff
Slower.
mf
f



ADA AND RUTH.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.

A GREAT, shrill-voiced, boisterous wind, that had come bounding all across the Atlantic and had grown proud of his prowess as he travelled, so that now, as he leapt up on this North Devon cliff, he was evidently expecting and intending to have everything his own way, a faint patch of western, yellow light showing where the autumn sun had just set over a grey, sullen-looking sea, a large, bare, old-fashioned house, the stone face of which seemed to reflect the sombre tint of the ocean below, such were Ruth Stapleton's first impressions of the place to which she was coming to find a new home. Could anything be less like that dear home which she had left but this morning, that beautiful sunny villa of Mr. Winterborne's on the southern coast, where summer seemed to love to linger, and even when she had departed to have left behind in the land, as a token of her speedy return, sweet odours that had dropped from her garments into the deep, sheltered lanes, or on to the meadows.

But things dearer and more precious far than soft warm airs and delicate perfumes had been left by Ruth that morning; this was why her eyes were so veiled with a mist of tears as she drove up to the house to which she was going that she could, at first, scarcely see whether the place to which she was drawing near was a palace or a cottage. They were all rising up so distinctly in her memory, those dear and precious things which would not be hers for many and many a day again. There were Ada's fond, soft arms clinging round her waist with the old, familiar girlish clasp to the last, and Ada's lovely eyes shining so radiantly through her tears: there was kind Mr. Winterborne's honest voice, trembling a little as he spoke the kindly words which bade her, whenever she needed a home, come and find it beneath his roof; there was her father's sad, yet calm face, the face which told of peace within that no storm could ever shake, no grief could cloud, turned on her tenderly, yet with strength and encouragement in his glance, as though in that look he would give her a treasure to bear with her in her remembrance.

"God bless and keep you, my darling!" those had been his last words to her as he held her very close to him in the moments of parting; "be true to your faith in Him, and your love to man, and all shall go well with you."

Then he put into her hand her mother's Bible, marked in many passages by her, and with a braid of her hair for a place-mark, his final gift; and after that he left her principally to Ada, till she was seated in the carriage which was to take her to the station, deeming that the girl's loving, young ways and words would soothe her better than anything else could do, and give a breezy freshness and sunny tint to her mind that might be with her throughout her journey; and Ruth, through the whole day, had been bright and cheery and had done her best to take an interest in the country she was passing through and in her fellow-travellers, until now, at the end of the long drive up and down, as it seemed to her, interminable, steep, endless hills, she had broken down as pictures of the morning rose up before her.

After that great loss of money which had come upon them so suddenly, it had been found necessary for Mr. Stapleton and his daughter to change entirely the plan of their lives, which had seemed to both of them, just before his return from India, to lie stretched out so clearly, and brightly, and smoothly beneath their eyes. It was impossible for them now to live without doing something to win their own bread, so each had looked out for some employment. He had obtained an appointment as a navy chaplain, which, finding the sea always agree with him, he could hold beneficially for his shaken, failing health. Ruth had got, through an advertisement in a newspaper, a situation at Redcliffe Hall in North Devon, where she would have to be at once the companion to a very old lady, and to undertake the care of her little great-grandchild. It was a strange double charge united in one, this care of the aged woman of more than eighty, and the little girl of five; but it was exactly its strangeness which made Ruth choose it in preference to the many other excellent situations which naturally enough were offered to a young woman with her high character and education. Her lively interest and curiosity were roused by the singularity of the position which it was proposed to her to take, and her father, seeing that the novelty of the arrangement had attractions for her, and diverted her mind from dwelling too much on her own personal troubles and sorrows, did not oppose her wish to accept this offer, though, to his middle-aged brain, a more commonplace situation would have appeared desirable and most likely to be a success in the long-run.

But to return to Ruth as she drew near her new home. She overcame the sudden wave of sadness which had rushed over her with a strong effort, forcing it back with the power of her resolute will, and with the mighty spell of prayer which, since these days of trouble had begun for her, she had found most potent and most sweet to calm her spirit; then she dried her eyes, and resolved to fix her thoughts steadily and cheerfully on what lay immediately before her, instead of letting them wander back to the irrevocable past. Vain regrets were things very foreign to her energetic nature, which possessed the inestimable moral faculty of flinging aside what lies as a useless, painful weight in the memory, and living only in the work and the trials of the actual present. She was always a special favourite, she knew, with both very old people and young children; her sunny ways, her quick, true sympathies, her ready helpfulness won her rapidly a place in their hearts, and enabled her to keep it, as few other girls of her age could do. Ruth was conscious of this, and no doubt such a consciousness had contributed towards making her select this situation, and was now causing her to look forward to her future with something of a pleasurable sensation, in spite of the gloom which otherwise surrounded her. She strove bravely to keep this feeling uppermost in her mind, and whispering the words, "Let strength be given me, Master, for the day," prepared to enter on her new sphere of duty.

In front of the grim, grey house on the side where the chief entrance was, there was a broad, desolate-looking piece of ground which seemed in a sort of forlorn way to claim the title of a garden. There were a few shrubs there, which shook their stunted heads discontentedly in the sea-breeze, and there were two or three apologies for flower-beds where weeds held high holiday. This dreary domain, however, call it what you will, forbade a carriage driving up to the front door. So Ruth got out here and proceeded across it, followed by the driver of her fly carrying her trunk. When they reached the door, the man, who apparently was not exactly over-burdened with civility, set down his load, asked for and obtained his fare, and departed quickly, leaving the young lady standing on the step, and evidently thinking that he and his horse had done more than their duty towards her.

Once, twice, thrice did Ruth pull at the bell outside the low arched door, and once, twice, thrice it returned a petulant shrill little tinkle, which gave the idea that it did not at all like being disturbed and was remonstrating against the familiarity. How very different her position was from anything to which she had been accustomed, she thought, as she stood there feeling chilled and hungry in spite of her resolution to make the best of everything. At this hour, in Mr. Winterborne's villa, they were all sitting down to dinner in the large, brightly-lit dining-room, and how unlike this dreary scene around her was to the flower-sprinkled garden at home, and how unlike this long waiting of a visitor at the door was to the ready attention of Mr. Winterborne's footman. Such were the thoughts passing through her mind; and she was asking herself whether she should try to go round to some back door, when suddenly the following address reached her from above:

"Well, so you are the new young lady, are you? You seem to want to make noise enough on your first arrival. But you just wait a bit while I have a look at you; I'm very glad to have the opportunity before we become better acquainted."

(To be continued.)



NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

THIS is the month to see the most striking and certainly some of the most beautiful of our wild flowers in perfection. By the side of any stream the loosestrife, willow herb, blue meadow, cranes-bill and meadowsweet are conspicuous objects. Indeed, the meadowsweet might be called the flower of July, as it grows in profusion in all the ditches, attracting notice by its scent as well as form, and is quite a note in the landscape. It succeeds the wild roses of June, and is a most decorative plant, and one I have frequently introduced into my work. The meadowsweet belongs to the rose tribe, little as it may appear to the casual observer like a rose, but in natural botany plants are classed according to the arrangement of their stamens and seed-vessels, and this brings together as cousins many apparently dissimilar flowers. It also separates others, as in the case of the limnanth, which has leaves exactly like the white water-lily, and bears delicate yellow flowers of five petals. It can be found growing side by side with the "Nymph of the rivers," and one would say it must be closely related: yet this is not so, as it belongs to the gentians. The white water-lily flowers during June and July, and on the Thames is frequently met with in the back-waters and wherever the stream is not too rapid. It is first-cousin to the giant lily of the Amazon, the Victoria Regina, which by the way can be seen growing in Kew Gardens—though hardly in perfection, I imagine.

I am inclined to think, though this may be because I have for some time lived in a village on the Thames, that the flowers which grow in the vicinity of water are the most beautiful of any that we possess. Of this I am sure that the edge of a stream is a very happy situation for flowers and plants, either when reflected in the water or seen against it, as one does when walking along the bank. Old Isaac Walton says—

> "Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
> Of Thames or Avon have my dwelling-place,
> Where I can sit and watch my float down sink
> At eager bite of perch, or bleak or dace."

but though I have carried out his wish practically I haven't the old angler's enthusiasm for watching a float, and very rarely trouble to throw a line into the Thames with a "fool at one end and a worm at the other," as Johnson might have said in one of his frank outbursts. Fishing is a capital excuse for sitting out in warm weather to slowly drink in the beauty of the day and prospect, for I am not keen enough an angler to enjoy the sample of weather reserved for him. Much comes to one that one does not go for, just as it does when one is sketching out of doors. Fish come to the surface, and you may see a trout or a barbel jump right out of the water, and the bleak and small roach and dace leap out as a jack or perch shoots into a shoal to make a meal. It may be your fortune, too, to see a kingfisher fly off with a fish in its mouth or a heron alight and wade in on the shallows, and with his head bent and beak pointing downwards keep motionless until its head darts forward, and having secured his prey flies off with stately flight to eat it at his ease. Rats come out of their holes and swim across the river, while dragon-flies dart about and swallows skim the surface after insects. These sights are not often seen if you go out in a business-like way to see them, but while sitting quietly at your work, be it sketching or fishing, many a little drama is enacted before you which the restless individual never sees.



In the marshy country by the Norfolk broads I have found the grass of Parnassus with its delicate white flowers, each on a tall slender stalk. It belongs to the sundews, our representative of the insect-eating plants, which are also found growing in boggy places. The spearwort is another flower I have gathered in Norfolk. This belongs to the buttercups, but though the flower resembles our familiar yellow friends of the fields, the leaves are long and

tapering somewhat like an iris. The frog-bit, with its three-petalled white flowers, somewhat like the flowers of the arrow-head and the water-soldier, which rises to the surface to flower, and then sinks, with its flowers set in the centre of its leaves, edged like a saw, I have seen in Norfolk, though neither of them grow in the upper reaches of the Thames. On the other hand we have two flowers, the fritillary and snowflake; plants very locally distributed, and both found in abundance about here. In tidal rivers and in salt marshes, the aster, with its numerous blue star-like flowers, and the horned poppy may be found, the latter a striking plant with its glaucous green leaves.

The teasel, sometimes growing five to six feet high, and dock, are conspicuous plants in July when both are in flower. The latter is a strikingly decorative plant with its long broad leaves of many colours, green, purple, yellow and red, and its purple brown seeds, and I have frequently used it in screens. Along the river some very large clumps of it are to be seen. The fig-wort with its tall, square, purplish stem, three to four feet high, round seed vessels, and inconspicuous reddish purple flowers, and the toad-flax, looking like a yellow snap-dragon, are also common plants in July. One must not forget to mention too, the water plantain, not unlike asparagus in growth, and the beautiful flowering rush with its umbels of pink flowers. It is a conspicuous plant growing three to four feet high among the rushes and flags. The common reed with its long spear-like leaves and feathery-purplish flowers, covers large tracts of marshy land in Norfolk, and is now the only place where the bearded tit is to be found. It is a beautiful bird having conspicuous tufts of black feathers growing by the side of each eye, which has the appearance of a beard. Among these reed fronds the bittern is occasionally found, and in the winter wild ducks, snipe and many of the rarer birds are to be seen. This reed (*Arundo phragmites*) is to be found in some of the backwaters of the Thames, but like the bulrush, it prefers a muddy slow stream, or stagnant water. The wild iris or yellow flag is plentiful all along the river, but has by July ceased flowering, and has developed its triangular seed-pods, which later in the year split open and disclose the reddish round seeds. The plant which has similar flag-like leaves, only that they are crimped at the edges, is the sweet flag. The leaves, if crushed in the hand, are highly aromatic, not unlike walnut leaves, and were probably the reeds used by the Saxons to strew on their floors, and in Norfolk it is said to be strewn on the floors of churches on festival days. The flower of this scented flag is quite inconspicuous, being merely a greenish spathe growing low down so that it is rarely seen, and many people therefore think that it does not flower.

The lime trees are in bloom this month, and in the evening the scent given off from a row of trees in the village is powerfully fragrant. What is known as honey-dew drops off the limes like globules of gum. This was particularly noticeable in the hot summer of 1893.

By the third week in July the harvest has begun in all the southern counties, and in Sussex, where the land is forward, wheat is frequently carried before July is out. Rye is the first to be cut, but there is not nearly as much of this corn grown in this country as on the continent, and rye bread is a thing unknown here. Winter oats come next, then wheat. Barley and beans follow, and it is no uncommon thing for these latter to be out when the snow comes. The old plan of letting out the harvest to the men for a stipulated sum is seldom





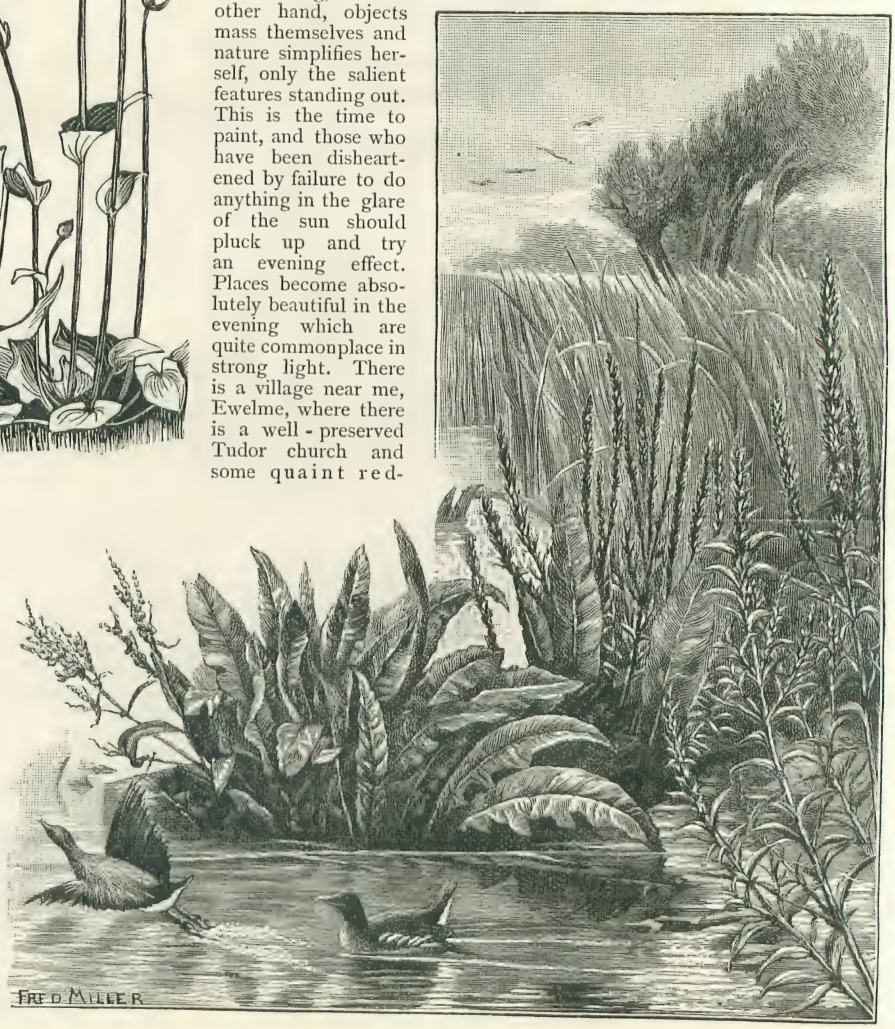
THE EDGE OF AN OAT FIELD.

followed now, as so much of the corn is cut and tied by the self-binders. When corn was "fagged" with a sickle, the whole of a village were in the fields, the women and children making bands and tying, the men reaping, and shocking and carting. The villagers worked from early till late, for the sooner harvest was finished the better was it for all concerned. Harvest men used to go about the country (many coming over from Ireland), and beginning in the south work their way northward where the harvest was later, but around me few casual hands are taken on, for machines do the work so rapidly that the ordinary farm hands are sufficient to get through the harvest. Harvest at one time was looked forward to as the great event of the year and as a time of plenty, and when the last load was taken home, boots and clothes were bought for the year, rent was paid, and occasionally a few days holiday taken to see friends and relatives who had left their native villages to find work amid new scenes. I remember as a child staying in a Cambridgeshire village during harvest-time, and the recollection of the light-hearted activity and good-humoured toil of the whole place is an abiding one. Everyone looked forward to the time, and though the work was hard, yet all appeared contented and each did his share with a will. "Man should rejoice in his labour for that is his portion." The few who did not work in the fields were at home cooking for those at harvest, or taking the meals into the fields, and even the older women and young children took their turn at gleaning. For once in their lives each year the villagers had more than supplied their immediate wants: they were as rich as the richest then.

July is not the most paintable month in the year, especially in midday, when everything is seen under the glare of a hot sun. The effect of this white heat is not picturesque when adequately rendered, for trees look black and everything appears cut up and scattered. There is a want of unity and effect, for everything has an equal value, being seen too much in detail. In the evening, on the other hand, objects mass themselves and nature simplifies herself, only the salient features standing out. This is the time to paint, and those who have been disheartened by failure to do anything in the glare of the sun should pluck up and try an evening effect. Places become absolutely beautiful in the evening which are quite commonplace in strong light. There is a village near me, Ewelme, where there is a well-preserved Tudor church and some quaint red-brick almshouses crowning a hill. I saw it for the first time one evening when the buildings were seen *en silhouette* against the sky, and I was enthusiastic about the place;

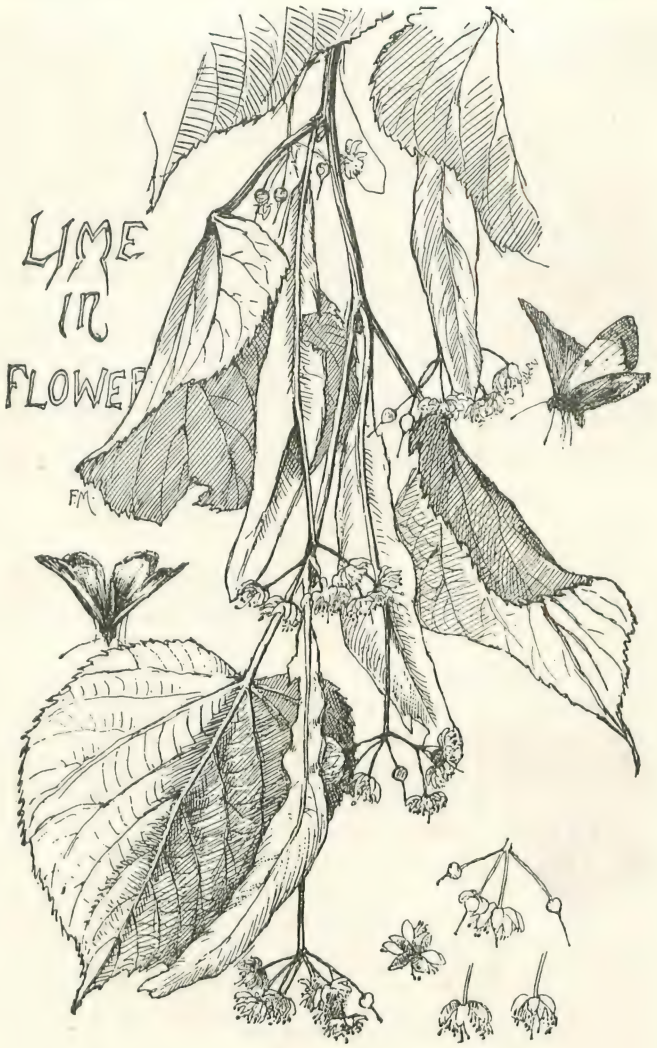






DOCK AND LOOSESTRIFE.





and yet friends who have gone at my suggestion and have only seen it in the glare of a midday sun (especially after a hot dusty walk of two miles from the nearest point on the river) come back with a most injured air, to say how disappointed they were with the place—that they could see nothing in it, a reflection upon one's judgment. If they had seen Ewelme as I first did my friends would have been spared their disappointment, and my reputation as a guide to the picturesque might have received a warranty. I have seen some most beautiful effects while walking to bathe in the evening when the crimson and orange of the sunset is whisked into the faint blue, and the meadows appear a warm, soft, russet-green, and the dew rises heavily obscuring all objects low down, while the cattle nearer the eye stand out sculpturesque against the white mist. One feels that one can do something with such a subject, "when the long day wanes and the slow moon climbs," and you may depend upon it that one is not likely to be successful when one does not feel drawn to the subject.

Most of the hay is in by the second week in July, though in some wet seasons hay-making trends upon the heels of harvest. When the hay is all cut and carted the fields have a shorn, bare appearance that is not more picturesque than is a prisoner when he comes out of jail. One notices the change after one has been enjoying the luscious abundance of the meadows, with their oxeye daisies, sorrel, cranesbills and meadowsweet, but by this time the corn is becoming the feature in the landscape, and the joys that nature gives are quite equal to those she takes away. On the other hand this year (1893), owing to the long spell of dry weather and hot sun, most of the hay is stacked by the middle of June. This season has been so exceptional that it is worth while making a note about it. Since the beginning of March we have only had one afternoon's rain, and now we are in the third week in June, and during this time we have had almost continuous sunshine. Apples are now quite large, currants are ripe and will be over in a week or so, wild roses are getting over, and lilies, campanulas and carnations are in full bloom in the gardens, while meadowsweet and loosestrife are in flower by the river. Wheat is in ear, and so is barley and oats, and in short everything is quite four weeks earlier than usual. The fields are as burnt up as they are in a hot summer in August, and the drought is making itself severely felt in this part of the country, which is naturally hot. On the hills people are giving five shillings a barrel for water, or twopence per pailful, a state of things difficult for us to imagine who have water in abundance. Ordinary garden flowers like pansies, campanulas, sweet peas and dahlias can only be kept



alive by daily watering, while ten week stocks, asters and zinnias are stunted in growth, and will do very little good this season, as they do not make root growth. Last year I sowed a quantity of annuals such as larkspur, escholtzia, linum and poppies in a part of the garden and many of these seeded themselves, and this year among the potatoes I have many annuals in bloom. Poppies and escholtzias appear to stand the drought better than anything, doubtless owing to the long tap root they send into the ground, which enables them to get moisture which the shallower rooted plants do not obtain. I have rather despised annuals hitherto, but I can see that at least they are a second string to one's bow in gardening, for many herbaceous plants like hollyhocks cannot stand the drought. I shall certainly scatter some mixed seed in my borders this autumn, for I find that autumn sown annuals are stronger and more forward than spring sown ones. I just walked up to a garden I have away from the house to see what plants had stood the heat and drought, and was astonished to see how freely the Shirley poppies were blooming. Some which sowed themselves against a wall on the gravel have done as well as any, showing how capable they are of thriving in an arid situation. The escholtzias, or Californian poppies, growing among the potatoes are blooming profusely. Bartonia aurea, with its handsome golden flowers and thistle-like foliage, and sweet sultan, are also in bloom, as well as some self-sown larkspur and cornflowers. The sunflowers too look promising.

Among the conspicuous flowers in a garden in bloom during July are gaillardias, delphiniums, campanulas, Iceland poppies, mimulus cardinalis, potentillas, salvias, bergamot, veronicas, erigeron, evening primrose, sunflowers, Indian pinks, everlasting flowers, linaria and lilies.

A pair of fly-catchers built their nest two years in some ivy just above one of the windows, hatched four young ones, and in three weeks and a few days they were ready for flight. We often watched the old birds as we sat indoors flying constantly to and fro with insects to feed their eternally hungry children. The old birds would alight on the top of the open casement before perching on their nest. To show that birds do not always hide their nest these fly-catchers placed theirs in the most conspicuous place, where there were no leaves to hide it, as it merely rested on the thick stems of the ivy. Another pair have built almost in the same spot this year. A faggot heap is a favourite place for birds to build in, and in my yew tree and hollies I generally have two or three thrushes build, though this year a pair half finished a nest and then forsook it. Towards the end of July swallows and martins begin to congregate, and the swift flies southwards, being rarely seen after July.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB."



WHILE Mara and Edwin were engaged in the foregoing conversation in one sitting-room, Mr. Vaughan and Mariana were together in the other. Each was anxious enough; the one that the cherished wish of his heart might be fulfilled, the other that two people whom she loved might be made happy, even though her own happiness were destroyed.

"Mariana, let us trust they may be guided aright," said Mr. Vaughan.

"Yes, father," said Mariana, struggling with her poor heart to pray for what she could not desire.

The ledger that lay open before Mr. Vaughan was untouched — the work drooped in Mariana's fingers. That hour seemed the longest in their lives, but it was over at last. The slamming of the front door made Mr. Vaughan get up and Mariana start. Mr. Vaughan was at the window in time to see Edwin hurry through the snowstorm, and he knew what must have happened. He looked stern and pale when he turned round and faced his timid but excited daughter.

"If she has refused him again," he said, "she may leave this house for ever."

"Oh, no! father," cried Mariana. "We cannot control our love."

"What has love to do with duty?" asked Mr. Vaughan severely.

Mariana scarcely knew. She felt that love and duty ought to be one, but that they were too frequently at issue.

Her father left the room, and she heard him go to Mara. She gave way to her feelings and began to cry. But her heart was habitually too much under the control of her will for this mood to last, and she soon thought of the risk Edwin ran of increased illness from exposure to the snowstorm. She went into the passage, took a large cloak, and carrying it into the kitchen told a man to hasten after Mr. Morris with it, and beg him to come home quickly.

Meanwhile Mr. Vaughan's cold eyes were turned upon Mara. The sight of his compressed lips and stern brow had from childhood raised the spirit of evil in his daughter. No sooner did she see them now than the softened temper in which Edwin had left her gave place to the obstinacy natural to her when in strife.

"So, Mara!" began Mr. Vaughan, "you have sent Edwin forth to meet his death in this inclement weather?"

"I did not send him," was the reply.

"What has been your conversation for the last hour, and why did he leave you so abruptly?"

"He chose to renew a subject which you know is hateful to me, and I told him that I would not marry him."

Mara said these words as decidedly as her father could have said them, and met his eyes unflinchingly.

"You have been, indeed, a bitter daughter to me, Mara Vaughan, and the curse of disobedience must rest upon you. Is it because you still think of the other that you cannot marry the God-serving man?"

"My thoughts are my own, father. But aspersions on the supposed dead are unbecoming."

"You are resolved that you will never marry Edwin?"

"Never. I do not love him. I never loved him."

"Then, perhaps, you will return to your chosen home, the workhouse?"

"I certainly will. But, remember, that I did not come here to meet Edwin. This has been your doing, not mine."

Mr. Vaughan knew that she spoke the truth.

"It was for your present and eternal good, Mara. But you have ever resisted all my efforts for either."

"Father, I am no longer a child. I know that my conduct has always displeased you, but had you been less hard to me it might have been different. You forget that there are fathers of prodigals as well as Abrahams in the Bible."

"Mara! this from you!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughan.

"You have brought it on yourself, father, by preventing my marriage with one I loved as my own soul, and urging me to marry one I disliked. You have misunderstood one child and made her rebellious—beware how you drive your other into straits in which she would perish rather than seek to escape by disobedience."

"Unnatural, unfilial daughter, you may go," said Mr. Vaughan, pointing to the door and hurrying out himself first, afraid to trust himself to say more.

Mariana came in at once, and Mara threw herself into her arms.

"I was born to be a torment to everyone," she said. "Dear Nanno, do not desert me! Father remands me to the union, and I go at once. Where is Ivor? We shall not mind the snow."

"Mr. Roderick has sent a cart and Shon the post for Ivor," said Mariana. "But do not go away, dear Mara."

"I must. I will go with Ivor. Come and help me."

She hurried upstairs, packed up her box, and in five minutes was ready to start. She found Ivor crying, and Billo trying to comfort him.

"Come, you little ghose," said Billo. "They 'ont be beating you. Miss Marget will be seeing to that. Come you."

An old mail-cart was at the back-door, and the servants were gathered round it, talking to Shon the post, the one-eyed driver.

"'Ont he be catching it?" said Shon. "Mak' you haste, Mynydd."

"You cannot go in that cart," said Nanno; "you will be upset."

But Mara hastily kissed her sister, said good-bye to the servants, and mounted beside Shon. Ivor was lifted up between them, and the box put in behind.

"Is it safe?" asked Nanno anxiously.

"Safe enough, miss," said Shon.

Mariana heaped cloaks over them, and provided Mara with a large gig-umbrella, then pressing a parcel of cakes and gingerbread into Ivor's hands, stood to watch them with tears in her eyes.

The red cart rolled off like a felled holly-bush through the snow, and Shonny did his best to drive carefully. Billo ran before to open gates until they were on the high-road, and so they got through the snow-covered drive and fields. The road was more dangerous, for the ruts and stones were invisible, and the light cart was in momentary danger of an upset.

Mara held Ivor in her arms, covered by her cloak, and the big umbrella staggered about between her and Shon. Still she only wished the way was longer, and rejoiced at the outward chill as less cold than the gnawing pain at her heart.

When at last they reached the workhouse, Mara got quickly out of the cart, and took Ivor and her box to the schoolroom, leaving Shon to ring for the master.

As she entered the schoolroom she heard Gipsy George say—

"I will fight anyone who dares to lay hands on Ivor."

This speech was called forth by a dispute amongst the children concerning Ivor's escape.

There was a general cry of pleasure at sight of Mara. Emily's arms were round her neck immediately, and George seized on Ivor.

"Don't be frightened, man, I'll protect you!" he said.

Mara had scarcely time to ask any questions before Mr. and Mrs. Roderick appeared.

"Good day, Miss Vaughan," said the master; "I didn't mean to send for you. Sorry you have come through the snow. I only wanted that little scamp of a foundling, who gives us more trouble than all the rest of the children put together. Come here, you sir, and I'll show you how you are to run away when you please."

Ivor was standing behind Gipsy George, who spread himself out in front.

"Oh, you won't come, won't you? then we must make you," said Mr. Roderick advancing towards Ivor.

Mara stepped between them, and restraining her temper as best she could, said:

"He is under my care, Mr. Roderick, and I will punish him."

"This is within my province, Miss Vaughan, and I will not be interfered with. He must be made an example of, or we shall have all the children running away."

The master tried to push by Mara, who stood between him and his prey.

"Remember his age, Mr. Roderick. If you beat and lock him up, it may cost him his life," said Mara, striving to be calm.

"It would be better for your reputation, miss, if you didn't take his part," whispered Mr. Roderick.

Mara's colour rose, but she still restrained her temper.

"Meanwhile," she said, "if anything happen to the child, I will cite you before the commissioners."

The exasperated master roughly pushed Mara aside, and was going to seize Ivor, when he received two such blows in the chest that he recoiled, and for the moment felt violent pain.

He soon recovered himself, and turned from his intended victim to George, whose sturdy fists had given the blows. He was about to rush upon him, but there was something so dangerous in his eyes that the little man, though no coward, drew back. The pair stood at bay. The big boy of thirteen was more than a match for the small man of fifty.

"If you will please to let me alone, sir," said George, still holding himself on the defensive, "I will give myself up to be flogged, for myself and Ivor too. It was all my fault. I told him to run away."

"No he did not," cried Ivor, suddenly coming forward and standing between Mr. Roderick and George. "I ran away all of myself. Please, sir, I won't be afraid of the black hole. Beat me, and not Georgy."

Here Emily, who was the privileged pet of master and matron, took her turn by clinging to Mr. Roderick, and crying—

"Don't beat them, please, master. They will never do it again."

The master shook the child off, and, recovering his self-command, said grimly to George:

"Come with me, you gipsy scoundrel. If I have any more of this, I will get a policeman, and you shall be sent to jail. Watch the foundling for the present, Mrs. Roderick. His turn comes next. You, Miss Vaughan, had better teach the children good manners."

Mara was pale with fear, and most of the children were trembling round her. Ivor was clinging to Gipsy George, crying, "Beat me, sir, beat me!" but George gently unclasped his hands, went boldly to the master, saying that he was ready to be punished, for he knew he deserved it.

Mr. Roderick pointed to the door, and George walked briskly out of the room. Mara was beginning an appeal, but checked it on perceiving Ivor about to follow Mr. Roderick. She held him back, while he began to struggle and scream, and at last carried him forcibly into her bedroom, leaving Mrs. Roderick behind.

"Ivor, darling, be quiet," said Mara, when she had shut the door.

"It was my fault. Master shall not beat him. He said he would die if he was flogged again. Let me go! let me go."

Mara had never seen Ivor in a passion before. He struggled until he burst from her, and then tried to open the door. Not succeeding, he kicked and thumped it violently; but finding he could not get out, he threw himself on the ground in an agony of terror, and loudly called for George. Mara found that this gentle, and as some supposed half-witted boy, had a temper and will of his own when excited.

Mrs. Roderick came in, alarmed by the noise, and the two women soon found that Ivor was a subject for the sick ward rather than the black hole, for he had worked himself into one of the fits that he had not had for years. Thus, while Mr. Roderick was administering summary punishment to George in a dismal room, where was neither light nor heat, they carried Ivor to the bath, and put his stiffening body into warm water.

The fit lasted a long time, and when it passed off Ivor was so prostrated that he was doomed to the sick ward, and Mara was separated from him. But Betty True Blue was at hand, who promised to nurse him tenderly.

In the course of the day Dr. Herbert came, to whom Mara managed to tell the story of George and Ivor. He gave strict orders that no corporal punishment was to be inflicted on the foundling, and that he must on no account be shut up in the dark hole, as it would imperil his life or his reason.

Mr. Roderick received these orders with evident annoyance, and said that all discipline must be at an end if a boy could run away and be unpunished.

"He has had vicarious punishment in the person of Gipsy George," said Dr. Herbert. "He, poor lad, has fortunately stout limbs and a stout heart, and can therefore bear a flogging better than this poor little fellow."

"They are ruffians by nature, doctor, and nothing but the lash will tame them," said the irritated master.

"I wouldn't advise you to try it on the young one, or both you and he may come to grief. We cannot quite rid ourselves of them in the country like cats and dogs, as they do in large towns. I don't think the parish, as a mother, is too tender of her outcast children, but she would not see them come to a bad end without stirring up her maternal instincts. So we will take especial care of the foundling, if you please, Mr. Roderick"

The master was obliged to obey, but the eyes of his wrath fell askance upon Mara, and he added another pound to the score he held in his mind's ledger against that handsome but self-willed schoolmistress. She managed to visit the outside of George's prison and Ivor's bed in spite of him. George said that he did not mind the flogging, darkness, or cold, since Ivor was safe from them, and that he was quite warm and comfortable. But as he whispered this through the keyhole Mara thought she heard his teeth chatter. When she repeated it to Ivor, also in a whisper, the burden of his cry was that he ought to have been punished, and not George.

"Come you, Ivor *bach*," said Betty True Blue, "I am knowing a fairy as do be takking good boys out of dark holes through the keyhole, and I do promise that she shall take Georgy out as clean as a nut out of a shell—hush, I was hearing her by there!"

"I don't hear her, Betty," said Ivor, awakened to life by curiosity.

"Sing you a little hymn, and she'll be there, presto. She is like music is the fairy."

Ivor began to sing and was comforted.

But not so Emily, who cried in a corner all day, and wept herself to sleep at night.

The following morning matters outwardly resumed their usual face, but sores were rankling in many hearts. George showed a brave front to his little world, and was heard to say that he had spent an agreeable night. Ivor was better, and in the school-room again.

"Did the fairy take you out through the key-hole?" asked Ivor, when he and George were alone.

"Not exactly," said George, "but if she carries me off in a day or two don't be frightened, for I shall come back for you and Emily."

"You are going to Mr. Glyn's, Georgy," said Ivor.

"No, I don't choose to stay where I am called gipsy and pauper. I mean to go where I can make lots of money, and help you, and marry Emily. I shall make presents to everyone, and give the master a gold watch. Won't he be sorry then, that's all?"

The next day George was missing. He had run away, nobody knew whither. He had been seen in the children's court at their hour of play, and was seen no more. Mara made Ivor confess to her that he had threatened to run off, and this was all that anyone could tell of his movements or intentions. Inquiries were made on all sides; the two slow policemen dedicated by Government to the neighbourhood paraded the hillside in vain—Gipsy George was nowhere to be found. His school-fellows lamented, Emily wept, but Ivor did not cry because he was sure that he should see him again.

When the guardians met and heard the fact, they made inquiries. Mr. Roderick threw the blame on Mara, but she said the boy had absconded on account of the flogging. The guardians considered the punishment well-merited for the attack on Mr. Roderick, and thought no one to blame but Ivor and George. Mr. Glyn listened and commented in silence, sorry to have lost a promising servant, and fearful for his future. When the guardians went away he sought Mara in the school-room to learn the exact truth. He found Angharad with her, but almost forgot her presence in his anxiety about George. Mara told him all she knew.

"I am not afraid for him," she said. "He will do, go where he will."

"And he has got out of prison," said Angharad.

"And I have lost a servant," said Mr. Glyn.

Ivor suddenly came in.

"I know the tune, sir, now," said Ivor.

"What tune?" asked Mr. Glyn.

"The one you and the sea whistled that day, sir," said Ivor, shuddering.

"Will you sing it?"

Ivor hummed the air that Mr. Glyn had whistled to attract him out of the cave.

"I think Betty True Blue's fairy taught it me when I was sick," said Ivor.

"He has been trying to get it ever since," said Mara.

"We must make a musician of him," said Mr. Glyn, stroking his head, and suddenly remembering what had brought him to the school-room, added, "I—I—am sorry that I have lost Gipsy George. I shall do all I can to find him."

"You never will," said Ivor. "The fairy has taken him, and will make him very rich."

"There are plenty more boys, Mr. Glyn," chimed in Angharad, unable any longer to preserve silence. "Come to us on New Year's Eve, and you shall have your choice. Miss Vaughan is going to bring all the children to tea, and you know you promised mamma to call sometimes."

Mr. Glyn met Angharad's half-sad, half-mischievous eyes. He remembered that he had made a kind of resolution to resist them.

"Thank you—thank you!" he said, hastily backing towards the door.

"We shall expect you!" pursued Angharad, as he bowed and retreated. "Stupid man!" she added. "Is he afraid that we shall catch him by his coat-tails? I have a great mind to do it. I will."

"Angharad, do stay. He will think you are pursuing him."

"So I am. I am going to run him to ground. Will you be in at the death? Good-bye."

And Angharad went away, whether to follow Mr. Glyn or not Mara could not tell.

On the following day Edwin was walking home from the meeting with Mr. Vaughan and Mariana.

Mr. Vaughan commented without reserve on Edwin's sermon and prayer. He praised or blamed according to his own reading of the Bible, which was no longer quite that of his friend. Mariana listened in silence, and was of opinion that Edwin was too ill and too excited to preach at all.

"I think you are the man chosen to lead a revival here," said Mr. Vaughan after his criticism was ended.

"I would I were, but my time is short. I want to see the fruit of my labours, and I can only begin them. But oh, let family love return to us that I may, at least, not be the cause of disunion."

"To what do you allude?" said Mr. Vaughan.

"To you—to Margaret—to myself. If I have touched your heart ever so slightly close it not again. Be reconciled to Margaret while it is yet in your power."

"It is her place to seek reconciliation. 'Children obey your parents,' is the text."

"The fault was mine, sir. I have sinned in fostering an unrequited passion, and she would have sinned had she plighted her faith to me, not loving me as woman should love the man she marries. If Margaret is to be won to her home and her God, it must be by love and gentleness on your part. I know not how it is with her, but she must have delicate treatment from her friends, if—if——I scarcely know what I say—but you must forgive her."

Mariana gazed at Edwin with surprise. She did not understand him, but agreed with him. She said—

"Yes, father, Edwin is right. We do not understand Mara." She would have added more, but she suddenly remembered that Mara's offence was connected with Edwin, and she was silent.

"I cannot discuss this subject here," said Mr. Vaughan, hurrying on and dragging Mariana with him.

"Father," she whispered, "Edwin is not able to walk so fast. This frost and snow are stronger than he."

Edwin heard and looked at the gentle girl. She was very pale and seemed almost a portion of the pure white world around.

"Do not fear, Mariana," he said, but she knew that his breath was shortened by the cold, and his step clogged by the frozen snow.

They soon reached home, however, and warmth and Mariana's tendance restored him. While she was absent from the room, Mr. Vaughan said to Edwin—

"You spoke rashly in upholding one disobedient daughter in the presence of the other, albeit she is ever obedient. But I would hear what more you have to say, for verily I have wrestled much with myself about this matter."

"I would venture to say, sir, that you and I have been more to blame than Margaret. I had no right to press upon her an obnoxious subject, and shall do so no more. All is over between us for ever."

"Do not say so!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, for once roused into life.

"I say so with decision. I pray to think of her as a sister henceforth, and come to you as her brother to entreat you to forget the past and to draw her to you with cords of love."

"This is very bitter to me, Edwin. I had hoped to have called you son. Perhaps I am punished for setting my affections too much on Mara and not sufficiently restraining her. At your request and the suggestions of my conscience, you may tell the stubborn girl that I retract the words I spoke. This house may be her natural home henceforth, as it ought ever to have been. Now we will drop the subject for ever."

Edwin knew what this concession must have cost Mr. Vaughan, and silently rejoiced at the power of conscience and religion in a heart hard by nature as the nether millstone.

Edwin slept little that night. Dr. Herbert and Mariana were true prophets—fever and excitement were doing their work on his shattered constitution. He lay awake thinking of Mara, and of how best to convey to her her father's message. The following day he resolved to see her once more.

When, after dinner, he prepared to brave the cold, Mariana expostulated.

"You are not well enough, Edwin," she said. "Pray do not go out again in this inclement weather."

"I must see Margaret once more. I must give her the message myself. I must speak to her about her soul. Not for myself, Nanno; not for myself, but for her."

Mariana sighed, and Edwin went.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARY.—There seems to be no limit of age at the College of Preceptors' examinations.

MISS WINDER.—We have long since informed our readers that you and many others have ceased to carry on your classes. If they do not attend to what we say it is no fault of ours; nor can we stop the sale of a *Dictionary of Girls' Clubs*, issued by another firm. It was correct, and most useful when published; but many have given up their work, and others have changed their addresses; and as no new edition of the dictionary is likely to be published, there is no help for those who, having once benefited by it, are now inconvenienced. We are sorry, but give you another notice of retirement with pleasure.

M. A.—There is a school for clergymen's daughters at Casterton, where 120 children are received as boarders and, if desired, are prepared for the Cambridge local and other examinations. Eight free scholarships tenable for two years are open to deserving pupils of the age of seventeen, and intending to become teachers. For terms per annum, for board and complete education, age of pupils at entrance not upwards of twelve, apply to the Rev. A. D. Burton, Casterton Vicarage, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland. Applications should be made early, as they are taken in the order in which they are received. German, music, and drawing-lessons are extras, and all fees for them must be paid in advance.

MUSIC.

E. I. L. L.—Music classes are held in most places. If not where you live, there are many practising clubs. Try Miss E. Hartland's, Newent, Gloucester, or else, Miss E. Mackenzie, care of Roffey and Clarke, 38, High Street, Croydon.

DAPHNE.—You may tell whether a piece is in a major key, or its relative minor, by looking at the last and lowest bass note. For instance, if one sharp should stand at the clef, and "G" be the last and lowest bass note the key is major; but if "E" be the last note it is minor. The constant accidentals on the sixth and seventh notes also indicate the minor key.

DAISY GREY.—In reply to your queries, the bass note should properly come between the second and third notes of the triplet. In the second passage, the semiquaver is played with "D" in the bass.

META.—The effect of the "$\frac{6}{4}$" at the end of the first cadence is unsatisfactory, and the skips in similar motion are not good.

ETHIOPIAN.—1. If the song which you require as a recitation be set to music, inquire at a music publisher's.—2. If you be an "Ethiopian," what could be prescribed for making your hands white? Not even the wearing of kid gloves all day and night!

NORAH can obtain lessons at the London Organ School and International College of Music, at 3, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W., at £1 10s. for a course of twelve lessons of twenty minutes each. This refers to the first division; the second and third divisions are rated higher. Those students who pay a year's fees in advance obtain a considerable reduction. They are allowed to practise on the organs at Princes Street, at 6d. an hour. There is no entrance-fee to this school. You can obtain an examination prospectus on application. Certificates and medals are awarded. We do not know your age, but children under fourteen years of age are charged £1 1s. for twelve lessons, of half-an-hour, in pianoforte, violin, and organ, as well as for private lessons in harmony. Evening lessons are given, and children's concerts are held frequently.

ROWENA.—For all information concerning the Royal Conservatoire of Music, Leipsic, apply to Dr. Otto Günter, who will send you a prospectus. This will give full particulars of the internal arrangements. All music-sellers would supply you with one, if you prefer to know more before writing to the Conservatoire direct.

LOUIE.—Much depends on whether your singing at a concert be approved of by your mother. At seventeen your voice is little formed and as little trained. You say you "look so pretty" with your hair down that you have not yet turned it up. This, also, is a matter for your mother's decision. But we should think it desirable to turn it up, although still too young to be out of the schoolroom.

MATINKA.—You might learn to play simple music on the violin after a year's careful practice and with good teaching. But to master the instrument "thoroughly" would take some years and natural talent.

CONNIE MUIR.—We have no prescription to offer you for the painful nervousness which almost paralyzes the hands of so many when playing before an audience. We think that use may, to a certain extent, contribute, in time, to more assurance; but to prevent the trouble, a child should be trained to play before listeners from the very commencement of its practice in the art. One thing may assist you, and that is, to play what is easy, and that you can accomplish without a book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSEBUD.—There is no rule of good breeding that would preclude your "laughing heartily in Society," provided that you do not break one of universal application,—i.e. not to make a noise. You should suppress a cough, and if a bad one and unpleasant in sound you should not appear "in Society" until cured; you should suppress sneezing, and speak gently, never speaking until the person conversing with you have finished what they were saying. To speak at the same time is very ill-bred. Always turn towards the speaker, and do not look at anyone else, nor allow anything passing to divert your attention.

SNOWDROP.—There is no more attractive and representative town in England than Chester. It is of much historic interest, and generally old English in type. A foreigner should certainly pay it a visit, and walk all round it on the ancient fortification-wall within which it is enclosed. They should also visit the seat of the Duke of Devonshire—Chatsworth, in which there is some splendid wood-carving by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons.

E. K. HART.—Certainly, there are many men who would prefer a quiet, homely girl to a very pretty, fascinating one, much admired and run after. Besides, many men do not know anything about physical beauty and its hard-and-fast rules, and regard it as a dangerous gift. But all can appreciate the beauty of a sweet and a candid expression, a gentle manner and a good temper. The grace of God in the heart does much to improve the countenance; and this, we trust, is your most blessed possession. Pray for it.

ONE IN DOUBT.—Because the Omniscient Creator knows every thought of our hearts, hears every word, and sees every act, is no reason why we should not voluntarily acknowledge our sins to Him, and humble ourselves before Him according to His command. We recommend you to procure our Concordance (Dr. Eadie's) and refer to the words "confess, confessed, confesseth, confessing, and confession." It is one of the conditions for forgiveness. The word "confession" is also in some passages used as meaning an acknowledgment of the faith of Christ. In reference to your second question, God-fearing people follow different rules, and neither party should judge the other. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

E. R. H. I.—A small country town would offer you a better opening for your business as a dressmaker than a large one, the competition being necessarily so much less. We could not recommend any special place. England would present a better choice than Ireland; there is so much poverty in that country, owing to its present condition and the straitened circumstances of the gentry.

THISTLE, K. C. S., and ADA.—1. April 18th, 1879, was a Friday; Jan. 2nd, 1872, was a Tuesday; and July 20th, 1874, a Monday.—2. The Queen has no family name. If she were not herself, but a private individual, it might be Brown, Jones, or Robinson.—3. The portrait of our contributor, "Medicus," was given some years ago.—4. Volumes bound in our own covers can be ordered from our Publishing Office, if not procured at your own stationer's.

P. S.—The broom, in the "language of flowers," signifies both humility and neatness. A "confession of love" is denoted by a moss rosebud, and "hope" by the hawthorn. You should get a little manual, price 6d. only.

NANNY.—Return the visits at your earliest convenience; but write a note to accept the invitation, and apologise if unable to call within two or three days of the visit. Do not send in a card when you call, but give your name to the servant, and go in if the ladies be at home. If not, give your card to the servant. The sooner you call the more polite.

MATER.—We suppose you mean the Nurses' Residential Club, in Fitzroy Square. Application to be made to the Hon. Secretary, 92, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Entrance fee, 10s. 6d.; annual subscription, 10s. 6d. Two satisfactory references must be given.

J. R. W. A.—Try for admission into the Devonshire Square Institution, Bishopsgate, E. Lady Superintendent, Miss Worsnop. Age of admission from twenty-five to thirty-five. On the training being completed, you become "nursing sisters." Address, Lady Superintendent, 4, Devonshire Square, E.

PERPLEXED.—We doubt if you could become a typewriter under the circumstances, as your hands are probably too stiff.

B. G. should leave two of her husband's cards and one of her own, in any case, whether a first call or not, that is, if the lady of the house be out.

CHUMPER.—It sounds very like gout. You had better consult a doctor.

MANY YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—We fear we cannot help you; the preparation is a patent one, and the secret of its manufacture is not made public.

HOPE.—We recommend the use of a sponge and cold water, and a quick brisk rubbing with a large rough bath-towel to dry yourself. Not immersion in cold water.

CECIL DESBOROUGH.—1. In disposing of money, your first duty is to your poor relations. If not on such terms as to offer money, ascertain what they need, and give them presents, but in as delicate a way as you can do it. If to older persons than yourself, you can send the gifts without giving your name. But supposing that you have none having the claims of blood-relationship, you could not do better than contribute either in money, or in articles of your own workmanship, or purchased, to the Society for the Relief of Poor Irish Ladies, who have the next claim on your charitable consideration—multitudes being in a deplorable state of extreme poverty.—2. March 4th, 1878, was a Monday.

BROWN-EYED NELL.—Pray for the help of the Holy Spirit to increase your faith, and endeavour to do the duties appointed to you, as in God's sight, watching over your words, thoughts, and actions, and trying to please Him, and to lead others to do the same, and to remember that they are "strangers and pilgrims" here below, only on their way to their true and eternal home. Do not depend on "frames and feelings," they are likely to mislead and depress you.

I. R. C.—Nov. 15th, 1855, was a Thursday.

PUZZLED C. G.—You must not judge a whole class of persons, nor any denomination of the Church of Christ, by one or two individuals, even though teachers. You seldom meet with thoroughly representative men, as well as thoroughly excellent, judicious, and unprejudiced. Many are most good and worthy; but a sound, clear judgment, and large-mindedness, are comparatively rare.

LAVENDER.—1. The colly, or collie, dog is a native of Scotland, and is employed by the shepherds of that country. Its intelligence is undisputed, and the stories told of it are very curious. It can take to the water like a Newfoundland dog, and retrieve like the St. Bernard; but opinions differ as to its universal reliability, although it is generally more affectionate than the greyhound, it is regarded by some as unreliable and capricious. The collie is considered to be more liable to rabies than some other breeds of dogs, though perhaps not so much so as the mongrel cur; but it is not safe to pronounce any very positive opinions on the collie, as we find them by no means uniform.—2. The preponderance of fair or dark hair in England is by no means a settled fact. It changes every few years, and from natural causes. Taking a large school of boys and girls as an example, we recently came to the conclusion that the very young rising generation was fair.

BUTTERCUP.—The *Dictionary of Needlework* (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) is the great work on every department of the art. It can be had in separate parts. Send a stamped envelope, and they will tell you what parts can be had, if you cannot take the whole volume. It is full of coloured illustrations.

MISS MUFFET.—Refer to our indexes for "Ivory, how to clean." Piano keys cannot have "*gone* yellow." They may have become so.

ELEANORA should not sit on the edge of a chair, but far on, so as to rest on the back of the chair, to support her.—2. The amount charged for teaching the art of cutting and dressing hair would much depend on what shop you selected. We give neither addresses nor prices.

LOVER OF READING.—The book is very suitable for reading on a Sunday evening. Quite as much so as the others to which your friend gives a preference.

IRIS.—The book you name would be by no means suitable for you. Books of travels, biography, natural history, or antiquarian research, would be very desirable. Your mother should select your books, and direct the course of your studies. It is part of her duty; and if no reader herself, she could take counsel with some reliable person, who could supply her with a list of interesting works. At your age the character of the books you read is of the greatest importance; and they should tend to enlarge your mind and enable you to converse with well-read people. Your handwriting is good.

RUTH.—The 16th of August, 1871, fell on a Wednesday. Writing fairly good, but too large.

A. T.—The worst attempt at verse-making we ever read. Both grammar and metre all wrong, and not one single rhyme in any of the verses.

"QUATORZE ANS."—Weber is pronounced as if written "Vayber"; Schubert, as "Shoobert"; "Lieder ohne Worte," as "Leeder o-nee Vortee." Chopin is pronounced after the French method—"show" and "pin" nasal. We cannot render nasal sounds with English letters. We are very glad that you appreciate our paper so highly. Your spelling and writing are good.

IGNORAMUS.—There are thirty-six cathedrals in England, seven in Scotland, and twelve in Ireland. This is not counting those belonging to the Roman Catholic Communion, which number forty-eight (we believe). Bath and Wells, Gloucester and Bristol have each pair only one bishop; the others have a bishop each.

OPTICS.—Each patient sees the doctors alone; but you would have to wait with the other patients till your turn came, of course.



PADDLING THEIR OWN CANOE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XV.—NO. 756.] JUNE 23, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FLANNEL TAPESTRY.



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DESIGN FOR CUSHION.

To many people the very word tapestry has a dismal sound, suggestive of close work done in cross-stitch, all very wonderful, but often undeniably ugly. It is of very ancient origin, and in the records of the past many histories of old tapestries can be found. In a contemporary we read of the great pieces that are preserved in the different country seats of many of our nobility and gentry. "Not a few of the touches that give so much enchantment to Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, for instance, are imparted by the solemn 'hangings,' the superb pieces of tapestry, that were there when the bewitching Dorothy Vernon lived in it, and its grey courts and green terraces were enlivened with the passing to and fro of much goodly company and many retainers. Hardwick Hall, too, in the same county, owes much of its Elizabethan air to the needlework of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and a great deal of its romance to that of Mary Queen of Scots, who languished there for a time as a prisoner. The lightness of this fabric, owing to the fact that there is 'more glass than wall' in it, its palatial extent, the trimness, the general old-world aspect, impart impressions of their own; but without the needlework, the arras on the wall, the hangings and counterpanes on the state beds, and the cushions and other adornments of the chairs, we could not realise so completely the features of Elizabethan home-life. We know that a correspondent of Sir William Cecil reported to him that Mary Queen of Scots mentioned that 'all day she wrought with her nydill, and that diversity of the colours made the work less tedious, and she contynued so long at it till very payn made her to give over.' And we feel that even Holyrood Palace would not be quite so weird, so haunted-looking, and so full of fancies, without its faded tapestry and time-worn bed-hangings. The subtle and indescribable charm of Wolsey's great palace at Hampton Court also owes much to its tapestry. In fact, whenever we come into the presence of ancient needlework on a grand scale, those who have eyes to see are brought under an impressive influence that is hard to put into words."

In spite of all this, and much more that might be said in praise of the work of our ancestors, I think there are very few people nowadays who would contemplate for one moment imitation of this old tapestry. Everything is too quick nowadays, and people want to work as well as to travel as fast as they can. Now flannel tapestry comes in to meet this want very well.

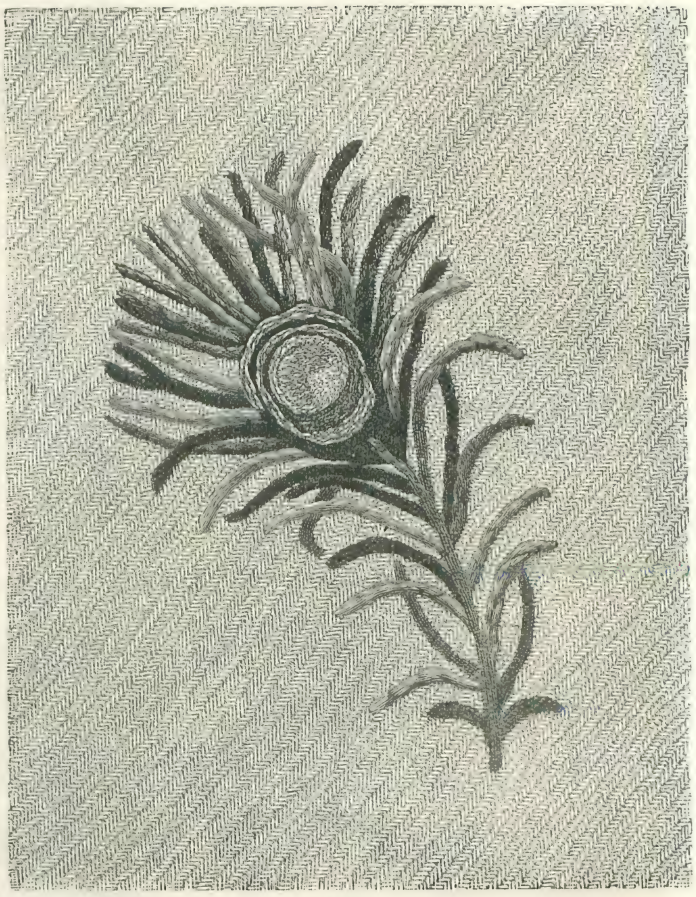


FIG. 2.

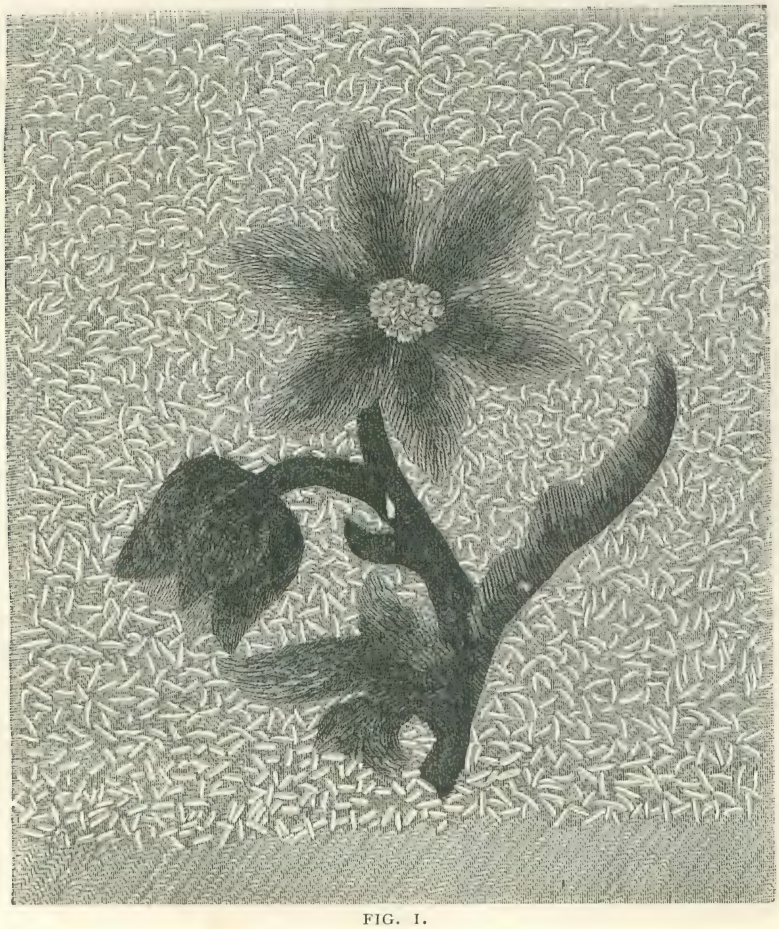


FIG. 1.

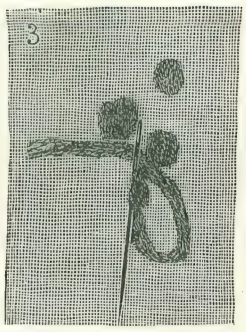
It is most durable, for it is executed upon house-flannel, which is of a yellowy cream-colour, in tapestry wools. The designs are all bold and large, and they are very quickly worked. There is no monotony in it, for you can use any number of stitches that you please, and the work is very inexpensive. It also is very handsome, quite novel, and having said all this, what more remains than to advise my readers to try it for themselves?

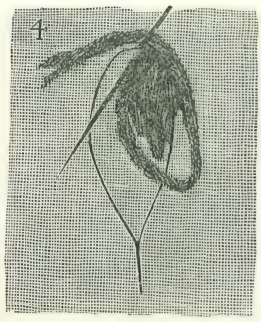
The uses to which flannel tapestry can be put are very many. You can make charming bed-spreads, either in sections joined together or in one piece; curtain-borders mounted on plush are very handsome; fire-screens framed in wood, cushion-covers, *portières*, covers for hot-water cans—in shape like cosies and very convenient—table-covers, and many other things.

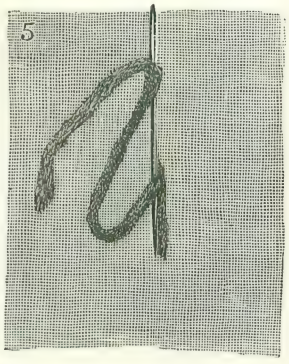
Many of my readers will remark that house or scrubbing flannel is very narrow, and they will wonder how it can be turned to use in large articles. The difficulty is met here. Mrs. Brackett, No. 150, The Parade, Leamington Spa, who makes a *specialité* of this work, has a flannel made expressly for her, forty-eight inches wide and somewhat softer in texture, though like in appearance to the common house-flannel so well known in all houses. If you write to her, she will, if you enclose a stamped envelope, send you a price-list of articles in flannel tapestry, either simply designed or begun, and with materials to finish it at very moderate charges. Her designs are excellent, and if you have not got a good eye for colour, and cannot depend upon your own taste, you had better leave the choice of colour to her.

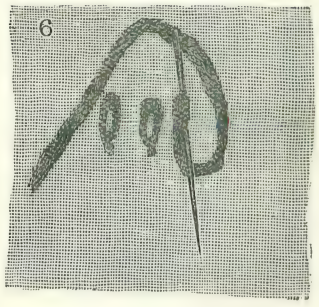
The cushion in our illustration is one of her designs, and you will see that, bold and conventional as it is, it has a character of its own, and that ordinary patterns, which are nice for crewel work, etc., would not so well answer here.

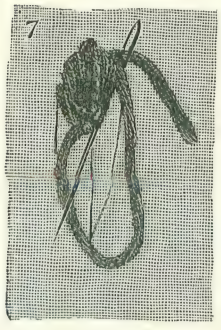
This cushion is worked in two shades of peacock-blue, three shades of yellow, several greens, and a great many different stitches are used. There is no rule about what stitches can be employed, the worker must please herself; only be careful in working to have good, bold

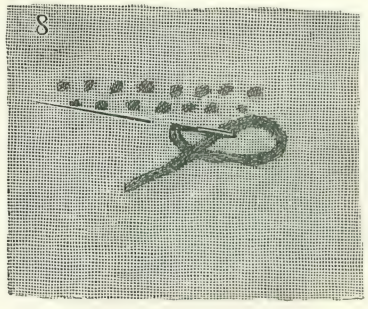


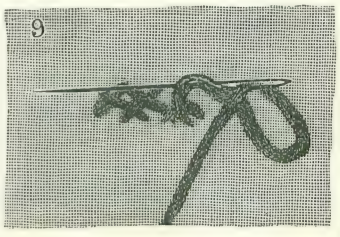


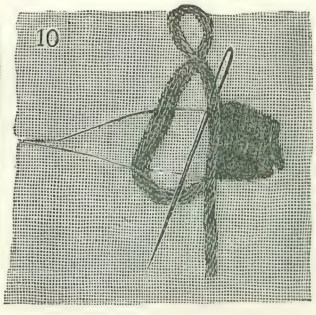












outlines, and not to mix your stitches or your colours too much as a general rule. The ground, as you will see, is left quite clear, and upon the rough flannel the shades of the wool come out very well indeed. Of course, the selection of colours is a matter of taste, and one cushion I saw of Mrs. Brackett's was done in a great many colours. This was really done out of odds and ends, and it varied from the cushion you see before you, as the entire ground was worked in what is called *point de riz*, and in that a great many colours were used. This background obtains very much in flannel tapestry, but whether it is to be used or not is simply a matter of taste and individual fancy. I shall describe *point de riz* further on, as well as many other stitches which have been used in the cushions, besides a few not used, but which my readers may like to know how to do.

In the spray of Fig. 1 you see this tapestry done in quite another way from the cushion. This is executed simply in what is called long and short stitch and stem-stitch. When finished the background is covered with *point de riz* in light yellow, the actual flower being entirely done in three shades of art red, almost resembling terra-cotta.

Fig. 2 is a peacock's feather, and a design only of peacock's feathers is very handsome indeed. Those who live in or near London can see the work in many varieties at the Studio Tea Rooms, worked by ladies at 85, New Bond Street, near Oxford Street, Mrs. Brackett's London address.

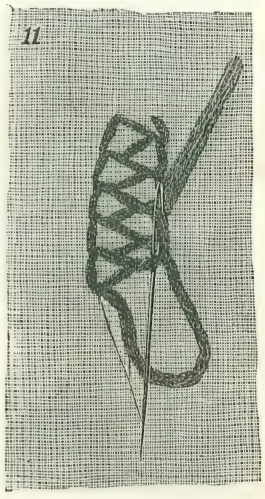
In working this peacock's feather I used a little silk to brighten it, but this is merely a matter of taste. I only did this in the centre so as to make the eye of the feather brighter. I used a little peacock blue and brown. Now for the stitches.

Fig. 3 shows you small balls which are useful for filling up spaces. No outline is needed, the ball being sewn over about four times, for as the wool is very thick you can get a good effect in surprisingly little time.

Fig. 4 is the long and short stitch. In working always begin near the top of the petal and make your stitches of uneven length, so that when you use another shade there may not be a bar across, but the shades dovetailing one into another. Let very little of the wool lie under the material, but as much as possible on the top.

Fig. 5 is stem-stitch. Make your stitch always like the one before, and exactly opposite to it.

Fig. 6 is picot-stitch. Make a loop as if for chain-stitch, and then fasten down the loop with one stitch much shorter than the loop. When used for filling up spaces always place the picots between the last row of them, not one exactly under the last. Be careful to have your loops all the same length.



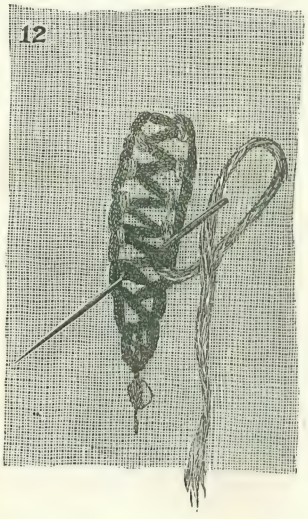


Fig. 7 is feather-stitch done closely together to form a thick stitch. Always have a middle vein on the leaf you are going to work in this way. Bring up your needle and wool on the right side of the flannel, going into the middle vein near the tip of the leaf. Next put the needle in the tip of the leaf, and bring it out where you already have the wool. Then draw it through and hold your cotton under your left-hand thumb, inserting your needle in the outline on the right side of the leaf close by the last stitch. Bring it out in the middle vein over the wool which you are holding by your thumb and draw it through. Hold your wool again under your thumb and put your needle in the outline on the left side of the leaf. Bring it out in the middle vein over the wool held by the thumb, and after drawing it through proceed doing the same, always alternating one stitch to left and another to the right.

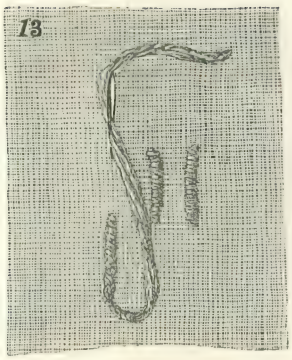
Fig. 8 is *point sablé*. Take up only about a thread or two of the flannel as if you were going to make a back-stitch. Place each stitch at regular intervals and observe that the stitches in the alternating rows lie in between those before and never exactly under them.

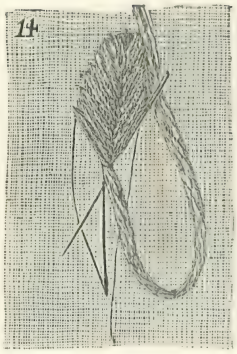
Fig. 9 is herring-bone. This is very easy and is often used as a filling for a leaf. Always do it from left to right, and make your stitches evenly and neatly.

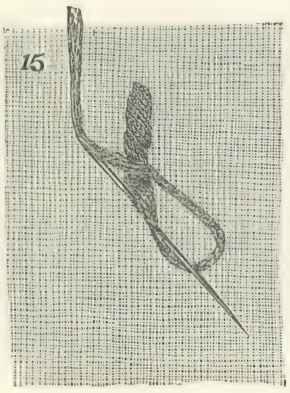
Fig. 10 is what is called Indian filling. Keep your wool under the needle as in illustration, but when you have withdrawn that stitch then take up the same amount of stuff, keeping your wool to the right, then throw it to the left as in the illustration. It is a very pretty stitch, and useful for forming entire leaves or petals.

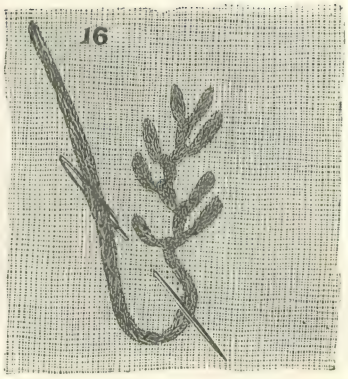
Fig. 11 is trellis-stitch. Work as if for coral-stitch, only placing your needle into the former stitch, keeping your wool always under the needle.

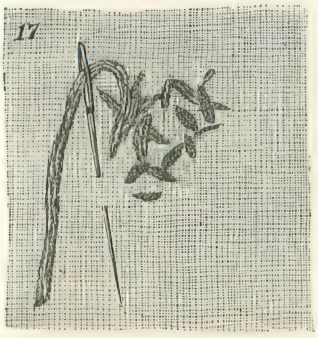
In Fig. 12 you see the trellis fastened down with two rows of back-stitches in another colour. One entire flower in the cushion is worked in this way, each leaf being outlined in rope-stitch.

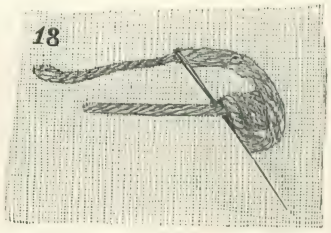

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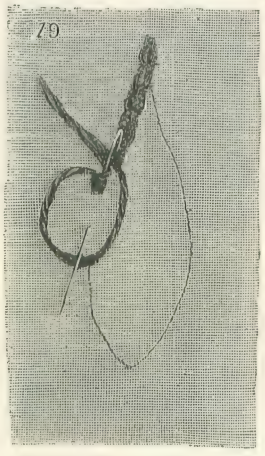

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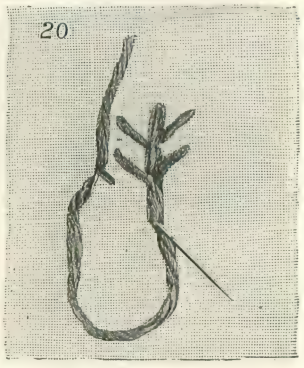

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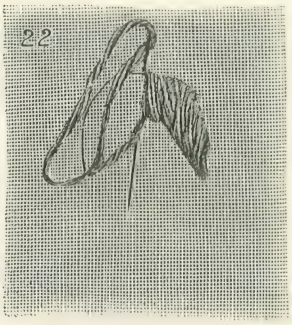

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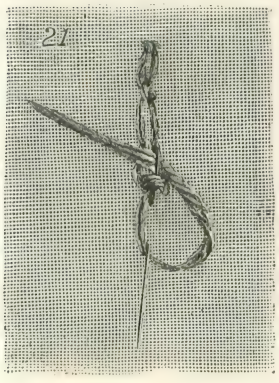

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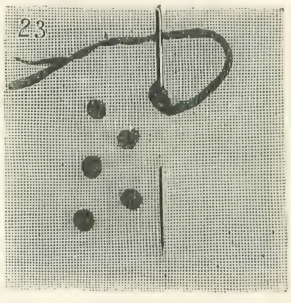

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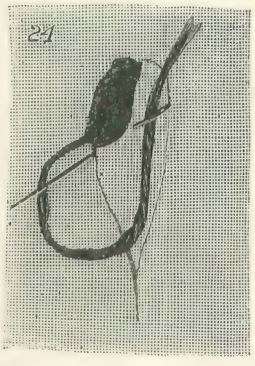

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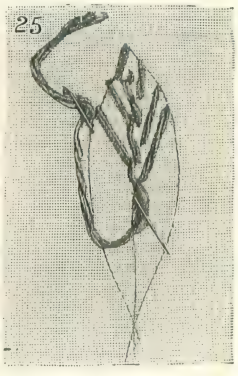

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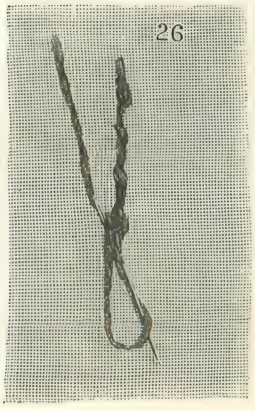

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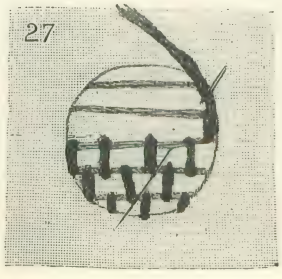

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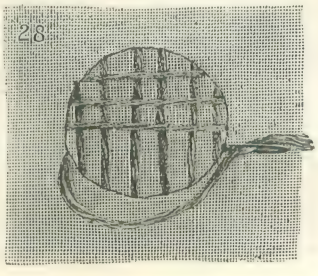

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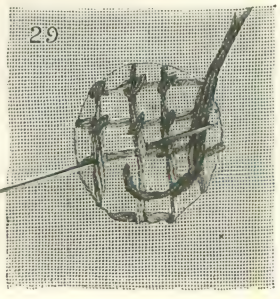

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Fig. 13 is done in post-stitch. Bring your needle up from the back and twist the wool round it as many times as the length of the stitch needs. Hold your left thumb firmly on the twists round the needle which are thus formed, and pass your needle and wool through it. Then insert it at the end where it first came out, and drawing it out at the right place go on to the next stitch.

Fig. 14 is plait-stitch. This is done much like feather-stitch, only that the wool is held above and not below the needle, and you do not go into the middle of the centre vein but a little to one side of it. This makes the wool corss in the centre, and gives the stitch the appearance of a plait. This is a capital stitch, and will be a favourite with those who like what goes fast, but you must be careful to have the outline quite clear.

Fig. 15 is rope-stitch, and this is used for the thick outline you see so much in the cushion. Form a loop as if for a chain, and then, instead of placing your needle in the loop just formed, put it behind it. Examine the illustration and that will show you more how to do it than many explanations.

Fig. 16 is coral-stitch worked by holding your wool under the needle and going from one side to the other.

Fig. 17 is the *point de riz*. The stitches are taken at all angles and are about the size of a grain of rice.

Fig. 18 is raised stem-stitch. Take a thread or two of the tapestry-wool and lay it as a foundation along the line you wish to work, then sew over it in wide stem-stitches, which, as a matter-of-fact, are more like satin-stitch taken slantwise.

Fig. 19 is simple chain-stitch.

Fig. 20 is wheat-ear-stitch, and I shall here copy the very best directions I have ever seen for working it. "To work, draw three perpendicular lines a quarter of an inch apart from each other, the centre line as a guide for the chain-stitch and the outer lines to regulate the size of the spikes. Bring up the needle on the centre line, hold the wool under the left-hand thumb, insert the needle nearly in the same place as the wool emerges from, only a quarter of a thread or two to the right, and bring it up on the same line a quarter of an inch lower down and over the wool held by the thumb; draw through. This forms a chain-stitch; insert the needle on the left-hand guiding line at the same level as you commenced the chain-stitch and bring it out in the lower part of the chain-stitch. Draw through, insert the needle on the right-hand guiding-line at the same level and bring it out again in the lower part of the chain-stitch; next work another chain-stitch, followed up by a spike stitch on each side and continue."

From the same work I must quote the way to work Fig. 21, which is called cable-stitch.

"This is a peculiar stitch rather difficult to explain, but simple enough when understood . . . Bring up the needle and wool on the right side of the material, hold the wool straight down under the thumb of the left hand, pass the needle from right to left under the wool so held down, and draw it up till the cotton held under the thumb is brought to a small loop, then keeping the thumb in the same position insert the point of the needle in the material below the wool and just underneath where you before brought it out; bring the point of the needle up in a straight line a quarter of an inch below, but not to pass through the loop of wool that is still held under the thumb, and draw the loop of wool closely round the top of the needle and pass the wool from left to right under the point of the needle, and draw the needle at once through the little circular loop at top of the needle or through this present loop which resembles a chain-stitch loop, and the stitch is accomplished; all the stitches are worked in the same manner, and the effect is as of a small knot of wool linking one chain-stitch to another. Be careful always to pull the wool closely round the top of the needle and to loop it under the point of the needle, as represented in the engraving, before drawing the needle out, as if this is forgotten the stitch cannot be rightly formed, and it being a tiresome stitch to undo, great pains must be taken to work it correctly."

Fig. 22 is simply over-casting, and is useful where only a border of a petal and not the entire petal is wished to be worked.

Fig. 23 are French knots. Twist the wool two or more times round the needle before withdrawing it, and place it where you withdrew it.

In Fig. 24 button-holing is taken slanting.

In Fig. 25 feather-stitch is done but not closely together.

Snail-trail is the name of Fig. 26. Form one stitch as for rope-stitch, and then do the next a short distance from it.

Figs. 27, 28, and 29, explain themselves if they are carefully studied, as in Fig. 29 it is seen how the one before it is fastened where the wool crosses.

I have said enough to show you how much variety you can get in flannel tapestry, and I am sure if you once do any you will find it very fascinating.

ADA AND RUTH.

THE STORY OF TWO GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH in general a young lady of considerable coolness and presence of mind, it must be confessed that the singular character of the foregoing speech, and the sudden, unexpected manner in which it was delivered startled somewhat Ruth Stapleton. She looked up hurriedly with a feeling of wonder, and saw a head at a window above looking out at her; a head in a big, flapping white cap, a head with a pair of sharp, inquiring black eyes that evidently were making—as their owner had so deliberately declared her intention of doing—a downright, thorough study of Ruth. A face written all over with a long life's story in many lines and puckers, a face that seemed to say a good deal, and yet perhaps, might, if it pleased, hide a good deal too. Below this face all that appeared was a thick, woollen red shawl, that to judge from certain stains upon it was not made or bought yesterday.

"The housekeeper, of course," thought Ruth, as she surveyed this picture set in the frame of the small, old-fashioned casement. "Her manners are certainly somewhat free-and-easy, but perhaps that is the way of the whole house; it seems like it, considering the time they have been answering the bell; but I must get used to this, as well as to many other things."

"Please come down and let me in, and ask some one to come and carry in my luggage," said the young lady, speaking meekly enough, but thinking in her inmost heart that the housekeeper might have some other duties to perform towards a newly-arrived stranger besides hanging her head out of window to take an inventory of her features and her dress.

"No, I don't know that I shall for a few minutes yet," answered the old lady in a leisurely tone; "you're something new to look at, which is no very common thing here, and then the evening air is pleasant and refreshing."

This latter statement seemed to Ruth's ears somewhat remarkable to say the least of it; to her mind the stiff wind which, just then, was sweeping across the cliff was rather to be characterised as stormy and blustering than as refreshing; but she carefully forebore expressing her opinions on the subject, for who could say how the old lady might take contradiction.

"But couldn't you call one of the other servants?" she ventured at length to ask, "they would come to me I dare say."

This remark, Ruth could not at all imagine why, appeared to amuse the housekeeper immensely, for she went off into a long chuckle that seemed to roll deeper and deeper down into her throat, until it almost choked her.

"The other servants," she repeated, as soon as she could speak, "the other servants; the fact is, my dear, I'm alone in the house just now. But I'll come down and let you in, for I like your face, though you're not pretty, and I'll call the boy in the backyard to carry in your things."

After that the head disappeared from the window to reappear shortly at the open door on the top of a very round, substantial body, followed by a boy in his shirt-sleeves who seemed to be all legs like a lively fly.

"This be she, missus, be it?" he said, taking a most prolonged and comfortable same at Ruth; then he looked around for what he had to carry, and finally pounced upon the box, saying, with an air of extreme and exultant satisfaction, "I zees un," and bearing it triumphantly off.

Ruth now found herself admitted into a strange old entrance hall, that, as she gazed around it, made her think that she had suddenly been transplanted into the middle of the last century. Quaint weapons which once must have been used in both war and the chase hung around, looking as if they had just leapt out of a romance; stags' antlers rose up threateningly on all sides; stuffed birds stood glaring with glassy eyes along the oak-panelled wainscot; a pack of hounds were keeping up a perpetual hunt after a fox that was continually running away.

"I have heard that the Dozells are a very old family," said Ruth, standing and gazing round with lively interest in her eyes.

"Pretty well," replied the old lady coolly, "they were here at the time of the crusades; but there are older going."

"When any of them stand here," said Ruth, "they must feel as if they were in the middle of a family chronicle that is written in forms and objects instead of in words."

A sudden, inexplicable shadow came into the old woman's face as the girl spoke thus.

"A long pedigree is not always followed by a fair and noble story," she said in a low tone;

then, as if she wished to change the subject, she added abruptly, "come upstairs, and I will show you your bedroom."

Accordingly Ruth followed up the broad staircase in docile obedience, and soon stood in a large, heavily furnished room, which made her smile and sigh at the same time from its thorough unlikeness to her pretty, bright little chamber in the South Devon villa; yet still there was one beautiful thing about it which her dear old bedroom had not, and this was the glorious, wide sea view that drew her to the window and kept her there like one bound and enthralled.

"Oh! how splendid, how wonderful," cried the girl clasping her hands.

"That's just the sort of thing I expected you to say," observed the singular old woman, evidently taking pleasure in the girl's delight.

It certainly did strike Ruth as rather remarkable that the housekeeper should have been forming conjectures, before her arrival, as to what she would say and think; she would have naturally supposed that the good lady's mind would have been too deeply absorbed in her store-room or her linen-press for that; still it seemed kind, after all, that she should take such lively interest in her, so she concluded that she ought to respond to such feelings in a friendly way.

"I hope I shall turn out in everything quite what you expected me to be," she said smiling.

"Then you will be different from everything else in life," replied the old woman, with that strange, sudden touch of sadness in her face and manner which Ruth had already noticed once before in her as they stood in the hall below.

"It's not always as you say," cried the girl earnestly, "God often gives a full measure of everything they hoped for to those that love Him, even in this life; and even when he changes the looked-for good into something unlike our expectations, something which seems at first dark and sad, if we serve Him faithfully He will bring brightness and sweetness out of it at last."

Ruth's voice had grown firmer and more energetic the longer she spoke, and the calm radiance in her face seemed to be a real embodiment of her words; the fact was that what she was saying fitted exactly into her own case and came from her heart.

"Child, child! you won't talk in this way if you live to be as old as I am," cried the old woman, with a sudden, sharp ring of scornful bitterness in her tone.

"Oh! do not speak like that," exclaimed the girl, pained and surprised, "my father is growing an elderly man and he would not talk so; he has proved how faithful God's promises are to His own in many a trial, and I have firm and perfect trust that so it will be with me."

"That's the way that I tried to go on thinking and speaking for a long while," said the old woman, shaking her head; "I could do it in the days of my prosperity, but it all failed afterwards, or else it was that I failed."

Then she turned away her head, and Ruth, as she caught a view of her withered face in a mirror opposite, thought that she could distinguish tears in the keen black eyes. "Poor old woman, she must have had great sorrows at some period of her life, and have lost her hold on God," thought Ruth pityingly; "when I know her better I will try to help her into something better and brighter." Then she said, to turn the conversation,

"I suppose you have been living with Mrs. Dozell a great many years, you must know well all her ways and habits. Is she a very particular old lady? has she any especial fancies that you can give me a warning about? I want to please her in everything as much as I possibly can."

The old woman's back was still turned to Ruth, but to her surprise she saw in the tell-tale mirror that the eyes, which but a few moments ago had been filled with tears, had now an unmistakable twinkle in them; what had she said which was in the least odd or laughable?

"Considering the number of years that I have known Mrs. Dozell I certainly ought to know all about her," said the old woman, turning round and speaking after a short pause. "I don't think she is particular, if by particular you mean making all sorts of strict little bye-laws for her household, and falling into a fit if they are not kept to the letter; but I think she is peculiar; yet perhaps there may be causes for her being so which the world does not know."

The last clause in her speech was added with a half sigh, and in a low tone, almost as if she was talking to herself.

"Has she had a sad, troubled life then?" asked the young girl, her face all softening and glowing with sweet compassion.

"Yes, my child, it has been sad, sad enough," answered the old woman, turning again her head away, but this time so completely that the mirror could tell Ruth nothing.

"I am glad I know that; it will make me try to be very kind and gentle with her," said Ruth, speaking with simple earnestness.

There was such a long silence after that that Ruth's mind began naturally enough to wander from Mrs. Dozell to her own immediate position and wants.

"Oh! I am so hungry after my journey," she said, with that downright girlishness of manner which would still sometimes start up in her; "couldn't you just bring me up a little bread and butter, or something to eat?"

This request again seemed to rouse the mirth of the housekeeper, and, apparently to hide her laughter, she hurried out of the room, leaving Ruth interested in her, yet inclined to think her the most free-and-easy ancient dame that ever jingled a bunch of keys.

(*To be continued.*)

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"O BYDD LLAWEN Y BUGAIL, LLAWEN Y TYLWYTH."
"A GLAD FATHER MAKES A JOYFUL HOME."



It was nearly dark when Edwin reached the workhouse, and Mara was much annoyed when she heard that he asked for her. He was shown into Mr. Roderick's room, and Mara went to him there. That dreary apartment looked even more dreary than usual in the twilight, and the big ledgers gloomed out of the shade like old missals.

"I have a message from your father," said Edwin abruptly, just touching her hand. "But for that I should not be here. He tells me to assure you that he wishes you to come home."

"After what he said to me the other day? This must be your doing, Edwin."

"It is God's work, Mara, not mine. He retracts his words, and he bids me tell you so. I am come to entreat you to return to him and your natural duties at home. You are of use here, but a father's wish should, I think, be law, if a lawful wish."

"Will you tell my father that I am thankful to him for his kindness, though I did nothing, as you know, that deserved his severity. But I believe it cost him much to unsay his words."

"He is a good and kind parent at heart, Margaret. If only you would go home to him, you might soften his mind towards you."

"I cannot go home at present. Tell him I will think of what he says, and—and—in the course of time will live at home."

Mara was much agitated, and she spoke with difficulty.

"Dear Margaret, I wish any words of mine could advise or comfort you. But you take no counsel of man. Do you ask it of God?"

"Yes; He knows all; but He does not care for me. I am indeed most wretched."

"Can I not help you by word or deed?"

"Only by finding Gerwyn."

"Let me speak one last word to you, Margaret. Whatever the secret may be that weighs you down, tell it to your father and sister. They will be your truest friends. If I live to go to Africa, think how unlikely it is——"

"I know! Do not dash my one hope. If Gerwyn lives, and has forgotten me, he will still be just. Tell him all you know of me—of—of—this workhouse—the children—why I came here—how fond I am of—the children—of Emily—of Ivor!"

"May God help us all! Oh, Margaret!"

"Good-bye, dear Edwin. You have been good and patient—I am not ungrateful. Say what you can to my father—and—pray for me."

"I will—I do. Pray with me, now."

Edwin knelt down there, in the dark, and Mara knelt by his side. The glare of the fire fell upon them, and partially lighted the dim cold room. He uplifted his heart to God, and asked for pardon and peace for the troubled soul of the woman he had loved so well She sobbed as he prayed.

When he rose from his knees tears were in his eyes, and words failed him. He pressed Mara's hand, silently commended her to God, and went away.

But he was not permitted thus to leave the workhouse. The matron met him and asked him to say a few words to the people in the house. She had heard him the previous evening, and longed to hear him again. He could not refuse, and the matron went joyfully to prepare the pauper dining-room for him.

Meanwhile he sat over the large fire in the bright kitchen and thought of Mara.

It did not take long to arrange forms and tables so as to make a suitable room for the occasion. A high desk, on which were a pair of candles, was placed at the top, and the congregation at the bottom. As Edwin glanced down the room his heart ached at what he saw. Truly poverty, sickness, discontent, and sin were there.

In front sat the master and matron—the one brisk, keen-eyed, and prepared to find fault, either with the doctrine of the preacher or the conduct of his hearers—the other grave and respectful, ready to be benefited. At one side was Mara, stern and handsome, surrounded by her little pupils, the only bright things in that gloomy place. Behind sat men and women, old and young, some with faces of stolid indifference, others of hard endurance, others of bold impertinence. Some few looked patiently sad, but none cheerful. A prison atmosphere was about this house of charity, and had Sterne's starling been let loose in this huge mansion, he would still have cried, "I can't get out."

But thanks be to God, there are words that will rouse the torpid hearts even of the dwellers in workhouse or jail—words that tell of riches for the poor and freedom for the captive. Boldly and grandly Edwin Morris spoke the words on that New Year's Eve. He told his hearers of the Saviour who was born poor, dwelt amongst the poor, preached to the poor, loved the poor, died for the poor. He told them of those eternal mansions prepared for the lowly of heart and open to all, of the brief reign of poverty on earth, of the everlasting reign of peace in heaven, of the unspeakable love that sympathised with every grief, and felt for every pain, of Christ the Comforter—Christ the Redeemer.

And as he preached tenderly, affectionately, entreatingly, those very poor woke up one by one. Stolid indifference kindled into earnest attention, hard endurance melted into yielding wonder, bold impertinence subsided into humble shame. Patience looked hopeful, impatience shed tears, impenitence murmured prayers.

A breathless silence pervaded the room for a time; but it was broken at last by sobs and groans, and when Edwin concluded, his own emotion made his voice shake. After a brief interval, Mara, at a whisper from the matron, began a Christmas hymn, joined by the children. It was with difficulty that she did so, and she finally broke down. But Ivor's clear treble took up her part, and the fresh young voices filled the large chill room. Men and women joined by degrees, and even the quavering notes of the aged were heard mingling with the others to swell the Christmas song of praise.

In his concluding prayer Edwin did not forget the Old and New Year. All there could join heart and soul in supplicating for a purer and brighter New Year than the Old had been; and so he led them to repentance for the past and hope for the future.

When the service was ended he went amongst them and spoke kindly words to all. They thanked him for his sermon, and begged him to come often and help them by his words to bear their lot with patience.

Blessings followed him as he left the house, and even the master acknowledged that such men did good, whether they preached in church or chapel.

The New Year's Day party at Plâs Arymor was very large. Sons, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and cousins, surrounded the worthy Captain and his wife. Rhys, his sailor son, was happily at home after a dangerous voyage North, and Tudor, the clergyman, had returned it was hoped to reside with his family. He had passed his clerical life in the North of England, whence he had rarely been able to come into Wales. As curate in a large manufacturing town he had learned to labour hard, and at the entreaties of his family had come to Arymor to help his uncle, and eventually to succeed him as rector. He was a thoughtful-looking man of about thirty. His uncle was also present; so was Mr. Glyn, so were Mara and her score of school-children. The Captain had, besides, invited all the young people that he came across, amongst whom were Angharad's many admirers, so that the house would scarcely hold the guests.

Angharad looked even brighter and prettier than usual. The white muslin dress and scarlet bows and berries flitted here, there, and everywhere. Around her gambolled nieces and nephews innumerable, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and amongst them played the workhouse children in their clean white pinafores.

Wherever Angharad was there was a group of young people ready for a picture, of which she would have made the charming centre. It was she who led the games, she who danced with everyone, she who won all hearts. Her laugh was the clearest where so many were clear, her smile the sunniest where so many were sunny, her eyes the brightest where all were bright. In her wake was ever Mr. Glyn, and vigilantly watching them was Dr. Herbert. He was half amused, half provoked to see that Mr. Glyn was once more dressed like an ordinary mortal, and had given his hair a becoming curl and a turn to his whiskers. Neither was Angharad slow to perceive this.

Mara moved about stately and grave. Her handsome face and tall slight figure were ever to be found at no great distance from Ivor. All the Herbert family looked at her with interest, and seemed, for the first time in their lives, to have discovered that she was a very distinguished-looking young woman.

Parson Traherne was a violinist, and had volunteered his services for the evening. He sat or stood, as might be, in one corner of the room, where he had a table to himself. Not far off were the harp and piano, on which Mrs. Herbert and Angharad played occasionally. Between Mr. Traherne and the harp stood Ivor. He was engrossed by Mr. Traherne's fiddle, although he occasionally made a gesture of pain or displeasure when some harsh note grated on his ear. Mara had slipped his concertina into his hand, and, to Mr. Traherne's delight and surprise, he accompanied him in almost every tune. People stood still to note his efforts to fall into the measure of dance music, which he had never tried before, and to watch his face expand with pleasure when he succeeded. He was, at least, in his element.

When Mr. Traherne played all his limbs were in motion, and he moved with his violin almost like a dancing-master, to the riotous delight of his grand-nephews who would imitate him from behind. Ivor, too, was not a motionless musician. His head, feet, and eyes kept time to the music, and his mind was evidently still more excited than his body. He lived in his world of harmony, and not all the games of all the fairies could have abstracted him from it.

During a pause in the dance and merriment Mr. Traherne had put down his violin. Ivor took possession of it, and after trying the strings and bow in artistic fashion began to form chords. In a short time he continued the tune in the middle of which Mr. Traherne had paused. The young people resumed their interrupted play, heedless of the performer, but Angharad and Mr. Glyn were attracted to him. After watching for some time in silent astonishment, Mr. Glyn said—

"I wonder whether it would be wise to give this strange child a musical education?"

"Of course it would. Everything that is kind and generous is wise," said Angharad.

"Not everything. It is kind and generous of you to be interested in my fate, but it is not wise."

"Why not? It must be wise to be interested in one's old friends, and I have known you all my life."

"Ah, there it is! You think of me as an old friend to be pitied and drawn out of himself. I think of you as my good genius with whom I would begin a new life on this New Year's Day. Angharad, will you help me?"

"How?" said Angharad, blushing and fixing her inquiring eyes on Mr. Glyn.

Reader, it is not my fault that Mara interrupted the answer to Angharad's question. She came to tell Ivor to give the fiddle to its owner.

"Ivor is a wonderful genius, Miss Vaughan," said Mr. Glyn. "I wonder whether he might come to me when he leaves the workhouse, and I would help him to a musical education."

"My father has expressed his wish to have him, and I believe it is so settled," said Mara, glancing at the unconscious Ivor.

Mr. Traherne had heard this outspoken proposal, and joined in the conversation, saying—

"Never mind, he will teach himself. No human power could suppress his genius. I say, boy, I will give you my fiddle, and when you can play 'God save the Queen' on it I will give you a guinea. It is a Straduarius, and almost as old as Arymor Castle. You will play better than I do in six months, and my elbow is getting stiff. If I had a nephew with a genius for music he should have my fiddle; but the only one who could play a tune was my hero, Gerwyn, and he had no perseverance. And he, poor dear fellow, he will never want a Straduarius."

Mr. Traherne began to shed tears, and there would have been a scene but for sudden shouts of "Aunt Harrie! Where are you? Come and play 'French and English.'"

A troop of excited children came up.

"Where's the foundling? He must play too," said little Edith.

The foundling was pressing the fiddle to his heart and gazing rapturously on the parson. He could find no words to thank him. Mr. Traherne put his hand on his head, and told the children that Ivor must stay with him because he had given him his fiddle.

"Yes, yes! It is mine, my own! It lives, it speaks!" cried Ivor at last. "I will stay."

"I will give him sixpence," said Llewellen the Less, "that is better than a fiddle."

"And I—and I—come and play," shouted several merry voices.

Sixpences were showered upon Ivor, who let them all fall to the ground in his devotion to the fiddle. Emily was at hand, who gathered them up and put them into Ivor's pocket, whispering confidentially—

"He don't care for money."

"Come along, Aunt Harrie," cried the children, seizing her hands and dress.

"Will you come, Ivor?" whispered Emily; "we are so happy."

"No, no! I am the happiest," said Ivor, still embracing the fiddle.

(*To be continued.*)

'OMI.

CHAPTER I.



VYHURST was an old-fashioned farmhouse built of red brick, toned down by age and weather to a dull brown; parts of it were cross-timbered, and there were many gables which leaned affectionately towards one another. The big, brick-floored kitchen went right through the house and had a window back and front; the latter was always full of flowering plants in well-scrubbed pots and had a very gay aspect; it looked south over a wide landscape of fields and woods that stretched away to the rounded downs. The back window overlooked the stock yard, surrounded with sheds and barns. Up the wall on this side grew an ancient pear-tree, and a big elder, now in leafy June full of spreading white blossoms, leaned against the corner of the house and hid an unsightly pig-sty. A roughly flagged path led from the garden gate on the south side up to the back kitchen door, which was in fact the principal entrance, and stood in a part of the building that abutted on the other at right angles, and in the corner stood a great water-butt from which Farmer Chart's two girls watered their flower borders. Up this side of the house grew a luxuriant vine that peeped in at the upper windows and yielded grapes sufficient to make a quantity of wine familiarly known in this part of the country as "grape wine;" Mrs. Chart's vintage was a very favourite one among her neighbours. Naomi was the eldest daughter, a bright fresh-faced girl, with blue eyes and yellow frizzly hair that always stood out about her face in little tendrils, as if the wind had been playing with it lightly.

She was commonly called 'Omi for short. Jane, the younger girl, was little and plain, not too clever and rather sickly; "poor Jane" she was called. The cultivation of the flowers was entirely given over into the hands of the two sisters, and they took great delight in having a profusion of the sweetest-scented, gayest of cottage flowers, besides a handsome growth of roses on bushes and standards, and the display well repaid their industry, besides being the favourite resort of the bees they kept, the honey and wax from whose hives proved a source of considerable profit and went to form a nice little egg in the savings bank.

There were no drones in Farmer Chart's hive, all were busy bees in his family; up with the lark and at work in the sweet morning hours while town-folk lay a-bed and dreaming, for there was milking to be done by the mother and her girls, after which one of the boys drove the cows to pasture. Then there was churning, baking, now and again brewing, to be done through the week, and manifold occupations incidental to a large family and farm life where there is plenty of poultry and other live stock to be attended to.

Once a week Mrs. Chart drove to the nearest market town in the spring cart with one of her boys, and behind her, in a big crate, cackled poultry, while at her feet lay baskets containing pounds and pounds of golden butter and dozens of fresh eggs.

It was Saturday evening; the farmer's wife and her daughters had made all their preparations for Sunday, everything in the big kitchen was cleared away and tidy. By the long dark-polished table sat the mother, spectacles on nose, mending a home-knit stocking, and in the big rocking-chair, comfortably ensconced among its soft patchwork cushions by the wide chimney-corner, although there was no fire on the hearth, sat Grandfather Woods, smoking his pipe. The farmer and his sons were yet busy in the hay-field, for it was a lovely evening and there were one or two more loads to carry, as on Monday they meant to cut the upland grass. The younger children had gone for a ride home on the top of the hay-waggon, and 'Omi and Jane were straining the new milk into the bright pans in the dairy.

Mrs. Chart and her father were talking over Naomi's engagement to young George Luxbridge, the son of a neighbour who farmed a few acres of his own in the Hollow. Old Mr. Woods did not approve of the match for his grand-daughter; for one thing he thought she might do better by looking higher, and for another he argued that young Luxbridge was not steady, and would certainly bring grief and shame on 'Omi if she married him, for it was getting to be a well-known fact that Geordie took more than was good for him, and that the habit was growing.

"I've got a tidy sum put by, Nancy, and I've said before, and you know, I mean your lasses to have it when they marry, but I have no notion of a drunkard wasting my hard-earned money, and I haven't no intention of tinkering up a bad job."

"To my mind, you're a bit hard on the lad, father; he's a long way off being a drunkard, that's a hard name for him, but he do take a drop more than's good for him, I allow. 'Omi, she knows his weakness, and though she says nothing, I know it's a trouble to her; but she's a girl with a will and a way of her own, and she do say as she'll cure him."

Grandfather Woods gave a chuckling guffaw, as if he enjoyed this as a good joke. "Oh, 'Omi's got grit in her, that I don't deny," he assented; "I'd be sorry to cross her, for she's a good girl, a good girl; but I won't make no promises not yet—not yet," and the old man puffed vigorously at his pipe.

Satisfied with this half concession, Mrs. Chart, like a wise woman, only said—

"I'm sure you'll do what's right, father;" and the old man nodded, as much as to say, "You're right there," and gave himself a mental pat on the back of self-approval.

George Luxbridge was working for Farmer Chart, who employed no extra hands as a rule except in busy times, such as hay- and wheat-harvest, he doing all the work of the farm with his sons and Geordie, who had been his right hand for the last three years, being a clever fellow and not afraid of work. He had gone in and out as one of the family, and during these years of frequent intercourse an attachment had sprung up between himself and Naomi, and the engagement was an understood thing.

Sunday passed as usual; the church bells chimed, and the pastor's homely flock wended their way leisurely to prayer, dressed in their best, and filled the lower pews before the gentle-folks tripped in; thus the village lasses had a good opportunity of examining the appearance of their betters as they passed, and you may be sure they took good stock of them.

Naomi and Geordie slipped in almost last, looking conscious and somewhat silly, and sat at the very end of the aisle, sharing the same books.

Then there was the Sunday evening walk through the shady lanes, when they talked of simple nothings, and Geordie gathered wild roses for Naomi and pricked his clumsy fingers in doing so, and she was all sweetness and kindness, for, thought she, "I'll begin to talk to him to-morrow, and be happy to-night;" and yet she was not quite happy, for though



"HER EYES WERE DOWNCAST."

she wore his roses, there was a nasty thorn pricking secretly in her heart, and she was careful not to touch upon any subject connected with their joint future.

On the Monday the weather was lovely, and could not have been more propitious for the hay-making. The sun was so hot, the sky so blue, yet flecked with packs of little woolly clouds, and then there was such a delicious breeze wafting hither and thither the sweet scents of clover and hay; there was such a humming and a buzzing of the bees and flies, and as to the butterflies, there was quite an airy convention of these bright-hued insects fluttering everywhere, all the enjoyment of their brief life being to flitter-flutter about, kiss each other, sip nectar and be happy in an aimless sort of way. The long waving upland grass had soft pearly hues running through it, the mowers had been busy since early morning, and half of it was lying in long broad swathes upon the ground, the sun was high overhead, and stillness reigned around, for it was mid-day, and the men were busy with their repast.

Walking slowly up the path that crossed the field came 'Omi, the roofs of Ivyhurst behind her; she wore no hat, and the wind was fanning her yellow hair; her industrious fingers held knitting needles, and from them dangled a length of blue stocking; she knitted as she walked, and her eyes were downcast; not that she was counting her stitches, but that she was thinking; she knew whither she was bound and what for; there was a certain demureness about her that savoured of mischief. She came straight across the field and then diverged towards a corner where stood a large hayrick. Some one had made himself a cosy seat there by pulling out handfuls of hay and arranging it cushion-wise whereon to sit and eat his lunch. At his side stood a stone jar, and a flat glass bottle protruded from his jacket pocket. He neither saw nor heard Naomi approach till, as he raised the stone pitcher to his mouth for a draught, her shadow fell on him and he looked up; it was Geordie. Surprise caused him to hold the jar suspended in its progress to the ground, and a flush deepened the brown of his cheeks when he saw who it was. He passed the sleeve of his jacket across his mouth, and the action helped not only to wipe away the traces of beer, but also to cover his momentary confusion.

"Law!" exclaimed Naomi artlessly, "who'd a thought of finding you here, Geordie?"

"And why not, 'Omi? As likely me as anybody. What did you come for?" retorted he.

"'Twas too hot to eat, so I told mother I didn't want any dinner, and I brought my knitting out here instead; it looked so cool and quiet round by the hay-stack, I thought I'd find a pleasant seat, but I s'pose I'll have to look elsewhere."

"Oh," said Geordie huffily, "I'll go, don't you trouble; I can eat my bread and cheese in some other place," and he made a pretence of rising to go.

"Well, take your beer jar along, Geordie; I don't want that," replied she, emphasising her remark by a little kick to the object in question, which, as the ground was uneven, had the effect of upsetting it, and the cork being out, the contents streamed forth, to her great apparent consternation and his dismay.

"There now, see what you've done," he exclaimed indignantly; "I'll have to go thirsty," and turning his back on the wayward lassie, wondered whatever could have changed her from the amiable Naomi of the previous evening. "But there, girls are all alike," said he to himself, "they're like the weather for changeableness, and never know their own minds two minutes together."

A rippling laugh greeted his ears, and this only served to increase his ire. He stalked briskly away, and the girl ran lightly round the hay-stack to meet him on the other side; he could not help an unwilling smile.

"Don't be a ninny, George; come and finish your dinner. I dare say there's room for us both if you don't mind."

"If I don't mind! I like that, 'Omi; why, you're as contrary as you can be. I thought you gave me to understand my room was better than my company."

"Did I? Well, all depends on how you take things, of course. I dare say I can put up with you, so come along," and she led the way back to his former seat and placed herself beside him, though not very close, and resumed her knitting. George soon recovered his good temper, for though he did not always understand her teasing, he took it as a compliment after it was over, and invariably said to himself, "There never was such a lass! How fond she is of me!"

"Are you knitting that pretty stocking for me, 'Omi?" asked Geordie, with an insinuating glance as he resumed his interrupted meal; "it's mighty kind of you."

"Did you ever hear the likes of that?" asked she of an imaginary listener. "Oh, the conceit of these men! if they do but see us with a bit of work they think it must be for them. Time enough to be knitting stockings for you when I'm obliged; besides, look at the colour of it and judge if it isn't fitter for me, than it is for you."

"'Twould look far better on my leg than on yours, 'Omi, and it's a sight too big for you."

"Well, maybe it's for grandfather, or father; anyway, don't flatter yourself that I'm knitting for you, Geordie."

"I won't," said he, "for I'm sure it's too good to be true, and that you wouldn't waste your time in any such way."

"Perhaps I would, or perhaps I wouldn't, and perhaps if you're very good I may think about knitting you a pair."

Naomi knew very well that the fellow to this stocking was already finished and lying by in a drawer, and that they were not only the right size for Geordie but actually meant for him. When he had finished his dinner he filled his pipe for a smoke before returning to work, and Naomi obligingly struck a match and lighted it for him; in doing so she scanned his face with an anxious air.

"Well, 'Omi?" said he.

"I was just thinking——" she hesitated.

"What?" he inquired. Your working lad is generally monosyllabic.

"Why, that your nose is not near so pretty as it used to be."

"My nose! what's the matter with it?" he asked, squinting down at the maligned feature. "It's a good enough shape, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's not the shape so much, though that's not so good as it was, but it's the colour I find fault with, Geordie, it's always so red now, and I can't abide a red nose."

"Well, I never, you've grown mighty particular all of a sudden! I can't help it if the sun makes my nose a bad colour, and you didn't use to be so fault-finding, 'Omi; what's the matter with you?"

"It's not the sun, Geordie, nothing so healthy; I've no wish to be fault-finding as you call it, and I don't know that I've the right to be, only——"

"Only what? There's something in all this that's beyond me. Do you mean," he added, with a half laugh, "that when we're married you'll have a right to find fault with me? I'm not perfect, I know; nobody is that I know of, but I don't see that you've any call to be harder on me than on anybody else. What have you against me—out with it; haven't I always been good to you?"

"Yes, you have," she replied warmly. "I've nothing to complain of, Geordie, as regards your being good to me, but—but you're not good to yourself, that's what I mean, and that's what hurts me. I'm no more perfect than you are, and because I am so imperfect I feel all the more sympathy with you, and longing to help you, as you ought to let me if I'm to be anything to you in the future."

"If!" said he. "Why if, 'Omi? Come, tell me straight out what you're driving at, and don't let's have any more beating about the bush."

"Well, then, if you will have it, George, it's the drink! It will ruin your life if you don't stop in time; I've known this long time how it's been with you, and folks are beginning to give you a bad name, and it's been a sore trouble to me. I say again, you'll ruin your life, but I don't intend you shall have the chance to ruin mine, for I'll never marry a drinking man!"

Young Luxbridge gave vent to a long low whistle, but he coloured scarlet at the words she spoke. After a pause, he said in a smothered voice, "But I'm not a drinking man, Naomi! It's only a drop now and then; maybe I do take a little more than I should sometimes, but I'll stop it, I'll leave it off, I promise you, if it hurts you."

"If it hurts me, George! You're not a drinking man, it's only a drop you take, and if it hurts me——" and poor 'Omi's knitting dropped to the ground, her head went down, and with elbows on knees, her face buried in her hands, she cried bitterly.

George got up in great agitation, for he had never seen her in tears before; he had never had the ill-luck to raise such a storm in all the years they had known each other.

"Why, I am a brute to make you cry!" he exclaimed; "there, give over, 'Omi, I'll do anything you wish, I'll take the pledge, I'll never touch another drop of the beastly stuff; only be happy, and don't talk of my ruining your life, and that you won't give me the chance—don't, my girl," and there was a suspicious break in his voice which her ears were quick to hear. She dried her eyes and looked up.

"You mean it, Geordie, you will sign the pledge?"

"I will do anything to please you, 'Omi."

"Not to please me only," she said gravely; "the time might come when the wish to please me wouldn't be strong enough to keep you out of temptation; you must have a higher aim than that."

"And what's that, 'Omi—what higher aim could I have?"

"To please God," she replied solemnly, and he looked down and remained silent.

"You're right, Naomi, you always are," he said presently. "Look here, I'm glad you tipped the beer jar over, you did it o' purpose I do believe, and see now," he added, abstracting the glass bottle from his side pocket and handing it to her, "you may believe I'm in earnest."

Naomi took the cork out, and, sniffing at the contents as though she feared it would poison her, said in a tone of disgust, "It's gin!" and holding the bottle upside down, let the spirit drain on to the ground, looking steadily at him the while. He watched the operation with the faintest possible sigh at the waste of what doubtless he accounted precious, but said not a word to prevent her.

"And you'll go this evening to the Rectory and sign the pledge, won't you?"

"Will you come with me, 'Omi?"

"No," she answered decidedly, "it would look as if I had had to do with it, Geordie, and I'd rather it appear as if you'd done it of your own free-will and conviction."

"That's like you, Naomi. Well, I won't disappoint you, and now you'll be generous in another thing, won't you? Say you'll marry

me when harvesting's done, and you'll be the making of me."

She laughed aloud, but not very mirthfully.

"No, that I won't, George, and I don't know how you can have the face to ask it. There's many reasons against it."

"Let me hear them, and I'll get rid of them, 'Omi, as fast as you can speak."

She shook her head. "You can't do that; in the first place, grandfather would rather I didn't have anything to say to you at all."

"Are you going to marry to please your grandfather or yourself, 'Omi?" interrupted the young man hotly.

"In the second, father won't let me marry till you've got a home for me, and you know, George, that doesn't seem very near."

"Ah, that's all you know about it," he broke in triumphantly, "for I heard this morning that I can have New Hatch next week if I like, and father says he'll set me going; so that reason is blown away like this," and he plucked a dandelion in seed and blew off half its feathery head.

"And thirdly," continued Naomi without comment on his words—"thirdly, Geordie, I won't marry you for another twelve months."

"What!" cried he, with a long drawn face.

"I won't marry you for another twelve months," she repeated seriously. "I must be sure of you, George, before I trust my future to you; not because I don't care enough for you, but because I do care so very much. I've got a quick temper, as you know, and if you went wrong as you have been doing I should get vexed; then words would come between us, and misery, and pain, and shame, and I could not bear it. I want to respect you, George, and myself too. I want our home to be happy and respectable; but it will be neither if the drink comes in between, so you see why I'm so in earnest. Take the pledge and keep it, make the home, and in a year's time come again to me; come to this very spot the middle of next June if all's well, and say, 'Omi, I haven't touched a drop all these twelve months, and I've got a good conscience;' then, please God, I'll put my hand in yours and say, 'I'm ready, Geordie.' If not, why then you needn't trouble to speak to me any more."

She had grown pale with earnestness, and as he watched her and listened intently, his face paled too; then he brought his two hard brown hands together with a clap, and said,

"Please God I will, 'Omi!"

The labourers' dinner-hour was over, the mowers were again at work; the whetting of the scythe and then the steady swing-swash of the blade through the long grass was heard once more, and George took up his implements and prepared to join the rest, but with a sobered, serious face and manner. The whimsical follows closely so often in the trail of the solemn; he glanced ruefully at the empty pitcher and up at the hot sun as he turned to go.

"I shall get desperate thirsty this afternoon, 'Omi," said he.

With a smile she rejoined,

"I'll send little Lucy along with a can of cold tea, George;" and taking up the length of blue stocking, she knitted her way briskly across the field to Ivyhurst.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said 'Omi that evening when she found herself alone with Mrs. Chart—"mother, George has asked me to marry him when harvest is carried; but I told him no, I couldn't be his wife for another year, that I must be sure of him first, as I never would marry any but a sober man."

Mrs. Chart looked up from her work and examined her daughter attentively, as though she would read her very heart, and then she said slowly,

"I think you've done wisely, 'Omi. Grandfather was speaking to me yesterday, and he's dead against George; but I'm not for marring what's made, and if there's a likelihood of his turning over a new leaf and leaving off the drink so as to become a good, steady lad again, I say, stand by him, don't give him up. There's many a poor fellow that's lost his chance through lack of a woman's kindness, and if George thought he had no chance with you, he'd go to the bad altogether very like."

It was pleasant to Naomi to hear her mother thus stand up for the lad of her choice, and a pleasant glow began to warm her heart.

"Yes," she replied, "I've no notion of giving him up, mother; we shall go on as before, and see each other just the same. I wouldn't have the village talking as if there were any quarrel between us. He's given me his promise to take the pledge and never touch another drop, and I believe he'll keep it. I don't think it had so much as struck him that the way he was going on would make any difference, but I had to let him see it would."

"Well, I don't believe grandfather will say another word when he sees George has quite turned from the drink. I don't wonder at his being so bitter and set against anything of the sort, when he remembers what I've often heard him tell of his only brother that lived down in Hertfordshire. He married a very tidy girl, who brought him a good lump of money, and they had a nice snug little farm and everything they could want, and plenty of real silver spoons and forks and tankards; he took to drinking hard, did my uncle, and went down, down in the world; his poor wife could barely keep the home together, and she with six young children. Well, they were sold up at last, and she took a small cottage and worked like a slave from morn till night to feed and clothe the little ones, while he went on the tramp for work, but oftener for drink, living as he could, for she'd have nothing more to say to him; and when the children were grown, they worked as hard as their mother, and lived quite in comfort. Old Jack used to come now and then when he was at work anywhere near and eat his dinner a-sitting in their woodshed like any stranger, as you might say."

"Wasn't that he the folks used to call 'Old Gooseberry Nose,' mother?"

"Yes, that's he; he's alive now, and though he ain't near so bad as he used to be, his nose hasn't improved. It's nature's revenge, I say, and marks him out. That's one of the silver tankards, 'Omi, that grandfather bought at the sale," continued Mrs. Chart, nodding in the direction of a fine old carved chest of dark oak that stood against the kitchen wall, and on which were placed all the best possessions of the family, together with the big Bible and several other good books kept carefully dusted and arranged in a neat pile.

"When you and George are married, 'Omi—for I'm sure you will be, though you may have to wait a year—you'll have some of them silver spoons and forks, grandfather always meant it; and you shall have Pansy the dun cow, she's an awful good milker, and any one of the calves we may happen to have."

Naomi came and gave her mother a good hug, feeling altogether comforted and cheered by this little confidential talk; but she told her nothing of what Geordie had said concerning New Hatch, that being at present a matter too vague and visionary to take hold of. Naomi was rewarded next time she saw Geordie, and that was not till the following Sunday, for she took care to keep out of his way, thinking it might be good for him to miss her company a little—she was rewarded, I say, by seeing a small blue ribbon sewn into his jacket, and knowing what it meant, she smiled sweetly on him. He, for his part, looked sheepish and conscious at first, but a whispered "I'm proud to be seen walking with you, Geordie," from her, soon set him at ease and on good terms with himself, and I do not know that he had ever felt happier.

It is not to be supposed that the young man found his task of abstaining a very easy one, for it was strange how thirst assailed him whenever he passed the village inn; how some invisible power drew his feet, like the magnet draws the needle, towards the door that stood so invitingly open, and how, when he had almost entered, some gentle influence came into his heart, and he turned away resolutely with self-loathing at the contemptible weakness, the desire to yield to the fiery temptation.

Then there were the companions whom he had been accustomed to meet at this haunt; he had to turn aside from them now, to encounter their rude jests and jeers, and their laughter scathed him, for he was not yet proof against unkind taunts. At last, however, he plucked up courage, and facing his tormentors cried out:

"Aye, you may laugh, but I tell you, mates, I've come to be ashamed of myself. I'm not worthy of the good girl who showed me my sin, but I've determined I will be, and I hope some of you who've got homes and sweethearts may see your mistake while there's time, and right it as I mean to do; and so good-night to you."

When he had turned his back, one man came up and shook him by the hand, saying:

"Well spoke, lad, you be in the right, and the first chap as scorns your blue ribbon after this you show him to me, and I'll let him know something. We all respects Mr. Chart and your good lass, and so give them a cheer, boys, and one for Geordie Luxbridge, too," which they did unanimously, and left him afterwards in peace.

After this victory George began to find it easier to go on bravely, and 'Omi's smiles cheered him on, so that he began to form his plans for the future once more.

New Hatch was in the market, and having heard who was the likely purchaser, George and his father trudged off to find him, thinking that by thus taking time by the forelock they stood a good chance of securing the tenancy of the farm when it should come into his hands; nor were they disappointed, for the promise of it was obtained on condition that all inquiries concerning them should turn out satisfactory, and, to George's great delight, six weeks later found all the arrangements completed, and he could take possession of the little farm whenever he pleased; but to do this was not part of his plan at present, for he could devote no time to its management, as he was working for Farmer Chart, therefore he and his father, who was in his full confidence, came to an understanding that the latter should work it till such time as George should be his own master, the young man looking after the few acres they owned in the Hollow, near Ivyhurst, during his spare time; and this turned out very well, for old Mr. Luxbridge was a capital farmer, and as the fields of New Hatch had been neglected for some time they needed a careful husbandman to get them into good order again.

Meanwhile Geordie gave notice of his leaving to Farmer Chart, who was very sorry to be obliged to lose such valuable help as he had rendered during the term of his three years' service at Ivyhurst; but understanding what were the young man's aims and hopes for the future, and seeing, as he could not fail to do, how much improved he was of late, he gave him some very friendly words of encouragement.

(To be concluded.)

A REMODELLED WARDROBE.

I WANTED a new wardrobe for my bedroom, and had only thirty shillings with which to supply the want. Everyone knows that only a very ordinary, small and commonplace wardrobe can be obtained for that sum, and I had set my heart on having something individual and artistic—something that should be distinctly ornamental, have a place for everything, and yet not take up too much space in a small and not very conveniently planned room.

Clearly it was a case for amateur carpentering, but amateur carpentering requires a good deal of planning and study or it is apt to become a most expensive luxury, and I was strictly limited to that thirty shillings.

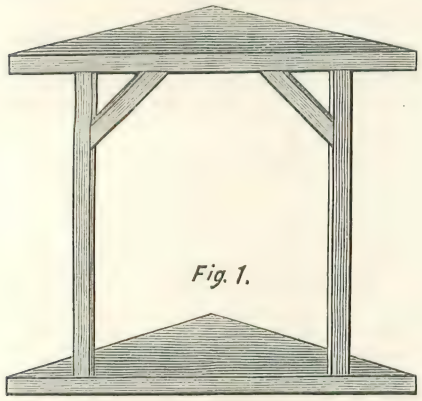


Fig. 1.

To begin with then; I bought an ordinary cheap wardrobe of the usual commonplace size and shape; it was secondhand, and old-fashioned, having one large door, a drawer at the bottom and a plain cornice round the top. It was painted and grained in the usual nondescript manner, that grocer's-paper-with-the-measles style, which the mind of the cheap furniture-maker possibly conceives to represent pine, and cost one pound two and six.

It measured 6 feet 4 inches high, 34 inches across, and 16 inches deep, and looked as these narrow wardrobes always do—like an overgrown servant's trunk set on end.

It was of course as big as my room would stand, but in a small room, even more than in a large one, the corners made by a wardrobe, and the door are always wasted. It was these corners, therefore, which I hoped to utilise.

The wardrobe, though it had the proper number of pegs, had also been fitted with two deep shelves such as are used for storing linen. I wished to use the pegs, so took the shelves out to use in the corners.

These shelves were of nice smooth board measuring 32½ inches by 13. One of them sawed into four three-cornered pieces made as many strong corner shelves; these were to be fixed to the outside of the end of the wardrobe, and the wall forming an angle with it by means of the same strips of wood and screws as had kept them in place inside.

This was the rough work. For the ornamentation I bought five nine-foot lengths of white beading, such as is used for cheap picture-framing, at one and twopence a length; a yard and a quarter of Japanese embossed gold paper (a remnant) for half-a-crown, one pound of common white paint at fourpence, a tin of enamel at eightpence-halfpenny, and half a pound of inch and a quarter French nails at twopence-halfpenny. I also bought a mitre board for cutting diagonals, which cost ninepence, but as that remains for future use in picture-framing, or window ornamenting, I do not count it among the expenses of the wardrobe.

The first thing to be done was to scrub every part of the wardrobe, inside and out, with Jones' Health Bath Salt, using it very much stronger than one does for a bath by way of thoroughly cleansing and disinfecting the wood, and doing away with the remotest chance of vermin. The next was to paint every part that was not to be covered with the embossed paper with a coat of common white paint. While that dried, I cut the pieces, mitred at the corners for the frame of the large panel on the door, and as many short pieces as were required for ornament—that is a matter of taste. Then the Japanese paper had to be cut to the size of the panel—very carefully—for I had bought a remnant, and every inch of it was needed. Then a second panel for the drawer, the ugly black handles of which I had removed and coated thickly with white paint. Then the frame for the drawer panel had to be cut and set aside by itself.

For the corner shelves strips of beading had to be cut, mitred at the edges to fit against the wall and wardrobe, and nailed on to the shelves. Then uprights had to be cut to fasten each pair of shelves together, and last two little mitred pieces to fit into the corners, Fig 1. Then the corner shelves had their first coat of paint and were set aside to dry.

The uprights of course had been nailed firmly—the corner pieces put in with glue.

Under the left-hand corner shelves I wanted a place for soiled linen. The second shelf taken from the wardrobe came in for that. A piece of the length cut off, and the ends fitted to the wall and the wardrobe made a sort of three-cornered well; two long uprights were to be fastened to this so as to project beyond it and meet the lower shelf. Two crossbars cut square formed a panel, to be fitted with embossed paper, Fig 2, into the well; a

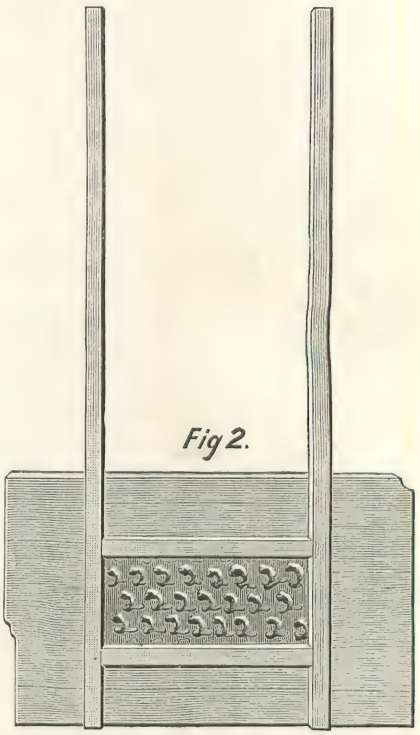


Fig 2.

three-cornered bag made of some gold patterned chintz left over from the window and bed-hangings was to be fitted. It was to be longer than the well and the ends drawn up with a snap string of gold ribbon.

For the right-hand corner—under the two shelves—I simply put double bars of beading connected with ten-inch uprights at a few inches from the ground; and again double bars, shorter this time so that they would be further back, touching the floor. This was for an umbrella and sunshade stand, Fig 3. Behind each of the double bars a little strip of embossed paper was firmly glued.

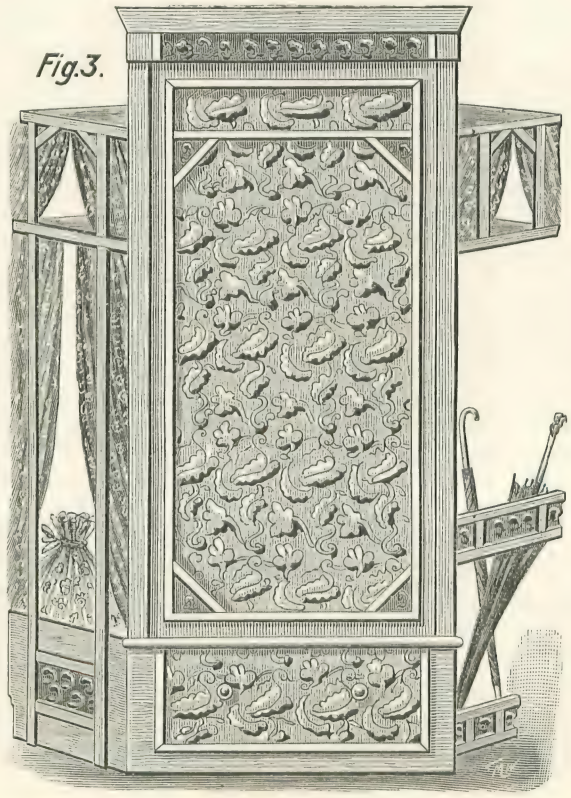


Fig.3.

So soon as the coat of common white paint was thoroughly dry the embossed paper panels could be pasted on, and the wood-work glued on with a nail here and there to strengthen it; a strip of paper went round the cornice and little pieces behind the corners of the corner shelves.

After that all the wood-work had to be very carefully coated with enamel, every little crevice or nail mark being filled in with putty and painted over and over again until it was invisible.

Then, as there were still a few pieces of the gold-coloured chintz left I made little curtains, ran them on cords, and hung them inside the wood-work of the corner shelves to keep out the dust, and below the corner shelf on the right to protect the umbrellas and sunshades; when the enamel was dry and the curtains put in their places with tin tacks the wardrobe was finished (Fig 3), not so well perhaps as a professional workman could have done it, but I had the satisfaction of making it myself. I had just the accommodation I wished for my clothes and nick-nacks; I had made the most of the limited space of my bedroom, and, above all, had only exceeded my limit of thirty shillings by one penny.

V.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.



NEXT day, when Constance went her morning round with her surgeon, she saw a new doctor in each of her wards, and in the large one there were two. There was no one she knew, and, further than always being pleasant to them and doing anything for them that she could, she took very little notice of their presence, and, save for a passing remark, rarely spoke to any of them. One or two used to come to her scullery and ask her to take charge of their thermometers, to save them the trouble of carrying them backwards and forwards. Miss Playfair passed one day, and seeing one of the surgeons on probation speaking to Constance, sent for her to her office and told her that she did not allow the young doctors to go inside the sisters' kitchen, and she was not to let it happen again; she did not mind her taking charge of their cases, but that could be done without their going inside her room. For the future they had to stand the other side of the door, as Constance said she was sorry, but Miss Playfair had forbidden her to let them in; it necessitated a little extra talking, but when they saw that Constance really meant it, and that she was simply anxious to carry out her orders, no one attempted to intrude.

One day, towards the end of the session, Constance was off duty as usual in the afternoon, and was sitting working in the large day-room all alone, the others being out or in their rooms, when she suddenly thought she would sing, and seating herself at the piano turned over some songs, and finding one she knew and liked, called 'The Message,' sang it through. Several things had troubled her lately in her division: one of her orderlies was drinking, not actually drunk, but in such a state that he was cross and irritable, and spoke to her as he would not have done had he been quite himself.

Two of her patients had been made prisoners and sent down to the prisoners' ward. A new surgeon had taken over the division, who, from his manners at least, appeared to place much more trust in the orderlies than the sister.

All this and much more Constance had been pondering over; her whole heart was in her work, and this afternoon she was feeling decidedly depressed. It was the first time she had used the piano, and, as she seated herself again by the window and took up her work, it was with a feeling of rest and refreshment; the music had done her good and chased away some of the gloom.

She had barely resumed her work when the door was suddenly opened by Miss Playfair, who inquired in a decidedly angry tone who had been playing. Constance said she had, and remembered at once that on account of the night-sisters no one was allowed to play before eight in the evening.

"I am so sorry," she said; "I quite forgot the night-sisters, it was very stupid of me."

"It is not alone the night-sisters," said Miss Playfair; "I suppose you thought to draw attention to yourself, actually singing with the windows open, so that anyone passing in the grounds might hear; no lady would do such a thing, and I must request that in future you conduct yourself with more propriety."

Constance felt her face get crimson, but she made no reply; she knew she was wrong to have played, but she had somehow quite forgotten. No one was allowed to play or sing before three in the afternoon, for fear of disturbing the principal medical officer or his clerks, whose office was under their day-room; then the night-sisters had to be thought of, and they did not get up till eight, and now it was considered a breach of good behaviour to sing or play with the window open. "I suppose," thought Constance, "it is because of these surgeons on probation; well, the piano certainly will not get much used, and I shall take good care not to touch it again, nothing would induce me to give Miss Playfair the opportunity of repeating her orders." She was annoyed and hurt, and threw herself into one of the armchairs, which stood ready as usual with outstretched arms.

"It is all so trivial," she went on to herself, "the very fact of Miss Playfair making so much of things just incites some to be worse than they would; I believe if I was inclined to play I should do it myself. Why cannot she trust us? How I wish Miss Price was here; infinitely less mischief would go on if people were not always being watched and suspected and credited with doing things, the very idea of which had never struck them. It makes one feel very sick of it all. I wonder if the service all through is like this?"

"What is the matter?" said Sister Duncan as she came into the room and seated herself in the vacant chair opposite Constance; "you look quite depressed."

Constance smiled. Sister Duncan never looked put out or cross; easy and good-natured, she took things as she found them, and fitted herself into whatever place she had to fill with the least possible discomfort to herself. Just the right sort for the service, because she was quite content to let things go smoothly, even if it required a little stretch of conscience at times, and she was not hot-headed and up in arms if she thought there was injustice which she could put right by a word. She made a point of never interfering in what was not actually her duty, and she shut her eyes to what it was best not to see. She could hardly be called unselfish, but she was so genially kind and such good company, that she was quite a favourite.

Constance related what had happened, adding: "I think she has missed her vocation, she ought to have been head of some college for young men, instead of a hospital with women nurses. A woman as head surely wants her sympathies to be with the women she has charge of."

Sister Duncan smiled. "I should not let that trouble me. It is small, as you say; far too small to make a worry about. Take my advice, and do not even think of it again. I never can see the sense of wearing one's self to a thread-paper, fussing and worrying over things which cannot be helped."

Constance laughed: she mentally thought that Sister Duncan was in no fear of erring on that side.

In spite of many little drawbacks she was getting quite at home in her division; she was fond of her patients, and found them most grateful for any little act of kindness, and the discipline they were under made them all far better-mannered than many at least of them would have been in civil life.

There was something about them which struck Constance as being very childish; the fact of being taught merely to observe rules and regulations and to carry out orders, and on the rarest occasion being allowed to think for themselves, was sufficient reason, she thought, to account for it.

The orderlies usually were most willing to help and to do what was required of them, but there were so many to please. There was often a corporal in charge of the wards, and over him a sergeant, then again a staff-sergeant or sergeant-major, or both perhaps, and again a quartermaster above him. These were all under the medical officers, and each in his turn was responsible to the one above him, or, as it sometimes happened, shirked his own share of work by making the one beneath him do it instead. The orderlies have not even the chances of soldiers belonging to a regiment, they are so often moved from place to place and constantly working under fresh officers, that in most places the doctors take but little personal interest in the men under their care. They strive certainly to do their utmost in training them to be regimental, making them prisoners if they are found to have omitted a duty or neglected to carry out an order, but as far as personal help and encouragement goes, many of the doctors do nothing. It certainly often comes hard on the orderlies, and as Constance used to say to herself when she was inclined to be down on them, they are only boys—lads of eighteen to twenty-five, with a six months' training, supposed to be turned out; soldiers, nurses, scrubbers, and anything else which might be required of them.

What marvels they ought to be to start with! An educated woman of twenty-five is expected to require three years' training before she is considered competent to nurse the sick, whilst these lads, many of them with but little education, and in some instances no home advantages, are expected with a six months' training to have learned something of drills, etc., required to be known by a soldier, and the far more important art of nursing, and are considered competent, if necessary, to be placed in charge of a ward, and supposed, where there are no nursing-sisters, to be able under slight supervision of the medical officer and a ward-master to care for sick men.

Fortunately, both for the orderlies and patients, the cases were often only trivial, but it was not much to be wondered at, that the really sick men often infinitely preferred another man in the ward to wash and do for him, and the orderlies were willing enough that it should be so. They were rarely questioned about the comfort of their patients; it was a matter of much greater moment to them that the copper coal-scuttles shone brightly, that the floors were spotless and the ward free from dust. They were seldom

praised for work done well, and were generally quite content if the doctor left the ward without finding fault.

On taking over a ward they had to sign for all the equipment it contained, and were responsible for all the things they had in charge; little wonder then that they kept under lock and key such valuable treasures as spoons, glasses, and in fact everything that they were not obliged to have in use.

There are many things in a military hospital which are put before the patients: rules and regulations must be observed, even cleanliness, order and discipline stand foremost, all very essential in their right places, but somewhat disturbing to a good nurse, when put before the needs of the sick, and not very encouraging to the orderlies, who are quite ready enough to think of the patients as a secondary consideration.

Constance was always happy at work in her division; the little kitchen, at least inside, reminded her of St. Margaret's, for here she was able to cook dinners for any of her bad cases who could not fancy their own, and make their ordinary diets a little more inviting. Many a tempting morsel she took to one or another who was sick, and no one else ever seemed jealous of the favour shown; patients never are, if it is really the sick ones to whom nurse gives the most attention.

Outside, the same lovely view met the eye as did the view from the day-room windows, and many a few spare moments did Constance stand admiring it, as only one could fresh from the dust and din of city life.

It was a great grief to her one morning to hear that one of her orderlies was missing from his ward. "Where is he?" she asked of the men, who smiled, and replied as though it was quite a joke: "Oh, he's gone absent." "Gone absent," she repeated, hardly taking in what it meant. "He's stayed out," volunteered another, "and cannot be found; perhaps he means to desert." Constance had a dim notion that that was a great crime, and expressed the hope that he would turn up again, which he did in a few days, but not until he had been away long enough to get several hours' cells on his return, and when he came back to his ward he had had his head shaved. He looked a little ashamed, and when Constance saw him alone, she told him how sorry she was, and did hope he would try and do better for the future. He was not a bad fellow, and had had a better education than some, but was weak-minded, and a little drink soon made him forget his good resolutions. She got him to sign the pledge, and he kept steady for some time, but alas! like many another, fell away.

Constance was deeply grieved, and yet, she said to herself, his struggles to do right may count much more for him when weighed in the "just balance," than all the right-doing of those who are not tempted. She was not ignorant about drunkenness; she had nursed many in St. Margaret's who had been slaves of drink, but somehow she had never worked side by side, as it were, with those who so often yielded themselves to its power as she did now, and she was astonished at the amount of drinking which went on amongst those who would rarely if ever be considered drunk. She soon got to hear about the canteens, where spirits and beer were sold, and before she had been many years in the service she hated their very name.

There was one ward-master who was called "bathbrick," because he was always going round the wards ordering more bathbrick here, more there, to rub up door-handles or window fasteners. Sunday was no exception, in fact it always seemed as though more cleaning than usual was done that day.

There was a nice little chapel in the building, and Constance always enjoyed the service, which was held at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. The nursing staff, with the patients, all sat in the gallery, whilst the medical officers, non-commissioned officers, their wives and families sat below.

"It is a good thing the session is nearly over," said Sister Peel one day as she entered the day-room; "Sister MacMahon and one or two of the latest arrivals are going to pretty good lengths, and as to Sister Stamford I feel quite disgusted with her."

Constance was sitting with Sister Duncan and Sister Horniblow, all having their tea. They looked up as she entered.

"What is she doing now?" inquired Sister Horniblow.

"Well, she makes no secret of having thrown over that man she was engaged to before coming here, and now she is engaged to one of the staff; she ought to know better. I daresay it will end in nothing. I can't think what there is about her that men think so fascinating, but the fact remains she is never without a man of some sort round her."

Constance thought of Nurse Rose; she too was fascinating, but she was a very different woman from Sister Stamford.

The session ended, and the young doctors, now received into Her Majesty's Service, took their flight from their place of training, and set forth to their respective work. Of all earthly work, if well done, perhaps nearest of any to the Divine—is that of comforting, relieving, healing, and caring for the sick bodies of men. Many would take a blessing with them, and be loved, trusted and respected whilst living, and their names honoured after death. Others might attain worldly renown, but their names would fade with them.

Unlike the civil practitioner, who had his own practice to make and his fame to earn, Her Majesty's medical officers had merely to go where they were sent, and those to whom they went were obliged to be treated by them, whether they liked them or not. Like all servants of the Government too, their pay came regularly, and was much larger in proportion than many would have enjoyed in civil life. Length of service only increased the comforts around them, whilst each year brought them nearer to the pension which awaited them, when at the age of fifty-six or sixty their services were no longer required.

It seemed to Constance a pleasant change, the quiet in the place, and only one doctor to attend to going round her wards instead of having the orders of all the surgeons on probation to carry out; and the next few weeks were decidedly the happiest she had spent in this large hospital.

Miss Playfair slackened her supervision, and was often quite genial and pleasant; and Constance was perfectly happy when at work in her division amongst her sick men, and when off duty she roamed about the woods, revelling in the pure enjoyment of country life.

Sister MacMahon and her friends grew quieter; they found life a trifle dull, though probably made the most of their opportunities, and rejoiced as the winter session drew near; and once again history repeated itself.

During the winter months there were usually many more in hospital than through the summer, owing to the invaliding of men home from India. Sometimes sixty or more arrived at a time, many of them old soldiers, and usually far more medical than surgical cases. It was only after a campaign, as was at present the case, that the surgical wards were so well filled.

It was a strange sight to see the men arriving, all in their regimentals, but looking worn and travel-stained. As many as were able marched the short distance from the station, and then drew up in line in front of this large hospital, whilst awaiting inspection and getting told off to the various wards. Ambulances brought such as were unable to walk, and men were busy with stretchers carrying the worst cases.

What a rest it must have been to them to feel that the journey was ended, weary and ill as many were all through the long voyage from India, with by no means comfortable accommodation, and all the disagreeables attendant on a long sea-voyage, now to find themselves in a clean comfortable bed, surrounded by care and comfort, and not only that but to know that the voyage, perhaps long dreaded, was over, and they were safe in England. Sometimes two or three seemed as it were only to have come home to die, and lived but a few days after their arrival. Constance would never forget one man, an old worn-out warrior; he had been carried up to the ward, and after doing all she could for him, she turned to him before leaving, asking if there was anything else he wanted. With tears of gratitude he replied: "It's almost like heaven." Hardly an hour later she was standing with the doctor beside his bed: the worn-out body needed nothing more, the spirit had taken its flight, his life-journey was done.

In the following spring came news of disturbances in Egypt, followed by the massacre in Alexandria and the consequent bombardment, which left the greater part of that magnificent city a smouldering pile of ruins.

War had been formally declared, and there was much talk of sisters being sent out. Constance, like many others, longed to go, but she was so junior that she felt she would have very little chance of being amongst the chosen; still it was impossible not to think and talk of it, for it was uppermost in the minds of all.

One day, as she was returning from a walk through the woods and just entering the hospital, a corporal ran up to her holding out a blue sheet of paper, saying: "Your orders have come, sister; here is a copy." Constance felt dazed. "Sister Horniblow is going too," he went on, still holding out the sheet of paper for her to read. She glanced at it, and saw the word Egypt and her own name.

"Am I to keep this?" she asked, and finding it was for her, she thanked the corporal and pocketed it, and walked off quickly towards the quarters, feeling very much as if in a dream. She did not see Sister Horniblow before going on duty, and she kept the news to herself, though she was longing to tell someone.

Later on Miss Playfair going round the hospital met her, and told her that she was under orders to proceed to Egypt; she did not dare to tell her that she knew all about it and had a copy of her orders in her pocket. Miss Playfair would be so angry, she thought, and, perhaps, after all she ought not to have been told, though it may have been meant kindly: so she feigned surprise as well as she could, feeling terribly guilty.

"You do not seem much interested in the news," Miss Playfair remarked; "I thought you would have been glad to go."

"So I am, Miss Playfair," replied Constance, "very glad."

"Sister Horniblow is going with you, and two sisters from the Albert Hospital; you will be the junior," went on Miss Playfair, "and I do most sincerely hope that there will be no stories afloat about your flirting on board ship, or indeed anywhere else, but that you will endeavour to remember that you have to keep up the credit of the nursing-staff."

Constance felt herself get very hot, and was inclined to reply that she did not think she had ever been in the habit of flirting: she merely said very quietly—

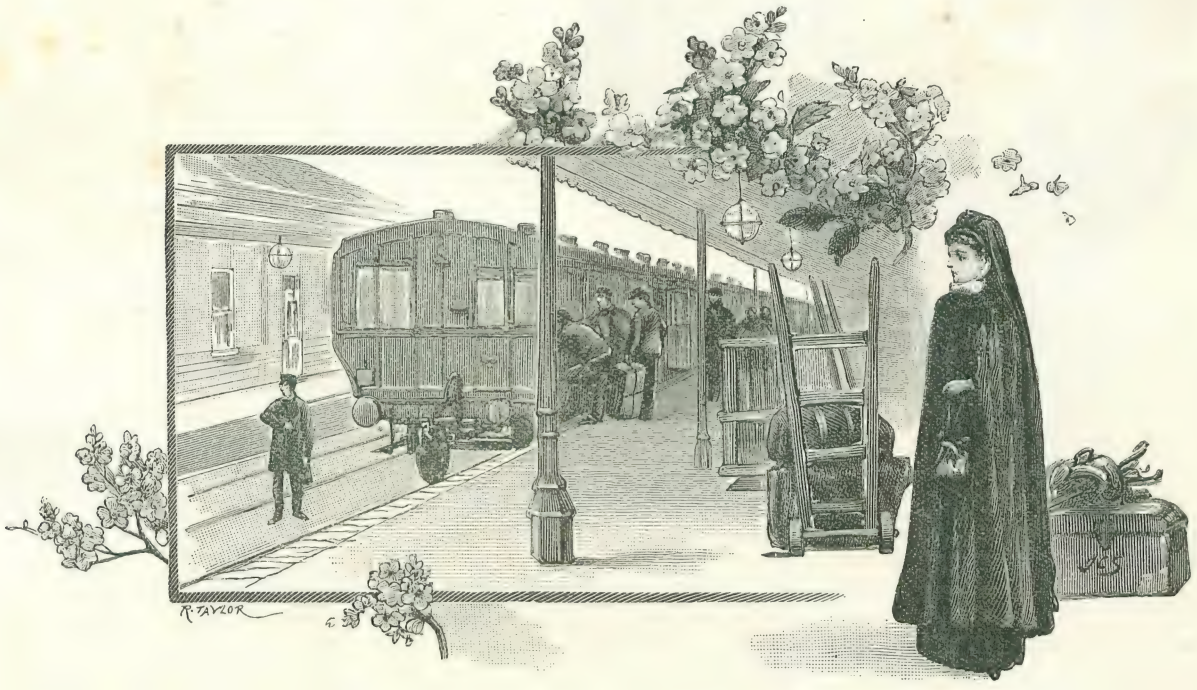
"I hope I shall never do anything to disgrace my people or myself."

Oh! the days which followed, what excitement there was, and what ceaseless restlessness amidst all the preparations. Constance was allowed forty-eight hours' leave, and she ran home and bade her friends good-bye. As the time drew nearer, the idea of going became more formidable; she had never been abroad, and she possessed one of those nervous temperaments who fear things more in anticipation than in reality. Yet how she had longed for it, and now she had received her orders, and it was quite impossible for her to do other than obey. She wondered if she would ever see England and her home again. Her thoughts wandered over the past, but with no regret; she loved her work more than ever, and very thankful she felt for her year's experience at this hospital, at least she had learnt something of the red-tape which binds the service, and was thus forearmed in many ways in which Nurse Dorothy could not have been, going as she had done straight from St. Margaret's.

At length came the actual packing. Constance had handed over her division, with the many old patients whom she was sorry to leave. She was glad to be going with Sister Horniblow; she had always liked her, though they could not in any way be called great friends.

Sister MacMahon did not conceal her disgust at Constance being sent abroad before her, and did all she could to prevent it; but when she heard that several more sisters were to go, and there was to be a large hospital-ship sent out, on which probably she was to go as head-sister, she decidedly regained her good spirits.

(To be continued.)



"UNTO THE POOR AND LOWLY."

It was a beautiful statue, there could be no doubt of that; the limbs were exquisitely proportioned, rounded, and fashioned of fair, white marble, but the face was veiled. It stood within the cathedral walls, raised high on a level with the pulpit, the light pierced through the painted windows in rays of crimson and blue and fell upon it. The pews were thronged, rows of expectant faces were raised when the good bishop spoke. His white hair fell upon his shoulders, his eyes, full of a surpassing gentleness, surveyed the scene beneath him. So much pent-up hope, so much holy longing. Were they ever to be satisfied?

He spoke; his tones were rich and full, his accents reached the listening multitude, not a syllable was lost.

"Brethren," he said, "ye desire to see the face of the beautiful statue; it has been revealed to me in a dream that your wish shall be granted you. Yet patience is needful. For behold, the veil falls closely, and is not to be easily lifted. I myself have essayed, yet all in vain. But last night as I lay sleeping a vision came to me. If it be a true one, time shall show. An angel stood at my bedside and whispered in my ear, 'Let the preachers preach fair words and true of the God they serve, and the veil that covers the face of the statue shall be lifted. But mortal hands cannot raise it, neither shall strength prevail.'"

There was a long pause. A solemn awe overspread the multitude, their gaze was turned to a row of black-robed preachers; then the bishop spoke again,

"And so," he continued, "I have sent for my brethren; they are present amongst you, and they will try their skill."

The organ pealed forth, its rich tones rose to the vaulted roof, then died away in shivering silence. It was followed by the quavering voice of the aged bishop raised in solemn prayer. As he ceased speaking the first preacher ascended the pulpit stairs, bowed his head for a moment, then broke into eloquent speech. Surely rhetoric could soar no higher, surely language had never been more choice. His eyes remained fixed upon the statue, the gaze of the people rested there also, but the veil still hung in uncompromising folds.

And the allotted time for speech was over.

His successor fared no better, though his fame was known to all, for miles around the country rang with the praises of his eloquence. To-day he excelled himself.

Yet the veil did not stir.

One after the other the preachers essayed their skill, one after the other each tried to display the riches of his knowledge, to unfold his subtle doctrines. The hour was late, the darkness gathered, the sun's last rays lit up the statue with its covered face.

Then there stepped forward a little hump-backed man, poorly clad and of no repute; his voice was weak and trembling as he craved permission to try his skill. The vast multitude would have laughed save for reverence sake; but the bishop looked into his earnest face, bowed his head and said,

"Be it so!"

And the cripple mounted the pulpit stairs slowly and painfully to kneel awhile in prayer. When he rose his head scarce showed above the desk, and a terror fell upon him as he gazed down upon the mocking faces. So he turned his eyes swiftly, lifting them heavenward, and his quavering voice broke the stillness.

"Brethren," he said, "I have no learning, I can unfold no doctrines. Life is hard, and death is cruel, and doubt is maddening. These three we have to face. I do not understand"—he paused and clasped his hands upon his breast—"I cannot explain; it is too difficult, and I have so little knowledge. But there is one thing that I know, I feel it here," laying his hand on his breast. "God has not forgotten, God cannot forget! He loves us all! He——"

A pause, a hush, a stir, a stifled cry. The cripple turned abruptly. He had not remembered the statue until now, when he beheld the veil roll away and the beautiful face gleam out of the gloom, so fair so bright that mortal eye could scarce contemplate it. Once more the organ pealed forth, once more the people knelt, once more the voice of the white-haired bishop reached them.

"Unto the poor and lowly it has been vouchsafed to draw away the veil that hides the face of the fair statue of Truth," he said.

And the darkness gathered, and all was hidden save the beautiful white face that had so long been covered.

L. E. Tiddeman.



EDUCATIONAL.

MARIE.—There is a School of Weaving (Swedish) which might prove an opening for you. Write to the Hon. Sec. Miss Clive Bayley, 4, Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C. The Principals of this institution are the Countess Fröken Darmfelt and Fröken Hamilton.

STEADFAST.—Although too old to enter the Civil Service you had better write for the prospectus as you will gain much useful information. We could not supply you with names of the firms in the City where female clerks are employed. *The Englishwomen's Year-Book* might give you some hints as to many departments of work for which you may be eligible.

YOUNG GYMNAST.—1. You wish to join a Correspondence Class in connection with our paper, but do not say on what subject. Do you mean the Girls' Own Scripture Reading and Study Guild? Or do you wish to join an ordinary Reading Club? We thank you for your warm expressions in reference to our magazine.—2. Your writing is well formed, but too large.

NELLIE HILL (or STILL).—It is an essential part of a girl's education to be taught to express herself well and converse agreeably. See our article, page 675, vol. ii.; and page 38, vol. v.

ART.

M. S. E.—Fretwork is done with a saw, and consists of open-work formed in designs. It is mere perforation of a thin piece of wood, little thicker than a book cover. Wood-carving is very superior work: the design being marked out, usually on wood from half an inch to an inch thick, a chisel and mallet being employed, and afterwards gouges and knives; the wood must be of a very close grain, boxwood being the best of all. You can attend classes for "art wood-carving"; as, for instance, at the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. If engaged in the day, you could attend evening classes at 15s. a month, or £2 a quarter. Day classes are dearer: i.e. £2 a month and £5 a quarter. But a reduction is made for those connected with the trade attending in the evening. Apply to the manager.

EDITH DUNHAM.—We recommend you to send the picture to a thoroughly reliable restorer, for no amateur like yourself could venture to re-line an oil-painting. Besides there are secrets in almost all trades, or at least in many, and we think very certainly in that of a restorer of paintings.

MISS ADKINS (Newton Villa, Faversham, Kent).—We are happy to name your Portfolio Sketching Society; the subscription is 2s. 6d. per annum; a prize is offered for competition, and the sketches will be returned to the students who sent them in at the end of each year. A stamped and directed envelope should be sent to the President by those who desire to obtain the rules and a list of the subjects for each month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—We were much interested in your letter, and can only rejoice that your conscience is sensitive. There is no harm whatsoever in your wearing your hair dressed in the style of the day. It is well always to avoid looking different from others, and to lose influence amongst your associates by making much of trifles and things non-essential. No one would be influenced by one whom they regarded as morbid. The apostle admonished Christians not to let their adorning consist in external decoration, but in the graces of the inner man; and you may observe the use of the term "braiding," which does not, in common English parlance, mean "curling," but smooth and flat. If unseemly for a Christian to have curled hair, why is it that so large a proportion of both men and women have wavy and curly hair by nature? Over and above this, another apostle says, that "if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her" (1 Cor. xi. 15). The true meaning and drift of St. Peter's admonition is much perverted by many; and the circumstances of society as then existing were very different from ours. Few women in those days thought of much more than personal adornment. We quite believe that Satan appears in the disguise of "an angel of light" to trouble the hearts of God's children, "whom the Lord hath not made sad."

ITALIA.—Many thanks for your kind letter, which does you much credit, as the English is very correct. We fear we cannot help you, as the position of *cicerone* would be more fatiguing than teaching. Perhaps she could write articles on travelling for the papers and magazines.

BOTANIST.—Although Alphonse Karr called unattainable wishes, or luxuries, *roses bleue*, it is said that blue roses have been really produced, and by an amateur. We cannot vouch for the fact, but we know how the phenomenon was alleged to have been produced—i.e. by watering a white rose all through the winter with a solution of Prussian blue. One or more blue flowers will then appear amongst the others. We have seen specimens of green roses, having no admixture of any other colour, in the Horticultural Gardens, Regent's Park, but not in the open; and a relative of ours has seen them in the neighbourhood of Bath, in a private garden.

R. W.—The first side-saddles were used by English women in 1614; introduced by Queen Anne, wife of Richard II. Previously to that date the cross-saddle was in universal use.

E. ECKERSLEY.—We thank you for telling us that Thomas Heywood's verses are set to music as a four-part song, under the title "Valerius' Song," by Erskine Cotton.

MOCKING-BIRD.—The horrible practice of *suttee-ism* has been abolished by our Government. When a man dies who can afford to keep a harem, his eldest son succeeds him, but his father's wives remain in widowhood. Where there is only one wife we fear that her fate is a terrible one, for she is turned into a servant of all, and treated as if she were under a curse. Her condition, in fact, is a most deplorable one; very unlike servitude in any European country.

K. T. S.—Your letter is incomprehensible. "Will you please let me know when to use one, meaning one's own house." If you have not omitted a word, but merely ask a grammatical question, we recommend you to get a copy of our useful publication, the *Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus. Our readers save themselves the trouble of study by asking questions which should find their answers in the schoolroom, or by reference (on other subjects) to our indexes.

A WORRIED ONE.—1. You are and will remain a minor for the next four years; you have no right to "take walks with any man with a view to an engagement," without full permission of your parents.—2. See the articles by "Medicus," and all our answers, in reference to the care of the hair. We have ceased to give answers to queries about the hair, the complexion, or beards and moustaches.

MONA.—The husband provides the house-linen in England. With regard to the *trousseau*, half-a-dozen of everything is now a usual number for one of modest dimensions.

TERESINA (Vicenza, Italy).—1. We regret that we cannot answer your first question. 2. And with regard to the honeymoon tour (*voyage de noces*) the circumstances would naturally be different respectively in all cases. In England, amongst the highest class of all, the newly-married pair now generally go to a friend's house in the country, which is lent to them by the absent host and hostess; and long wedding journeys are not so much in fashion as they were.

STEAD may wear tan gloves and shoes with her cream-coloured dress and hat, if she choose. It would be quite correct. The stockings should also be tan, and all these of a bright shade.

VIOLETTE.—We are much obliged by your kind note and warm praise of our correspondence column.

WISHFUL.—The side of any coin on which a head is represented is correctly called the obverse and the other side the reverse. Common people distinguish them as heads and tails, but incorrectly.

CLOVER CLINTON.—We do not reply any more to questions concerning the complexion. Your freckles seem to be constitutional, and there is no application to the skin that will remove them.

LONELY GIRL-WIFE.—We have read your confidential letter with deep sympathy. It is a difficult case for an adviser. We think you had better write a letter, having asked Divine direction and a blessing on your so doing. Represent your utter loneliness from the 7 o'clock breakfast to 10.30 P.M. Say that if your husband desire you to give up your old work in the school and parish, he, as the vicar, has a right to do so, and you submit, but that, by Divine ordinance, the wife's duty is "to guide the house," and that you could not be set aside by the old housekeeper's declaration that your husband "detested strangers meddling," nor by being told "children must be seen and not heard." That you earnestly desired to do your duty as a wife and as mistress of the house, to please him as far as in you lay, and to show yourself worthy of his confidence, respect, and love. May the Lord help, direct, and comfort you.

MAY-BLOSSOM.—"Selah" (in the Psalms) occurs seventy-one times in the Hebrew text, and three times in the book of Habakkuk, iii. 3, 9, 13. The most recent opinion as to the meaning is, that the word is a direction for the orchestra to fall in, or for the music to assume a *forte* character.

MOTHER'S ONLY GIRL.—1. If the tooth be decayed, you should have it out. Gas is by no means dangerous.—2. A warm bath should be taken every week, with soap for cleansing purposes. The tepid bath each morning does not suffice for this.

WRIGGLER.—We suppose you mean to allude by your question to the opinion advanced, that Noah, under the name of Fohi, was the founder of the Chinese or "Celestial" empire, 2240 B.C. The tradition of a great flood is common to many nations, and Noah, under a great variety of names, appears in many Eastern mythologies—thus confirming the testimony of the Bible. We have no means of knowing where Noah lived, and opinions are much at variance on the point.

G. H. ELLIOTT.—The hymn of praise called the Te Deum Laudamus is supposed to have been composed by St. Augustin, in the 4th century; but an old tradition attributes it to St. Ambrose, it being recorded that both these persons sang it on the occasion of the baptism of St. Augustin by the latter, A.D. 386. Other authorities believe that the hymn was composed in the 6th century, for the use of the Gallican Church. Thus the question is not definitively settled.

CRONA.—The term *vendetta*, the Italian word for vengeance (from the Latin *vindicare*) describes a Corsican system of private feud and obligation imposed on the kinsfolk of a murdered man to avenge his death, depriving the assassin of his right of trial, and the government of theirs, to administer justice in a legal and personally-unprejudiced way. The iniquity of this system will be still better understood by explaining, that should the doomed man escape, they assassinate the relatives, and the supposed right of private vengeance is handed down from one generation to another. It must also be remembered that the man doomed may only have slain his enemy in justifiable self-defence.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—1. You must inquire of a chemist. You will find the information also in the articles by "Medicus," in the "G. O. P."—2. Cyrus Read Edmonds was a writer. His first work was the *Life of George Washington*, published in London in 1837; and his second was an *Introduction to Leland's Works*, published in 1839.

J. B. C.—"I am a citizen of no mean city," was spoken by St. Paul, who came from Tarsus, the chief city of the ancient Cilicia. It was situated on the River Cydmus, and was celebrated both for commerce and literature. When Cilicia became a province of Rome Tarsus received from the Emperor the privileges of a Roman colony; hence we see St. Paul speaks of himself as "free-born," and claims the immunities of Roman citizenship (Acts xxii. 28). The schools of Tarsus are said to have been more excellent than those of both Athens and Alexandria; and the concourse of learned men was very great in the city.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—1. Wessex, part of Mercia, Northumbria, and East Anglia, were the divisions of England in Alfred's day.—2. The 26th of November, 1877, was a Monday.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



YOKED CAMBRIC GOWN AND THE NEW LACE COLLAR.

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"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE LIFE OF MAN IS A WINTER-WAY."

WHEN Mara returned to the workhouse she found the following letter awaiting her:—

"DEAR AND HONOURED GOVERNESS,—Gipsy George is dead and gone, but Georgey is alive and well, and you shall hear of him some day by a sirname that nobody shall jeer at. Tell Emily and Ivor not to be sorry for me. I shall soon make my fortune. With kind love to you all, I remain, dear governess, your obedient and grateful pupil,

"GEORGE."

This letter gave Mara some comfort, and soothed her troubled mind after the excitement of the evening, but her calm was not to be of long duration.

The following morning she was summoned to the casual ward. A gipsy woman had come into the house the previous evening and had requested to see her. She was ill, and likely to be troublesome, said the matron. When Mara went to her she found her alone, the other casual papers having departed. She was a bronzed and fierce-looking woman of about thirty-five, handsome with the peculiar beauty of her race. Either the pure Egyptian or Spanish blood seemed to flush up into her face and make her black eyes gleam as she rose and confronted Mara.

"What have you done with my boy?" she said. "Where is my child? Gipsy George, as they call him in this hospitable mansion."

"Was he your son?" asked Mara, eagerly. "Have you beguiled him away? I would give much to know what has become of him."

"I am here to ask you that, Miss Vaughan," said the gipsy; "you have a secret, my pretty miss, which will not be safe in your own keeping if you deceive me. Aye, you may well look frightened; you and I are old acquaintances. Do you remember when my mother told your fortune on the sly, and promised you sorrow enough? And when your father sent us from his heath where we had come for years? Do you remember how you once spurned me when I said that a certain gentleman had let me tell his fortune? I saw you, I did, that evening on the Little Mountain. I know your story, madam, and have only kept it quiet because you came here and seemed good to my boy. I saw you and him and all the pauper brood last summer, and said I, 'My lady is good to him, my handsome boy, the handsomest of 'em all, so her secret is safe.' Now I come back again, and he is gone. Don't think I have no natural affection because I left him here to be fed and taught."

Mara summoned courage to meet the gaze of the handsome gipsy, and said to her half defiantly, half humbly,

"If you are George's mother, I am sorry for you. He ran away from this house last week, and we do not know where he is. Can you read?"

"No; his father could read—he was a scholar and not an Egyptian; but we are proud of our race, even though the world despise us."

"I received this letter from George last night," said Mara, taking George's letter out of her pocket. "Shall I read it?"

"How am I to know that it is his? Let me look at it. Ah, that was how his father wrote. Read it."

Mara read the letter. She could not doubt that the woman was George's mother, for the likeness to him was strong. The gipsy's eyes kindled as she listened, and her cheek flushed a deeper crimson.

"Ashamed of his name! Gipsy, from Egyptian, a race that knew the stars and saw into the future before England was! Let him be ashamed of this parish house, rather. Do you call this charity? Christmas-time and four bare walls, no fire, a mess of food, a bit of dry bread, a hard bed, and work to do for it! Mind you, I am ill, and pick no oakum! I'd rather be a despised Egyptian Master George, and sleep under the stars. This is the second time I've had to thank this country for a bed, and 'tis the last."

"Then why did you leave the child here?" asked Mara.

"Shall I tell her? Yes. His father was a scholar, and could read, and write, and act. He died young, and I married again—one of my own tribe. My first husband was gentle and kind, my second was a brute; he hated the boy and would have killed him, so I feigned sickness as I do now, and came here and left him. Now the brute is dead too, and I am come for my child. But he is gone—is gone!"

The woman wrung her hands and moaned. Mara pitied her, and said,

"I dearly loved George, and would gladly have shielded him from harm. But he will do anywhere; he has a fine independent spirit."

"So we have all. That is why we would rather be at large than be tied to town or village. I glory in my boy for escaping from this prison, and I shall track him yet."

"What will you do if you find him?"

"Not ruin his prospects, my fine lady; don't fear that. But I can ruin yours."

"But you will not. If I have been kind to your child you will be grateful, or you are not George's mother. You will not make him hate you by injuring one he loves."

"Well said, Miss Margaret. I make no promises. If I find my boy, he shall tell me the truth; if not, I'll have my revenge. Will you give me that letter?"

"On condition that you conceal all you know of me."

"Well, I have been married and lost a beloved husband myself—I promise. Give me the letter, and it shall be my charm against evil. I will show it him when I find him."

Mara gave the letter, saying,

"I trust you. You will not deceive me, for George's sake."

"Ah, ah, my cunning miss. When I see you again I expect to be better treated. Now tell your master—I wouldn't be subject to such a one—to bring his bill for my night's lodging. I can pay for it."

Mara took half-a-crown from her pocket and offered it to the gipsy.

"Sure, my lady, you'll be wanting your fortune told. I don't take alms. I told his fortune once—you know who; he wanted to hear about you. I knew it well enough, so I told him how his handsome sweetheart loved him. He was a brave and bonny youth, and gave me five shillings for my old mother who was sick, telling me not to curse your father. Well may you shed tears for such a husband. Aye, and I told him of shipwreck and trouble."

"Tell me—tell me if he is still alive!" said Mara, holding out her hand half in fear, half in earnest.

The gipsy stood long examining her palm.

"Lines of pain and grief crossing one another continually. Here a little line of happiness crossed by one of sorrow. Much to do with foreign parts and the sea; heart-strings wrenched asunder, and big black clouds of fate lowering. Enemies everywhere, and one or two fast friends. Here a thread of better luck."

"Does he live?" asked the agitated Mara.

"There is life in the blood of the line of friendship. Your dearest friend still lives, but is in hourly peril of his life."

"Enough, enough!" cried Mara, snatching away her hand. "Be true to me, and you shall never want a friend."

"Agreed, my beauty. Now send the master."

Mara left the ward in haste and fear.

"We are all alike, my fine lady," muttered the gipsy. "It is grand for the like of me to have the like of you in my power, and maybe to avenge my mother on your hard-hearted father."

Mr. Roderick appeared, looking cross and consequential. The woman was sitting on the side of her bed, apparently very ill; but the master was too well used to tramps to believe in her. She asked for her discharge, saying that she thought she could walk a few miles on her journey. He told her that she must do an hour's work before she left the house.

"What, a poor sick creature like me! Is this your charity? A prison is much better."

"I dare say you know all about a prison pretty well," said the master. "Our rule is that you must work for your food and lodging, so come along."

The irritable master led the way out into the court and across it to a door which he opened. Within was the oakum so much disapproved of.

"Come along!" he repeated, and turned round.

The gipsy was lying flat upon the ground. He went up to her, told her in no measured terms not to sham, shook her, kicked her indignantly, and finally fetched water and dashed it over her brown face. It was all of no use, she did not move a muscle. He began to be alarmed, and called some of the women. When they came, he went after Mara.

"Perhaps you can do something with your gipsy friend, Miss Vaughan," he said, "she is either in a fit or shamming one. I believe she's the mother of that young scoundrel, Gipsy George; if she is, I'll have her imprisoned."

Mara followed Mr. Roderick into the court. It was empty. He called loudly for the women he had left. One of them came breathless, crying out,

"As soon as you was going, sir, she did get up as brisk as ginger-pop, and run off through the door you did leave open, please, sir. We was all run after her, but she was through the house as if she was know it, sir. She say, tell you Roderick, I 'ont be doing his dirty work."

"She shall do prison work then," said the master in a passion, leaving the court.

He went in search of policemen, but neither they nor the gipsy were at hand, so he was obliged to yield to fate. He made one or two side-hits at Mara during the week, touching her respectable acquaintance, and at last asked her what the woman wanted with her.

Mara told him that she inquired what had become of George, and so the matter ended, to all appearance, but it rankled in Mr. Roderick's heart.

While Mara was passing through this ordeal at the workhouse, her friend Angharad was undergoing a very different one at home.

Her mother was late that morning, and when she appeared at the breakfast-table, the Captain was there alone busy with the *Times*.

"Where is Angharad?" asked she.

"The darling has eaten no breakfast. She just gave me my coffee and was off," replied the Captain.

"She is as wild as a March hare. We really must be stricter with her," said his wife.

"Haw, haw, haw, strict with Harrie! We may as well be strict with a kitten or a goldfinch," laughed the Captain.

"But she has always given me my breakfast," said Mrs. Herbert, piqued.

"Never mind, my dear, you should have seen how pretty she looked!"

"You spoil her, Captain Herbert. You spoil them all."

"We make them happy between us, my queen, that's the great secret, and they make us happy."

The Captain left his *Times* and went to sit by the side of his queen, poured out her coffee, and gallantly kissed her hand.

She was mollified.

When she had finished breakfast she went in search of Angharad, and found her in the drawing-room.

"Hoity, toity!" she exclaimed, "what makes you so smart and industrious? Why have you had the fire lighted so early, and why didn't you give me my breakfast?"

"Good morning, dear mother," cried Angharad, running up to her mother to kiss her, duster in hand. "I hate to see rooms done up for evening company and never in morning dress. You were so late that I was tired of waiting for you."

"I should think the breakfast-room was quite smart enough," said Mrs. Herbert.

"The children are always in and out of that. One has no peace."

"Poor oppressed girl!" laughed the mother. "So you want this big room all to yourself? Well, you have smartened it! Do you expect visitors?"

"Mr. Glyn said he should call this morning," said Harrie, dusting vigorously.

"Mr. Glyn! Then you must entertain him. I shall go out. I have no patience with him. You may tell him to stop at Brynmawr."

"Oh, mother, don't be cross!"

"I shall. I hate unpatriotic, misanthropic, dissenting weather-cocks!"

"I will tell him that you called him a dissenting weather-cock."

"You may. I am going out at once."

Mrs. Herbert left the room.

When Angharad had made all her arrangements, and seen that there was a fire big enough to warm twenty Mr. Glyns, she sat down to an embroidery frame. She put in a few stitches and hummed a great many tunes, and thanked her fortunate stars that the children were over-tired and probably in bed.

In due course of time she saw Mr. Glyn walk briskly up the drive. He was well-dressed, and she was sure he had on a new hat. He knocked like a man that had made up his mind, and her heart beat time to the knocker.

When she rose to greet him, her bright sweet face looked brighter than ever. As he met her eyes he thought he read in them what he desired, so he continued the book from that very page.

He sat down opposite to her, and after a slight hesitation and a few casual inquiries, he said,

"I wish I could believe in your eyes, Angharad. I have so often been deceived in people's eyes that I no longer believe them to be the index of the mind, and have made many vows never to trust them more. But yours look one in the face and seem honest if *malins*. Are they to be trusted?"

"I always mean what I say and think, and I suppose thoughts leap into the eyes," said Angharad.

"But lately yours have looked as if they really pitied a poor lonely fellow like me, and I have tried to mistrust them and failed."

"You need not mistrust them, Mr. Glyn," said Angharad, blushing.

"I am going to make one more venture after the happiness which has fled from me the last fifteen years. Will you help me to find it?"

"If you will tell me how, I will, Mr Glyn," said Harrie, trembling somewhat.

"I scarcely dare tell you how, because it is so selfish for a lonely middle-aged man like me to approach a bright young creature such as you."

"I do not think you old," said Angharad, looking up from the rose she was professing to weave.

"That is encouraging," said Mr. Glyn, smiling. "But I am worse than old, I am morose, unsociable, ill-dressed. Even one of your friends, the scarecrows, has taken me to task for my oddities."

"Delightful! Then they must be worth preserving," said Angharad, recovering her naturally joyous manner.

"But I am anxious to get rid of them and to become quite a new person."

"Then I should not like you at all. I like people to preserve their identity."

"Surely you are the very person who would urge me to change. What a perverse little fairy it is."

"I am so changeable myself that I like people who never change. I am not sure that I do not like the old shooting-jacket and gambadoes best."

Angharad glanced half shyly, half playfully at Mr. Glyn's dress.

"Then you really care a very little for me on my own individual account," said Mr. Glyn gravely, again looking into that book of the eyes whence he started

"Of course I do," said Angharad, returning his gaze for a moment.

"Take care of what you say, dear child," said Mr. Glyn. "I ask for more than pity. I have read that in your truthful eyes for months and years. Of late I have wondered whether it might grow to be 'akin to love,' but I have scarcely dared to hope. That word has not passed my lips before since my troubles. Can you forgive my using it to you, Angharad?"

Mr. Glyn paused. He looked at Angharad, but her head was bending low over her embroidery, although her fingers were not busy. She did not reply.

"One word, dear Angharad, would make me either happy—as I have not been for long—or send me back into the old life again. Will you give it me?"

Mr. Glyn paused again. As he looked at the bending figure so pretty and youthful, he trembled. But he saw a large tear drop into the half-finished rose and a great joy filled his heart. He got up and put his hand tenderly on the girl's head.

"Look at me, dear Angharad," he said.

She glanced up timidly, and the tear and the smile told him more than words could say.

The scene that followed I leave to the imagination of my readers.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR PUZZLE POEM: APRIL TEARS.

SOLUTION.

A p rill T ear S
O HOW I-*long* 4 SU double-M ERS chi SAND F-*lower* S
D rear W *in*-T-E R L-*in*-G ER-*in*-GG UE st M ove *on*-AP-AC E
WI th tea RSO flap RILFLO OD-*in*-GALLMY face
IPRI th EE GO AND LEAVE US brig HTER HOURS

As-*up* the STREET AND-*in*-THE tow N I W end
WHATSTORM S-C-*on* spire *long*-W in-TE-RS WO*s* 2 seal
OS 10560 ft.=(2 miles) of MAYOF-*lower* S of spring co 1 ne heel
ANDB-*less in*-G-S FROMBO th RIC hand POORS HA LL BL end

Wood-THAT RE pen TED-S-*in in*-P-E N T-*up* 4CE
Wood-BURST AND YIELD as SUR rel-Y fruits and flowers
TWERE WOR th th E full chest LIFE of STORMS & shower S
2 GA-*in*-AT last range LIC-*in*-TER core SE

APRIL TEARS.

O how I long for Summer skies and flowers!
Drear Winter, lingering guest, move on apace:
With tears of April flooding all my face,
I prithee go, and leave us brighter hours.

As up the street and in the town I wend,
What storms conspire long Winter's woes to seal.
O smiles of May, O flowers of Spring, come heal,
And blessings from both rich and poor shall blend.

Would that repented sin in pent-up force
Would burst and yield as surely fruits and flowers!
'Twere worth the fullest life of storms and showers
To gain at last angelic intercourse!

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Ada Ashdown, The Weald, Sevenoaks.
2. Constance Beach, Rookswood, Shirley Avenue, Southampton.
3. "Man of Kent," 31, Garden Road, Tunbridge.
4. P. L. Moore, 177, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.
5. Janet Scott, Wilmington House, Harrow.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

DIVISION A. (*Class I.*)

In Order of Merit.

Rev. F. Wilson.
Ethel Spurgin.
I. Yewdall.
Henry William.
Miss E. Cresswell.
J. H. O'Bryan.
Caroline Gundry.
Ida L. Milton.
Julian A. Bee.
E. M. Morrison.
J. & M. E. Pittman.
Mary F. Ruddock.
Geo. W. Taylor.
Fanny Cubley.

Class II.

Mrs. M. Allen.
Grace E. Baker.
Ethel L. Bayley.
Lydia Belling.
F. C. Borrow.
Walter W. Bryant.
Agnes D. Champernowne.
Mabel Collard.
Edward W. Colvill.
Mrs. M. Dawbarn.
E. F. Dobell.
Jessie F. Dulley.
M. C. Forde.
Kate L. Foster.
H. M. Gibson.
Mrs. M. B. Grigson.
E. S. A. Grisdale.
Mrs. W. R. Lawrence.
Emma Linnell.
Margaret M. Linnell.
Elizabeth A. Lord.
R. E. Lownsbrough.
Minnie Lupton.
Elizabeth M. Mason.
C. Helena Moon.
C. M. Moulton.
Randolph H. Neilson.
Miss I. M. Panter.
L. E. Roberts.
Lilian M. Rutherford.
Philis Sanders.
Florence M. Spence.
Beatrice M. Stevenson.
Annie E. Stone.
Camila D. Tennant.
Ellen Trotman.
Lucy Trotman.
S. S. Turrell.
George Tyers.
Frances H. Webb-Gillman.
Maud Wiber.
Emily Wilkinson.
Wm. J. Williams.
Fanny L. Winder.
Leila A. Yates.

Dorothy V. Young.

DIVISION B. (*Class I.*)

Mrs. Acheson.
Miss G. M. Beale.
W. G. Berry.
Alexr. H. Buglass.
Mary I. Chislett.
Dinnie Farrington.
Mrs. Holderness.
Jas. D. Musgrave.
Annie Page.
F. W. Price.
Miss L. Pryor.
Ellen R. Smith.
Edmund Snell.
Annie Speight.
Lydia Taylor.
Mary Wetters.

Florence A. E. Whitlock.

Class II.

E. H. Abbey.
Lilly Ainsworth.
Mr. F. Ashworth.
Eliza C. M. Barron.
Mrs. Alice L. Bird.
J. N. Broughton.
T. Brown, Junr.
Gertrude W. Champness.
C. Crosby.
Amy E. Dalley.
Robt. Davison.
Flora A. Dean.
Mrs. T. D. Duke.
Monica Foord.
Myles B. Foster.
Florence M. U. Frost.
Nora C. Giles.
E. Grainger.
S. Gray.
J. Hepworth.
Rose A. Hooppell.
A. Humphries.
Mrs. La Touche.
Jas. M. Macalister.
Mrs. Jessie Mackintosh.
Arthur Stuart McNairn.
Mr. W. J. Maxton.
Henry Mayers.
Walter Meeks.
W. B. Melrose.
Ada A. Murray.
George Murray.
Fanny H. Neele.
L. Pepin.
Louise Prentice.
Agness Ross-Todd.
Helen J. Simpson.
Rosabel Simpson.
Margaret F. Skinner.
Wm. B. Steer.
Mabel Smith.
Alice Tatham.
John Tatt.
W. A. Taylor.
Emily A. Tipton.
Miss M. Walton.
W. H. Warmington.
Ada F. Weare.
Miss G. S. Wilkins.
Helen B. Younger.

Special Mention for a very artistically designed solution.

George C. Pile, Devizes.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

AFTER examining the first hundred solutions we were afraid that our five guineas would have to be divided into infinitesimal sums and distributed broadcast over the United Kingdom. But the succeeding hundreds fully vindicated the copy-book statement that "To err is human," and by the time we had finished the gigantic task of "first reading" we found ourselves confronted by only sixty-five "correct" solutions after all. Now we had no objection whatever to awarding sixty-five prizes of 1s. $7\frac{5}{13}$d, such a simple course would have saved us many, many hours of subsequent labour, but the fractional difficulty was insuperable, so with a sigh (for those we were about to deprive of their hardly-earned pennies as well as for ourselves) we plunged into the work of re-examination. And as we read and re-read, the problem resolved itself into one of simple subtraction, the remainder, which was ultimately reduced to nineteen, consisting of those papers which gave the form of the poem correctly. After our remarks upon this point in a previous report, may we very politely express our surprise that it has not received more attention? From the nineteen we next subtracted seven papers, three of them for giving alternative readings, two for giving winters for winter's, one for violating rule 2, and the other for spelling skies wrongly. Of the twelve papers still remaining, only five were found to give the hyphen in pent-up; these naturally took the first place, and in strict accordance with our rules the guineas had to go to their authors. We are really sorry for those who have just fallen short of perfection, but we are as much bound by our rules as the competitors themselves, and the strictest accuracy must win the day. Never before has there been anything like such a keen competition for the prizes, and failure caused by the omission of a hyphen or even of an apostrophe is surely no disgrace. By-the-way where are the regular prize-winners this time?

In division B are included all those whose solutions most nearly approach verbal correctness, Class I containing those who in addition give the form accurately. In each class the numbers may be bracketed as equal.

The best of the "outsiders" had only one mistake, an achievement which in most of the earlier competitions would have insured a prize. We have explained the qualifications necessary for the various honours more minutely than usual, as a bare statement of the award would have given rise to not unnatural questionings, so great is the excellence of much of the unsuccessful work.

Now as to the puzzle itself. The most common mistake was "through" for "in," line 5, and although the reading makes perfect sense it cannot be defended by any of the

hieroglyphic laws which govern these competitions. In actual fact, as well as according to all precedent, the letters AND were *in* the letters THE not *through* them, and we are confident that our readers will without any undue mental effort be able to appreciate the difference, and endorse our rejection of "through" as a legitimate reading. Again, in line 6 "great" was substituted for "long" in several good papers, and if its use as an adjective qualifying winter had been appropriate we might have accepted it as a description of the W. But clearly "great" in this connection is entirely out of place, while "long" is unhappily only too much at home.

On the other hand, in line 10 we have accepted "fruit" instead of "fruits," the reason being obvious.

For the comfort, or otherwise, of those who failed at the full chest, we may say that they were in a minority of 1 to 4. Of the other readings "longest" was the favourite, simply because the word happened to fit in appropriately with the sense of the lines; there was nothing whatever in the picture to indicate length. "Strongest" and "openest" are both bad, but "roughest" is about the best of the alternatives, none of which can be reckoned equal with the original.

The correct line of reasoning has evidently been followed by the large majority; it cannot be better stated than in the words of a competitor who writes:—

"I was fairly puzzled over the open travelling box in line 11, but from the glimpse I have of the contents I expect I am not far wrong in describing it as a "full chest."

In this eleventh line we have in many cases duplicate readings presented to us to choose from, and a word as to this practice seems necessary.

We have been obliged to refuse participation in the prizes to all papers giving more than one interpretation of any particular word, for the simple reason that we require the competitors themselves to decide these delicate points.

The only exception to the rule would be in the case of two or more words being equally good not only as an interpretation of the picture or sign, but in sense and rhythm also, as "fruit" or "fruits" in the present puzzle.

If we allowed alternatives to be given in the general way, why should the choice be limited to two words? And if there were no limitation what a pleasing spectacle some of the solutions would present!

One competitor failing at first to discover the "guest" in line 2 draws in its place a very badly bound lexicon, to which she coolly calls our attention in a foot-note:—"The missing word is in the dictionary. Please, Mr. Editor, look it out for me!"

Happily we are spared the trouble of inventing a rule to meet this astonishing case because a subsequent note informed us ecstatically, "I have slept on it, oh, DO let it be 'guest.'" We will let it be "guest" with much pleasure, but we are not quite clear as to what our correspondent was indebted for her great triumph. If it was the dictionary she slept on, we respectfully commend the somewhat novel method of solution to the notice of our readers, and cordially sympathise with its inventor for just failing to grasp one of the prizes.

As to the rest of the puzzle little need be said. The Greek letter in line 1 was, notwithstanding its use in an earlier puzzle, interpreted in various ways, and we are quite in the dark as to reason for such readings as "tennis," "swans" and "brakes." "Trees" is quite a favourite variation, and is backed up by references to cabinet-making and coach-building, but surely the cross should have been perfectly regular to justify it. One masculine rendering of the line deserves special notice; it runs:—"O how I long for Summer's ties and flowers." Possibly this is not an uncommon experience with certain young men, but it strikes us that the frank announcement of it is a little unusual. Those of us who are afflicted with these little vanities generally cherish them in discreet silence.

By-the-way, the author of this line would have gained a prize but for this mistake. His solution was not only otherwise perfect, but was also a model of beautiful penmanship.

No other word seems to have caused much trouble, but "flowers of spring, come heal," line 7 was sometimes given as "flowers of welcome, heal."

Two competitors point out a "mistake" at the beginning of the same line, saying that the minus sign ought to have been the sign of division. This is not so, as a reference to the key solution will prove.

One other competitor informs us that the last word in line 1 is really "flows," not "flowers," an accusation we could only meet with a direct negative, and therefore must refrain from answering it at all. Further, she tells us, or rather begs that she may "be allowed to observe, that 'conspire' should not form three syllables *as it is made to do* [the italics are ours], but only two." Here again we are hampered by our politeness, and we must content ourselves by assenting to the "observation," but not to the superfluous assertion. Finally, while inserting an "in" in line 9, our correspondent complains that it can only be arrived at by a "stretch of the imagination;" we can only suggest that the faculty needs a little more exercise, for all properly trained imaginations have made the discovery apparently without effort. We are very glad to hear that this lady finds so much pleasure in our Puzzle Poems. Indeed we should like to quote pages from the sheaf of kind letters before us, but space forbids more than a very cordial "thank you" to the writers of them all.

A question raised by one competitor ought perhaps to be answered; it refers to the handwriting of the solutions. We have considered the point very carefully and have decided that while *neatness* is essential to success good writing is not. Everyone can refrain from making blots and erasures, but it is not possible for everyone to write really well. It will, however, always be safer for competitors to write as well as they can. We do wish that our solvers would not surround their solutions with more paper than is absolutely necessary for their own comfort. One sheet sent in contained four hundred and sixty-eight square inches, and many others were absurdly large. We have to handle quite a sufficient number of acres during the year without our burden in this respect being added to by extravagant maidens and youths.

And one last caution more important than any other: we beg our friends not to write long letters defending their rejected solutions and asking for a reconsideration of them. One lady (Mrs. A. S.) wrote us such a letter, in the kindest possible spirit, be it understood, enumerating her mistakes in "Tristesse," and expressing much surprise that she had not received even honourable mention. On the face of it, her contention was right, and as we hate to do any injustice even in so small a matter, we waded through the hundreds of rejected solutions until we found hers. The explanation was then simple enough, there was a flagrant error in the solution which had been forgotten by its author, and which just made all the difference in the value of her version. The greatest possible care is taken over the adjudication, and it is almost impossible for a good solution to be overlooked.

ADA AND RUTH.

THE STORY OF TWO GIRLS.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER V.

"IF you please, ma'am, will you come now and see mistress?" said the servant who had waited upon Ruth, and brought her up her tea into a little sitting-room which she was told was to belong exclusively to herself, "she says she is quite ready for you."

The speaker was a woman of about fifty; she had a quick, bustling step, and a ready and special faculty of using her hands and tongue at the same time; to this latter fact Ruth could bear ample testimony, for ever since she began to busy herself around her, now showing her the right peg for her dresses in the wardrobe, now bringing her a perfect mound of buttered toast, she had not ceased to keep up a lively flow of conversation. One point, however, was peculiar in her talk; she was always very guarded the moment Redcliffe Hall and its inhabitants became the theme of discourse, then the greater part of her language was made up of nods, and winks, and shrugs which might mean nothing or might mean a vast deal.

"What is the housekeeper's name?" asked Ruth, who was rather surprised that the old woman had not appeared again, and thought she should like to learn a little about her.

Zillah Such, as Ruth soon came to know, was the name of the active handmaiden, stood suddenly still at the question, balancing the tray full of tea-things in her two hands, and staring at the young lady as if she had asked whether there was a pet lion or tiger kept roaming at large through the house; then, by degrees, an offended expression had come over her face, and she drew herself up, saying with great dignity—

"I must say, ma'am, I don't understand your question, there is no servant at the Hall higher up than myself."

"But," said Ruth, quite unable to see wherein she had offended, "the housekeeper was alone in the house when I first arrived, that is the person I mean; she showed me up into my room, and talked to me a long while about Mrs. Dozell and everything."

A most comically puzzled look came into Zillah's face as Ruth spoke, and again she stared at her as if she thought that her head must be a little crazed. For a few moments she stood silent, then a sudden gleam of intelligence shot across her features, a smile began to dawn about her mouth, and widened by degrees, and evidently, in spite of the owner of the lips, into a broad grin, and before another word could be spoken she hastened out of the

room, most clearly bursting with irrepressible laughter just as the housekeeper had done, leaving Ruth utterly unable to imagine why she seemed to waken such a rich fund of mirth in the servants at Redcliffe Hall, and, if truth must be told, somewhat nettled at the fact. When next Zillah appeared it was with the summons to her mistress's presence given above. She was apparently grave now, though there certainly was just a quiver occasionally at the corners of her mouth.

"I will come at once," replied Ruth, rising and trying hard to be cold and stately, though it is to be feared she succeeded but indifferently in the attempt; but she felt she really must do something to repress the familiarity and impertinence of these servants.

Yes, most decidedly Miss Stapleton felt that her grand airs had been entirely a failure. For most assuredly that was a suppressed giggle which she heard in front of her. There stood the housemaid in the passage pretending to be busy with a cobweb in a doorway, but, in reality, peeping at Ruth, and indulging in the same unqualified meriment which her advent seemed to have caused the whole household. It was quite too much for a simply-dressed, staid-mannered young lady to bear; if it went on like this she must go home to-morrow.

On they went, through long passages where tiny diamond-paned casements glimmered, and shadows crowded in corners, and grotesque bits of carving stood out with strange, life-like distinctness as the light of Zillah's candle fell upon them, and then went back into the darkness and disappeared. On they went, up and down little winding staircases that seemed to want to go somewhere but to change their minds capriciously half way. On they went till Ruth began to feel almost dizzy with the dimness and the size of the rambling old house, through the whole extent of which she had to pass to reach Mrs. Dozell's room from her own. At length they reached a door which Zillah opened, and Ruth was in the presence of her new mistress.

The room was only lit by a lamp on the side-table. Ruth advanced slowly towards a figure which reclined in an armchair at the further end of the large apartment. The lady rose and came to meet her with stately, old-fashioned courtesy in her bearing; she wore a dress of black velvet, and a rich lace shawl was wrapped about her shoulders. Ruth came towards her with eager interest in her eyes, with a word of greeting ready on her lips; but why was it that, when she came close to the old lady, that simple commonplace form of speech was turned into a cry of startled astonishment? The face which met her view was none other than the face of the housekeeper.

"Can you forgive the naughty old housekeeper for the lady's sake, my dear?" she said, kissing the blushing, bewildered girl.

"But—but——" stammered Ruth feeling very hot, and confused, and uncomfortable, as portions of her conversation with the supposed housekeeper rose up in her memory. "I—I am afraid——"

"Be afraid of nothing, I like you too well already for fear to come between us," interrupted the lady, taking her hand and making her sit down beside her.

Ruth could not think of anything to say to suit exactly the situation, so she kept an embarrassed silence. Now that the first startled surprise was over, she felt a little angry with the old lady, and a little amused too, and still very awkward; she could fully understand now why Zillah and the housemaid had laughed. Zillah had, of course, guessed the truth when she talked about the housekeeper, and equally of course had whispered the story to the other servants.

"I see you can't quite forgive me," said the old lady, her keen eyes examining the girl's face, "and I don't wonder that you can't. But this was just how it was; the servants were all out at the time, and it came into my head to do it when I heard you arrive, and I did it."

It was a strangely impulsive way of acting certainly for an old woman, but its very singularity made Ruth inclined to look upon it in a kindly way.

"How could I tell that you were not the housekeeper?" she stammered out, still not knowing what to say, but feeling a smile beginning to gleam round her lips.

"Now, my dear, that was not exactly the most complimentary of speeches," cried the old lady laughing, and Ruth felt to her confusion that it certainly was not. "But I deserved it after all; I chose to act the housekeeper, and you see I did it to perfection; that's all we need say about it. I had however another reason, if truth must be told, for what I did. I wanted to see my new companion without any outside varnish of commonplace good manners, and I was well pleased with the success of the experiment. I got to know you and like you in that short time that I acted the housekeeper better than, as Mrs. Dozell, I should have got to know and like you at the end of a month."

"I am glad it ended in your liking me," said Ruth, who was beginning now somewhat to recover herself, for it was impossible for anyone to be long, under any circumstances, ill at ease beneath the influence of Mrs. Dozell's genial manner.

"It has ended in making me entirely your friend at once," replied the old lady heartily. "And one thing more I must say before we dismiss the impertinent housekeeper into deserved oblivion," added she with some hesitation now in her tone; "always remember, when you are with poor old Mrs. Dozell and she is moody, or fanciful, or cross, all that the housekeeper told you about her."

As she spoke, a slight blush that was strangely girl-like in the rapidity with which it came and went, rose for a moment to her cheek and tinged it with a sunset red.

"Yes, I will always remember that," said Ruth, speaking with her peculiar straightforward earnestness of manner, and feeling now that all embarrassment had, somehow, vanished as by magic from her position, "and in everything I will always strive to make your life, with God's help, bright and sweet."

"Bright and sweet," repeated the old lady softly, with a little sigh. "Oh! the brightness and the sweetness for me are things of the past; and yet the chief reason that made me want to have a young face near me in this old house was, next to the poor child, a longing for something or someone that would bring a breath of fresh, sweet air, as it were, into my life. The housekeeper spoke the truth when she said that a new face was a rare sight here. Do you think, my dear, you can bear to be always shut up in this gloomy old house with an old woman's prosiness, and a baby's prattle?"

"You say you want me to bring a breath of fresh air, and I shall be as gay and as lively here as your sea breezes when they come bounding in at the windows," answered Ruth, with a merry laugh. "I am sure to find something to do and something to love, and that is all I want."

"Your face, the moment I saw it, told me just what your lips have said now. I will own to you, for plain speaking is one of my pet peculiarities, that I was a little disappointed when I first beheld you; I had been drawing, with the colours of my imagination, the picture of a beauty, but when I looked into your features I found there something better than regularity of shape and outline."

"I am glad my face, with all its faults, speaks for me," cried the girl, with a second little chime of laughter; then growing earnest again as it was often her wont quickly to do, she added, "but surely, dear Mrs. Dozell, you might find a deal even here to bring bright, strong, cheerful interest into your life; there is always work to be done everywhere for God. I am sure He would put something into your hands to do for Him to suit your age, just as I don't doubt He will put plenty into my hands to suit mine."

The old lady shook her head wearily and sadly but did not answer, and almost instinctively the girl felt that there were dumb notes in the music of her new friend's nature and character, and that she had just touched one of them.

After that the old woman and the girl talked long together, and as they talked Ruth was more and more interested by her new friend. Mrs. Dozell was one of those people who have a nameless charm about them, a charm independent of beauty and even of intellectual power, and which, in her case, had lasted on into old age. In Mrs. Dozell, however, there was evidently no lack of mind, and though she could never have been called regularly handsome, her quick changefulness of expression, her mobility of feature which was still most striking must, in former days, have rendered her face most piquante and full of sparkle and light. These advantages, of course, only made that peculiar charm of which we have spoken stronger in Mrs. Dozell, who, besides, retained as brisk a memory and as lively a fancy as many a woman entering upon life. Yes, most certainly, Ruth was strongly prepossessed in her new mistress's favour, though still there was something, at times, in the tone of her mind which pained and grieved her.

"And may I have just one glimpse of the child to-night?" asked Ruth, as she rose to leave the old lady's room. "Oh, I am so longing to see her!"

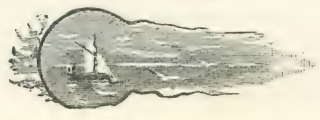
"You shall go and have a look at her as she sleeps in her little bed," said Mrs. Dozell. Then she rang and bade Zillah take Miss Stapleton to the nursery.

What a tiny white face it was that met Ruth's view as she leant over the little cot, shading the light with her hand, a face that brought to mind a first snowdrop. She bent with a strange mixture of awe and joy, and kissed the pale, soft cheek, and breathed a prayer. Here was a young life which her Master in Heaven had put into her keeping. Oh, might she, with His dear help, fulfil well the trust!

With this introduction to Ruth's new life-work we will leave her. How she won the lady's heart to the sweet softening influence of true religion, and trained a neglected child to be as good a woman as herself our readers can readily imagine. The strange situation brought for her a fresh channel for doing good, and without Ruth it is difficult to understand how that good could have been accomplished.

The death at sea of her saintly father was her chief life-cloud, which was only dispelled when she returned to the companionship of Ada Winterbourne. They lived happily together throughout their lives, and formed a charming couple, beloved by everyone for good deeds and noble example.

[THE END.]



'OMI.

CHAPTER III.

SIX months from the time of 'Omi's earnest appeal to him, Geordie found himself installed in New Hatch, working as his own master for love and home, and very happy he was; his step had grown buoyant, he held his head erect, and his look was bright and clear, for an honest self-respect began to shine out of his grey eyes.

New Hatch Farm being two miles distant from Ivyhurst, it follows that Naomi saw very little of her betrothed, for time was valuable, and it was only now and then he could run down to enjoy a few precious moments with her, but she did not complain, for she was proud of the change in him, she knew that all was well.

To other eyes also his conquest over sin was visible, and "grandfather" nodded approvingly, though he said little, it was not in his way, nevertheless he walked up to the little farm on the hill-top several times, with the aid of his stout hazel stick, during the succeeding months, and sat down by the kitchen fire to smoke and chat with George. These two, in fact, became fast friends in a quiet undemonstrative sort of way.

In the spring of that year which was to be so momentous for him, George conducted the old man at one of these periodical visits of his all over the house, and pointed out the preparations he was gradually making for the reception of his bride. There was not much furniture, it was true, and that of the homeliest style, but strong and well made, and there were many contrivances of his own to add to its comfort. It was a pleasant breezy spot on that hill-top, and the little farmhouse was well protected by beautiful elms. The kitchen window looked on to the cattle-yard over a low stone wall, the narrow path between being flanked by tree fuchsias and sweet-smelling lavender bushes of ancient growth. There was a nice parlour for 'Omi's own use on the other side of the entry, and here there was a grand attempt at state, for pretty chintz curtains hung from the window which looked away to the blue distant downs; there was a sofa likewise covered with chintz, an American rocking-chair with cushions, covered with the same material, to lean back on, and a footstool placed thoughtfully on the gay hearth-rug at the foot for its future mistress. The centre table had a bright tapestry cover on it, and a gorgeous vase which Geordie daily supplied with fresh flowers in anticipation of the pleasure it would give 'Omi to do the same. Then there were two corner cupboards with glass doors for special china and ornaments, and book-shelves manufactured by himself. This little retreat he showed old Mr. Woods with inward pride and satisfaction, and was greatly gratified at the appreciation it met with.

"There'll be a fine silver thing or two you and 'Omi can stick in there for show," remarked grandfather, "and maybe I'll find summat besides that came out of brother Jack's sale years ago. I shall have put 'em by to some purpose, and it'll be all in the family," chuckled the old man.

"I am going to ask Naomi if she'd mind father coming to live with us, he can't go on living alone in the Hollow when I'm gone, and he thinks of selling his bit of land if he can get a good price for it. He'd furnish his own rooms, and that would make us more comfortable like. There's plenty of space in this queer rambly old house," said George diffidently.

"Aye," replied Mr. Woods, "plenty of space, lad, and I don't suppose as 'Omi would be against it; she wouldn't mind a father-in-law, I dare say," and the old man gave George a poke in the side that was meant to be facetious.

* * * *

June came round again, fair and sweet; the field in which the upland grass had waved last year was now rose-tinted with delicious clover, and once more 'Omi came lightly across it with a glad expectant look; but this time Geordie came to meet her, and he was dressed in his best, with a dainty flower in his button-hole.

Half the hay-stack had been cut away, but there was enough left to afford a comfortable shelter, and the happy pair stood under it, hands locked in hands.

"'Omi," said he, with a smile and a straight look into her eyes—"'Omi, I haven't touched a drop all these twelve months, and I have a good conscience. Won't you marry me now, sweetheart, and come home to New Hatch? It's all ready for you."

Then 'Omi smiled too, and soft and tender came the answering words:—

"I'm ready, Geordie dear!"

[THE END.]



THE NEW HEADING COMPETITION.

THE result of the above competition is extremely satisfactory. There were nearly four hundred designs sent in, and the work in most instances reached a high standard of excellence.

The work of the judges has been rendered more easy than might be imagined from the fact, that although high artistic merit and adaptability for the purpose of a heading were absolutely essential, few of the designs combined both of these characteristics. Some were really beautiful from an artistic point of view, but were unsuitable for our purpose; others again lacked beauty of composition and design.

The first prize has been awarded to a charming design, representing two maidens artistically attired in white sitting in graceful ease, the one drawing, the other writing; between them in the background of the picture is a scroll bearing the name of the paper, the centre of the foreground being occupied by a bowl of antique pattern holding trailing sprays of laurels and roses.

The second prize has been secured by a chaste design consisting of a medallion bearing in relief the head of a girl, and the words *Delectando Pariterque Momendo*, surrounded by scroll-work and flowers, the former being inscribed with the well-known title of the magazine. The unsuccessful competitors have shown considerable ingenuity in the choice of subjects. One design being of an allegorical nature, representing a boat freighted with the figures of Study, Industry, and Hope with her anchor guided by Faith and launched on the Sea of Life by Love. Another is of a somewhat ecclesiastical appearance and very elaborate, consisting of seven figures emblematical of Music, Poetry, Learning, Industry, etc. Then we have a pictorial representation of the four seasons embodying Birds, Beasts, and Flowers, a closely-hooded figure seated by an open brazier of burning coal portraying Winter.

From one competitor we have a capital representation of the various vocations followed by many of our modern girls, viz, Nursing, the College Student, the Artist, Writer, etc.

A sepia drawing of a somewhat classical nature is of considerable artistic merit, showing a group of Grecian maidens variously occupied in painting, spinning, reading, etc.

The last we mention is novel if not actually a work of art, being a photograph from life of two girls in present-day costume seated in a garden, between them a board on which has been painted the name of our paper, a number of which the other is perusing.

The following are the prize-winners, and deserve our warm congratulations:—

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS.

Henry Ryland, Pembroke Studios, Kensington.

PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS.

A. J. Baker, Waterford Road, S.W.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

In addition to the usual private views in May, we have had several drawing-rooms, and the much-talked-of wedding of the Home Secretary, at which were gathered a perfect array of celebrated people. The dress part of it is what concerns us here, and there were several things which I must mention. The first was that the bride's dress, of cream-coloured satin, was made very plainly with a train, high bodice, and sleeves below the elbow with two puffs. There was some beautiful *Point d'Alençon* lace, used as a flounce in front and on the bodice, but very little. The veil was a large square unhemmed one of *tulle*, which nearly reached to the hem in front of the gown and was of the same length at the back; a very tiny wreath of orange-blossoms was placed at the top of the head—rather at the back—and the whole was in good taste and great simplicity. The bride also carried no bouquet, but in place of it, a large-sized prayer-book, which looked well worn, and which I was told was an old favourite. Both bride and bridegroom read the service steadily through, from beginning to end. The ten little bridesmaids wore cream-coloured satin "empire frocks" with white hats, and carried pink rose bouquets. The prettiest new gowns to be seen were all short in the skirt and short in the sleeves, with



MANTLE WITH STOLE ENDS, AND TWO SUMMER GOWNS.

long gloves reaching up to join the sleeves at the elbow. More hats than bonnets were to be seen, and the chief colour worn was grey, of a beautiful steely shade.

I give in the sketch of the two young girls sitting in a garden, called "Yoked cambric gown," and the "Anne of Austria collar," three of the newest features in our dress of to-day. The first of all is the pointed lace collar, called the "Anne of Austria," which is made of quite thick lace in either white or black, and which sometimes has long pointed cuffs to match it, these being turned upwards; and I daresay this cuff will be raised to the elbow if the fancy for three-quarter-length sleeves should increase. You may see the fashion in any picture of this Queen, who was the wife of Henry IV. and the mother of Louis XIV. of France. The long square buckle is also shown on this figure, and on the other one of the becoming and pretty transparent hats of *tulle* or net, or sometimes of open work fancy straw, or lace, either black or white. So far as millinery is concerned, we are promised this season white hats and bonnets; and one can only hope that we shall have weather to match. The wide-brimmed hats, which generally are known by the name of "picture hats," are very pretty this year, as they are tastefully made; but, unhappily, the crowns have been made smaller, and they do not look so picturesque as when they were made an important feature. Every one of the newest hats are of thin materials or straw; and of this latter we have a wide selection in Tuscan, Panama, chip, rice, fancy plait, and coarse straws dyed in different colours of the most vivid hues—bright pink, green, orange, and a paler blue. These are trimmed with a violent contrast, such as green with heliotrope, orange with pink, and pink with blue or orange. All these sound ugly, but they are sometimes even becoming to young faces, with plenty of nicely dressed hair.

Hat ribbons are very wide, and the bows are set up on edge. Shot *moiré*, *chené* ribbon, and *moiré* with the *revers* of satin, are the chief kinds used. Wings and flowers are more used than ostrich feathers, and accordion-pleated chiffon is much seen as a trimming, more in fact than lace. The old mushroom-shaped hat is revived, and is made in bright-hued straw, with a crown of transparent lace. The fancy for black flowers still continues, but the newest have coloured stems; in other kinds of flowers the rose seems to me to lead the way in all colours, with the pink polyanthus. Pink, red, white, and cherry-red clover are very popular, and so are honeysuckle, cowslips, oleanders, azaleas, and mimosa. Geranium in vivid colours and elder flowers are also new introductions, and so are watercresses, and very natural shades of light and dark green.

The new bonnets are very wide across the head, and very narrow from back to front, and very long behind the ears. The newest feature seems to lie in the fancifully-shaped edges they present. Many of them have no crown, and some have transparent ones with floral brims. Black jet, straw, or *moiré* bonnets are very often trimmed with white *tulle* rosettes or fan-shaped pieces, which makes a pretty mixture. The strings are now generally made of inch-wide black *moiré* ribbon, and very few bonnets are seen without them.

I must devote a few lines to the newest methods of dressing hair. One way is arranging it in rolls; for this the hair is tied twice behind, one tail above the other, each being again divided in half. The two lower ones are made into a circular pad, and into a loose roll surrounding it half way the two upper parts make two more rolls, placed one over the other. The front hair is waved and combed up high over the forehead, or it is parted in the centre, and arranged so as to fall loosely over the sides. The other way of doing the hair is to make a small twist, which projects from the centre, and then surround it with a very thick roll of hair, twisted, not pleated, which is shaped in an oval form, and is rather low on the nape of the neck.



COAT BODICE WITH CASHMERE WAISTCOAT.

"The mantle with stole ends" that we illustrate is one of the prettiest of the new shapes, and is of *moiré* and white lace, which makes it very suitable for summer use; the figure at the extreme left hand shows the very newest way of trimming the new summer silk gowns with lace on the skirt and bodice. The *choux* bows on the points of the festoons are of a colour to match the gown or of black velvet, and the pointed revers shape is newer than the lapels or a circular frill. The centre figure has a lace yoke outlined with a deep lace, and a basque of the same lace, while a deep lace flounce goes round the skirt, with a beading. The gown illustrated was a surah silk, with a black ground and a *chené* flower of pink and blue shot.

The illustration of the coat bodice shows one of the new long waistcoats which are made of Indian cashmere. This material is used not only with tailor-made gowns, but also with all other dresses, and there is a general tendency to fancy Indian materials and colours for blouses and waistcoats as well as for bibs, and I have seen the old-fashioned Bandanna handkerchiefs made use of for all of them; both bib fronts and full shirt fronts are made very puffy and full, and there is a general fancy for large bows in front of the bodice.

The collar bands of all dresses are made with folds and are never plain, and this and the waistband as well as the upper part of the sleeves are of a contrasting colour with the dress. Sashes are quite as much used as ever, and I think white *moiré ones* on coloured gowns are a very pretty new departure, and suitable for young girls.

This coat bodice with the vest of cashmere material we have selected as our paper pattern, as it offers no difficulty in making at home. The back is in one piece, and the



COAT BODICE (*Paper pattern.*)

basque is full and long, the front of the coat being of Eton shape with wide lapels. It is in six pieces: front, half of rever sleeve cuff, back and half of basque. The waistcoat front is not given, as it can be worn with any kind of front, bib or waistcoat as preferred. This is the fashionable way of making the linen duck and drill gowns that will be so much used during the summer and autumn, and they can be easily made at home. We can send patterns of any kind of front, and these should be made at home, for they can be managed so much cheaper in this way.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt, bell skirt, *moiré* blouse, new French capes, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the books for the present month being Joshua and Judges.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

WITH reference to the answers from No. 30 to 40, we are glad to see that many girls have remembered to write their registered number on their papers; but we have, nevertheless, received half-a-dozen bearing neither number nor name, and thus they must be disqualified unless those deficiencies can be supplied from their source. In No. 33 many have answered well, though others seem hardly to have realised the importance of the question. No. 39 has caused much difficulty, as it would appear. Although no exact period of time is given, the two applications of Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh, the scattering of the people over the land to find straw, and the increasing of the tasks, and the reproaches made to Moses by the oppressed Israelites, all demonstrate the fact that most certainly more than "one day" was thus occupied by so many events. Yet the general opinion of our corresponding members is that all were crowded into a single day. The period of time which they actually occupied is to be roughly calculated by the search for stubble (for the brick-making), showing that the fields were reaped but not yet ploughed after the first application to Pharaoh, and the Nile being in flood when the second appeal was made, a period of about two months. No. 12 has answered this question in a most sensible way. Those who answer question 37 mostly make a mistake as to the time that the Feast of the Passover was instituted. It was before, not after, the tenth plague. The blood of the lamb slain was sprinkled on the lintels of the doors before the angel of the Lord passed over, and the house was spared that showed the sprinkling.

In the answers from 40 to 50, one of the most important questions has not been thoroughly carried out, viz., that of 42, although some of our members have answered it exceedingly well. The whole of the Decalogue can be proved to have been known and conformed to by the Israelites before they were re-ordained in the time of Moses, and examples in demonstration of this fact are to be found in the Book of Genesis. Again, with reference to question 49, we asked for the names of six blameless men, not merely of men who were known to be the servants of God only, nor do we mean to imply that they were perfect, but men of whom no fault is recorded. From these Noah is excluded on account of his intoxication, although he is one of the three righteous men singled out with Daniel and Job as pre-eminently so in Ezekiel xiv. 14 and 20; Abraham, "the friend of God" and the "father of the faithful," as also Isaac and Jacob on account of their deceit on occasions of temptation; Moses, likewise, who "smote the rock" when commanded to speak to it only, and Lot for dwelling with his family amongst the infamous idolaters of the "cities of the plain." The members have mentioned the six blameless men in their various answers, but one only has given the names of five of them correctly; no member has indicated six, and yet we think that giving a little careful thought to the question, and the way in which it was worded, that its difficulties would not prove very great. In requiring six names we have not given the full number that might have been so distinguished.

QUESTIONS.

81. Give an instance in the Book of Joshua of the Eastern law of hospitality being sufficient to protect even a hostile and treacherous enemy. Comment on the deed of Jael, afterwards recorded.

82. By what act, chronicled in the last chapter of Joshua, did the Israelites show that they had obtained full right over the Promised Land?

83. What period does this Book of Joshua embrace? Give any reasons that may occur to you for the vicissitudes through which the Israelites passed after the death of Joshua.

84. How many judges ruled over Israel? Which of them was the most famous? and who was the last? With which did the office become life-long? and with which hereditary? Name any who are thought to have been contemporaries.

85. Name the two women mentioned in the Book of Judges as having saved Israel? and by what means did they accomplish this?

86. Contrast the characters of Gideon and Samson.

87. What remarkable man is named in the Book of Judges who was a "Nazarite" for life, and during how many years did he judge Israel?

88. What were the dimensions of the Promised Land? and what were the boundaries? What portion of the country remained unconquered during the days of the judges? What special accessories of ancient warfare inspired the Israelites with dread?

89. How often is the Ephod mentioned in the Book of Judges? What was it? and in what manner was it used profanely?

90. Name the first Parable given in the Bible, a famous riddle, and three prayers contained in the Book of Judges?

ALL ABOUT MYALGIA.

By "MEDICUS."

"MYALGIA," you ask, "what is it at all? Is it a flower?"

No it isn't a flower; it isn't a sweetmeat, nor a new kind of soap, and it isn't a town in Algeria. But it is something that in this weary work-a-day world we all get to know something about now and then, and some of us know it very much to our sorrow.

It is a compound Greek word, and signifies muscular pain. It is a handy term in a physician's mouth, rather musical than otherwise, and sounds "kind o' learned," as a Yankee would say. As a rule doctors—present company excepted—are a trifle shady in their Greek and Latin, unless they have had a University education, and kept up their classics. There are three sorts of ordinary Latin—some of it is very ordinary—there is dog Latin, gardener's Latin and doctor's Latin. I am not conversant with the first; I have often talked Latin to my dogs, but never succeeded in eliciting a very intelligible reply. Perhaps there was something wrong with my pronunciation; perhaps I rolled my R's too much. Anyhow, I've always had to fall back upon the Gaelic, that is far-sounding and fetches any dog. Gardener's Latin is principally remarkable for a reckless mixing up of genders. He gets hold of a big mouthful of masculine noun, and trots out a feminine adjective to bring up the rear. No good trying to tell a gardener that substantives ending in um are neuter; regardless of grammar, he weds them to male adjectives and there is an end to it. I really think the modern gardener had better go to school again.

As to the third sort of ordinary Latin, that of the doctor—present company always excepted—the peculiarity is the absence of terminations of any kind. This is a cute and a handy way of writing Latin, it hides ignorance, and steers clear of grammatical and orthographical errors. For example, if he writes down *Vin Ipecac*, how are you to know that he couldn't spell the whole word *ipecacuanha*, even if you were to promise him a new gig.

But about myalgia, perhaps a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And perhaps not, anyhow the word in question may stand for a good many others. It may mean, mere stiffness, or soreness, such as we suffer from if we take hard exercise when not in good form or up to the mark. A good example of this sort of myalgia may be borrowed from the harvester, who after the first or second day's hard work complains of being "hipped." Myalgia may also mean cramp, a common example is what people call "stitch in the side," which one may suffer from when walking fast or running, and which is nature's way of warning one not to hurry.

Any group of muscles that have been overworked may become the subject of myalgia, and this is often put down to rheumatism. Thus we have back-ache, shoulder-ache, neck-ache, or aching in the calves of the legs or ankles.

In young folks what are called growing pains are but a mild form of myalgia. Aching in the sides is common enough next day after one has spent an evening listening to a laughable play such as Toole puts on the boards.

You will note then that myalgia is the result of over-exertion of any part of the muscular frame. If this were all, however, I should not trouble myself to devote a special article to it. But it is often a most painful complaint, and it is nearly always a symptom of debility, a sign that one is under par, or has been pulled down in some way or another, and therefore it needs to be treated both locally and constitutionally, not as a symptom only, but as an actual disease.

Myalgia is sometimes extremely alarming, because not only may it simulate chronic rheumatism, but many other even more dangerous maladies. For instance we have pleurisy and we have pleurodynia. Both come on with acute or lancinating pain in the side. A doctor can easily distinguish the one from the other, but how can the head of the family do so. It is necessary that he should, because in a case of pleurisy the sooner medical aid is obtained the better, whereas pleurodynia is amenable to simple treatment, such as rest and hot fomentations. Well, no paterfamilias or materfamilias ought to be without a clinical thermometer in the house. It is the good fairy that can be brought in at any time to tell you whether or not a pain is the result of inflammation. The animal heat is registered at 89·4. A rise in temperature of even two or three degrees should alarm one, and if it goes much above the hundred, there is danger to life, and the sooner your family physician is summoned the better.

Some of the most ordinary occupations of life may bring on an attack of myalgia, even although the work done was of a pleasurable kind, such for instance as too much practice on the piano when a girl is not over strong.

A sudden attack of myalgia or cramp of the heart is a terrible thing and very often fatal. When strong swimmers drown, it is usually said they have been attacked by cramp, and this is imputed to chill in the water. Now I am myself a good swimmer, and have more than once had to swim for my life, once in the Greenland ocean, but I have never had cramp in a single muscle. Cramp in the limbs will not pull a good swimmer under the water, *but* cramp of the heart does, because under such circumstances it means sudden death. There is one spasmodic jerking up of the arms, perhaps one agonised glance shorewards, and all is over. So one should never swim far if out of form, and she or he should never swim too hard. There is plenty of time; a stroke once in ten seconds will keep you afloat in a sea-way, and keep up the animal heat also.

For every reason we ought to try to keep our bodies or systems up to par, or in other words up to the standard of health. Oh, it is a grand thing to be in good form, a grand thing for either woman or man, girl or boy. You can walk all day or work all day and never feel tired or weary, and your duties are pleasures to you, every single one of them. Your head never aches nor does your back, and your very feet seem to spurn the ground on which you tread. Then your sleep at night is sound and good, and you awake in the morning refreshed and happy, and are not only willing but even eager to begin the duties of the day.

But alas! what a difference there is when you have fallen below par: then everything you do appears a positive weariness to you; the time lags drearily on your hands; every sound jars on your nerves; the sky isn't so blue as it used to be, and the fields and trees are not so green, while pains chase each other all over your body or concentrate themselves like hostile enemies in groups, to plague and annoy you. You're not happy, you're cross, and peevish, and tired, and weary, and I don't know what all, and when you have at last a chance of resting yourself you are almost too tired to take it. As for refreshing sleep at night, why, it is out of the question, and you get up in the morning hot-headed, hot-eyed, and just as tired as when you lay down.

There is one kind of myalgia that not unfrequently attacks the weakly girl, and which often causes her considerable anxiety, namely a pain in the left side in front about the region of the heart. Perhaps she imagines that she has got heart disease, and her spirits sink to zero in consequence. But this kind of pain is not a symptom of heart complaint. Those who have real heart trouble may not even know it.

Pain in one shoulder is not infrequent, it may be myalgia or it may point to some disturbance of the liver.

Pain between the shoulders is sometimes a distressing enough symptom and indicates a generally debilitated state of the system.

But probably the most common form of myalgia is that which, among girls who work long hours, especially in shops or at desks, affects the loins or lower part of the back. Girls who have to lift articles into positions above their heads, or who have to carry weights, often suffer from this. Sometimes it is more of a down-dragging kind of weariness than actual pain, but it may amount to real agony, which even days in the recumbent position fails to relieve.

This back-ache, I should remind my readers, may at times be symptomatic of weaknesses quite apart from those caused by hard work; but these very weaknesses may have been brought on by muscular exertion in the first instance.

Well, a reasonable amount of hard work does not hurt any girl if she keeps up her strength; and, as long as she obeys the golden rules of health, and can eat and sleep well, it is not likely that the labours of the day will have any bad effect upon her. But the strength must be kept up by honest solid food and not by slops. A most unhealthy and unwholesome kind of diet is that which is called a tea-dinner. Meat should never be eaten with tea, unless you want to tan it, in which case you might as well eat old shoe leather and not go to the expense of tea.

A cup of tea or even two taken in the after part of the day are very refreshing, but scarcely anything should be eaten therewith. Coffee, if it agrees, is better for breakfast, and good cocoa better than coffee because more nourishing.

Now as to the treatment of myalgia, there are so many different forms of it that I can do little more than generalise.

People who suffer from myalgia are of the faint-hearted diathesis, if I may so term it. Perhaps that sounds somewhat disparaging, and it would be more correct to say that they have nervous constitutions. They possess a deal of vitality, but are easily cast down when any trouble seems very real. Well, a person of this sort would naturally conclude that any sudden attack of myalgia was something very serious indeed, and she will hardly believe the doctor when he tells her that there is no danger at all.

But the pain nevertheless may be very acute indeed for the time being, and nothing seems to afford any mitigation of it.

Well, one thing is certain, myalgia, unless it be a mere flying pain or two, cannot be cured without rest. And it is rest that the doctor—if you seek the services of one—will order you first. I am well aware that it is all but impossible for many girls who have to work and slave nearly all the year round to obtain rest. But nevertheless it is imperative, or worse may follow. To begin with, I should enjoin rest, not in an easy chair but in bed, and if the girl were very delicate I should order her

down to the seaside for a whole month after the acuteness of the attack was got over. Alas! though, if the girl is poor I know I might just as well order her to borrow the Queen's crown and wear it for a week or two. This fact leads me to say that however poor a girl is, and however small her wages may be, she ought to put aside a little sum every week to meet the requirements of a rainy day. There are many little cottage-homes by the sea, kept up and superintended by ladies who have the welfare of suffering humanity at heart, where respectable girls can be received and boarded for ten shillings a week. That would be only two pounds a month besides the fare down, and odds and ends say another pound. Such tiny institutions as these are boons and blessings to many a working girl, and I wish there were more of them.

As I have written a paper entitled "Rest for the Weary" for this year's summer number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I shall not pursue this subject further than to suggest that girls can nowadays insure against sickness for a very small annual sum which entitles them to a weekly allowance when ill.

Well, rest with hot turpentine fomentations to the painful part and an aperient pill or two, will usually remove the acuteness of the attack in a few days.

I must tell you here that it is on troubles of this kind that a large number of quacks grow rich and fat, so never be prevailed upon to throw away your probably hard-earned money on advertised nostrums.

One of the worst features about myalgia is that it is likely to recur, and that if it takes a fancy to a particular group of muscles it is apt to become a frequent and troublesome visitor.

Well, some kind of local rest or support may be needed. Supposing that it is the back, for instance, I do not know of anything better than the porous plaster of the shops. Get the best or get none at all.

Stays afford rest, but they must not be too tight else they will actually bring on an attack of myalgia, because tight-lacing not only interferes with the play and work of internal organs and so debilitates the body generally, but it weakens the external muscles by preventing their due nutrition, and I can assure you, gentle reader, that many girls saddle the wrong horse when they blame work or study for their ill-health, which, correctly speaking, should be put down to tight-lacing.

Constitutionally the treatment for myalgia is similar to that for debility, and the removal of any existing complaint which, until the attack of myalgia, may have been considered quite trivial. Anæmia I have spoken of often in the "G. O. P." Iron is our sheet-anchor in the treatment thereof as far as medicine is concerned. The tincture of iron may be taken in doses of ten drops three times a day in a little water after food for a month. Ten drops would mean ten minims, you know, so that if counting the drops from a small phial you would have to allow a few more, and probably count fifteen. The iron is indicated if the girl is pale in face and gums, and not thriving generally.

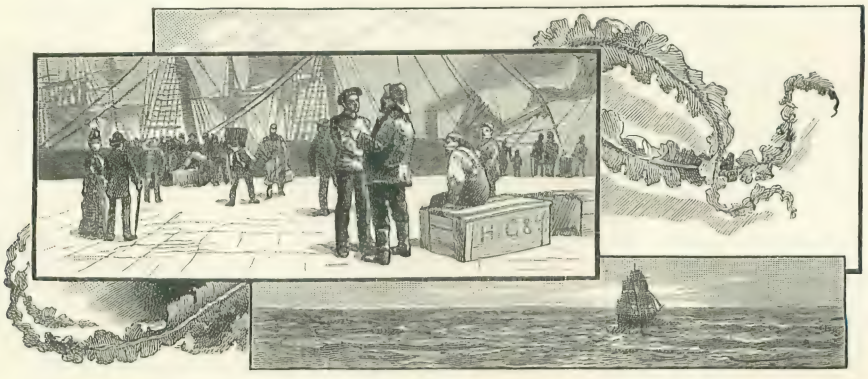
But good nutritious food, not sloppy, and plenty of open-air exercise are a *sine quâ non*.

A constipated habit of the system may increase the frequency of myalgic attacks. But this is not to be cured by medicine alone, although an occasional antibilious pill may be taken. Beware of advertised pills and syrups, they mostly consist of aloes, which is a good servant in a doctor's hands but a tyrant master to the amateur.

Here is a little prescription for such a habit of body that is both safe and simple. Confection of senna three ounces and a half, sublimed sulphur six drams; dose: a teaspoonful or two when needed.

The health can be greatly invigorated by using the cold or tepid bath every morning—the cold bath is best—and by sleeping with your window open, though there is no reason why you should let the draught blow across the bed on which you sleep.

Girls very often neglect their health by eating food that causes dyspepsia, by neglecting exercise, by lacing too tightly, and sleeping in stuffy rooms. Well, to such as these I may conclude by saying, one smart attack of myalgia may prove an unmitigated blessing. They won't forget it, and if it causes them to live so as to bring natural roses to their cheeks, rubies to their lips, and the glad sparkle of health to their eyes, the trouble won't have been thrown away on them.



THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRIENDS FOR LIFE.

"A blessed thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend, one human soul whom we can trust always, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of our faults."—*C. Kingsley.*

THE P. and O. steamship *Acegarth* was lying alongside the Albert Docks, flying her Blue Peter, the signal of departure. All was bustle both around her and on board; passengers of all sorts and descriptions were mounting the gangway, and being shown by busy stewards to their respective quarters; porters were hurrying backwards and forwards with trucks laden with boxes, and a large crane was at work hoisting up huge packing-cases from the quay and depositing them in the ship's hold, many of them not to be disturbed again until the voyage was over.

As the time for starting drew near, and the last whistle sounded, the scene could not fail to present a fascinating picture to one who made a study of human character; indeed, to an ordinary looker-on it seemed full of interest. Comedy often mingled with tragedy, and the actors played their parts with a reality too deep to call forth applause.

On the bridge stood the captain with a careworn, weather-beaten face, suggestive of the storms and perils through which he had passed; yet with an air of pride as he issued forth his orders in a tone of stern command.

Suddenly the din and tumult ceased. The ship's crew loosed her moorings and made fast the anchor; and whilst on-lookers stood in silence gazing at the majestic vessel, she began to move, slowly—gently—almost as if by magic, further and further from the shore, and as the last signs of farewell passed between those on board and the friends who were to be left behind, the distance gradually widened and the ship was soon fairly under weigh. On the deck at the for'ard end amongst the first-class passengers, might be seen two figures dressed in grey; it was evident by their long veils that they were nurses, and anyone knowing the uniform with the circular cloak and neat bonnet would recognise them as belonging to Her Majesty's Nursing Staff. One was Constance, or Sister Wilson, the other was a stranger. Her name was Hope Cunningham, a tall handsome woman with fair sunshiny hair, and a clear complexion set off by deep-set dark-brown eyes and two rows of even pearly teeth. She was one of the sisters who had joined from the Albert Hospital; she had had longer service than Constance, though she was a year or two younger, but she had travelled a great deal and seen much more of the world, and would have been taken for the elder of the two.

They were both leaning against the side of the vessel as if spell-bound, gazing at the fast receding land. They did not appear to be talking, and looked deep in thought; Constance's face was almost sad.

"We should be wise, I think, to go below," said Hope at length, turning to her companion; "it is so much more comfortable getting settled whilst we are in smooth water. Are you not a good sailor?" she added, catching sight of a wistful expression on Constance's face as she turned to follow her.

"It is my first experience on board ship," she replied, "but I hope I shall be. I think I was getting depressed standing watching the shore, it seemed like a spun-out farewell which almost unconsciously held one fast. I need not ask whether you have been to sea before, as I know from several things you said that you have. Do you like the sea?"

"Yes," said Hope, a soft light stealing into her dark eyes, "I love the sea. I was born in India," she added, "but come, let us make haste."

They found their way to their cabin. It was a very comfortable one with three berths, and they were the only occupants. Sister Horniblow and the other sister who came from the Albert Hospital were old friends, and naturally arranged, as they were seniors, to go together, so these two were thrown on each other's company; it was well for them that they instinctively took to each other, and in spite of many differences found much in common.

As they were entering the saloon together the first evening for dinner, Constance could hardly believe her eyes when she saw at some distance at the same side of the table, dressed in the Medical Staff uniform, her old friend Mr. Seaton.

Was it fate which thus brought them together again. She felt hot all over, and looked so confused for a moment that had Hope known her better she would have asked what was wrong. Several times during the meal she seemed abstracted as though her thoughts were not in what was going on. The next few days there was, as the sailors expressed it, "a bit of sea on," and Mr. Seaton vanished from view. Hope often noticed that Constance looked about as though expecting some one, and was not quite at ease, but she did what sometimes the kindest of friends fail to do, took no notice and made no comment. It was not until they were nearing Gibraltar that Mr. Seaton again made his appearance, looking decidedly shaky after his few days confinement to his berth.

Constance was standing alone at the side of the boat waiting for Hope to join her, when Mr. Seaton, recognising her, came forward and held out his hand. Sheer surprise at seeing her there prompted him to do it, though each for a moment felt a little awkward: then Constance said in her old pleasant way, "You have been ill, have you not?" He looked at her questioningly. "I saw you at dinner the first evening," she went on, "and then missed you. I had no idea that you had come into the service."

"I am equally surprised," he said—she felt the colour mounting to her face in spite of herself; how she wished Hope would return—"and had little idea," he continued, "that I had been missed by anyone, or it would have been quite impossible to have remained below so long; but I was up on deck yesterday though I had not the pleasure of seeing you." Constance felt herself getting more uncomfortable than ever, and was conscious that she had said what she did not wish to imply.

"Doctor Bell told me that you had gone abroad, but somehow I never thought of your coming into the service."

"Nor did I," he replied, "until within a short time of my appointment. One can see a little of the world this way, besides, like most government billets, it is better pay and less work than can be got outside. Not a very lofty aim, you think? no, that's a fact: still one need not get fossilised and mouldy unless one chooses."

Soldiers need good doctors as well as civilians, and every man if he wishes to be honest can give his money's worth of work, and fill the position he takes to the best of his ability. They chatted on quite naturally; both had begun at the same hospital, and, consequently, there was much of interest in talking over the place and people they knew.

"Has old Cready left?" Mr. Seaton inquired.

"Oh no!" said Constance, with a smile, "though I fancy a good many would be glad if he had."

"Yes, he's a real old fossil," he went on, "might almost have come out of the ark. What sisters are here with you, any I should know?"

"I do not know," replied Constance; "Sister Horniblow and I came together, and two from the Albert Hospital joined us on board—a Sister Cunningham and Sister Tuke; do you know either?"

"No," he replied; "I think I have heard of Sister Horniblow, but I do not remember her, and the others are quite strangers."

Turning round Constance saw Hope seated at a little distance talking to an elderly lady, but evidently with one eye open for her, for she rose almost immediately and came towards them. Hope thought she understood a little of Constance's behaviour when she saw the meeting between the two, and the evident pleasure on Mr. Seaton's face. "She is much too nice," she said to herself, "to have taken up this work from any wrong motive, and if these two have fallen in love and met again, they shall not want for any little help that I can give them."

"I was not going to desert you," she said as she joined them, "but I saw you had found an old acquaintance," as Constance introduced Mr. Seaton, "and I thought it was such a good opportunity for me to make friends with Mrs. Faucet, such a charming old lady she is, to be sure."

* * * *

A day or two later they were nearing Gibraltar; arrangements were made for going on shore, but they arrived so early in the morning that only an hour or two was possible, as they left again at eight o'clock, so the plan was given up.

The remainder of the voyage the sea was like a pond, so still, hardly a ripple on the deep blue water, and the passengers one and all revelled in the deliciously balmy air, and lolled about on deck, quite glad of the excuse that it was too hot either to work or read.

All Constance's fears of the sea had vanished, and she and Hope were thoroughly enjoying the rest, though looking forward with real interest to the work before them. To Constance all was new, and Hope was never weary of talking and explaining anything she could, feeling herself quite an old traveller. They both found pleasure in their new acquaintance, possibly each saw in the other what was wanting in herself; certain it was that Hope was like a ray of sunshine, shedding joy and gladness wherever she went.

Malta was reached at last. Hope awakened Constance one morning about three o'clock as she saw they were nearing Valetta harbour. The dawn was just appearing, and already there were numbers of bright-coloured boats skimming across the water towards them, as if they had been awaiting their arrival. How un-English it all looked: the soft light and the blue still water, the white houses with their strange-looking flat roofs; and soon the narrow streets became visible, with their endless steps, and across the water might be heard the ceaseless chiming of the church-bells, calling worshippers to mass. Here they had to remain to take in a fresh supply of coal, and as this process took some hours and made everything very dirty, passengers were glad to escape it by going on shore. Mr. Seaton and one or two of the gentlemen arranged a large party, the four sisters and other ladies joining to go and see the sights. They divided themselves into companies of four or five, to enable them to get about more easily. Hope saw that she had got into Mr. Seaton's little party, and that Constance was going off with people she hardly knew, so just at the last minute insisted that she should take her place. Constance acquiesced, more it seemed to her to avoid an argument than with any apparent pleasure. All, however, managed to enjoy themselves, and a good many remained on shore to attend a theatre. Constance and Hope, however, returned with those who did not care about staying, and Mr. Seaton was with them.

Constance began to see through Hope, and thought she would have to confide her secret to her, as she saw she was bent on throwing her and Mr. Seaton together. She could not, however, make up her mind about it, until one evening after dinner they were sitting quietly together on the hurricane-deck, dreamily enjoying the quiet, when Mr. Seaton came up and asked if they would not care to walk about.

"The dew is already falling," he said; "do you think it is wise to sit?"

"I think you would enjoy a walk," said Hope to Constance, "you were feeling a little chilly, were you not. I will stay on here awhile," she added.

Constance owned she had felt the cold, but thought it would be better to go below, and after a little more discussion the three retired to the saloon. When they went to their cabins Constance felt she must put off no longer.

"Hope," she said, "I hardly know how to explain to you, but I do not want to be thrown with Mr. Seaton; I only knew him at Saint Margaret's. Yes, I like him," she added as Hope expressed dissent, "but you seem to mean something more. Will you not understand without my telling you more plainly. I have not the slightest intention of marrying, and do not think of such a thing with regard to Mr. Seaton."

"Forgive me," said Hope, "I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought," said Constance with a sweet smile, we shall understand each other now."

When Alexandria was reached, again a party went on shore. Oh! how strange it all seemed to Constance, she felt as though she might be dreaming. Africa, she said to herself; how little I ever thought that I should see so much of the world. The natives in their quaint Eastern dress looked very picturesque and jabbered away quite unintelligibly. But what a picture of desolation was before them; whole streets were standing in ruins, shattered by the shells which had so lately been hurled into their midst. Buildings which had taken years to erect now lay a smouldering pile of bricks and mortar. Here and there amidst the *débris* might be seen, at the top of what was left standing of the houses, little belongings the sight of which told their own sad tale more plainly than words could have done. There stood an arm-chair and a table beside it, just enough of the flooring left to support them, two walls of the room completely gone. In another room hung kitchen utensils blackened with the smoke and fire, but ready for use, and there again, in what must have been the top room in a high house with no roof and but one wall remaining, hung a tiny cage, containing some treasured songster: the bird was still singing, but soon the little voice would be hushed. There was hardly a woman to be seen about, and somehow the utter ruin took away from Constance all sense of enjoyment. "Everything seemed so sad," she said to Hope afterwards, "it is quite a relief to be back on board ship."

Ismailia was to be the scene of their labours, and now that they had entered the Canal they were full of excitement to get to their journey's

end. How interminable it seemed, but at last Lake Timsah was reached and the ship stopped to allow of their landing. The sisters were impatient to be gone; they bade their friends on board farewell, and with Mr. Seaton went ashore; the baggage was soon in another boat, and not long after they had landed the *Acegarth* was again in motion and soon out of sight.

Mr. Seaton had orders to proceed up country at once, and he and Constance bid adieu on the little landing-stage, possibly each thinking of the uncertainty of the future and wondering whether they would meet again.

The sisters were not long in finding their way to the hospital, and received a warm welcome from one or two of the doctors who knew how sadly their patients needed a woman's care; others, as is still the way, thought it a mistake to have women about, and only acknowledged their presence because they could not well do otherwise; these preferred working with the orderlies, and if at times they did doubt that they were not always to be relied on, comforted their consciences by at least pretending to believe in them.

(To be continued.)

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

CHAPTER VI.

PARAFFIN WASHING.

MRS. BOWEN'S Bridget was an invaluable servant in many ways. Bright, punctual, good-tempered. One fault she had. Her mistress summed it up very tersely—"kitchen-rubbers." Now the said cloths were "lost" by the score. They were "found" behind the oatbin in a most grimy condition.

Then followed violent efforts at cleansing on corrugated washing-boards. Much boiling, with unpleasant effluvia, and many groans on the part of Bridget. All these spasmodic efforts resulted only in dingy-coloured dish- and glass-cloths.

Mrs. Bowen was in despair. Rollers cost several pence a-piece, and come expensive when bought by the dozen.

"Paraffin is your best chance," counselled Miss Bond, when applied to; "in fact I may say the only one."

"My dear Annette! think of the odious smell! It would make us all quite 'sickly,' as Baby May says."

"Best oil and boiling water," gabbled the family friend, stopping in her task of pasting pictures on the nursery wall; "I warrant the result odourless."

"Bridget will never consent," pleaded Mrs. Bowen, seeing a loophole of escape, and very unwilling to experiment herself in the matter.

"Don't ask her. Bridget occasionally gets a day out, I suppose? Prowl round and glean the rubbers till then."

Accordingly, the next time her faithful cook departed, in feathers and glee, our ladies in the laundry found themselves in possession of a heap of pantry-cloths requiring, very urgently, a cleansing process.

"We won't attempt the copper-fire," decided Miss Bond; "I see it is not set. We will fill this big pot. Not quite full, thank you, Bella. Three parts of water, please. Let it come to the boil. Now, Mrs. B——, have you some shred soap? That is right. Add a quarter of a pound to these four gallons of water."

Mrs. Bowen did as directed.

"I did not soak the towels, Annette; Bridget was about."

"Quite right. Our rubbers must go into the mixture bone-dry. Remember, this way of washing is Japanese in its topsy-turveydom. No primary soaking in cold water, no hand-rubbing. Paraffin is a magician, and cleanses with its own wonderful power."

When the soapy water was bubbling and boiling rapidly, Miss Bond added to it one tablespoonful of best paraffin. Then straight into the pot went Bridget's dusters, rubbers, glass-cloths, and kitchen-towels.

"The one thing most necessary is rapid boiling before the oil is added, and the same afterwards. As your water evaporates you may add a little more to the pot, but let it always be at boiling-point."

For one half hour by the clock, those grimy cloths were left fizzing and steaming away. At the end of that time, with a large wooden spoon, the lady in the laundry fished them out into a tub placed ready and rinsed them several times. The water left behind in the pot was black, the articles taken out white!

A fine beech hedge in the paddock was adorned with a fringe of bleaching articles that morning. When Bridget came home at night, a pile of sweet-smelling, sun-dried, carefully-folded, well-mangled rubbers met her eyes. "The mistress is good," decided her maid, turning over her apparently new cloths with critical fingers. "These are much finer and softer than the last lot she bought." But Mrs. Bowen had not been to a shop that day. She had merely washed the "old rags" Bridget had lost behind the oat-bin, in the "cat's hotel" and under the sink in the scullery!

"Do you wash anything else but kitchen things with paraffin?" inquired little Mrs. Bowen as she and Miss Bond enjoyed a cosy cup of tea together over the drawing-room fire.

Strange to say that morning in the laundry had not left behind wrinkled red hands, or cracked sore wrists. The digits of both ladies were as soft and white as ever. Chemical and scientific washing take but little "palm"-istry or elbow grease! Neither a cast-iron back nor herculean strength is required when the laundry is undertaken on modern principles. If a due balance of soap, and soda, and ammonia, and blue, and steam, and water, and irons, and wax, and starch, be maintained by cultivated brains, the results are almost incredibly easy and satisfactory.

Our two ladies had perhaps a keener appreciation of orange pekoe that afternoon than usual. They enjoyed the luxury of a quiet chat certainly better than before.

Something attempted, something done, had earned that hour's repose!

"As a general rule, no," answered Miss Bond, helping herself to a cocoa-nut cracker, "unless superintended by a scientist like you or me, Mrs. B——. Undergarments are better washed in the usual way. Still there is one thing. If ever you get paint stains on your apron, or on the children's overalls, put them dry into the pot and boil until every mark is gone. There is nothing so efficacious"

"Does the oil never leave a smell?"

Mrs. Bowen was particularly susceptible on this point. Hence her anxiety.

"Never, if properly and carefully rinsed in hot water. You remember doubting my word, Bella, about vinegared stockings (see Jan. 1894 G. O. P.). You have proved it true now."

"Indeed I have, Annette," gushed the mistress, looking at her shapely ankle in its neat balbriggan. "In the case of ammonia and flannels too (G. O. P. Dec. 1893) I can never be grateful enough to you. I feel so independent of Mrs. Brown and her ilk now."

"May you long remain so." Miss Bond was off, as usual. "It is a pity laundry work has been a lost art for so long amongst us. Supposing you and I, Mrs. Bowen, inaugurate a revival in this matter! Let us free ourselves and others from the iron rod wielded by the genus washerwoman. They presume on being indispensable!"

"If you will lecture, I will demonstrate," laughed Mrs. Bowen. "When shall we start?"

The lady in the laundry did not answer. She has not started on that tour yet. She contents herself with sending these articles on washing to the help of her large sisterhood who read our "G. O. P."

* * * *

"And do you call these six articles exhaustive of the great art of washing, Annette?" queries little Mrs. Bowen, severely, as she scans the proof sheets. "Why have you said nothing of the way to make up table linen?"

"Nor nothing about takin' out mildew, or scorch, or ironmould," interrupts Bridget—privileged member of the committee as she is.

"Nor how to wash work in bran-water," objects her mistress.

"Not even a hint as to poor girls like me, doin' up their coloured print gowns," wails cook.

Miss Bond looks sorrowfully at the indignant two as this duet proceeds.

"Editors are strict," she says at last with her most dignified accent. "Space is limited. I have told about the most important branches of laundry work. I can do no more."

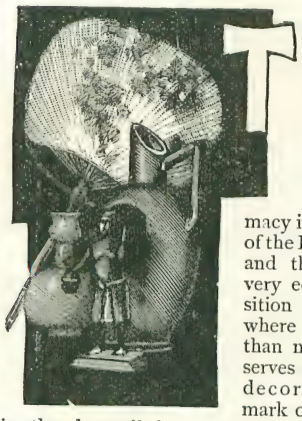
"At present," eagerly interpolates Mrs. Bowen.

"That depends on our Editor."

Exit Miss Bond.

THE JAPANESE FAN.

"My love is like the snow on the mountain Fusiyama,
So deep, and so deep that it never shall be melted."



THE evolution of the Japanese fan from its historic past to its present honoured and dignified supremacy in the "Land of the Rising Sun," and thence to its very equivocal position over here, where more often than not it merely serves as a kind of decorative hall-mark of "high art in the home," is one of those anomalies which might almost be called an instance of the process of unnatural selection. That our mania for "spots of colour" in our rooms, often pitchforked, as it were, on to the walls and there transfixed in more or less wild positions and combinations, is answerable for the degradation of that which in its native environment is a thing of beauty and a joy, is self-evident. The wily "Jap," finding that the more garish and crude he makes his wares for the European market the better they sell, turns out by the thousand and tens of thousand things he would not insult the taste of the meanest of his countrymen by offering them, and far removed in colouring and design from those beautiful samples which reached us first in England some twenty years ago. It is a humiliating contrast to compare these now, alas! almost extinct specimens of the fan with some of the latest developments in this line; such, for instance (quoting the most atrocious outrage yet seen and let us hope in all charity destined only for nursery decoration), as a map of the globe, or a portrait of royalty or statesman stuck on to improve (?) an otherwise inoffensive little self-coloured screen, smacking rather of "Brummagem" than of Japan!

It is a far cry from these modern travesties of Japanese art to the origin of the fan, whose invention was long claimed by the Chinese (who are nothing if not ancient), and who dated it as far back as the eleventh century before the Christian era. But the discoveries of Egyptologists have, among other disconcerting testimonies to the prior claim of Egypt for a vastly more remote historic past, brought to light the sticks of what had undoubtedly been a feather-fan, in which the holes bored for the insertion of each feather were plainly visible. This interesting little witness to an antique civilisation, now in the Boulâk Museum, was found in the tomb of an Egyptian king whose dynasty is computed to have been no later than the sixteenth century B.C.

We may take it for granted, however, that the use of the palm-leaf as a fan needed no particular invention, but must have been a custom among the inhabitants of the lands of its growth from time immemorial; yet it seems a sufficiently safe inference to conclude that to such born artists in decorative design as the Japanese it first occurred to idealise as well as utilise it, while to their pre-eminent predilection for paper may be traced the virtual invention of the "ogi," or paper folding-fan. The shape, by a pretty phantasy, is considered an emblem of the one and only mountain of Japan, and was supposed to have been evolved from a fancied resemblance to it when held open and downwards; this in its turn being a symbol of eternity, because the sticks radiating from a common centre, the beginning of life, are capable of infinite extension into space.

Transcendental Fusiyama, the peerless mountain, figures in the landscape decorations of all sorts and conditions of Japanese fans; whether portrayed with magic touch by such supreme artists as Hokusai, Korin, and Ritsuo, on costly cherished specimens that are mounted and hung on the walls as pictures, or vaguely outlined on the poorest samples of the paper tribe, it is omnipresent!

Another characteristic emblem, the *swastika* (the oldest symbol known the wide world over), in conjunction with the large red circular sun, is often to be found on the iron battle fans of the ancients. Incongruous to our notions of warfare they played an important *rôle* in Japan, specially in those long and bitter civil wars which have been likened to our Wars of the Roses; while it is on record that even as recently as thirty years ago a Japanese naval commander carried one into action! Standard-bearers bore aloft huge fans, depending from bamboos, which they guarded as zealously as do our ensigns the regimental colours. Soldiers found them an admirable means of defence at close quarters, and the strolling players and wrestlers, who were forbidden by law to carry any other weapon, were able to defend themselves against all comers. When it is remembered that these wrestlers have always aimed and trained to be as fat as possible, it is evident that on this subject also our ideas are somewhat at variance with theirs! The most deadly instrument doubtless is the dagger fan, in its polished case of lacquer, which is manipulated with as great dexterity in the too frequent operation known as the *hari-kari*, or happy dispatch, as is its peaceful prototype in the amenities of every-day life.

Of the complexities of use and multiplicities of type of Japanese fan it is impossible to give more than the merest hint. If we turn to the Court we find, from the state fan of the Empress, with its exquisite decoration of the royal emblem of the chrysanthemum, to that of the meanest dependent, each has its distinctive use and prescribed occasion, even to the manner of holding it at a certain angle when shut, in accordance with rigid rules of Court etiquette, which are far too intricate for any mere outsider to comprehend. There is perhaps one English woman, and one only, to whom these things are no mystery. Mrs. Yoshitana Sannomiya is a cosmopolitan, who, having married the master of the ceremonies of the Imperial Court of Japan, has been for many years the confidential friend and adviser of the Empress, with whom she is such a favourite that she even has entrance to her Majesty's bed-chamber, to which no other woman of Japan save of the blood-royal has such access.

That fans are in great requisition by the men over there is evident when one learns that the gift of a more or less sumptuous fan is *de rigueur* from the bride to the bridegroom on their wedding; but the sort in ordinary male use is large, generally of paper and decorated with flowered diapers on a white background. Actors put fans to a number of purposes beside actual stage use. They send out the *surimono* to advertise a change of name, address or play; they issue the *kaké-ogi*, or hanging fan, as a circular with verses redounding to the fame and glory of the person thereon named, and asking his patrons for their continued support, and they sometimes carry the *chukei* (which is curved when shut up) on which the crest and stage name are emblazoned. The interlude dancer sports a particularly gay-patterned variety, and although no female actor is allowed on the stage (the men taking the necessary female parts), yet the "geishas" perform at every other sort of entertainment, with whom the fan is an integral part of the dance. As every portion of the body is brought into play except the feet, immense muscular strength is necessary for these dances, which can only be acquired by severe training from early childhood. They require also special gifts of posture, poetry and pantomime in order to represent the gamut of human passions which they invariably depict in part, or entirely, in their presentation.

The tight-rope dancers, who are so justly renowned, again employ a special type of fan of their own, which is supposed to help them preserve their balance.

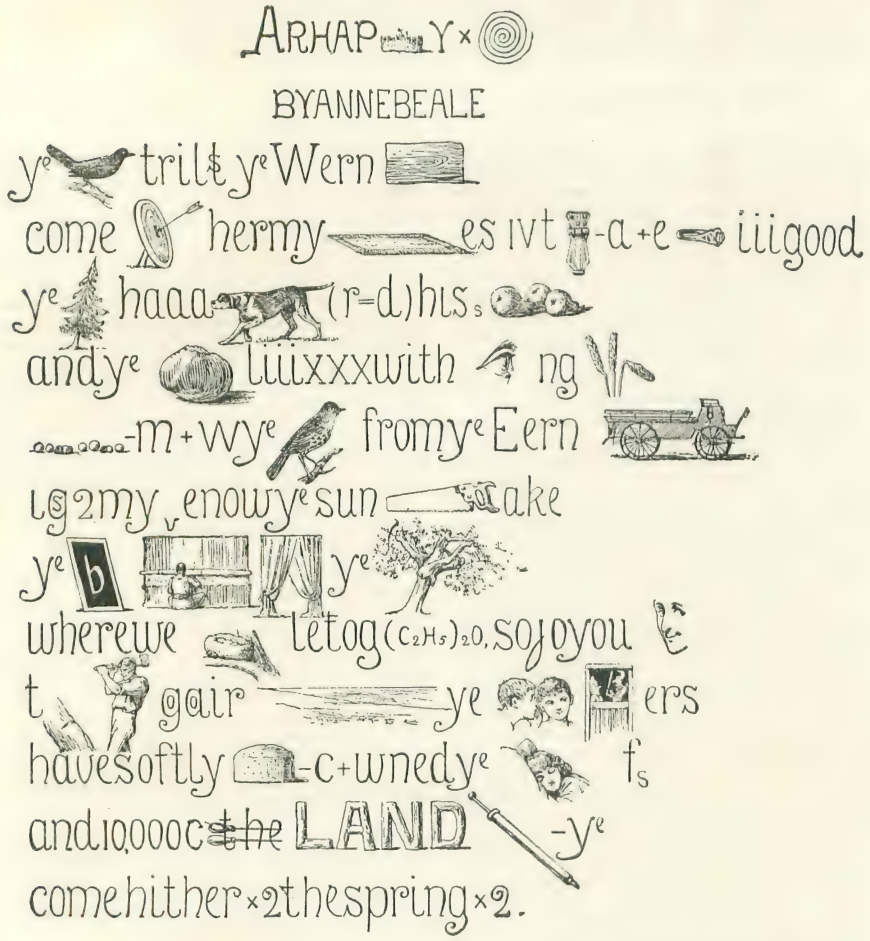
There are endless customs concerning fans. On the first of the "Mouse" (corresponding to our New Year's Day) it is usual to exchange fans as we do Christmas or New Year's cards, with verses called *Hai-kai* inscribed thereon, and often accompanied by the Japanese emblems of old age, health and plenty, a fir branch, a lobster and rice cake. It is also a social custom among the cultured to ask a friend to write an original verse, or draw a design on a fan as we should invite a contribution to an album. No person in polite society would think of passing anything in the hand that could possibly be handed on the fan, which then must be held at a half-opened angle. In summer ladies use a peculiar "juice-fan," which exhales a pleasant odour, taking the place of our smelling-bottles, and also "waterproof fans," which, constantly dipped in water, cool the air when used. Japanese children, rich and poor, are adepts with the fan, which is given them at an age when an English baby learns to grasp its rattle, and they in their turn place it in the hands of their dolls.

The most popular game, *Ogi Otoshi*, it goes without saying, is devoted to the fan, which has to be thrown from a given distance at a "*Cho*" or butterfly target balanced on top of a block, which does not seem quite so simple when one finds there are fifty different positions in which the "*Cho*" can be knocked off, and that a book of rules similar to ours on whist, bézique and the like, has been drawn up for reference.

Returning from the playful to the practical, we find the fan entering into the culinary arrangements, used on a large scale in agriculture and pressed into all sorts of services. Last but not least, it is a valuable accessory in the religious rites and ceremonies of the national worship of Japanese, which, far removed in all else from our notions of belief, yet must commend itself for its teaching, by precept and example, the cardinal virtues of filial love, duty, and obedience.

NANCY GLEESON WHITE.

OUR PUZZLE POEM.



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. If more than five competitors send in perfect solutions the money will be equally divided between them.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be July 19, 1894; from abroad, September 11, 1894.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

NOW READY.



MIGNONETTE

("Little Darling")

BEING THE

Extra Summer Number

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER

Contains enchanting stories and useful papers by:—Ven. Archdeacon WYNNE, D.D., LADY WILLIAM LENNOX, "LA PETITE," IDA LEMON, AUGUSTA HANCOCK, JETTY VOGEL, E. E. KITTON, MARGARET LITTLETON, H. MARY WILSON, CONSTANCE JACOB, GLEESON WHITE, "MEDICUS," Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, BLANCHE SAWARD, JOHN ALLEN, LIZZIE DEAS, H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A., Rev. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A., SARAH DOUDNEY; *also* OUR PUZZLE POEM FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS. *Five Prizes of One Guinea Each to be Awarded.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUZZLED.—There are so many compounds of ether, it is difficult to answer your question. Probably however you mean the ether (of pharmacy) for which the formula is $(C_2H_5)_2O$.

AGNES A. H.—Many thanks for recipe. The year of the "G. O. P." commences on the 1st of October.

MABS.—We are gratified by your great appreciation of our paper, and thankful that you should benefit by our advice. Your aquarium should be supplied with healthy water-plants. On very warm days notice the temperature, which must be kept cool, by supplying cold water through the rose of a watering-pot. If not clear and sweet it will have to be drawn off, the gold-fish being caught in a net and transferred to cold water. The fish should be fed at noon, or thereabouts. Finely hashed meat, grubs, ant-eggs, white bread, and sponge-cake, only sparingly given. Remember that any food left by the fish decays quickly, and produces disease. One of the most suitable plants for keeping in the water in winter is the *Calla Æthiopica*. If, when the night is warm, the gold-fish snap at the air, rising continually for that purpose to the surface, it is an indication that they are suffering from inflammation of their respiratory organs; and the air must be cooled for them, if possible.

L. P. MATTHEWS.—We never heard of anyone who "blacked" for a relative, unless a "shoeblack," who supported some of his family. "P. L. M." says "how long is the custom" (a custom cannot be long or short; it may be old or modern) "to 'black' for a first cousin?" If you mean to wear mourning dress it depends on the degree of intimacy, and the near or distant residence of the family to your own. If intimate and likely to meet the family, wear it for three months. You must be guided by circumstances; and if in poor circumstances yourself your mourning dress must be regulated in a measure by convenience.

A. V. W.—"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," as regards the beauty of the writing.

MOUNTAIN BELLE.—For a young girl it is in better taste to stand up when she is introduced to an older lady or gentleman.

SARAH ANNE.—The double "tt" in the syllable "Britt." is the Latin sign of the plural number. "Brit." with one "t" would signify "Britain"—*Britanniæ*. "Britt." signifies "*Britanniarum*"—the British Islands. On one florin, that of 1853, and perhaps on other coins, though we do not recall them now, the word "Brit." appears; but it has always been considered an error of the engraver, who was probably *not* a Latin scholar, or that the exigences of space compelled the omission of the second "t."

MICAH CLARKE.—No laws appear in the statutes of England between the end of 1641 to the spring of 1660. In this gap, of nearly twenty years, the Commonwealth had its day, and passed over 500 Acts or Ordinances, which were not and are never recognised as law. The first enactment after the Restoration bears date 25th of April, 1660. You will find in the history of the "Long Parliament" the answer to your question.

A VERY GRATEFUL READER.—We have no doubt you would improve with practice and experience, both of which you need; but we could not say whether your stories would, even then, have a marketable value.

IVY.—Your canaries appear to be very sensible, prudent 'birds, and better able to look after their own health than their owner. Naturally they prefer cold baths in summer sunshine, not when cold easterly winds prevail.

KATE H. sends us a very dirty paper and copy of verses, incorrect in their measure and feeble in thought, though pious in feeling.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—There is no reasonable objection to your having your lawn-tennis match in May, provided that it be on a fine day and after dry weather, so that the grass be dry. You should not play in a severe east wind either, as it is dangerous when heated with exercise, and you need to sit down occasionally to rest.

ANSCIAND.—The meaning of Edith is "happiness," or "a rich gift." Rose is "a rose," the name being derived from the Italian; Spanish, Rosa.

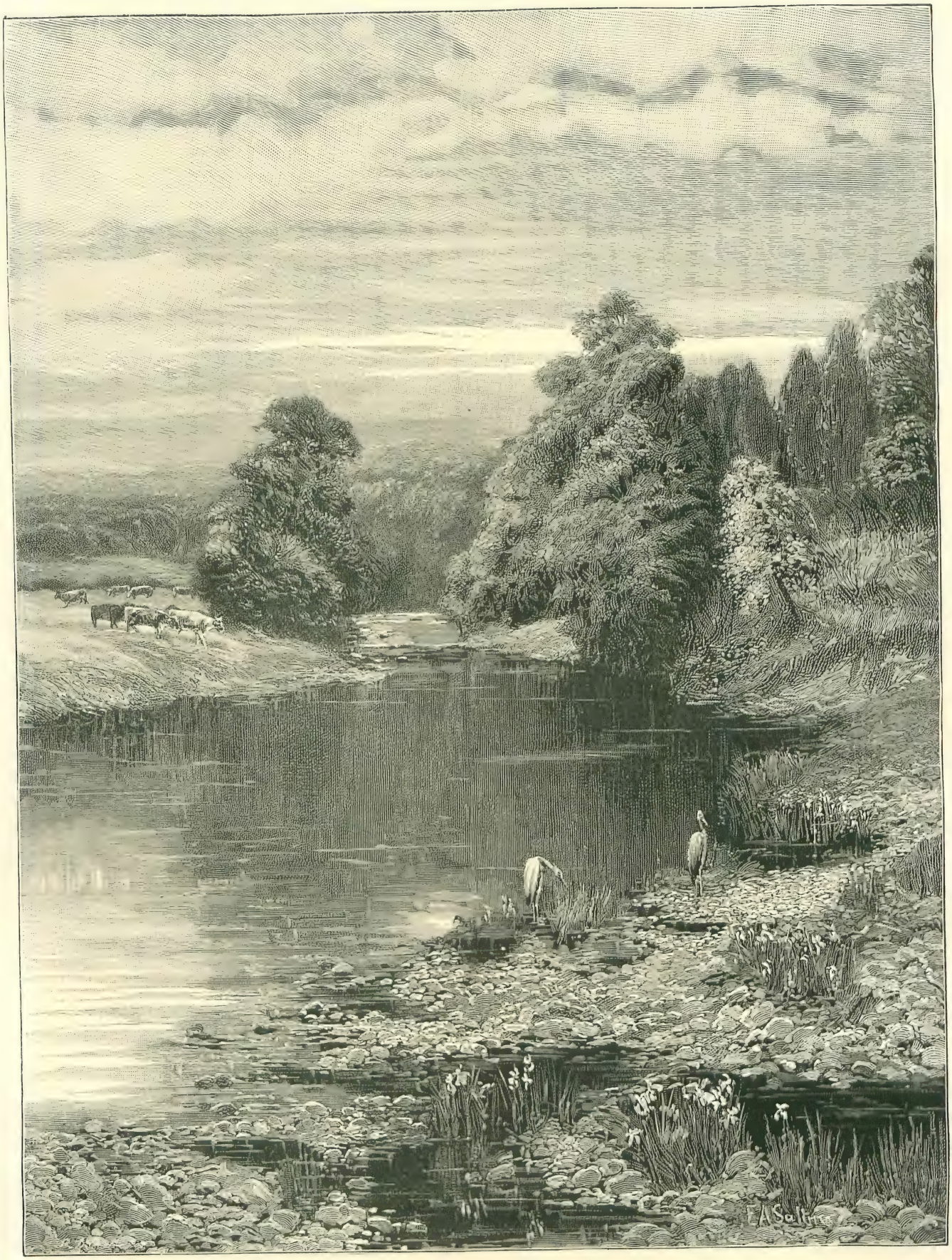
KATIE.—The 22nd December, 1881, was a Thursday.

A LADY inquires "if anything is likely to come of a boy and girl affair at the age of seventeen? Both are sensible, not fast, only young." We suppose matrimony is "the thing likely to come." They are far too young, and the intimacy had better be checked, for neither can know what some years of matured judgment will teach them.

MARION.—March 13th, 1860, was a Tuesday. Writing fairly good.

DICK.—The way to show your affection for your mistress would be by careful thought for her and her wishes, faithful and diligent work, and little extra personal attentions in waiting upon her. She evidently deserves them.

READER OF "G. O. P."—April 26th, 1879, was a Saturday. Write copies.



AN AUGUST MORNING.

From the painting by FLORENCE A. SALTMER.



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THE VILLAGE CONJUROR.



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"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"ONE FOOL MAKES MANY."



MR. GLYN hastened home, happy and excited. He was not in a state for half-measures, so he wrote at once to Captain Herbert, proposed in due form for Angharad, and said he would call on him in the course of the evening. Having sent off his letter he summoned Jolly.

"Have you completed the little account we mentioned the other evening?" he said. "I should be glad to settle it."

"Well, sir, I don't know as there was much more to say," said Jolly. "I'm glad that you are not angry."

"By no means. I believe you were right in many points, and I am thinking of making certain changes at Brynmawr, which will materially alter its character. In fact, Jolly, I am thinking of getting married."

"Miss Herbert, make so bold, sir?"

"And if she were the lady, what would your wisdom say of her, Jolly?"

"She is one of the sweetest young ladies I ever see, sir. If anything would brighten up Brynmawr, it would be her cheeks, sir."

"Then you would have no objection to a mistress? What would Mrs. Meek say?"

"Well, sir, since you've been so confidential with me, I should wish to return the compliment. It have been on my mind to settle myself, but I hadn't the heart to leave you so lonesome; but if you are going to marry, perhaps I may as well follow your example, sir. 'Like master, like man,' as they say."

Jolly chuckled gravely, and Mr. Glyn looked amused.

"May I ask who the lady is, Jolly?"

"Well, sir, you inquired if Mrs. Meek would like a mistress. I think she prefers a master, sir, he, he!"

"Oh, that is the secret, is it, Jolly?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Meek wouldn't like to leave you alone, but the ladies are not like the gentlemen, sir; she mightn't approve of a mistress after so many years of independence, and I think if you marry, sir, that would bring her to the point."

"I understand. Perhaps you will settle that little matter between you, and let me know your arrangements. I shall be glad to help you if I can."

"Well, sir, the Glyn Arms hotel is to be let, but it is in shocking repair. I think I shouldn't make a bad landlord, if you had no objection to me for a tenant."

"I think that little matter may be managed, Jolly, but you must make sure of Mrs. Meek."

"You see, sir," said Jolly, becoming more and more confidential, "Mrs. Meek has a pretty bit of money in the bank, which, with what I've saved, will set us up in the world. We ain't very young, 'tis true, but 'tis never too late to mend."

Mr. Glyn winced. He felt this was slightly personal.

"You will let it be generally understood, Jolly, that I am going to renew the old Brynmawr establishment—set the place in order, and get some new coats!"

"Dear, dear, and I shan't have the pleasure of brushing them!" said Jolly pathetically.

"Not unless you come up from the Glyn Arms to do it. Will you see that I have a decent coat for this evening?"

While Jolly went to prepare it, Mr. Glyn soliloquised.

"Then the little siren will have it all her own way, and the scaramouches will make way for smarter servants. Shall I outlive it all? Have I done wisely? But she really loves me, for her eyes tell more eloquent tales than did Scheherezade. But it is an awful responsibility to begin life anew, and a terrible risk to pin one's faith to woman. Yet I am rushing into it as buoyantly as when I was twenty-one. Morris preached me into thinking reform easy, but it is sadly difficult. I must improve my temper, my manners, and my dress. I must paper, paint, tile, beautify, and furnish my house. I must dig, plant and mow, fell trees, weed drives, sweep avenues, make flower-beds, repair conservatories. I must build farmhouses, inns, cottages, lodges, and turn pattern country-gentleman. A thing I hate. Above all, I must forget the past! I must grow cheerful, so as not to check the mirth, or dim the brightness of this sweet creature, who has trusted her heart into my keeping. And this very night I must brave that wonderful assembly of Herberts for another assurance from her dear face! May I have courage and strength to do it all!"

Mr. Glyn went upstairs, dressed, and came down to dinner. Jolly glanced at him with satisfaction, and told Mrs. Meek that he "looked quite the gentleman." Soon after he had finished dinner he set out for Plâs Arymor, and while he walks briskly down the hill we will see what the Herberts are about.

The whole family are in hot discussion. Poor Harrie has been talked of and talked to ever since Mr. Glyn's letter arrived. Now they are gathered round the fire, and Mrs. Herbert says, in her loudest key:

"I will never consent. In the first place Glyn, Brynmawr, is old and ugly; in the second, his wife ran away from him, and he has lived like an owl ever since; in the third, he has a horrible temper. Mrs. Meek told Sal the Post that he was as morose as a bull-dog, and that nobody could live with him."

"I wonder she stayed with him so long," said Angharad, who was sitting near her father, pouting and laughing by turns, and poking her feet into an unlucky cat asleep on the hearth-rug. "I suppose the sweetness of her temper neutralised his sourness. Poor fellow! if he is so morose, he wants someone to soften him."

Mrs. Herbert, who was opposite Angharad, pushed her spectacles from her nose to her forehead, and looked at her indignantly.

"You might be modest, I think, miss, after managing so slyly. I say he is old, ugly, morose and uncivil."

"Never mind, Harrie," said the Captain, taking her hand, "I quite approve, and think it a very grand match. Now, mother, you really must not ride your hobbies so hard. I have seen uglier

men. I remember him quite a beau, and he is a gentleman."

"I think him good-looking," lisped pretty Mrs. Rhys, "but he wears very ugly coats. I don't think you really care for him, Harrie."

"I think she ought to know her own mind best, and I hope I may officiate," laughed Tudor.

"I know my own mind well enough to think you all exceedingly ill-mannered," said Harrie, between laughing and crying.

"But he shall not have Angharad with my consent," said Mrs. Herbert.

"My dear mother, you must be reasonable," here broke in the Doctor. "Mr. Glyn is the best match in the neighbourhood, and Harrie is a very lucky girl. It is more than she deserves, for she is a horrible flirt."

"So you have said before," said Angharad. "It is a very hard case to be talked of in public in this way."

"Everything is done in public here, my dear Harrie," said the good-humoured sailor, Rhys. "Don't you remember how you stood up for me under similar painful circumstances. Then mother wouldn't have an English daughter-in-law, now she objects to a Welsh son-in-law."

"Then you didn't approve of me," said pretty Mrs. Rhys, tossing her head.

"Nor of me!" subjoined Mrs. Llewellen, looking archly at Mrs. Herbert.

"Grandma, do you mean that?" shouted Llewellen the second, jumping on the back of his grandmother's chair, putting his arms round her neck and nearly pulling off her cap. "Don't you think mamma a darling? and won't you let aunt Harrie marry Mr. Glyn? I won't release you till you promise."

Up jumped a dozen children of various ages and swarmed round Mrs. Herbert. They all exclaimed in tones of childish entreaty:

"You must let aunt Harrie marry Mr. Glyn. Promise, grandma, promise!"

"You are choking me. Let me go, boy," cried Mrs. Herbert.

Up jumped Angharad, seized the offender by the collar, and released her mother. A scuffle succeeded between aunt and nephew, the latter declaring that he would never be her champion again. This ended in a general romp, out of which Angharad slipped, and standing demurely before her mother dropped a curtsey, and said with a strong Welsh accent:

"Please, ma'am, I must be giving you a month's warning, because—because I am thinking of getting married."

"You won't come round me in this way," said her mother.

"Not if I bring him to church, make him speak Welsh, abjure foreign parts, and become a pattern patriot to all these noisy urchins? By-the-bye, uncle, was it you called them *urkins* in your last English sermon?"

The Rector roused himself and repeated the word, "Urkins! Urkins! derived from——"

"You know it was young Jones, Llwynyberem," said Mrs. Herbert, "who ought not to attempt English."

"Please, ma'am, may I be having an hour out this evening, or may he be coming into the house. I was 'spect him."

Angharad again curtsied and folded her hands. Her mother's fat, good-humoured face broadened into a laugh.

"All right! all right! Now don't be cross any more," cried Angharad, throwing her arms round her mother's neck.

Mrs. Herbert recovered herself, and was beginning again, when her mouth was stopped by another kiss.

Who could resist that joyous face and spoilt-child manner? not Mrs. Herbert, in spite of her prejudices.

"Now, uncle Traherne, play us a tune!" screamed a little Miss Rhys in scarlet frock and white pinafore.

"I can't find my fiddle. I've lost my Straduarius," said the parson, disconsolately.

"You gave it to the foundling. I wish he was here," said pretty Edith, taking his hand.

"Let's have hunt the slipper," said a chubby little fellow of the Llewellen family.

This was agreed to, and parents and children were soon engaged in a riotous game, with grandpapa in the midst. Angharad pretended to join, but her attention was given to the door at which Mr. Glyn might possibly enter. She had not the courage to ask where her father meant to receive him. In spite of noise she heard the door-bell ring, and stood for a moment, slipper in hand, looking towards the point of interest. When she saw Mr. Glyn enter, she again threw the slipper. He had time to glance round him before the elders of the party were aware of his presence. He could not well have seen anything more pleasant than the happy interior of a family into which he was about to enter. The large family dining-room looked very cheerful with its blazing fire, red curtains, red carpet, red morocco chairs, and red flock paper. Then the charming group of children, with Angharad in the midst! Parents and grandfather rejoicing with them. Mrs. Herbert and her brother at their game of cribbage by the fire, pretty Mrs. Rhys bending over her novel, as usual, and Mrs. Llewellen over her work.

Mr. Glyn caught Angharad's eyes, and summoned by those imperious tyrants, walked up to the group, and said, "Don't let me disturb you," and slipped into a space between two chubby children.

Angharad's eyes and cheeks gleamed with pleasure, and the awkwardness of the dreaded interview was over.

The Captain, however, soon led the way into another room. As Mr. Glyn passed the fireplace he stopped to speak to Mrs. Herbert. She rose majestically, extended the tips of her fingers, curtsied, and looked unutterable indignation. The high cap seemed to frown down upon him, and he was quite awed. Mrs. Llewellen's cordial greeting and warm pressure of the hand reassured him, and Mrs. Rhys's graceful little nod and patronising smile amused him. The parson had a notion that he ought to say something, and therefore blurted out, "Wish you joy, wish you joy," at which Mrs. Herbert's cap nodded furiously.

When he and Captain Herbert got into another room, the Captain held out his hand, and while he fortified Mr. Glyn's nerves by nearly shaking his hand off, said:

"So, Mr. Glyn, you want to steal my little daughter, the anchor of my ship, my life's buoy, my everything. She tells me that she loves you dearly, and so I suppose I must give her up. It is like throwing the best part of my cargo overboard. Will you be good to her, sir? Will you love and cherish her as I have done?"

"You shall come and see, Captain Herbert. You live so near Brynmawr that it will be scarcely like giving her up."

"Ah, that is well said in a lover, but a husband doesn't like his wife's relations to be always after her. I have one great objection to make, Mr. Glyn, to your honourable proposal. Your family have been country gentry for generations, mine have been only townspeople or sailors. True, we are rising in the world, and my wife was your mother's friend and equal; still, if you enter society again my Harrie might be looked down upon, and we are all too proud to brook that."

"I consider you and yours my superiors in every way, Captain Herbert, and your daughter raises me in the world's eyes and in my own."

"It is very good of you to say so, and certainly if beauty, good temper and cleverness are not equal to an old family and a few acres of land they ought to be. But the world's the world, and nobody thinks they are."

"I think so, sir; and moreover I consider your honourable name and character, and the love universally felt for you and yours, a dower far more estimable than the blood of all the Howards. And I love your daughter so well that I think I shall make her a good husband in spite of what is past, Captain Herbert."

"I have a word to say, Mr. Glyn. My little girl will not go portionless to your home. I have five thousand pounds for her, marry whom she will."

"I do not want money. I would rather not have it."

"Then you are not like a man I heard of yesterday, who proposed for a young girl, but asked first what she would have. 'A thousand pounds,' said her father. 'Say guineas, and I'll have her,' said the lover."

Mr. Glyn laughed and said he wished neither pounds nor guineas. Then Captain Herbert said he would fetch his wife, and left the room. He returned soon followed by Mrs. Herbert, Angharad, and the doctor. The latter went up to Mr. Glyn and wished him joy and success with his mother.

"I was never so glad in my life," he said, "although Harrie will not believe me."

Mrs. Herbert stood majestic, resolved not to yield; Angharad took shelter under her father's wing, looking shy and unlike herself. Mr. Glyn felt nervous

and wished himself well out of it. He began the conversation after an awkward pause, addressing Mrs. Herbert.

"Captain Herbert has been so kind as to—in fact, my dear madam—" here he broke down.

"My dear, I've given my consent and that's the long and the short of it," said the Captain.

"But I have not given mine, and I do not suppose Glyn, Brynmawr, expects it," said Mrs. Herbert slowly.

Mr. Glyn looked as if he was going to run away. A glance at Angharad steadied him. Her face was so comic that he smiled. She evidently doubted the effect her mother might have upon him. The smile reassured her, and her little puckered-up red lips relaxed.

Angharad stole from her father's side to her mother's, and putting her hand in hers, whispered:

"Now don't be cross. You must be friends with Mr. Glyn."

Mrs. Herbert was sitting erect in a large easy chair, and Angharad knelt at her feet in her usual coaxing way. Mr. Glyn saw the graceful figure and the bright face and forgot the strong voice and accent of the mother. He smiled pleasantly at Mrs. Herbert, and said:

"Such an appeal could not be in vain We must be friends for life."

"Then I must consent," said Mrs. Herbert, putting her arms round her daughter.

Thus Angharad's wooing came to an end, and the fact of her engagement was acknowledged throughout the clan Herbert.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second."

"Non vè' miglior mobil in casa, quanto la donna dabbene."

MUCH has been said in the religious world upon the subject of "Revivals." Some think that a great light is suddenly kindled, which, like fire set to the grasses of the prairies, spreads rapidly, causes a general conflagration, and then goes out, leaving only exhaustion behind. Others believe that the flame is lighted by supernatural fire from heaven, that it increases steadily and is kept alive on the altars of the hearts it reaches. Much is said on the one side of excitement, mistaken zeal, and fanaticism—on the other, of torpor, carelessness, and irreligion. But whatever rouses the soul from lethargy to ardour, and startles the unthinking into thought must be good.

The preaching of Edwin Morris began what was called "a Revival." The flame did not die out, but spread rapidly amongst the excitable and religious inhabitants of his native mountains, who were roused, as by a Whitfield, to prayer and praise.

Edwin was carried away by the excitement he had raised. At the request of his brethren he went from place to place, from south to north, to preach to the thousands who flocked to hear him. Ill and exhausted as he was he struggled on. He forgot himself, his friends, even his love, in the great work he believed himself called upon to do. Churchmen and dissenters alike came to hear, and were equally impressed with the zeal of a man who was evidently spending his last energies in sowing the seed of life. From town to town, from village to village, he passed, leaving that seed behind him which, it was said afterwards, took root and brought forth abundantly.

But when the spring-time was over and summer dawned on the mountains, he returned to Tyrmynydd dangerously ill. It was said that he returned to die. All who saw him envied his state of mind, and Mr. Vaughan welcomed him as a martyr, but to Mariana his condition was a great grief. She saw in his wasted form, hollow and eager eyes and excited manner the consequences of a severe mental struggle. She knew what his soul had passed through, but could not tell if he had conquered. She had however enough to do to think of his bodily wants, and she found unspeakable happiness in ministering to them. Her thoughts were of him, morning, noon and night, and she sometimes reproached herself for thinking more of the creature than the Creator. To bring him hourly the jellies and soups needful to keep up his strength—to gather the earliest flowers for his table—to furnish him with such books and papers as she could procure—to read to him when he could not read himself—to sing him the hymns they had learnt together—to keep from him the zealous but injudicious friends and disciples who came to see one so celebrated as preacher and saint—to soothe undue excitement by gentle speech—to help him to that peace which he had preached but failed to find, and finally to pray for him as the devout Christian alone can pray—these were Mariana's exercises for many months. And they were the happiest months of her life, although chequered by the agony of suspense.

Dr. Herbert attended Edwin and told her that he was in great danger of his life, from prostration of strength and hectic fever.

"He must have something on his mind besides our poor souls to keep up this mental tension that will not relax," he said one day. "Try to make him shed a few natural tears, and then recall him from heaven to earth. I suppose he wouldn't let you read him a good novel? Scott or Dickens might be the saving of him."

"A man on the threshold of eternity saved by profane books," said Mariana, shocked.

"He must have a change of ideas or he will die. No one can live who is fed on alcohol, and the mind won't bear perpetual excitement any more than the body."

Mariana looked so surprised and distressed that the doctor took her hand kindly.

"I do not wish to pain you, Nanno, but you must amuse our friend and change the current of his ideas if you mean to cure him," said the doctor.

"I would do all that you tell me, Llewellen, but we must not do evil that good may come."

"There is no evil in a fine healthy story, my dear girl. Many of them are better than sermons. Shall I send you up a batch, or would the father be scandalised?"

"You had better not. I have some books."

"Remember they must be amusing, or else so monotonous as to send him to sleep."

She went at once in search of books. A few volumes of poetry had found their way into the house, some belonging to Mara, some to herself. Amongst Mara's were the *Minstrel*, and the *Lady of the Lake;* her own consisted of Cowper, Young, and some other of the graver poets. She opened the *Minstrel*. She read a few pages and was entranced by the rhythm and description. She was very fond of poetry, and could not believe that anything so sweet and pure as the description of the aged harpist could be sinful. She carried the book at once to Edwin, and told him that as Dr. Herbert had recommended amusement she had come to read to him."

"My span of life is too short for amusement. What is left should be spent in devotion," he said.

Mariana replied timidly:

"It seems to me that there are stories and parables in the Bible conveying truth through a medium of interest. Perhaps, as your mind is exhausted by labour, you may need some such course."

"If so, I must make my bodily needs subserve to my spiritual. Mariana, you cannot tell what I am. Your even and unworldly mind cannot understand how a Christian soldier could step aside from the fight to dally in the paths of folly."

"Shall I read to you?" said Mariana abruptly.

"Yes, if you please, dear Nanno. But I weary you by my complaints and excitement. I will try to be more patient."

She began in doubt and trembling:

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old," etc.

She soon had the pleasure of perceiving that the poetry and its musical cadence imperceptibly soothed Edwin. In truth he was not listening, but the measure and the sweet voice of the reader fell pleasantly on his ear, and in a short time he was asleep.

Mariana's sensitive conscience pricked her more than once that day for having read a worldly book contrary to Edwin's wish. Still the result was favourable. She tried it again, and he, like herself, was attracted to the poem, and sometimes listened and commented, sometimes dozed as she read. Dr. Herbert praised her for a good nurse, and discussed the poetry with them, but her mind was puzzled by the question:

"Why did a good result spring from what seemed a worldly root?"

But neither secular nor religious literature could allay Edwin's feverish excitement nor strengthen his debilitated frame. He struggled on for a few weeks, and then he quite broke down. He was compelled to give himself up at

last, and to keep his bed. Dr. Herbert ordered rest, quiet, and Mariana's nursing as the only means of saving his life. He had these means abundantly, but that life was long despaired of. Fever and delirium came with their train of wretched fancies, seeming strength and real weakness, but therewith he was blessed by the unremitting care of the gentlest and most unselfish woman that he had ever known.

She knew how to deal with the weakness, but not with the delirium. Truly harrowing to her were his wandering words about Mara, and little could she imagine why he united the foundling with her in his delirious speech. Gerwyn, too, and Africa, were words frequently on his tongue, and sometimes he spoke of finding Gerwyn and restoring him to Mara.

But brighter days came. The "long lane" was turned at last, and Edwin began to recover slowly. Everyone can imagine Mariana's joy when he once more came downstairs. What earthly joy can compare to that of having a beloved friend restored to you from the brink of the grave? to see him tread softly back from that narrow verge to the margin of life? Mariana showed hers in every quiet movement, in every gentle action.

Sunshine without and flowers within welcomed Edwin's return to convalescence, and as he seated himself on the sofa, tears of thankfulness sprang to his eyes.

"How sweet life is!" he exclaimed. "How thankful I feel to God, and to you, dear Nanno, for this renewed happiness."

He covered his eyes with his hand for a few moments, and Mariana turned towards the window to hide her ready tears.

Then he glanced round the usually formal room, and noted the changes that affection had wrought for him. His weakness was excuse enough for moving the ponderous sofa to the window, and placing a table near it covered with books, writing-materials, and papers. A vase of flowers and Mariana's workbox were also there, and a glass of the clearest jelly was close at hand. White muslin curtains half-veiled the window, muslin-covered pillows were on the sofa, and everything was fresh and clean. The window was open, and a cluster of roses rested on the window-sill, where Mariana's robins had pecked her crumbs on the memorable day of his interview with Mara, and standing where Mara had knelt, was the gentler Mariana. It seemed like a dream. Everything had changed during his long illness, and he saw things through some new medium.

The breath of summer bore with it the invigorating sea breezes, and mountain and ocean joined to pour renewing life into his wearied frame. He heard the murmur of the waves—he saw them rippling in the sunshine far away—he felt the joyousness of boyhood return to him with returning health, and he again thanked God, and took courage.

"Nanno!" he said, and the sweet face turned round, and he saw the half-dried tears. "Is it wrong to feel so happy?"

A look of intense joy made the pale face radiant.

"Wrong! oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad—so thankful."

Mr. Vaughan crossed the window, and Mariana went out to meet him. He came in at once to congratulate Edwin on his reappearance. Something like pleasure kindled in his stern face as he shook hands with him.

"Restored to life and usefulness, I trust," he said. "We must be up and doing. Tudor Herbert is emulating you, Edwin, and bringing about a Revival in the Establishment."

"I thank God," said Edwin calmly.

"For what?" asked Mr. Vaughan severely.

"For Tudor's zeal. What is he doing?"

"He has service in the church three times on Sunday, and on Friday evening, besides lectures in some of the outlying farms and cottages. He attends the Sunday-school, and has established a night-school."

"Do the people go to hear him? are the schools filled?"

"Yes."

"When he calls again I should like to see him. I hear he has been kind in asking for me."

"So I understand," said Mr. Vaughan curtly.

"I would thank you again and again for your kindness to me; under God, I owe my life to you and Nanno," said Edwin, gently.

"Do not talk of this now. You will excite yourself," said Mariana, seeing a cloud gather on her father's brow.

"No excitement, I beg," said Mr. Vaughan, and walked out of the room.

"Oh! Edwin! what have you said?" asked Mariana reproachfully.

"The truth. We want charity. Religion is in every mouth, and backbiting in every heart. Each sect of Christians tries to undermine the other. I admire the grand liberality of St. Paul, when he says he will not build upon another man's foundation, and I abhor the narrow-minded bigotry of sectarianism."

The hectic flush mounted into Edwin's face, and Mariana laid her commands upon him to talk no more.

"Pleasant to be ordered and pleasant to obey," he said as he lay back on the sofa, and Mariana left him for awhile.

Doctor Herbert sent his brother Tudor to call on Edwin, in the hope of cheering one whose clear intellect and ardent spirit had been the sport of feverish excitement for so long.

The conversation of these two men, each an earnest worker in the fields of his common Lord, was very interesting, and Mariana listened with wonder. Edwin's missionary work in the dark regions of the New World, and Tudor's missionary work in the dark regions of the Old World, had opened their eyes to the evils of sectarianism, and they met and talked as men to whom enlarged views of Christianity had given larger hearts.

(*To be continued*).

ON TAKING ADVICE.

By HESTER DOUGLAS, Author of "Heavenly Teachings in Earthly Proverbs."

PART I.

"I WOULD not ask what anyone thought about it if I were you. I would use my own judgment, and form my own opinion, and act upon it," a lady, not long ago, said rather sharply to a young friend who was speaking to her of taking advice upon an important matter upon which she herself could not quite decide, and upon which she felt she wanted counsel. "I would not ask a soul about it. I never ask anybody about anything, but always think for myself, and then do as I think."

And, in thinking for herself, and acting upon her own opinion, the lady was undoubtedly right, for the great Creator has given to each one of us the power of thinking, and for it He holds us responsible. And He has given to each one of us the faculty of judgment, for which also He will call us to account. We each one of us have our own measure of discernment between what is right and what is wrong, what is wise and what is unwise; and, guided by this discernment, we should form our own opinion as to what we had better do. God our Father wishes us, as His dear children, to be in due measure self-reliant, and not to put from us our own sense of responsibility by letting other people think entirely for us, and by acting upon their opinion instead of upon our own.

But there is another side of the question which is of equal importance, and if we consider it for but a few minutes, we shall see that the advice which the lady gave to her young friend was not only far from good, but positively bad and contrary to the will of our Father above.

Let us look, therefore, into the matter, and see where her counsel was wrong, that we may profit by it.

God has seen good to make us, not isolated individuals, each following our own way independently of all the rest, but members of one family—His own great family in Jesus Christ. Or as St. Paul so often expresses the truth—He has constituted us as Christians, members of one body, "the body of Christ."

Now, if just as the hand, or foot, or tongue, or eye is a member of the natural body, we are all members of the body of Christ, then we cannot cut ourselves off from the rest, or each

one go their own way, or have interests entirely apart from the rest. We cannot stand alone, but are all bound up together in one bundle of life; and the good of one is the good of all, and the wisdom of one is for the benefit of all.

For just as God has not given to any one member of the natural body the power of existing and acting alone, so He has not given to any one member of the body of Christ the power of standing or acting alone.

Neither has He given to any one member of the body of Christ a gift merely for his or her own benefit. The light that is in the eye is for the guidance of the whole body, the senses of smell, and taste, and touch, and hearing are for the benefit of the whole body, and the power of the hand and the motion of the foot are for the help and motion of the whole body. So, in the same way, the gifts that are stored up in the several members of the body of Christ are for the guidance, and help, and blessing of all the rest.

And the wisdom, therefore, that is laid up in the minds of the experienced, the learned, and the aged are for the good of those around them. The wisdom that is in the mind of the mother, or the aged or experienced friend, is for the guidance and blessing of the daughter, or of the young and inexperienced friend. And if the daughter or young friend will not seek or take advice from the mother or aged friend, who is capable of giving it, then she must evidently be the loser; and just as far as she trusts to her own wisdom only, she must be in danger of going wrong.

And more than this. Not any one of us—not even the most experienced or most learned man or woman—has all the wisdom in the world. The wisest has but a measure. And other people have their own measure of wisdom just as well as we ourselves. As we see things in the light given to us, they see things in the light given to them; and, therefore, by consulting them upon a matter of importance, we shall see it not only in our own light, but in many lights and on many sides. We shall, in fact, see all round the matter, and so be able to get at the right conclusion concerning it.

It was the full sense of this truth which led our forefathers to adopt as proverbs the sayings, "Two heads are better than one," and "Two pairs of eyes are better than one," and which, also, led the wise King Solomon to write, "Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety" (Prov. xi. 14).

When there is any important matter upon which we have to decide, the man of wisdom would impress upon us, the right way is, not to trust to our own understanding, but to see what others, who are capable of forming a right judgment, think about it. The safe way is to take counsel from the wise-hearted; and the more counsel we can get from such the better it is for ourselves, and the more likely we are to be found in the path of safety, the path that leads to the end at which we desire to arrive. The counsel of the wise-hearted will be as a guiding lamp to our feet, and as a light along life's way, showing us the dangers to be avoided and the right turns to take.

And if, as the inspired writer says, "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," then in the non-taking of counsel there is, at least, insecurity and danger. The young girl who will neither seek nor take advice must lack the light of the superior wisdom of the aged and experienced, and so must be in danger of stumbling or of taking a wrong turn down some road leading to some undesirable end. The one young head, which, with only its own small measure of wisdom, and that as yet undeveloped, will stand and act alone when there are many other and wiser heads which it might consult, must be left to make its own stupid blunders and to learn by painful experience what it refuses to learn from the wise. The inexperienced and unlearned who will not take advice from those set to give it must expect to take false steps and false turnings along the journey of life, and to miss perchance the goal.

Ah, my young friends, never scorn nor even neglect to seek advice! Never trust entirely to your own opinion. Take your important matters, and even as young people you must have many such, to those who can give you the needful counsel. And then you may expect to trudge safely onwards, and to avoid the dangers and pitfalls which are sure to beset your path.

But, if you are to seek counsel and to be guided by it, then you ask, how are you to be self-reliant and to use your own judgment, for which, as we said at the beginning, you are responsible?

In this way. When you have to take some important steps which may influence your whole life, and perhaps, also, the lives of others, do not trust to your own unaided judgment. Do not resolve to form your own opinion and to act upon it. Remember that "Two heads are better than one," and that "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Go to those who love you, and who exercise a watchful care over you, and who have had far more experience of life than yourselves. Lay the matter before them, the whole matter just as it is, keeping back nothing. Then, listen to all they have to say about it. Get their opinion and give earnest heed to their counsel. That is what the Holy Book directs you to do when it says, "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

But when you have got their advice don't stop there. Don't go right away and act upon it without thinking for yourselves. That would be acting simply upon other people's opinion, and, as responsible beings endowed with reason, we are to act upon our own. We are to consult the wise heads, to take from the learned and experienced all the advice that we can get. But, when we have got it we are to weigh it in our own minds. When, by the other pairs of eyes which see the matter from other points of view it has been laid before us in all its aspects, we ourselves, as responsible beings, are to view it all round, and then to form our own judgment and to act upon it.

And to do this we must take it all, the matter itself and the counsel which we have received upon it, to the feet of Him who says, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee, in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." And we must ask Him to give us wisdom to form a right judgment upon this and all other things. And we may be quite sure that He will not fail us. If we will but follow His direction, and, instead of trusting solely to our own wisdom, seek the counsel of the aged and experienced, the good and wise, He will give us grace to see the wisdom of their advice.

So will the judgment of those from whom we have sought aid become our own. So, as weak and inexperienced mortals needing guidance, shall we avail ourselves of the wisdom and experience of others, and yet, at the same time as responsible beings, shall we be acting upon our own opinion. And so shall we be found in that path of safety which alone leads to the glorious end at which we would arrive.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT IS A LICHEN?

"A wretched thing forlorn
It stands erect; and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown,"

says Wordsworth, in describing an "aged thorn," and readers of this and similar passages pass glibly on, in most cases, without the thought "what is a lichen?" ever crossing their minds. They are quite contented with recognising lichens as little greyish-green plants growing often on trees and walls, and they never dream that in them we may read a marvellous story and find a wonderful life-history. But day by day, interest in the members of the vegetable kingdom becomes more widely felt, and soon such questions as, "what then is a lichen," will naturally arise. So my object now is to answer this question in a few words as simply as possible, and to say something of the nature of these remarkable plants which, in late years, have presented so many problems to the earnest investigator of the secrets of nature. All the knowledge we possess of lichens is necessarily of very recent date, for it is only since the improvement of microscopes that such knowledge has come within reach. The keenest searchers after wisdom living before the era of microscopes, could know but little of lichens as we now understand them, and comparatively nothing of their internal structure.

Externally lichens show great variety of form. They may be crusts, adhering so closely to stones and the bark of trees that it is almost impossible to remove them; they may be flat, crinkled leaf-like expansions easily removed from the soil or stones; they may be gelatinous masses, or we may find them having a small shrub-like structure. But underlying all these external differences there is a distinct internal uniformity of a very curious nature. An examination shows us that two obviously distinct elements are always present, viz., a number of colourless glistening filaments interlacing one with another in apparent confusion, and among them, either arranged in orderly layers or else scattered about irregularly, are quantities of small round green bodies. These green bodies, which are usually known as gonidia, are tiny sacs, each containing a jelly-like fluid and some green colouring matter. And it is these filmy threads and these tiny green cells which together constitute the whole structure of a lichen.

But in what relationship do these two elements stand to one another? Are the green cells the gonidia, a part of, and derived from the colourless filaments to which they are so dissimilar; or are they something altogether different in nature and kind; but if different how is it we find them together in this way? The answer to this question has been a veritable bone of contention of late years among lichenologists.

A quarter of this century had gone by before any serious study had been made of the

gonidia. One or two German observers then attempted it, but unsuccessfully, and it was not until about twenty-five years ago that Schwendener, the great German botanist, first threw any light upon the subject.

Now there is an old Greek fable which tells us of two beggars, one lame and the other blind, who met one day, and who, feeling that each might supplement the needs of the other, agreed to join forces. So the lame man got upon the back of the blind, thus lending eyes and borrowing legs, and they went on their way together rejoicing.

Now Schwendener pointed out that it is in some such relationship as this that we must regard the green gonidia and the colourless filaments, for—and this is the strange part of the story—each lichen is not a simple plant at all, but is really an establishment of two plants living in intimate union, and for their mutual benefit.

The white filaments are a fungus and the green cells are a simple green plant or alga, and an apt comparison has been drawn between them and a master ruling colonies of slaves. The fungus is the master, who has seized upon the green plants and impressed them into his service to provide him with food and nourishment, which he is unable otherwise to obtain, but at the same time the slaves flourish under his protection, as they could not flourish alone, and receive moisture as wage. The slave is necessary to the master, and the master to the slave.

When Schwendener first advanced this astounding theory of a dual life, his fellow-botanists were on all sides incredulous, and many, especially our English lichenologists, heard the hypothesis with contempt and rejected it with derision. "Impossible," they cried; "it is an unheard-of thing, that a fungus and an alga should combine in this way to form a new organism, and, moreover, that this combination should be practically a mutual benefit society! No such thing has ever been known." And so the false argument, old as the hills, that what we cannot comprehend must necessarily be untrue, once more led men into error. But there were not wanting some wise observers who, suspending their judgment, commenced patient investigations in the light of this theory, and each step they advanced brought home more clearly the conviction that the truth was contained in it. It was, however, felt by all that the crowning point of absolute proof would lie in obtaining a lichen synthetically, that is, if it were possible to take the spores of a fungus and some of those algæ which were claimed to appear in lichens, and by allowing them to germinate and develop together, thus build up a perfect lichen, then the Schwendenerian hypothesis would triumph over all opposition. With this end in view many attempts were made and many failures recorded; but lately patient and careful work has been rewarded, for Bounier has succeeded in producing in this way a perfect lichen, and so the cloud of mystery, which for so long has obscured the true nature of these familiar plants, is now to a great extent dissipated.

Let us now examine a little more in detail the reason and nature of this parasitism. It may be shortly explained thus:—All vegetable life can be divided into two great classes. In the one we have plants containing green colouring matter, and in the other we have plants which are colourless, and contain none. This apparently simple difference involves a fundamental distinction in the nature of their respective foods. Plants which are green can, by virtue of this green material, build up complex organic substances for themselves from simple ones, but plants which do not contain green colouring matter cannot do this. These colourless plants require that their food should be presented to them already combined, and hence a fungus which is devoid of green colour is compelled to find its nourishment ready prepared for it. This nourishment may be obtained in different ways. Some fungi take it from decaying organic matter, others get it from living animals and green plants, while the group of fungi we find in lichens have hit upon the expedient of preying upon the microscopically small green plants (collectively termed algæ) living in moist places, and so gaining a living. But, as already explained, the advantage is not all on one side, for the fungi act somewhat as a sponge and retain the moisture necessary for the little algæ; moreover, the fungi in growing give off carbonic acid gas, a gas which is essential to the algæ for the construction of their food material. This state of mutual advantage is now known as symbiosis. We may further inquire from whence does the alga in a lichen obtain the simple substances, which it needs both for its own food and for the basis of its supplies to the fungus. If we consider the bare stones and walls upon which lichens flourish it is obvious that it cannot obtain them from the soil as many plants do; the only other possible source then is the atmosphere, and so from the nutrient substances in the water and dew there found, it draws the essentials for its existence. Of course in the case of maritime species—of lichens growing on sea-washed rocks—the sea itself is a source of food. But there is one condition of growth quite necessary to the welfare of every lichen, and that is the air in its neighbourhood must be perfectly pure. Smoke and soot every lichen abhors, and it absolutely refuses to live in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns or large cities. It is even said that the presence of perfect lichens is a "sure indication of the wholesomeness of a locality."

Another very interesting point about lichens is the extreme old age to which they attain. Their lease of life seems almost indefinite, and many may be possibly several hundreds of years old. We know of instances of plants which have been growing for fifty years, and yet they have not attained their maturity. Many a lichen on an old church tower has seen generation after generation of the children of men arise and have their day and pass away, while it hangs there unchanging and unchanged.

A few words on the methods by means of which lichens reproduce themselves must not be altogether omitted from this paper. Among the lowly forms of life, which are necessarily only or chiefly studied with the aid of the microscope, this question of the reproduction of species is always fraught with the greatest interest, the more so, perhaps, as in many forms the whole of the processes involved are not yet fully made out. This is partly the case in lichens. Two forms of reproduction are known to occur in these mysterious plants, but one is certainly still enveloped in some doubt; the other, which will be first touched on here, is comparatively well understood. Most people who are acquainted with lichens at all, cannot fail to have noticed the yellowish dust often found on the surface, and sometimes contained in little cups, or forming thick cushion-like masses. If this dust be taken and examined under the microscope, each particle is found to consist of a few of the green cells wrapt in some of the colourless filaments. These little bundles of gonidia and fungus (known as soredia) have conjointly become detached from the mother plant, and under favourable circumstances each may develop into a perfect lichen. In the second method of reproduction, which is probably the result of a sexual act, the fungus alone takes part, the alga being quite unconcerned, but the processes here occurring are too complex to be explained simply within the limits of a paper such as this; moreover, as already said, there are several points involved which are still under discussion.

In concluding we must notice that lichens have also played their part in the economy of nature. Some yield dyes, rich valuable purples, deep reds and full browns. Others again serve as food in cold barren regions where nature has not been too bountiful in her gifts to man, and where man often owes the preservation of his life to these hardy little plants. Thus the poor Icelander among the snow is grateful for the Iceland moss (a lichen known as *Cetraria Islandica*), which he boils and eats with milk, and which often serves as his sole food for part of the year. The chief winter food of reindeers, the "Reindeer Moss" is another lichen (*Cladina rangiferina*), and this too, in times of scarcity is ground and mixed with flour, and used as human food. It is further utilised by having an alcoholic spirit distilled from it.

In Algeria and the Steppes of Tartary irregular lumps of a white or grey colour occur, and are much used by the people of those countries as food both for man and beast. These are merely another lichen which popularly goes by the name of manna, and which is said to be not at all unpalatable. From all parts of the more barren regions of the globe reports come of the nutritiveness of lichens, and of their use as an article of food. Iceland, Scandinavia, Algeria, Tartary have already been mentioned, and there yet remains North America. Yet here also we see the red Indians and Canadian hunters finding grateful sustenance on their long tramps from a lichen commonly known as Tripe de Roche.

An atmosphere of mystery has always been felt to hang over these organisms, and so in the Middle Ages wonderful properties were attributed to them. They were largely used in the medicine of that day, serving as tonics, astringents, febrifuges, purgatives and so on. Some also had specific virtues attached to them: one was a certain cure for hydrophobia, another when mixed with "powdered glass" was believed to be absolutely deadly to wolves, a belief which, it is said, still lingers among the Swedes. In the seventeenth century powdered lichens were supposed to have a great power of retaining odours, and hence they were used as a basis in many celebrated perfumes. Thus a powdered lichen was used in the famous "Poudre de Cypre" well-known to all hairdressers of that time. But with the advance of scientific knowledge, these beliefs in the peculiar properties of lichens have been gradually decreasing for many years past, until now the Iceland moss stands as their sole representative in our *Materia Medica;* but meanwhile all must confess that Schwendener and other learned botanists have added a hundredfold to their real interests, by revealing to us something of the true nature of some of the most curious and fascinating members of the vegetable kingdom.

G. CLARKE-NUTTALL, B.Sc.

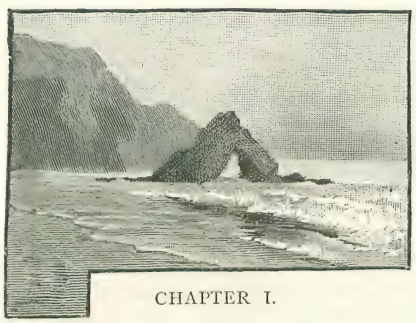




"'OH, MADGE, HOW LOVELY!'"

ASHCLIFFE.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.



CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely evening in July, and the slanting rays of sunset were resting on the grey limestone rocks of Ashcliffe, and on the far-reaching sands that bordered the water below. Not a quiet inland stream, but a broad, imposing river flowed here, rich with the lore gained in two hundred miles of travel, and filled twice daily with the tidal treasures of the sea. At the foot of the cliff was a small crib or breakwater, partly natural, and partly formed of stout logs of oak, thrust deep into the sand to break the force of the stream.

From this point the channel widened, and the wayward currents swept outward in a great curve, leaving wastes and ridges of sand, bare at low water, these again enclosing miniature rivers and seas. Away on the opposite shore, green fields and woods, with little white houses in the midst, made an emerald setting for the waters, and beyond these the Dene Hills showed purple against the evening sky. A sunset bridge of crimson and gold spanned the space between, transfiguring all the ripples in its path and gilding the wings of a line of fishing-birds that stood in motionless array on the edge of the nearest ridge of sand, patiently watching for spoil in the depths below.

An old black boat coming down the stream, manned by a sunbrowned waterman, disturbed the birds, and they rose with a wailing cry as the oars cut across the track of the sunset; then, wheeling round once or twice, they settled down as before, while the oarsman landed, drawing his boat ashore after him out of the reach of the tide.

At the foot of the cliff he paused to rest for a moment, and the light shone full on his rugged old face and still erect figure. Seventy winters had whitened his hair, but the light of the summers between was in his eyes as he said softly, "Well, if there is to be no more sea, at least we shall have a river in the city of God."

Grantie Joyce, in his old age, was a fine specimen of that vigorous manhood which is matured by breeze and sunshine, and all pure influences of an outdoor life. Many sorrows had swept over him, but he still possessed the cheery hopefulness that made him a favourite with all. Turning now, he climbed the steep ascent, crossed the low stile under the weather-beaten ash at the top of the cliff, and went on through the meadow to his home.

All was still again, and the western glow was fading when lighter footsteps came out to the edge, and a girlish voice exclaimed, "Oh, Madge, how lovely!"

Such a clear young voice it was, with musical intonations in it that seemed to make all subjects, grave and gay, alike charming when she talked. "Now, Madge, do be enthusiastic, and say you never saw the old place look so pretty before! It would be perfect if only it were not so lonely." And Kathleen Harley, with her genuine pleasure shadowed by this drawback, leaned back against the ash enjoying the scene.

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Margaret, and the light in her eyes as she answered said more than her words. "And I enjoy the loneliness too," she added, with a laughing glance at her cousin, who at least six times a day professed her weariness of the quiet life at Ashcliffe. The two girls were a great contrast to each other as they stood there in the mellow evening light. Kathleen, the younger, seemed the very embodiment of her voice, fresh and dainty and charming. A dress of soft material, trimmed with lace, well set off her slender little figure, and a fanciful sun-hat, half hid and half revealed the sparkling brown eyes and curly head which belonged to a temperament wilful and wayward as a child's.

Lately her health had not been good, and change and rest from the gaieties of the season in the great city which was her home had been prescribed. And her indulgent father had gladly accepted for her his sister-in-law's invitation for a long summer visit to Ashcliffe.

Her coming had been a great event in the place, causing many momentous changes of fashion in village wardrobes, and many heart-throbs of unspoken admiration among the young men of high and low degree.

But the smiles of the children and the love of all the poor and lonely in the neighbourhood were still Margaret's. In her quieter and more reserved nature were great capacities for love and service, depths in which the tides of joy or sorrow might ebb and flow as they never would in Kathleen's shallower life. Yet casual observers would probably not notice the sensitive face and deep grey eyes while her brilliant cousin was near.

Her life, though uneventful, had not been dull or narrow, and the pretty ivy-covered cottage known as the Lodge, which, years before in her early widowhood Mrs. Harley had taken, had proved a happy home.

She had taught Margaret herself, and between the two was that wealth of love and confidence which, where it does exist in full measure, makes the relationship between mother and daughter perhaps the sweetest and most abiding in the world.

"I can't think how you endure it always, Madge," said Kathleen reflectively, breaking the brief silence on the cliff. "I have been here three weeks now and just two things have happened—the tennis party at Captain Sayer's, and the school treat. There is no one worth talking to, or dressing for, except that silly young lieutenant, and the curate, and Mr. Wynne. Of course he is worth knowing," she added, with a sudden saucy glance at her cousin, whose face however, except by a tint of deeper colour, told nothing. "I wonder where he is to-night," she went on. "Perhaps that black object on the sands yonder, near Vernham Church, is he."

"No, that is some sportsman after the gulls. There are several strangers staying at Vernham just now, and you know they all wage war against the poor birds. Shall we go down to the crib for a few minutes before we turn back?"

"Oh don't go home yet, it is a shame to be pent up indoors on such a night," said Kathleen with a becoming little pout that had vanished again before they reached the stony beach below. The long afterglow was slowly dying out in ripple and sky, and only the lapping of the water against the piles of the crib could be heard as the two girls sauntered up and down.

Presently from the far-off Vernham Ridges came the sound of a gun, loud enough to disturb the curlews once more, and with one plaintive cry they wheeled round and were gone.

"'Twilight let her curtain down
And pinned it with a star.'"

quoted Margaret, pointing to the west.

"'Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.'"

answered Kathleen merrily. "Actually I have for once remembered something appropriate!"

"I think this place would call up scraps of poetry from any memory, and I am sure yours is not so bad as you would have us believe, mavourneen. But we really must go back now."

Halfway up the cliff they paused, for through the silence came a low cry for help from the sportsman in the distance, softened by space yet unmistakable in its importunity.

"Oh, Kathleen, the quicksands!" cried Margaret, with answering fear in her face; "he is caught in the quicksands, and the tide is on the turn," and she sprang on a higher ledge of rock, and looked round in the eager hope of seeing some deliverer in sight, while Kathleen, with all colour gone from her face, clung to her, trembling. "We must get help directly," Margaret went on, her voice growing tense and strong in a moment. "Run, dear, to the village; see Grantie first, his house is nearest, and ask him to bring men and ropes and get out his boat, and I will go down the shore to the Wath Farm. Oh, I wish Hubert were here," she added half unconsciously, as her cousin sprang up the cliff with arrow-like speed, while she herself hurried away in the other direction.

Never in after days could she forget that race for life: the withered bents in the short turf at her feet, the kelp sea-whistles that burst and crackled as she sped over them, the wail of the curlews mingling with the terrified cries for help that still echoed up and down the lonely shore, answered only at first by the voiceless prayer of her own heart, "Oh God, help us to save him!"

Presently she came near enough to him to make herself heard, but, stopping only for one reassuring word, she flew on again towards the welcome lights at the farm.

Over the gates that led from the shore to the cornfield, then through the home-meadow and into the great comfortable kitchen she ran at last, just as the family were sitting down to their evening meal.

"Why, Miss Margaret, be that you! whatever have 'ee got the matter?" cried the farmer in astonishment, poising his knife midway in its threatened onslaught on the great ham that headed the board. "Here, sit 'ee down, sit 'ee down a minute; bless me, you be all out of breath, whatever is it?" he went on, till Margaret, finding voice and breath together, managed to tell her errand. In a moment all was confusion in the kindly household, supper left untasted on the table, carter and ploughman called away from bread and cheese and cider in the back kitchen, and in five minutes a great procession of men and hurdles, boys and lanterns was hurrying across the meadow; little Jack and Harry Price, who had been indulging in a pillow fight before getting into bed, surreptitiously bringing up the rear.

Few words were spoken on the march, but Bill, the carter, with unusual loquacity, confided his opinion to all whom it might concern, that "these here gents from Lunnun do beat all for getting theirselves into mischief." Out on the shore the grey night had fallen, but the splash of oars coming rapidly down the stream could be heard, and then the vigorous cry of "Ahoy there!" from Grantie elicited an answering call from the farmer's party, and a fainter response from the hapless prisoner himself.

To men shod in great sea-boots and accustomed to the slippery sands it was the work of only a few minutes to wade out to the edge of the treacherous ridge and then, flinging down planks and hurdles to make safe footing, the stranger was reached, and not a minute too soon.

Heedless or ignorant of danger he had attempted to secure the game which had fallen far out on the ridge, but the shifting, sinking sands caught his feet in a dreadful captivity, which his first frantic struggles only made worse, and then, gradually drawn down by the strange suction below, he had sunk till only head and shoulders were visible when help came.

More planks were hastily thrown down around him, strong ropes fixed under his arms, and with one mighty pull from the sturdy arms of his deliverers he was free and saved from a dreadful death.

Even as they crossed the cornfield again, carrying their now unconscious burden, the distant rush of the incoming tide, known by the villagers as Flood's Head, was heard, and soon the great footsteps in the sand were all obliterated as the seething, hurrying waters swept by.

To Margaret, who had waited with Mrs. Price and others on the edge of the grassy shore, the relief and joy were almost too great, and a strange faintness and trembling seized her for a moment; but just then a young man who had been one of the boat-party came up to her in the semi-darkness, and holding out both hands, said, in a moved and eager voice, "Oh, Miss Margaret, you have done a good work to-night! But for you and your cousin, he must have been lost, for we were only just in time!" Then seeing her paleness he added, "We can do no more now; they have carried him to the farm, and he will be well cared for there. Let me take you home;" and drawing her arm unresistingly through his own, in a few minutes they were hearing and answering the questions of Mrs. Harley and Kathleen, who looked quite exhausted now the strain was over.

It did not seem strange at all to Margaret that her wish had been granted, and Hubert Wynne there to take part in the rescue; yet, none the less, a pang to which during the last two or three weeks she had vainly striven to accustom herself, smote her heart with a new power now, as she noticed his looks and words of concern for Kathleen.

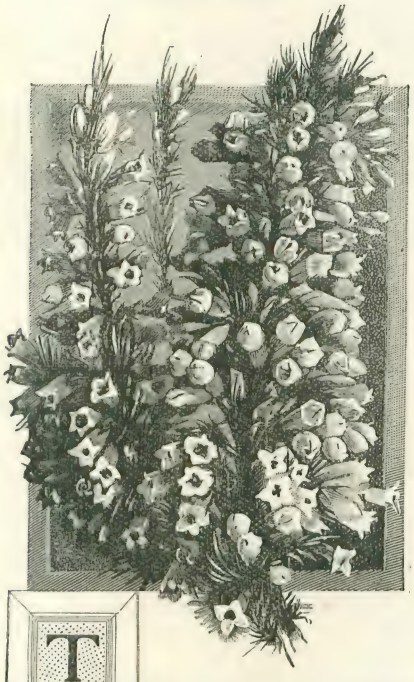
And the little sleep she had that night was broken by troubled dreams in which her own feet were slipping and sinking in the terrible sands, while loneliness as of death closed round her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XX.



THE battle of Tel-el-Kebhir was over, the victory was gained, and numbers of our poor wounded men might be seen stretched on rough beds or mattresses lying side by side on the floor of the little hospital at Ismailia. It was a pitiful sight and one which would surely have awakened a sense of the horrors of war in the hearts of lookers-on. Constance and Hope often said afterwards, "Oh! if we had had time to think, it would have been too terrible, but we had not; it was almost impossible just to get the men what was ordered and see to the dressings." No accident ward in our largest hospital could ever convey to one's mind the same feeling as did those large rooms crowded with wounded soldiers, most of them so brave and patient, many of them knowing that they had looked their last on wives and children at home, and that they would soon lie buried in a foreign land. We call ourselves a Christian nation, and yet to preserve our honour or our power think lightly of the hardships so many thousands have to undergo, and sacrifice the lives of hundreds with little more than expressions of sympathy, glorying in the triumph, even at so dear a price, of our nation's victory.

Sister Horniblow as the superintending sister lost no time in apportioning out the work; the medical officer in charge of the hospital was quite willing for her to arrange the nursing as she thought best, and gave her every assistance in his power. She had no easy time of it, for she found that she had not only to assist in the nursing but do the chief part of the cooking for herself and the three sisters. There was much to be done even to provide them with necessaries, and she made them as comfortable as lay in her power. If they had a few privations, what were they in comparison to those which had been endured by most of their patients, who had gone sometimes for thirty-six hours without food, and then had only tinned meats and biscuits with often nothing but filthy water to drink, no beds to rest on, and the common enemies, heat and insects, to endure. Constance was given the night-work. She went on duty at nine o'clock and came off as soon as she could be spared in the morning. She did not mind it, in fact she quite enjoyed the work though she often felt saddened by what she saw. The resting in the daytime was somewhat of a trial, as they had only two smallish rooms where they slept and took their meals, and what with noise, and heat, and insects, sleeping was not easy. Hope used to come and rouse her every evening, and they both looked forward to a few moments' chat. "This is the only few minutes we ever get alone together now," Hope said one day; "you cannot tell how I miss you, I do hope we shall not either of us be sent far away."

"Indeed, I hope not," said Constance, "unless we go together. Is there any fresh news?" she added.

"Yes. Cairo has surrendered, they say, but there is talk of more fighting, and Cairo being made the base of operations. Should you like to go there?"

"I hardly know," said Constance, "I am something of a coward, and it seems a long way off."

Days and weeks passed quickly filled with real hard work. Sister Horniblow had been on the sick-list, but was getting better again: the doctor wanted to invalid her home, but she begged to remain out, and when soon afterwards orders came for two to go to Cairo, it was decided that she and Sister Cunningham should go, leaving Sister Tuke as senior at Ismailia. Oh, how lonely Constance felt when she bid Hope good-bye, and returned to their rooms, which now seemed so desolate and forsaken. A few months before and they were strangers (Constance did not even like to think how near they had grown to each other), and now they were separated. Work had to be done, however, and Constance could hardly believe that nearly a month had gone by when Sister Tuke came into dinner one day, holding a large blue paper in her hand, saying—

"We are off to Cairo the day after to-morrow, here are our orders. Can you get packed in time? All the rest of the wounded are to be sent on board the hospital-ship which sails for England to-morrow."

Constance could hardly speak, she thought of the pleasure of being with Hope again, but after all they might not be working together, and Cairo was a long way off. She had had a letter from home that morning telling her that her father was ill, and very naturally she was feeling that had orders come to return she would have liked it better.

"Oh, yes, I can soon pack my things," she answered, "and won't the men be glad; I'm afraid I half envy them."

"Oh, you are not one bit a soldier," put in Sister Tuke; "you ought to think yourself very lucky to be going on; I know I do. We must not waste time," she added, "for there is plenty to be done."

It was true, there was indeed much to be accomplished, but it is surprising how quickly work can be got through if it is a case of must, and everyone set-to with a will. The very idea of going home gave hope and courage to the sufferers, and to be going on a hospital ship too where they knew they would all be made as comfortable as possible was indeed a piece of good fortune.

Soon after daybreak the following morning all were astir. What a getting off it was. Sister Tuke and Constance were busy assisting one here and another there, and cheering those who felt almost too weak to move. Those who were unable to walk were carried on stretchers, and nearly all required assistance in one form or another. All the hospital equipment, such as it was, was given into stores, and before the heat of the day had well begun the lately crowded rooms were empty, the sick were all disposed of and only a few men remained who were to go on up-country.

"Well, we are really off," said Sister Tuke as she and Hope took their seats next day in the train for Cairo, "and indeed I shall be glad when we are there: ten hours is a good long time to be cooped up, though we are pretty comfortable, to be sure," she added, looking at her companion, at the same time removing her bonnet, and taking out from a basket at her side a lovely bunch of yellow bananas, she broke some off, and throwing a couple across to Constance began to eat one. They were seated in a first-class compartment which was reserved for them, and were as comfortable as it was possible for them to be, though they found the heat and dust very trying, and were both thankful when they had reached their destination.

"Here you are, and very glad I am to see you," said Sister Horniblow's pleasant voice as she greeted them on their arrival at the hospital. "There's heaps of work, and likely to be for some time to come: but now let me show you your rooms, and then we will have supper and you can get to bed. I am sure you must be tired out with that long journey."

Sister Horniblow and Sister Tuke each had a spacious room to themselves very near their mess room.

"Your room is quite a long way off," Sister Horniblow said turning to Constance after leaving Sister Tuke, "you will have to share one with Sister Cunningham. I am sorry but it cannot be helped; however, you will have it to yourself to-night as she is away sitting up with an officer; if he is still alive in the morning you are to take her place."

Constance was longing to hear something of Hope, and was delighted to think they were to share rooms, but disappointed that they were not to meet till to-morrow.

Sister Horniblow led the way into a good-sized lofty room, with two beds looking very white and clean, hung round with mosquito nets. There was matting on the floor, and though a little bare-looking perhaps, the room was perfectly comfortable. Before Constance left Cairo she actually loved this room where she and Hope had so many pleasant talks, and spent hours at night seated on the broad window-ledges gazing not only at the starry sky, but at this wonderful city with its brightly lighted minarets and dome-shaped mosques, the lovely Nile, and beyond it the pyramids rising in stately grandeur out of their sandy beds.

To-night she stood and looked with wonder at the strange scene before her and thought of all she had experienced in these last few months. It almost seemed like years since she had left England, and she could not help speculating as to how soon she was likely to return.

"Sister Cunningham has not returned," said Sister Horniblow when they were seated at eight o'clock breakfast the following morning, "so you will have to go to her," she added looking at Constance. "I have ordered a carriage for half-past eight; it is a good long drive. Some officer when out riding had an accident, they feared fracture of the spine; anyway, he was not moved, only placed on a stretcher and a marquee put up. I should not think from what I have heard that there is the slightest hope of his recovery."

Constance was soon on her way. It was a most delightful drive; the quaint streets and the picturesque dress of the natives with its bright colouring made a charming picture, and the clear, soft morning air laden with the scent of fruits and flowers was most refreshing. For some time their road lay along the bank of the Nile, and then they turned inwards towards the desert. Very soon Constance saw two or three tents some way on in front, at a little distance from the road. Here she had to get down and walk. Fortunately a soldier standing near made the driver understand that he was to wait for someone else, and he pointed out to Constance the tent in which the sick man lay. As she neared it, Hope was just coming out of a smaller tent with a basin of ice in her hand. She motioned to Constance to stop, and went in. The sick man opened his eyes and took a mouthful of the ice, but did not speak. An officer was seated beside him, and Hope put the basin in his hand, saying,

"Will you give him another mouthful soon, I shall be back directly."

Constance was still standing where she had left her, but went forward as Hope reappeared. Oh, how glad each looked to see the other as they stood for a moment hand in hand; then, with scarcely a word about themselves, the nurses' thoughts turned to their patient, and Constance said,

"You will tell me all I ought to do; I feel as if I should be rather helpless out here. The carriage is waiting to take you back, so we must make haste."

They entered the tent together and the two moved noiselessly about, Hope showing Constance where she would find everything she required. "There is an orderly up here too," she said; "he is in the next tent, and a very nice little lad he is; he will do anything you want in the way of fetching you anything, but he is quite new to the work."

Constance put on her cap and apron, and Hope at the same time laying hers aside, took up her bonnet and cloak and prepared to go.

"I think you understand all," she whispered to Constance, as she set off, "I daresay the doctors will be here again soon; two have already seen him this morning. He is hardly conscious, so I will not go up to him again, he will not know any difference, and I doubt his lasting till to-morrow."

Not long after she had gone a surgeon-major drove up; he looked at the patient and talked some time to the two officers who were still with him, then, turning to Constance, said very gently, "Nothing more to be done, I'm afraid; make him as comfortable as you can, and send to me if there is any change."

Constance watched him anxiously all through the day; there was very little else she could do, but not till the sun was setting did she see a change, and then she felt quite sure that the end was near.

One of the officers who had been with him ever since the accident rode off at once, and in less than an hour a doctor entered the tent.

Constance looked up greatly relieved at his appearance, but instead of the surgeon-major whom she had expected, she saw Mr. Seaton. "He is quite unconscious," she said, without betraying the least surprise at seeing him, "and I think cannot last much longer; Doctor Price told me to send for him."

Mr. Seaton felt the pulse now quickly failing, and said, "Yes, it cannot be long," and sooner even than they expected the end came.

As Mr. Seaton and Constance left the tent and went out into the starry night, it struck Constance as very strange that once again they should be thrown together, and out in this lonely desert place should have stood side by side in the presence of death. Mr. Seaton's manner toward Constance was pleasant and kind; he had been no less surprised than she had been at their meeting, and he was sorry on her account that it had happened. He was not soured by her refusal; he had loved her sincerely, and if she had not returned his love, she had at least not proved herself less noble than he had thought her; his ideal was not shattered, only he realised that it was not for him, and put away from his mind all thoughts of love. "I may marry after all some day," he said to himself, "but there is plenty of time yet." As for Constance, she too had often thought the matter over, and though she had never wavered in her mind as to what she ought to have done, was sometimes troubled by fears as to whether other lives might be spoiled through her doing; but now that she and Hope had grown so much to each other, all these doubts were at an end.

"My carriage is still waiting," Mr. Seaton had said, as they reached the road, "so we may as well drive together; I shall get out when we come to the 'club,' and you will be able to take it on to the hospital."

Constance readily assented, and they drove away almost in silence.

How busy were the months which followed; the large wards of the hospital were filled with sick men, suffering from enteric fever, sunstroke, and the many ailments brought on by exposure and a foreign clime.

Several more sisters had left England and were working in different places where the troops were stationed, and two more joined for duty in Cairo, thus considerably lessening the work for the others, and also enabling Sister Horniblow to arrange always to have one sister on night duty which, amongst so many bad cases, was much needed. There were orderlies on duty at night, as is the way in all military hospitals wherever there are serious cases who are either unable to help themselves or are too ill to be left, and needing constant care and attention. Two men are mounted each night, one man sits by the patient for two or three hours and is then relieved, the other taking his place; the man going off is able to rest till his turn comes round again, and thus they change about till the day orderly comes on at six o'clock. They have of course been at work all day previously to going on night duty, and the fact of their having been up at night will be no excuse for lessening their labour the following day. Very few get the chance of a quiet rest the day before, and though each man is only on duty for about six hours, yet he often finds it very hard work to keep awake, and if found sleeping it would in most places be considered a very serious crime. As a rule there are generally a sufficient number of men to allow of their turns coming round every three or four days, so that each night the patient has two fresh people to look after him, and those who do the work necessarily cannot have the same amount of interest in the patient as a nurse would have who came on every night. It is hardly to be wondered at that some at least go on duty without the smallest wish to be a comfort to the sick man, but simply because unfortunately it is their turn to be on. The non-commissioned officer on duty for the night is of course really held responsible for the cases where there are no sisters, but he too has his daily work, and not coming on every night cannot possibly know as much of the patients as a constant attendant, however wishful he may be to do his best for them. Of course as to the feeding and giving of medicines, etc., everything can be carefully written down, and each fresh orderly as he comes on duty can be instructed what to do; but the constant changing can hardly be considered beneficial for the patient, and no doctor or matron in a civil hospital would allow a serious case to be looked after in turn by every nurse in the hospital, however well they might have been

trained; whilst young orderlies, often quite inexperienced, take their turn in attending to critical cases.

Christmas came and went, and another drew near before the long talked-of expedition started up the Nile.

Hope and Constance had had months of hard work; they had seen many a life, full of promise for the future, taken away often in the very spring-time of youth. There was much to sadden them, but there was also the pleasure of knowing that they had been a real comfort to many who were glad to have had a woman's care and sympathy when their own mothers were so far away.

Sister Horniblow had been obliged to go home, having had another sharp attack of fever, and Sister Tuke had taken her place. She was not nearly such a favourite, and was much more rough-and-ready though really kind-hearted in her way, but lacked the gentle manners and the pleasant capable ways which always won for Sister Horniblow such ready sympathy. Several regiments had left Cairo, but had been replaced by others which gradually moved on, and as all the men were anxious to go to the front with their regiments, none came sick who could possibly keep out of hospital, and whilst the numbers grew less many remained out till it was too late for anything to be done for them. One afternoon when Hope and Constance had been out together buying presents in the bazaars to send home as Christmas gifts, and enjoying the bargaining they had had with the sellers, they were met on their return by Sister Tuke, who informed them that orders had come for them both to go further up the Nile. "No place is mentioned," she said, "you will know that later on. You are to be ready to start in two or three days."

"Who could ever have dreamt of such good fortune as getting our orders together like this," said Hope as they went to their room at night."

"No, I can hardly believe it," replied Constance, "I feel all eagerness to be gone. I wonder where we shall go to, and how long we shall stay." They talked on till it was quite late, and the next few days all their spare time was occupied with preparations for their departure. Sister Tuke having been abroad before, knew what they would be likely to want, and helped them in every way to get what was necessary. Some might think that to travel hundreds of miles up the Nile in these disturbed times, to care for the sick day after day through great heat and many discomforts, would be a somewhat formidable undertaking; but to Hope and Constance little could seem formidable so long as they might go together: what are difficulties, cares and worries when shared with one who is in sympathy with all we do? Constance had told Hope all about her friend at Saint Margaret's and their resolve at least to aim high. She often felt indeed how sadly she had failed, though she had never lost sight of her purpose, and now Hope and she were striving together. The last night of their stay in Cairo, as they sat side by side on their broad window-ledge, looking over the great city lying at their feet, planning together for the future, and talking over the past, they realised perhaps more clearly than they had ever done before the joy which had come into their lives in their love for each other.

"I suppose," said Hope, "love of necessity lifts up the loving and loved to something higher than mere earthly striving, because it comes itself from above."

"Yes," replied Constance, "I was just thinking of those lines by Adelaide Ann Proctor—

"'Because this human love, though true and sweet, yours and mine,
Has been sent by love more tender, more complete, more divine,
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven far above you;
Do I take you as a gift that God has given —and I love you.'"

(*To be continued.*)

CYPRUS AND ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES.

PART of a woman's pleasure when travelling abroad is derived from the gorgeous colouring that seems to pervade all eastern cities, while the many quaint characteristics of native embroidery, that refine and individualise the colouring, are appreciated and understood in their native countries more than when displayed in a London shop window. Again, the eye of a woman who makes needlework her study, and who truly loves her work and yet understands its difficulties, can pick out for reproduction designs that are suitable for transplanting better than the merchant who buys by the hundred pieces and only cares that the material purchased is sound and sufficiently covered with embroidery. We owe much of the beauty of our drawing-room decorations to the skilful fingers of our home inmates, and we owe to their taste and judgment the selection of all Oriental embroideries; therefore we are glad to help by publishing a few designs selected by a private hand and capable of being copied or taken as a guide to less elaborate work.



FIG. 1.—PERSIAN EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 1 gives the border and centre embroidery of a large piece of needlework bought at the celebrated bazaar at Cairo and made by Persian hands. The foundation material is of a terra-cotta, red cotton or silk, or of a blood-coloured red, and the embroidery is worked with Oriental silks in various shades of white, yellow, blue and green. The two stitches employed are buttonhole and chain, and as these are the two simplest and quickest of embroidery stitches the work is rapidly done. The centre can either be filled in with the roses as shown, or two lines of roses worked as a bordering, and a rose placed here and there over the plain surface. The deep border given is worked on two sides only, the little narrow border being sufficient for the other sides. The darker lines here shown are obtained by laying down strands of dark silks and occasionally securing them. The work upon the border is finer than that on the centre, and is nearly all chain stitch, representing geometrical designs and the outlines of leaves. The work is used for many purposes, thus with a border of plain green silk added to the ornamental border it makes a very handsome covering for the back of a large sofa. When so used it should be gathered as if into a knot in its centre, and the ends carefully made to fall over the sides of the piece of furniture. A somewhat similar treatment is used when the work is intended to cover the back of a piano, but in this case a piece of material hanging in long folds is arranged under the embroidery and fills up the space exposed by the gathered-up centre. An over-mantel needs no description, neither does the back of a cosy corner, to both of which arrangements this piece of work is adaptable. When used for a cosy corner the material requires lining with a strong ticking to protect it from damp or dust, and a light protection of a thin beading of wood carried round the top as a railing and round the sides as a finish.

Fig. 2 is a piece of embroidery made on the celebrated island of Rhodes, and a good

specimen of the work executed on the Levant islands. It is far more delicate than the first piece, is worked upon an extremely fine white linen background with fine silks and thin gold thread. The design in itself is so artistic that if enlarged it will not lose its beauty, and for an enlargement it is recommended either for a mantel or shelf border, for the centre strip of a dinner table decoration, for a chair back, or a work-bag.

The colours used are black for the little pattern lines, red for the darker and uppermost leaves of the flowers, and shaded blues and greens (of light tints) for the under-leaves of the flowers. The gold thread fills in the centres and works the tiny lines that edge all the flowers. The two conventional shaped leaves attached to the stems of each flower are worked indifferently in red, blue, green and gold. The stitch in the original is the true Oriental stitch, both upper and under-side being alike, but for the reproduction satin-stitch is used for the flowers, and crewel or stem-stitch for the connecting lines.

From another island on the Levant comes the work shown in Fig. 3, and known as Lefkra or Cyprus embroidery. This is of entirely native manufacture, the strong cotton material on which it is worked being made in the looms found in most Cyprus village homes, and the white embroidery and drawn work, and the knotted fringes all worked in the villages. The present revival of white embroidery gives a special value to this native work, which is now for the first time engraved for English workers, and as this embroidery is not only unique of its kind but beautifully executed, it demands a special recognition.

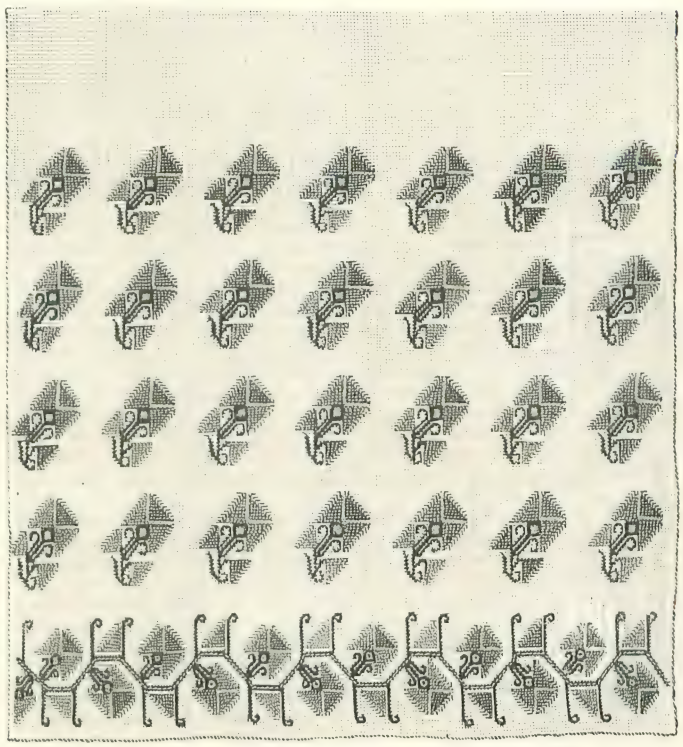


FIG. 2.—FINE EMBROIDERY FROM RHODES.

The island of Cyprus has been possessed by so many nations that who was really its coloniser is lost in the ages of antiquity. Kings of Egypt conquered it and fled to it as a refuge; after them the Phœnicians have left many signs of their occupation; then the Romans converted it into a summer resort and an island dedicated to the votaries of Venus. They were expelled by the Greeks and the conquerors of the East. In the time of our Richard the First it was conquered and occupied by the English, and many ruins of castles and cathedrals of this date still remain and attest the importance the place assumed and the wealth expended to retain it. As long as the Wars of the Crusades continued, this island, the nearest land to Syria, was the place where the French and the English could assemble and concentrate their forces before they descended upon the Holy Land; but as soon as efforts to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel ceased, the island was left to become the prey of many nations, and finally was ruled for many years by the Sultan of Turkey, and only became again a British colony through a treaty of a late date. These various occupations of hostile nations have left their traces on the inhabitants, and the lower classes are a mixture of Arab, Greek, and Levantines, while the upper are chiefly Turks or drawn from the neighbouring coasts, and there is no actual national type or national work except this embroidery. The Lefkra work is done in the island and is of distinctly Greek origin; it resembles in a marked degree the first Greek and Italian or Reticella laces, which are all formed by making a design out of the woven material itself by the manipulation of the warp and woof. By the withdrawing of a fixed number of threads and the overcasting together of others, open spaces were made that were surrounded and protected from fraying, and these open spaces were so arranged that they left flat pieces of material as thick designs, and themselves formed the lighter parts of the design or the open grounding on which the heavy pattern rested. This peculiarity is seen in Lefkra work. In many parts of it the old Greek lace designs are accurately reproduced, but in others the thick white embroidery with cotton, and the button-hole and satin-stitches more associated with embroidery than lace work appears. The designs are not very varied; they have evidently been blindly copied by mother and daughter for many generations, and no thought of change has penetrated to this Eastern nation, which, like all Oriental nations, abhors activity for mind or body. The only difference in the work is its fineness or coarseness, some villages working it upon very fine cotton foundations, others upon thick cottons. It is sold in long lengths, and is about half a yard in width of needlework, and it forms splendid sideboard cloths, bed-hangings, quilts, chair-backs, and sofa-backs. The fringe which forms the invariable finish is made from the unravelled threads knotted with tiny knots for a considerable length, and then allowed to hang down as left off with rather larger knots made as at the extreme end. Being all executed with white cotton the work washes and wears for many years.

B. C. SAWARD.

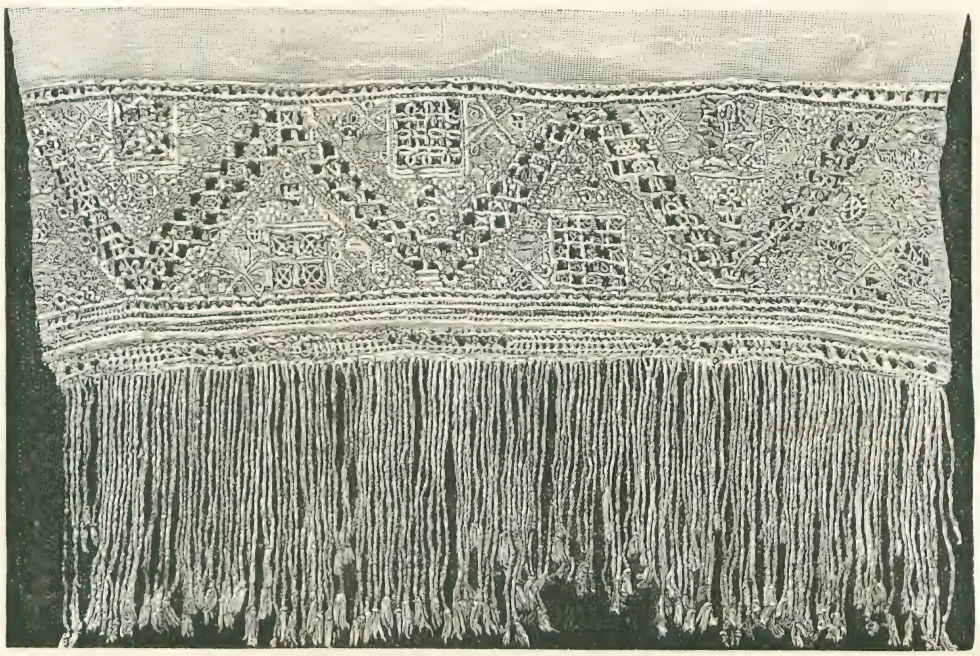


FIG. 3.—LEFKRA OR CYPRUS WORK.

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.

Chrysoprase, Amethyst, Garnet, Amber, and Coral.



stones yet to be spoken of, though classed as semi-precious, occupy places scarcely inferior to the precious, and are certainly equal to them in honour and interest. Chief among these are the stones mentioned at the head of this chapter.

The chrysoprase is of a beautiful apple-green colour, nearly transparent,* and capable of high polish. It is a green variety of chalcedony, and is generally found in company with the opal and other varieties of chalcedony and quartz.

It seems to have been known and used far back in the past, but it is only within the last hundred years that it has been traced to its true home and companions.

Its position in the walls of the new Jerusalem, Rev. xx., gives it a sacred and honourable distinction; and as far back as King Solomon's reign the chrysoprase was highly valued as one of the most fortunate of stones.

All through the reigns of the Georges, and up to about forty years ago, it was very fashionable for brooches and necklaces. These last were as a rule composed of nine oval half-slabs of chrysoprase, in form like the half of a small hen's egg, mounted with diamonds. One of the last made was by Mr. Streeter for the late Mrs. Henry Hope, of Piccadilly and Betchworth, and cost £1000.

Soon after this, chrysoprase completely fell out of fashion, and became a thing forgotten by the public; for, as the chrysoprase ornaments fell into the hands of firms like Rundell and Bridge, of Ludgate Hill, they were unmounted and thrown unceremoniously into a drawer as useless, and Hunt and Roskell, who were the successors of this firm, treated the chrysoprase ornaments in the same manner.

As a result the accumulation steadily increased, and on the retirement of Hunt and Roskell all these unmounted and broken pieces of chrysoprase were put up to auction and bought in by Mr. Streeter, who had them reduced to small pieces and cut *en cabochon*, and mounted in the most exquisite manner. The consequence was that the public taste was taken captive, and the stone so long despised and forgotten is now to be seen in the foremost ranks of fashionable life.

The Empress Frederick, who has been greatly interested in the reproduction of this stone, sent a quantity of it to Mr. Streeter from a mine on one of her estates, which he bought of her.

Many of the present generation look upon this stone as a new production of nature, while in reality it is but a long-forgotten beauty awaking from sleep with increased charms to attract and delight all who look upon it; and it is not likely that it will ever again be subject to contempt and forgetfulness.

Beside being pleasant for the eye to look upon, it is believed to possess the power of bestowing certain blessings on the owner, such as assiduity in good works, gladness of heart, and an utter absence of covetousness.

It is no wonder, therefore, that at present the supply is not equal to the demand, which accounts for the number of imitations offered for sale, and which consist principally of dyed agate. The beautiful apple-green tints of the true chrysoprase are derived from oxide of nickel, which with a little water forms 2·5 of its composition; the 97·5 being silica.

Its real home is in Silesia, where it lives in the society of its friends and relations, the opal, chalcedony, and quartz.

The Amethyst.

"Last in the Holy City set,
With hues of glorious violet,
Forth from the amethyst are rolled
Sparks crimson bright and flames of gold;
The humble heart it signifies
That with its dying Master dies."

The word amethyst is supposed to be derived from the Greek verb to *intoxicate*, probably because of the belief that this stone was an antidote to drink and a charm against intoxication; indeed the ancients went so far as to say that wine, however strong, drunk from an amethyst cup, was incapable of producing intoxication.

It receives other names, according to the places where it is found. Its composition is very much like that of the chrysoprase, viz., silica, but with a different colouring matter, viz., oxide of magnesia, which gives it the beautiful violet tint.

It is dichroic, like the emerald; the one distinct tint being reddish-purple, and the other a bluish-purple. As an instance of its former value and subsequent fall, we would mention that Queen Charlotte had an amethyst necklace valued at £2000, which, apart from its historical associations, would not realise to-day more than £100.*

A very good amethyst was formerly equal to an Oriental diamond of its own size.

It was one of the stones of the breastplate of judgment, Ex. xxviii., and had its position in the walls of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. It is emblematic of earthly sorrow, deep love, and faithfulness unto death.

The very best, called Oriental amethyst, is found in Brazil, Uruguay and Siberia, while the less rare may be found in many parts of the world.

Turkish women have always been fond of adorning themselves with it. As a rule the stones are polished in Venice and brought to Constantinople.

The composition of the amethyst is, as I have said, silica coloured by oxide of magnesia. Its hardness is the same as that of the chrysoprase, viz. 7.

The Garnet.

The group of minerals known as garnet is extremely interesting to all who love precious and semi-precious stones. It has characteristics peculiarly its own, one of which is that it admits into its circle stones varying in colour, chemical composition, and even in specific gravity, insisting only upon their crystallisation and the unchangeableness of their fundamental form.

Variety of colour is, as I have noticed, no hindrance to their admission into the circle, for garnets are red, orange red, green, a beautiful yellow or no colour at all, the tone of colouring being the amount of iron more or less which they have taken to themselves, for "iron is the great colourist of nature." *

The garnet that most of us know best is of a beautiful red colour which approaches very nearly to that of the ruby, for which gem it is not infrequently mistaken, as you will have seen in the chapter on rubies. It ought not to be possible to make this error because of the difference in the hardness of the two, the one being 9, the other only 7.

It probably derives its name from its colour being like that of the blossom and kernel of the pomegranate, or it may be from "granium," a grain, because it is so often found in granular form.

The surroundings of its home depend very much upon the part of the world in which the home is situate; it suits itself to circumstances as we should say. In Austria the crystals are found in serpentine, in the Zillerthal in chlorite slate, in Sweden in micaschist. In the Simplon Pass between Brieg and Domo d'Ossola they are discovered in the glacier streams, and in the United States they are found in granite, while in Brazil their companions are diamonds. As a rule they are found in alluvial soils in the form of pebbles, grains, or masses. Very good garnets come from the Ural, and those of Bohemia are quite famous; you may see them beautifully mounted in the jewellers' shops in Dresden, Prague, and Vienna.

The most beautiful is the Oriental or Sirian garnet, so called from the river Siria in Pegu and not from the country Syria; and there are some lovely ones found in Ceylon and Brazil, nearly if not quite equal to these in beauty and value.

There are eight kinds of garnet, two of which only are used for jewellery. It was much more valuable in early days, being equal to a diamond of its own size. The Pegu garnet is the only one at present which commands a high price.

Quite lately some lovely garnets have been found in Central South Australia; they are called Australian rubies, and it has been difficult even for experts to decide whether they are rubies or garnets.

New varieties of garnet have lately come into our market from Siberia; they are very brilliant, of a beautiful green colour and unlike any stones we know of.

Amber.

The Eastern fictions about precious and semi-precious stones were, as we know, transmitted through many ages, and were the delight of old writers, and often, as in the case of amber, prevented any desire to know the true nature of the stone.

An imaginative abbot, for example, was of opinion that amber was honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea from the mountains and congealed by water; while Nicias the historian asserts that "the heat of the sun is so intense in some regions that it causeth the earth to perspire and the drops, coagulating, form the substance called amber, and

* When quite transparent you may be sure it is an imitation.

* Mr. Streeter.

* Haüy.

that these drops of perspiration are carried by the sea into Germany."

There is a couplet of the fireworshippers which gives a still stranger origin, and is as follows—

"Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird hath wept."

According to some poets, the sisters of Phæton, who were changed into poplar-trees on the banks of the Po, wept tears of amber perpetually for their brother, who was slain by lightning.

The Greeks held the following graceful tradition:—"The juices distilling from new trees and solidified by the sun are received by the shining river, and borne as offerings to the brides of Italy;" while the Gauls accounted for amber as being the divine drops that fell from the eyes of Apollo at the death of his son Æsculapius.

Amber has been known from the earliest times, and a philosopher who lived 600 years B.C. spoke of its property of attracting light bodies, such as chaff and straw, in the same way that the loadstone attracts iron; and it is more than probable that this simple observation was the foundation of the modern science of electricity. Certainly, it is from the Greek name *electron* that we derive our modern term electric.

No doubt the regard of the ancients for amber was maintained by the fabulous tales of its origin and the mystery connected with it.

The earliest history of amber is to be found in the *Odyssey* of Homer,* where, in the list of jewels offered by the Phœnician traders to the Queen of Syria, stands a gold necklace hung with bits of amber. In such repute was it in Rome in the time of Pliny that he sarcastically remarks that the price of a small figure in amber, however minute, exceeds that of a living healthy slave. In his time, too, it was fully believed that a collar of amber, worn round the neck of a child, was a preservation against secret poison and a counter-charm against witchcraft and sorceries, and it has been the fashion through many generations for young children to wear necklaces of these beads; indeed, it is only during the last fifty years it has fallen into disuse.

Among precious substances employed as ornaments, the yellow amber played a grand *rôle* in early times, and the efforts made to procure it were largely instrumental in carrying the germs of civilisation into countries which up to that time had remained outside the culture of the world.

Without the commerce of amber the ancient navigators, especially the Phœnicians, would never have heard mention of the Western Seas, where this substance has its origin. During the reign of Nero an expedition was sent from Rome to explore the amber-producing country (the Baltic coasts), and so successful was it that it brought back as a present to the emperor 13,000 lbs. of it.

The yellow amber, which is transparent, frequently envelops insects,† plants, and mosses, showing that it formerly was in a liquid state, and that the process of solidifying was slow.

Amber, notwithstanding all the mystery which has surrounded it, is in reality only a fossil resin, composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, a little clay, alumina, and silica, the two first forming 88½ parts out of the 100.

When heated, it gives off certain organic matter, and leaves a black residue, which is used in the manufacture of the finest black varnishes.

The amber most esteemed is transparent and of a beautiful lemon colour. It is much valued in the East for mouthpieces for pipes and cigars because of the belief that amber never allows the transmission of any infection.

It is found mostly in the great plains of Germany and along the coast of the Baltic in a loose clayey sandstone called blue earth, while occasionally it occurs in beds of bituminous wood. The amber-gatherers have two or three methods of collecting it; they dig it from the soil, pick it from the cliffs or collect the pieces cast on the shore by the waves; these last are probably washed out of strata of brown coal by the action of the water.

In last year's report it was stated by the British Consul at Dantzic that the supply of amber is now limited to the out-put of the mine in East Prussia and is practically a monopoly, and that the small quantities found in other places scarcely pay the working expenses. In 1892 about sixty tons of raw amber arrived in Dantzic to be worked into beads and ornaments which find a sale in the East of Europe and in some parts of Africa.

The new process of pressing the small pieces of amber together and thus utilising what was formerly only melted down for varnish has disturbed the market, and amber is not so much sought after as formerly.

A short time since we went over a large factory in Austria in order to see the working up of amber into pipes and cigar-holders. We saw the rough pieces of yellow amber which had come from the North Sea, and the black amber or *schatt* as it is called, which to our surprise we heard came from England. The first thing the work-people did was to cut off what is termed the shell, a certain amount of which is found on all amber, and then it is worked on the lathe by steel instruments, and polished on a leaden wheel with pumicestone and water. We noticed how much clearer and brighter some of the amber was than other, and were told that it depended greatly on the quality which varied very much. About a hundred gross of amber pipes are made in this one factory every week, beside innumerable cigar-holders. A good deal of amber is from time to time picked up on our own East coast.

CORAL.

"We wandered where the dreamy plain
Murmured above the sleeping wave;
And through the waters clear and calm
Looked down into the coral cave."
J. C. P.

"Heo is coral for goodnesse"
Harleian MS., about 1200 *A.D.*

"The coral which wards off the thunderbolt and preserves from violent death."
14th Cent.

There are many varieties of coral; but we have only to speak of that called precious, which is composed of carbonate of lime and animal secretion. It is the production of gelatinous creatures called polypi, whose dwelling is almost entirely in the tropics. They are extremely like the sea anemone, the one great difference being that they have the power of secreting a dense calcareous skeleton out of the lime found abundantly in every sea. It seems almost miraculous that such great works should be performed by such tiny creatures.

The precious coral is like a tree with leafless branches, about a foot high and an inch thick, though on rare occasions it is as thick as a man's body. These branches require about twelve years to attain the length of ten or twelve inches, and the thickness necessary to cut them into beads for necklaces and ornaments, and so great is the care taken while fishing for coral that the same ground is never gone over twice in that period.

The mode of obtaining the coral is by drawing among the rocks a heavy cross of wood weighted with stones, and its edges covered with twisted hemp of coarse netting, and the wood as it rubs along the under surface of the rocks breaks off the coral branches, which get entangled in the netting and are thus drawn to the surface. Coral reefs are in reality beds of limestone; the largest existing coral structure is the great Barrier Reef of Australia.

It is as difficult for us to describe the coral-building animal as it was for Punch's railway porter to describe an old lady's tortoise. He declared, "that being neither a dawg nor a bird, it must needs be a hinsec'!"

Until the 18th century it was believed that coral was a tree living and developing itself under the sea. It was a Frenchman in 1727 who established its real nature, and showed that the flowers of this tree were radiated animals and that the coral was gradually formed by them. There are few objects which show more clearly than coral the power of Nature to effect her designs by feeble objects, and it requires an intimate knowledge of the habits of the coral-building creatures to credit what stupendous submarine reefs and islands are indebted for their structure to these tiny architects.

Coral is of various colours, but the red is by far the best and commands the highest price. The ancient Greeks called it "korallion," from two Greek words signifying "ornament" and "sea."

Orpheus, the poet of the Greeks, attributed wonderful powers to the coral, the gift of Minerva; it baffled witchcraft, counteracted poison, protected from tempests and robbers, and, mixed in powder with seed-corn, secured growing crops from thunderstorms, blight, caterpillars and locusts, and was regarded as the farmer's friend.

Most erroneous ideas were held concerning it. Theophrastus called it a precious stone, and Pliny spoke of its medicinal qualities and the employment of it as an article of luxury.

Indians had the same passion for grains of coral as Europeans have since had for pearls. The ancient Gauls ornamented their bucklers and helmets with coral, while the Romans placed pieces of coral on the cradles of newborn infants, to preserve them from infantile maladies; and Roman physicians prescribed preparations of coral to invalids suffering from fever, fainting-fits and ophthalmia.

Of course coral forms a fruitful source of fairy-tales among the fishermen, some of which are very fascinating, and indeed they should be so; the dullest imagination must be stimulated by a sight of the submarine pictures presented to it when the water is deep and clear; the extensive coral groves are indeed beautiful, planted as they are in beds of white smooth sand, and showing through the transparent water the various colours of pink, blue, white, and yellow.

There is a very interesting property possessed by coral, which gives it even now the high rank it has always occupied in medicine. It seems that there are people who cannot wear coral against their skin without discolouring it; as a rule they are invalids who act so curiously on the coral. The ancients declared that if a person wearing a coral necklace was on the verge of an illness, the coral showed discoloration before the person was conscious of the approach of the sickness or disease. Naturalists and chemists have tried to discover the cause of this curious property, but at present there is no solution of it.

* *Nearly* 1000 years B.C.

† The insects found buried in amber are similar to those with which we are familiar, but the plants are quite unknown on the North Sea coast.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE AUTHOR of *The Stocking-Knitting Guide*.—We thank you much for sending us a copy of your most useful Manual which, we are glad to see, is in its third edition (price 6½d. post free). We are also glad that you have employed the Women's Printing Society, Limited, whose printing does them the greatest credit. We naturally feel a special interest in women's work and new occupations, respecting which we frequently publish articles for the benefit of our girls.

MISS LOUISA BROUGH.—We thank you for your prospectus, and think your institution of a Central Registry for Teachers most valuable (office, 25, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.). For the benefit of our readers we may observe that as Secretary of the Association of Head Mistresses of Endowed and Proprietary Schools, Miss Brough is in constant communication with the heads of the principal public schools for girls throughout the country. She supplies university graduates, trained and certificated teachers for public and private schools, visiting teachers for special subjects, kindergarten mistresses, and English and foreign governesses for private families. The fees are moderate. Miss Brough has been officially connected with the Women's Education Union, the Teachers' Training Registration Society, the Brompton Evening College for Women, the Teachers' Guild, and the Association of Head Mistresses of Endowed and Proprietary Schools.

BARBARA.—Our English education as established by law, or at least compulsory, dates from the reign of Alfred the Great, who commanded that the son of every freeman, who could afford it, should be taught reading and writing. The earliest Hebrew schools are said to have been established after the Babylonian captivity, by Rabbis, who received children of upwards of six years of age.

DOUBTFUL.—If you be really in earnest and desirous to make yourself well acquainted with the foundation of Christian belief, write for the schemes to the Secretary, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., and pay your fee of 1s. The Christian Evidence Society holds both elementary and advanced examinations on Christian Evidence, and gives certificates and prizes of from 10s. to £3. Send a stamped envelope for reply, or call at the office.

HON. SEC. "G. B. C."—We are happy to inform our readers of your newly instituted German Book Club, having already given a notice of your French Postal Library. As there exists a demand for such a society, it was desirable to form one. But we must forewarn our readers that unless they send stamped envelopes for information they cannot expect to obtain it. Girls are too often very thoughtless, and presume on the kindness of those who devote much time and thought to benefit them unremunerated. Address of the Hon. Sec., 15, Vener Road, Sydenham, S.E.

MUSIC.

MINNIE sends some bars of music and requests to know how they are to be played (a passage from "Rondo Brillante," Opera 109, by J. N. Hummel). The notes in the treble are to be played as evenly as possible, notwithstanding their being irregular in number. The directions given in Italian, *i.e. L'istesso movimento, ma cantabile assai*, means in the same time, but tolerably singing, *i.e.* bringing out the melody as if in a song. There is no "d" in the word "oblige."

LEONORA LEAR.—1. We could not give you a private opinion as an indisputable fact, so many and great are the diversities of taste amongst persons who may be all equally qualified to entertain an opinion. You do not specify whether you mean composers or instrumental performers, and if the latter, on what instrument.—2. Your handwriting is good, and especially so for manuscript writing.

T. D. DERRICK, STROOD, and LILL.—Send a stamped envelope to Mrs. H. Rowson, 33, Aldridge Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W., for information respecting her musical society for the circulation of piano pieces and songs. She sends out twelve pieces and twelve songs in the course of the year; and the subscription is 5s. per annum, or half terms at 2s. 6d. Tell her the names of the pieces you can play, and she will know what to send.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY HERTZ.—We cannot prescribe for ulcers on the eyeball. Go to an Eye Infirmary for advice.

ELLA ELLIOT.—The fashion in men's slippers seems to incline altogether to leather ones—Turkish and such-like. The old worked ones in Berlin wool cost so much in the making-up, and were dusty likewise, that we are not surprised at their dropping out of fashion. We never heard of an intended bride giving no love-token to her *fiancé*. But, naturally, the intrinsic worth of the gift must be regulated by her means. A trifling gift of a lasting nature should suffice, when a girl has little to expend.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

N. ANGELOGIC.—We presume that your father is aware of your engagement, and has given his consent. In this case you should make known to him your future husband's wishes, and let him arrange matters for you. Possibly he is not looking for a wife, lest it should deprive you of so comfortable a home as you have hitherto had before you could make one of your own. But under present circumstances he might arrange for a few months' delay of your marriage, so that he might make his own arrangements.

MABELLE.—Some people say that camphorated chalk has a tendency to make the teeth brittle, but certainly not to decay. Exactly the reverse.

A. B. C.—The most Protestant kingdom in the world is that of Sweden and Norway. The national church is Lutheran, and there is a large proportion of Protestant dissenters, such as Baptists and Methodists.

VENUS.—1. September 18th, 1875, was a Saturday. —2. The name Lavinia is Latin, and signifies "of *Latium*."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—1. August 20th, 1877, was a Monday.—2. The story called "A Daughter named Damaris," is in vol. iii. It is in too many parts to be named by the pages.

"LOVE IN A PUZZLE."—It would not only be "unladylike" for a girl of only seventeen, or of any age, to "show symptoms of love" for a man, but it would be grossly indelicate, unless he were her affianced husband. When a girl meets a man of her acquaintance, she may bow to him with a slight smile, or avoid seeing him, but not so as to pass him rudely and ignore his presence. The man can only raise his hat if she bow to him; a recognition rests entirely with herself. No man may thus claim acquaintance with her, excepting with her consent.

LEINE AUS.—Plum-porridge and plum-pottage were served with the first course of a Christmas dinner in old times. It is named by Sir Roger de Coverley and in "Poor Robin's Almanach" for 1750, as elsewhere. A recipe for a pudding much resembling our national institution for Christmas fare is given by Rabisha, in his *Whole Body of Cookery Dissected* (1675), which was to be boiled in a basin. Probably, as being a universal favourite, it was selected for our great festival; and Mrs. Frazer, "sole teacher of the art of cookery" in Edinburgh, and our earliest known authority on the art, describes its concoction under the name "plumb-pudding."

HERALDRY.—No, everybody has not got a coat-of-arms. They are hereditary distinctions, belonging to the ancient lords of the soil and to persons who have had them conferred on them for gallant deeds of arms by the sovereign in the olden times. Many persons in a good position at present have risen from the middle, and even lower classes, and have purchased new ones—that had never belonged to their families—by paying the fees due to the College of Heralds, for making a coat and a crest. All the ancient families of the nobility were knights, and bore arms, shields, and helmets (the crests upon them). And as armour is no longer worn these insignia are represented on their plate, seals, etc., to record their hereditary honours and deeds of valour in arms. Money can now obtain escutcheons; but, of course, they are of no historic interest.

SE VAINCRE POUR AIMER.—An English girl of the upper class cannot walk alone in the fields, unless they belong to her family and are near her home also; and it would be quite unsuitable for her to ride alone on a bicycle. A foreigner should certainly be accompanied by a chaperon when she visits England. It is not desirable for a girl to send presents to young men; it is only done by girls of a lower class.

STELLA.—You are only a minor, and too young to take any step in life for yourself. It is your parents' place to find a suitable situation for you, and make all needful arrangements for placing you in it. It is not your business to select the office (or firm) and to make terms with them. It should be seen that you are under the protection of your father.

KATHLEEN.—We know nothing of the society which you say is sending old stamps to China. Inquire of the person who named the society to you.

JERSEY GIRL.—What are "wonders"? We have no idea, and can give no recipe, and must humbly take rank with the wondering "Twinkle, twinkle little Star" girl.

A SHY YOUNG PUSS should try benzine for the grease spots. It can be obtained in small quantities at the oil-shops, but must be carefully used and stored away from the chance of accident by fire.

ELSIE KILNER.—What a monstrous idea you have communicated to us, and this after all we have said on the subject; "Might a girl of sixteen look out for a young gentleman to make herself especially pleasant to?" No woman—young or old—who had any delicacy and self-respect would degrade herself by "looking out for a man!" As to a chit of a girl, who ought to be learning her lessons in the schoolroom, and has scarcely laid aside her dolls, proposing to pay her addresses to a man, it is simply disgusting.



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SOME HINTS ON LETTER-WRITING.

THERE are few things which give a greater insight into character than letter-writing. Seraphina's gold-edged, scented *billets-doux* and Mr. Brummigan Brown's stiff soldierly notes are exactly symbolical of their different tastes and ideas; romantic, soul-stirring tendencies are apparent in the former, stern, business-like qualities in the latter.

Letter-writing should form an important branch of education; its power is immense, its solace considerable, and it can form one of the most delightful or one of the most irksome occupations in the world, both to the writer and to the recipient.

Very often have I asked and heard asked: "What rules should one carry out in order to write a good letter?" The same answer has been invariably given: "Write as you speak." Now though this is an excellent piece of advice (in so far as one should write simply and easily), practically it is not perfect, for one should write better than one speaks. Inaccuracies, obscurities, useless repetitions and all those negligences which one easily forgives in conversation are unpardonable in a letter, because the writer has had time to reflect, to choose her ideas and expressions, to give them a more agreeable turn, and to re-read what she has written. Imprudences are above all things inexcusable in a letter, for what one says can be lived down, what one writes remains.

Two excesses to be guarded against in letter-writing are:—Firstly, the writing with too much art, that is to say with the idea of showing-off one's knowledge and style. Ultra-refined thoughts, big sonorous words, pompous descriptions, sparkling figures and, in fact anything that savours of affectation or self-importance should be avoided, as also should the negligent or careless style which is little better. Secondly, the language in one's letter should be plain and simple, but one should never descend to mere triviality or vulgarity.

Grammatical errors are unpardonable. They proclaim profound ignorance, a neglected education, and give a decidedly unfavourable impression of the writer.

When writing a letter never forget who you are and to whom you address yourself. Let the pen talk freely but discreetly. To write a good letter demands tact, sentiment, facility, and above all unselfishness. One should never lose from view the age, the sex and the rank of the person to whom one writes. Like Racine, one should always have the talent not to show people how clever you are but to make them feel how clever and interesting they themselves are.

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In letters there are certain rules which politeness and good breeding demand:—

Never cross letters.

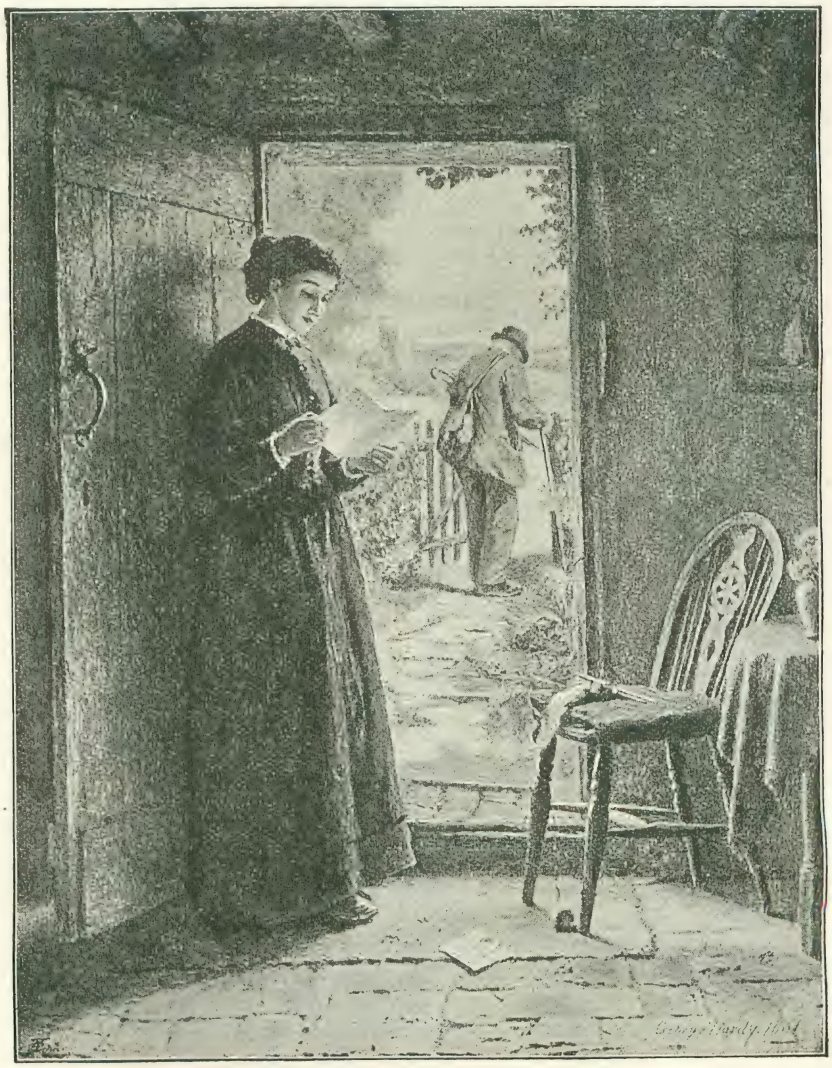
Never abbreviate words (except in business correspondence).

Never send letters covered with scratches-outs, or blots.

Never leave letters undated.

Never be rude.

Never say what is not true.



A WELCOME LETTER.

Never relate episodes which are not worth knowing.

Spell correctly.

Write legibly.

Never use slang.

Never use long or uncommon words when shorter ones do as well.

Make it a rule never to destroy the letters written to you until answered, then, however interesting the news you may have to impart about yourself leave it to the end. Fill at least the first page of your letter with answering questions which may have been asked you, touching on points of interest in the letter written to you, and remarking on the news imparted. Then, and not till then, say what you have to say about yourself. Letters like this always please because they show an interest in one's correspondent, and the sender is always flattered to know that news imparted has been noticed and commented upon by the recipient.

Always, then, guard against egotism. The crying fault of most letters is the overflowing in them of one's self, one's own thoughts, sayings and doings and the utter unmindfulness of those topics which interest the person whom one is addressing. How often one meets people who, never for a moment, think or speak of anyone or anything but themselves! They are so full of themselves, so interested and so fond of themselves, that they never for a moment dream how annoying they are to others. They doubtless imagine in their artless simplicity that everyone else finds them as enthralling and fascinating as they do themselves!

Never be long-winded in your letters. Say what you have to say as shortly and precisely as possible. Never charge your letter with useless details. Remember that "brevity is the soul of wit," and, consequently, things said too lengthily lose all piquancy and become insipid and insupportable.

"He who doesn't know how to limit himself, doesn't know how to write;" says a well-known author, and there is certainly a great amount of truth in the remark.

Well-written letters are always full of happy turns and natural expressions, and above all a general feeling of urbanity and refinement. Madame de Sévigné, whose letters are so justly famous, might serve as a model of simplicity. In one of her letters to the Count de Bussy she begins thus—

"You ask me where I am, how I am, and how I amuse myself. I am in Paris, I am well and amuse myself with trifles." *

Of course she immediately afterwards enlarges upon this rather laconic style, and I think this prompt way of answering questions asked, and elaborating upon them afterwards, is an excellent plan.

Dr. Blair in his remarks on letter-writing says—

"Its first and fundamental requisite is to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters just as they are in conversation when they flow easily and without being studied, when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who either in conversation or in letters affects to shine and to sparkle always will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with the most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears."

There are many different classes of letters. There are the letters of thanks, of reproach, of condolence, of excuse, of counsel, of demand, and of felicitation, each of which requires a special style of writing. The more usual divisions of letters, however, are under the heads of friendly, formal, and love-letters.

How delightful are the first-named. Those charming epistles written between friends or the members of one's family. Letters which are sure to be understood, sure to receive a warm welcome, and sure to be favourably criticised no matter whether they are well or badly written; no matter whether they are gems of literature or full of grammatical errors and orthographical mistakes. Writing a letter of this description is almost as good as calling on a dear friend and having a cosy chat. A chat in which conventionalities are dropped and feelings given full vent without fear of criticism or misunderstanding. What a contrast between these and those formal notes which one is called upon to write every now and then. Notes which politeness demands often at the cost of a vast amount of mental labour.

Is there any misery worse than that of having to set one's self to compose a well-worded, correctly phrased, polite epistle? I remember once reading in a magazine a most amusing account of the agony and aberration of intellect that these elegant little epistles occasion, and an appeal by the writer to Mr. Brunel to set to work at once and invent a sort of mute barrel-organ capable of inditing over and over again (like the tunes on that instrument) a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good breeding.

"What an unspeakable relief," continues the writer, "to be able to grind out an answer to one's dear five hundred friends."

Well, the idea is not a bad one, and I'm sure if Mr. Brunel could achieve the task he would be voted a general benefactor. Formal invitations, acceptances, etc., are generally written in the third person. The date is usually placed at the end.

On the subject of love-letters I have only to quote the well-known words that, "To write a good love-letter one ought to begin without knowing what one means to say, and to finish without knowing what one has written. Perhaps one of the most charming love-letters ever written is that of John Keats to Fanny Brawne. The following is an extract:—

"Sweetest Fanny,—You fear sometimes I do not love you as much as you wish! My dear girl, I love you ever and ever, and without reserve. The more I have known you the more have I loved. In every way. Even my jealousies have been agonies of love, in the hottest fit I ever had I would have died for you. You are always new. The last of your kisses was ever the sweetest, the last smile the brightest, the last movement the gracefulest . . . My mind has been the most discontented and restless one that was ever put into a body too small for it. I never felt my mind repose upon anything with complete and undistracted enjoyment—upon no person but you."

The reading and study of good letters is very useful and instructive besides helping to make one's style agreeable. Many people are of opinion that the secret of the epistolary style belongs to women alone; but, though this may be true as far as tact, sentiment, and facility go, one cannot read the letters which remain of Cæsar, the correspondence of Cicero, besides the more recent epistles of Fenelon, Gray, and Cowper, without seeing that for knowledge of human nature, depth of learning and profound study men hold the palm, women's letters, charming as they are, being generally surface work.

A great writer speaking about letters advises one to intercourse freely and with abandonment, but "to permit the night to carry counsel. To re-read the next day what one has written over-night, and to let the fire do prompt justice to that of which the reason disapproves. An imprudent word can be forgotten, or at anyrate excused, an imprudent letter is seldom effaced and seldom forgiven. One has had time to reflect, therefore is one doubly culpable. *Verba volant. Scripta manet* (Words fly. Writing remains)." The same writer speaking about women's letters says that "However long may be her letter, she never puts her dearest thought until the end." A quite natural and charming idea it is, too, keeping the best for last. Women are also credited with possessing a weakness for postscripts.

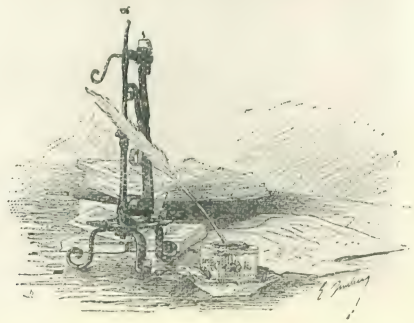
Before concluding I do not think it is out of place to quote Boileau's celebrated advice to would-be writers—

"Avant donc que d'écrire, apprenez à penser;
Selon que votre idée, est plus ou moins obscure,
L'expression la suit, ou moins nette ou plus pure.
Ce que l'on conçoit bien sénonce clairement
Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisément." *

And indeed thought, which is at basis of all arts and sciences, is the most important factor in writing of all descriptions, be it epistolary, lyric, epic, or dramatic.

* "Vous me démandez où je suis, comment je me porte, et à quoi je m'amuse. Je suis à Paris, je me porte bien, et je m'amuse à des bagatelles."

* Before writing learn to think, then, according to your ideas being more or less obscure, will your expression of them be more or less pure. That which one conceives well announces itself clearly, and the words arrive easily.



MRS. GRUNDY.

ALL nations have their fetishes, which they propitiate or outrage as the humour takes them, but whom though they fear they never despise. The fetish of a savage is material, but it represents to him a power that he dreads. The fetishes of civilised nations are abstract, but they are none the less potent for that, for they, too, represent some invisible but dreaded power. The fetish of the French nation is what they call *La Gloire*. To it they sacrifice wealth, happiness, human life; it is an insatiable monster which devours remorselessly the fairest victims; woe to the man bold enough to defy it! Were he a popular hero or a national benefactor he would be immolated upon its altar without the slightest compunction, for the French, though they have plenty of patriotism, are deficient in loyalty. The dreaded power that their fetish impersonates is ridicule. There is nothing a Frenchman dreads more; there is nothing which as a nation they would not do to avoid it, or sacrifice to avert it.

The fetish of the German nation is order. Everything must be done by rule and under surveillance. Personal liberty and a free press are sacrificed to this fetish, and the dreaded power he represents is anarchy. Among a highly intellectual people, who number more original thinkers than any other nation, this danger is not wholly imaginary—witness the widespread socialism in Germany—and so the national instinct of self-defence has set up this fetish to counteract the danger.

The English nation has a nobler fetish—public opinion. It may be utterly wrong, and often has been, but it is superior in one respect to those of the two nations mentioned, in that it cannot be propitiated, it must be convinced, for it impersonates conscience, or the sense of duty.

Among women, who until comparatively lately were altogether, and are still to a great extent, shut out from public life, the fetish takes the form of a social autocrat, personified under the name of Mrs. Grundy, and the power behind her, the fear she embodies and which is the secret of her power, is social ostracism. There is nothing women dread more than being looked at askance by their own sex, and a hint from Mrs. Grundy is quite enough to condemn them to it. Hence arise two consequences, a feverish desire to propitiate the tyrant on the part of those who have never yet offended her, and recklessness on the part of those who have, for if once her favour has been forfeited, it is next to impossible to regain it.

The sphere of Mrs. Grundy's influence is limited, though within it she is paramount. She does not choose for us our habitation nor our religion, and only to a modified extent interferes with our choice of food and drink, or clothes. Such matters are left to individual taste and conscience, for the fetish Mrs. Grundy must not be confounded with the goddess fashion. Many who cannot afford to be fashionable are sworn votaries of Mrs. Grundy. But she does to a great extent settle what we are to do or rather what we are not to do, for though she is full of prohibitions she gives very few commands.

She is inexorable in her demands. Ignorance is not accepted by her as an excuse for disobedience, rather it is considered an aggravation of the offence. She is also capricious and unreasonable, and though unbending to individuals will always yield to the pressure of numbers. For example: fifty years ago Mrs. Grundy forbade any gentlewoman to earn money unless compelled to do so by absolute necessity, and then she was only tolerated, never encouraged. Now it is considered snobbish to look down upon women who prefer work to idleness. A woman in these enlightened days may earn money in any way she pleases, whether she is dependent upon her own exertions or not, and Mrs. Grundy if she does not encourage her efforts, at all events does not disparage them, and if successful smiles upon them. But this important change of attitude came very gradually, each step was won by painful effort on the part of those brave pioneers who unflinchingly faced social obloquy to win freedom for themselves and their sisters.

Mrs. Grundy is the great antagonist of individuality; she likes all her votaries to be cast in the same mould, and to pay their homage to her in exactly the same way; any deviation from the prescribed form is stigmatised as eccentric, if nothing worse. The only hope of emancipation is to strike out successfully a line of one's own, but woe to her who tries unsuccessfully, Mrs. Grundy never forgives failure!

It may be asked why so many sit down contentedly under such tyranny? The answer is not far to seek. Most people are commonplace and have no ideas, and few opinions of their own, for it is far easier to receive one's ideas and opinions second-hand and ready-made than to think them out for oneself. The majority of people very much dislike mental exertion, so they never dream of disputing the social traditions handed down to them; if they occasionally rebel it is always surreptitiously and with a twinge of conscience, and there are those who would almost rather be found guilty of a breach of the moral law than of the unwritten code of Mrs. Grundy. Their neighbours' eyes are the mirror in which they always see themselves reflected, and if the image is distorted it would be no comfort to them to see it given back clear and upright from the well of Truth. It requires a certain amount of courage to leave the beaten path of custom and strike out upon the steep and isolated slopes of unconventionality; but the most dry and frequented path must have been trodden for the first time by someone; in this, as in many things, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" Only be sure that it is a step in the right direction, and then go boldly on; if Mrs. Grundy frowns look the other way, others will follow you—if at a distance—and when you have a sufficiently large following, her frown will change into an approving smile.

Is Mrs. Grundy then only an obstruction? Does she serve no useful purpose? Most certainly she does; she represents a standard, a low one very often, but just as bad laws are better than none at all, so a low standard is preferable to none. If people did not care in the least what their neighbours said or thought of them, there would be little hope of raising them, for there would be nothing to appeal to. There are a few who do not care, those who have either sunk too low or risen too high to be affected by popular opinion—here as so often extremes meeting—but the vast majority care intensely, and the aggregate opinion of their equals forms in every class of society the standard of manners. It is a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Grundy's sway only extends over what are called the upper classes, her influence is felt in all but the very lowest. Intense wretchedness, like extreme physical pain, blunts the sense of shame, but as soon as the pressure is removed self-consciousness reasserts itself. Mrs. Grundy will not allow the poor man to go to church in his working clothes any more than she will allow the rich man to go to an evening party in morning dress. Her rule, despotic and capricious though it be, is so far useful that it checks eccentricity, gives a standard of value to the current coin of courtesy, and is a fulcrum by means of which the inert masses may be gradually raised.

Her prohibitions being founded upon no principle, are the easier to defy, there being nothing to overturn, and she is always willing to alter her decrees at the request of a sufficiently large number of petitioners; if the worshippers themselves are persuaded, they will find their fetish quite amenable, and her sanction once given becomes more binding than penal legislation.

E. C. TAIT.

VARIETIES.

STRAIGHT LINES IN CHINA.—The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavour to avoid it in their streets and buildings, and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it with a zig-zag. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons.

RULES FOR GOOD MANNERS.—There are only two rules for good manners—one is, always think of others; the other is, never think of yourself.

STUPID FISH.—"If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of the water," remarked Mabel, "they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them."

HOW TO LOOK OLD AND UGLY.—We are doing a great deal toward making ourselves look old and ugly when we give way to worry and fretfulness.—*Ruskin.*

GREAT PEOPLE.—The really great people are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—*Ruskin.*

THE SERVANT OF ALL.—No one is the servant of Christ who is not willing to be of service to all her fellow-creatures.

ANSWER TO BURIED RIVERS (p. 559).

1. Garonne, Saône, Nile, Lena, Ebro, Neckar, Obi, Tornea, Tagus, Adour, Oder, Arno.
2. Rhône, Rhine, Isar, Indus, Lys, Save, Inn, Var, Douro, Neva.
3. Main, Yonne, Ems, Weser, Elbe, Duna.
4. Minho, Orinoco, Seine, Sambre, Congo, Somme, Peiho.



THE RETRIEVER.

ASHCLIFFE.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

CHAPTER II.



THE village of Ashcliffe was not a fishing station, nor a seaport in miniature, though many a big fish was caught in the river and sent to the city by carrier, and many a taut little vessel came to anchor within a mile of the church.

Its inhabitants showed a curious blending of seafaring and agricultural life, though the greater number were connected in some way with water work; and at the cross roads in the centre of the village, regardless of wind and weather, a knot of men, in blue jerseys or pilot-jackets, might generally be seen talking of freights and poundage, trows and barges, and other matters relating to life on the wave.

These were sailors at home, with little work to do during the intervals of loading and unloading; men whose greatest ambition it was to be captain and eventually owner of some desirable *Heart of Oak* or *Betsy Jane*, and differing as much as possible in habit and speech from the slower stay-at-home folk who lived in scattered farms around the village.

A few shopkeepers and other small tradespeople found profitable occupation among them, and of course there was the rector, and doctor, and the squire, who with their families were spoken of by the farming folk with a stolid kind of awe as "the real quality;" but referred to with more independent indifference by the seafarers, who "weren't beholden, as they knowed on, for anything." A grey weatherworn church stood on the highest ground in the village, and under its shadow, guarded by one ancient yew, generations of sailors and landsmen, whose hands had long since done with oar and plough, slept together the last long sleep.

Ashcliffe folk, even those who worshipped in the chapel near the cross roads, were proud of the church, and fond of boasting that their village was fifty years ahead of Sheepthorne and other dead-alive places inland. The houses in the Vernham Road, where most of the captains and owners lived, were new and trim, but the rambling old-fashioned dwellings at the cliff, where red brick and ivy had grown old together, were far prettier in Margaret's eyes, and her own home was one of these.

Mrs. Harley's income was small, but fortunately it was larger than their needs, and a yearly holiday, spent in London or at the sea, kept them from growing rusty. A plentiful supply of books and magazines helped to pass the long winter evenings, and the little fund faithfully set aside for the poor and needy gave them abundance of work and scope for the kindnesses that cost little and yet are worth so much. Down the dusty Vernham Road, with its border of grass and tangled hedgerow on either hand, a careworn old woman was walking one morning a few days after the rescue. A coalscuttle bonnet of drawn black satin covered her head, and her black dress and voluminous apron were neat and clean, but her face had the look of dissatisfaction and unrest which is so sad seen in company with wrinkles and grey hairs.

"Good morning, nurse; fine weather this!" said a cheery voice at her side, as Grantie Joyce overtook her on his way to the crib.

Two or three small boys, with slates and books, trotted by his side, waiting for the splendid whistles his clever knife was cutting for their benefit. In ways like these he had earned the title of "Grantie," universally given him by the children—a title he valued far more than that of "Owner," which, according to Ashcliffe etiquette, was his by right.

"What is the news from the farm to-day?" he asked, as they walked on.

"Oh, bad enough, Owner; bad enough!"

"I don't seem to think he'll get better. The retriever have been a howlin' again, and we all know as that's a sign."

"Well now, I shouldn't think much of that myself," said Grantie, hopefully; "what says the doctor?"

"Oh, not much, except shaking his head. The missus and I sat up again last night, and when that dog began I says, says I, 'it minds one of that blessed verse in Job, In the midst of life we are in death.'"

"Ah, that's true enough, only I don't think you'll find it in Job," her companion answered.

"Not find it! Why, I knows it's there; and I didn't think, Owner Joyce, I should live to be told I didn't know my Bible, and I a member for better nor thirty year. You think he'll get better, and it ain't for me to say he won't, but them that live longest 'll see most. Be Mr. Hubert gone back yet?" she asked uneasily, changing the subject; "but I s'pose not, for I heard tell of his coming to the farm to ask, night afore last."

"No, he'll stay till Monday week, and then not come again till October," said the old man, with the glow of pride and pleasure any mention of his grandson always brought into his face. And Hubert was worthy of his love, and of all the pride with which the villagers regarded him, as one likely to make a name in the world. Early left an orphan he could remember no other home than the Anchorage, a quaint old house almost overhanging the river, whose garden paths were paved with curious devices of shells and pebbles, while a superannuated boat, sawn through and turned up on end, did duty for summer-house and observatory. Here Hubert had played and learned his lessons, sending many bright dreams down the river, especially when on fine evenings his grandmother came out, knitting in hand, to watch for her good man's home-coming. If she talked of the time when Hubert would be old enough to take the old *Honesty* down channel and let his grandfather rest, the boy as a matter of course acquiesced, though, even then, his secret ambition was not to "go by the water," the one earthly desire of most of the village lads, but to live in a world of books and study and larger deeds.

These tastes, with refinement of manner and speech, were inherited from his father, a gentleman who had fallen in love with Owner Joyce's pretty daughter and married her, to the disgust of his own family, who cast him off forthwith. He could not dig and was too proud to beg, and their brief married life would have been a makeshift existence indeed but for the substantial help of his homely father-in-law. Then he died, and his young wife, who had loved him devotedly, soon followed him, leaving Hubert to the care of her father and mother. It had been a sacred legacy, all love and kindness, and the best education possible in Ashcliffe had been given to the boy; but as he grew up into youth it became more and more evident that his talents were not of sailor pattern. Reluctantly, and yet with exultation in his powers that atoned for the disappointment, the old couple had given up their dream of seeing him in his grandfather's place on the river, and Hubert had been sent away to a good school, and then to Edinburgh to study medicine, for the desire of his heart was to be a doctor. Through all his childhood Margaret Harley had been his companion and playfellow, and the sympathising recipient of his boyish hopes and dreams. Their homes were close together, there were no other children near, and their very loneliness had made them dear to each other.

And, through the many shy gradations of girlhood, Margaret's childish affection for him had deepened into the love which had made, until lately, the hidden sunshine of her life.

And not without reason, for though the old frank relationship of childhood had of necessity changed, yet by look and deed, and in the thousand ways which need no words at all, Hubert had seemed to show his heart's desire about the future. Until lately, that is until Kathleen, with her sparkling face and birdlike ways, had come to the lodge.

It was Hubert's vacation, and he had been in and out as of old, for he was a great favourite of Mrs. Harley's, who had long since gauged, as mothers will, the probabilities of such a friendship.

She liked him thoroughly herself, and believed that his force of character and directness of purpose would surely make headway in the world.

But as yet she had not seen the glamour of fascination which her pretty niece seemed to be throwing over his eyes and heart, drawing him away from his old allegiance.

On that July morning, while the Owner and Nurse Sharpe were having their talk by the way, Margaret stood at the south window of their pretty sitting-room, watching the flicker of light and shade beneath the mulberry tree on the lawn, and the swift cloud shadows coming and going over the meadow beyond.

Bright and lovable she looked as she stood there, with the sunbeams lighting up her blue linen dress and finding out all the golden threads in her brown hair.

Glossy ivy and a tangle of jessamine and blush roses framed in the diamond panes, and in the old-fashioned beds and borders below stocks and pansies, pinks and mignonette, lived happily together.

Outside Kathleen flitted from border to border like a veritable butterfly, gathering a great basketful of these out-of-date beauties with which to adorn their early dinner-table.

It was characteristic of her, that she would gather only the best and brightest, and of these many more than she could possibly use, so that always after her arrangings a heap of unoffending blossoms were thrown out to perish.

"They will never be missed out of such abundance, and I do like to have enough and to spare," she would answer, laughingly, when her cousin remonstrated, for Margaret had tenderness even for the humblest flower.

Through the white gate at the end of the lawn came the sound of quick footsteps, and the sunbeams, peering down through the maze of mulberry leaves, might have seen a tall, well-built young fellow, whose face with its clear-cut features and grave, far-seeing dark eyes, his grandfather might have been pardoned for thinking, "as likely a one as you'd meet on a day's march."

Probably Margaret thought so too as he

came up to the window with the freshness of the morning in his face, and a new light brought by that vision of Kathleen among the flowers.

"I wanted to bring first news from the farm," he said, in apology for his early visit, as Mrs. Harley joined the little group around the window. "Dr. Scott is afraid his patient is not so well again, there is more fever, and he is still delirious."

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Harley, all her motherly sympathies turned afresh towards the stranger. "Have his friends been heard from, do you know?"

"No, I think not, but there has been scarcely time yet. It was only by chance yesterday that the people at the inn, looking through his portmanteau again, found a stray envelope with his London address, and I wrote for them at once. I hope it will be answered in person to-day, but meanwhile Mrs. Price, with old nurse to help her, is taking good care of him."

"How strange life is," said Margaret presently, breaking the pause during which even Kathleen had been thoughtfully still. "A week ago we had never even heard of this Mr. Sylveston, and now we are all concerned about his illness, and everybody seems anxious for tidings."

"It is all as romantic as a bit out of a novel, I think," said Kathleen, with one of those innocently childlike glances towards Hubert which he had so soon learned to watch for and believe in.

"As a bit of real life rather," amended her aunt gently. "Surprises of joy and sorrow are always coming round some corner in the streets of life. It is the expected that does not happen."

So they talked in the sunshine while the roses tapped against the window, and the swallows skimmed airily overhead, and the river swept on with its freight of sunshine to the sea. And none of these gave warning to the four of what should presently result from this interest in the unconscious sufferer at the farm. For the pages of Nature's sunny volume are turned day after day, and there is no pause or retrogression, while in that other larger book of destiny momentous entries are being made, and of life and death "it is written."

That evening two ladies drove down from the nearest station in the fly—there was but one for miles around—and all Ashcliffe knew that the stranger's relations had arrived, and Nurse Sharpe, who was quite a popular person in those exciting days, was eagerly questioned about them the next time she walked down to the village.

"Well," she answered, deliberately smoothing down her ample print apron and prolonging her advantage as much as possible, "I knowed as soon as I set eyes on 'em as they'd do uncommon well for fine ladies, but mortal middlin' for nurses. It's his mother and sister, and, if you'll believe me, they've brought a parcel of gowns and ribbons and such-like enough to last six months, for all they come off in such a hurry. I says to Mrs. Price, says I, 'You mark my words, mum, they'll turn up their noses at good wholesome vittals,' and sure enough they hardly touched a mouthful at tea-time, though the missus put tea in the parlour and had out the best chaney and all. I can't abide such finicking ways, and I don't call 'em real quality neither."

"But perhaps their trouble at finding him so ill took away their appetite?" said pretty Nancy Grey the fisherman's daughter.

"Well, maybe so, maybe so, but when folks' heads is chock full of the vanities of this perishin' world they ha'n't got room for over much love in 'em!" and with this retort and a glance at Nancy's new hat, which certainly was rather smart, the sharp little body bustled away.

"I'm glad I'm not ill to have her round me," cried Nancy, with a saucy toss of the head that set the offending "made" flowers on her hat nodding defiantly; "miserable old thing!"

"Nonsense, child, she's right enough," said her mother, who had been one of the listeners, "and the doctor says, and we all knows, that for all her sharp tongue there never needn't be a gentler-handed body in a sick room! And as to her looking a bit sour, well, she've passed through a mint of trouble, and, besides, there allays must be some Peter Grievouses in the world!" and with this profound assertion the group dispersed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOME AFTER FIVE YEARS IN EGYPT.

"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water, as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand.
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot."

Whittier.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, an' never brought to mind.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, an' the days o' auld lang syne.

THE very words of this popular song seemed to be borne on the still morning air as the sound of a band became more and more distinct, and a regiment, not a very strong one, stepped out to the martial music.

"There is the band," said Constance. "We shall see them all going down the slope of the hill if we can't actually watch them embarking. Come," she added eagerly, almost before Hope had time to reply. "We are early this morning, and can finish our breakfasts afterwards."

It was not yet eight o'clock and the two sisters were seated in their comfortable hut enjoying their morning meal. The hut consisted of two rooms, not lofty, but square and roomy, with glass windows, which was quite a luxury. It was built on the side of a hill sloping down towards and overlooking the Nile.

Behind them, on still higher ground, were other huts which constituted the hospital, and here the sisters had worked for some months.

The expedition had been undertaken, and just as the foremost were about to reach the goal came the astounding news of the fall of Khartoum, and too late they had to retire. Many of the regiments were now on their way down towards Cairo, thankful indeed that in spite of hardships of all sorts they had been spared to return thus far on their homeward way. This morning a regiment, who had been left for many months in this desert place, was starting for the north, and Hope and Constance went outside their door, and stood under cover of their verandah watching them as they followed the band winding down the hill. They stood together without saying a word, until at last the sound of music died away in the distance, and the tramp of the many feet were lost.

"I think they must feel very sad," said Constance at length, breaking the silence, "in spite of their joy at going. Just think of the graves they have left behind them; hardly any regiment can have lost more. They came up so strong, and now what a few they are; it must be hard to leave their comrades behind in the desert."

"Yes," said Hope. "I was thinking much the same as they went winding down the hill. How often the band, in a much more solemn manner, had preceded a very different company only at the other side, down to the little cemetery. There were not half a dozen graves when we first came up, and now it is nearly full."

They waited and watched till the last man had disappeared from view, and then they re-entered their hut.

"I feel thoroughly depressed," said Constance, and she certainly looked it. "I think it makes one homesick, so far away, to see others bound for home."

"Yes," said Hope, smiling. "It's very natural, only the sooner we think of something else the better. Come and let us finish our breakfast. I daresay," she added, as they seated themselves at the table, "the men in hospital will feel even worse than we do, and with much greater reason, so we shall have to be extra cheerful. I suppose everyone will be going down soon, and we have really had a very happy time here together; besides, I do believe we have forgotten that it is mail day to-day. Just think of our letters."

"Oh, yes," said Constance, roused at once by Hope's cheerful manner. "But you are always so full of sunshine; it would be impossible to be near you and feel cloudy for long. You were certainly rightly named. I should have lost heart at heaps of things long before this if it had not been for you."

"I don't think so," said Hope. "I fancy when it came to the point you would rise to the occasion. Possibly I have been taught in my childhood more plainly than some that cheerfulness is a duty. I have never told you about my early days," she went on. "Not that we have any secrets apart, but somehow I've just never mentioned it."

"Oh, I have often wondered," said Constance. "No, we certainly have no secrets, but I shall love to hear."

"I told you I was born in India," she began. "My father was in command of a regiment, stationed at Lucknow at the time of my birth, but before I was five years old he was invalided home. I cannot remember much of the voyage, but he died before reaching England, and was buried at sea.

"We lived for a few years in the South of England always at a seaside place; my mother loved the sea and taught me to love it too. She was very young and I was her playmate and companion; she called me her sunbeam, and would hardly let me out of her sight.

"She must have known she was going to die, for she used to talk of leaving me, and tell me not to be very sorry, but always to try to be bright and happy, and so be a sunbeam to others as I had been to her.

"Child as I was it seemed like a real work set before me, and when after a short time I was

left an orphan, and realised with sorrow that my mother had indeed gone, I was taken by an aunt and uncle living in Scotland and brought up in their family, and the thought of the work set me by my mother helped and consoled me, and grew with me as I grew. I often feel sorry that children are not taught much more than they are that to be happy and sunshiny and to make others so too is a duty.

"As I grew older I resolved to become a nurse, and had recourse, as you already know, to strategy before I could attain my end. Now you need no longer think my sunshine any virtue," she said with one of her sweetest smiles. "You see, it was instilled into me in my earliest years. Come," she added, seeing that Constance had turned from the half finished meal before them, "we will just away to our wards;" and with parasol in hand, they left the little hut and climbed the hill to the hospital: here they parted, each going to her own portion of work, nor did they meet again till mid-day.

Constance was still a little depressed in spite of herself—by the music and the farewell tunes.

It was such a hot wilderness of a place, and at present there was no news of their moving. When she entered her ward she realised that the same spirit was abroad amongst her sick men, and almost without an effort she strove to cheer them, and in so doing drove from herself the melancholy. "Besides," as she said to one who was recovering from enteric fever and was bewailing that he could not go with his regiment, "only another week before the next set of invalids are sent home; why, you ought to be rejoicing at the thoughts of being well enough to get away so soon."

Every few weeks those whom it was thought desirable to send home, either as being unfit for future service or unable for some time to resume their work, or needing change from the trying heat, were sent in steamers to Cairo, and if necessary home to England.

"Yes, indeed, he's a lucky fellow," said a man called Rogerson on the other side of the ward, "I wish I were in his shoes."

"Oh no!" said Constance as she turned towards him—she was then busily engaged sponging the face and hands of a new-comer in the next bed to him—"it is far, far better to keep well than to have to go back; I don't think you need wish to exchange with Baker; you would not, I am sure, like to go through all his weeks of sickness, and you will soon be quite well again."

"Well," continued Rogerson a little sulkily, "I think a man who has had sun-stroke isn't fit to be kept in a hot place like this. Egypt is no country for Englishmen, that I do know."

"And some Englishmen don't go the right way to take care of themselves, do they," she said, not looking up from her work. "I do not think we should have had nearly so many cases of sun-stroke if beer and spirits were not taken," she added with a smile at Rogerson as she turned away to attend to some one else.

"That's true enough," she heard some one say as she moved on down the ward, but the voice was not Rogerson's

"I do believe" she said to herself, "that is poor Wilson; well, if he is willing to own to the curse of the drink possibly soon he may strive to free himself from it." He was a prisoner, having got into trouble through drink, and done things as many do, which had he been himself he would never have done. He had been very ill, and had been brought from prison to the hospital. Another few days would finish his sentence, and Constance felt thankful that he would not have to return to prison. She felt very sorry for him, but though he had been in some weeks, and was soon going on to Cairo with other invalids, she had never alluded to his troubles. He was not an old soldier, and when she recognised his voice as joining with her in condemning the drinking, she felt she must speak to him. Accordingly next time she had to do anything for him she stopped and spoke a few kind earnest words. He seemed grateful to her for her sympathy and really sorry for all that had happened, expressing his intention to give up drink altogether, at least till he reached England.

Constance had come into her ward somewhat depressed, but like a true nurse, once amongst her sick people and self was forgotten in her thought for them, and now she was feeling quite cheered. She did love her work, and above all things loved to help her boys, as she called them all, in every way she could. Later on during the morning an orderly came in with an open letter in his hand, and going up to the orderly of the ward who was standing a little way from her began to read bits half aloud. Presently he said, "Yes, Malta and Gib. used both to be nice stations for our men, but they are spoilt for us now that they've got sisters there." Constance could not help hearing and wondered why this should be. He was one of the older orderlies too, but not one she was ever pleased to see come on duty, though he smiled pleasantly and said good-morning in reply to her greeting as he passed out.

"It is very horrid," said Constance to Hope as they sat at their early dinner, "to feel that the orderlies dislike sisters, and I am quite sure that many of the doctors in the service would prefer none."

"Yes, I think it is so, but after all, though of course it is pleasant to be liked and appreciated, we are here for the comfort of the sick, and if we just try and do our duty to them, we need not trouble much as to who likes or dislikes us. One can generally work smoothly, and of course the smoother the better; still, there are times when one feels, for the good of the nursing work, one must make a stand, possibly regarding some little comfort (not regimental) for the sick. It is not pleasant, but then it is a case of duty. If the hospitals are to be perfectly regimental, as some would have them, then the sooner sisters are abolished in the service the better."

"I often wonder," said Constance, "if we are much good, or whether the men would not get on just as well if there were only orderlies?"

"They would not be so comfortable," said Hope; "think of some of the tales they tell of hospitals where there are no sisters, and where practically they look after each other. No! I am quite sure it is best not to think about it," she went on. "Of course you cannot nurse in a military hospital like you can in a civil one; the whole working of the thing is different. A civil hospital has its drawbacks. The examining of patients for the sake of teaching the students is often felt by a good nurse to be put before the comfort of a patient, but in military hospitals there is not even that, it is more just; the fact that everything, however trivial, has to be done according to rule, and so much attention is given by all in authority to the carrying out of rules, that there is little time left for thought about patients. A military hospital shows to most advantage when all can be actually regimental, and prescribed rules can be strictly adhered to. When windows can be thrown open at the right hour in the morning regardless of chest cases inside, or weather without: when each patient can be turned out of bed and ordered to make it neatly according to pattern, wash and straighten his own belongings and assist in sweeping, dusting and scrubbing until all is in readiness for the doctor's visit, then to be sent back to bed and lie awaiting his coming as though he had never moved from it since he visited the ward the day before." They both laughed.

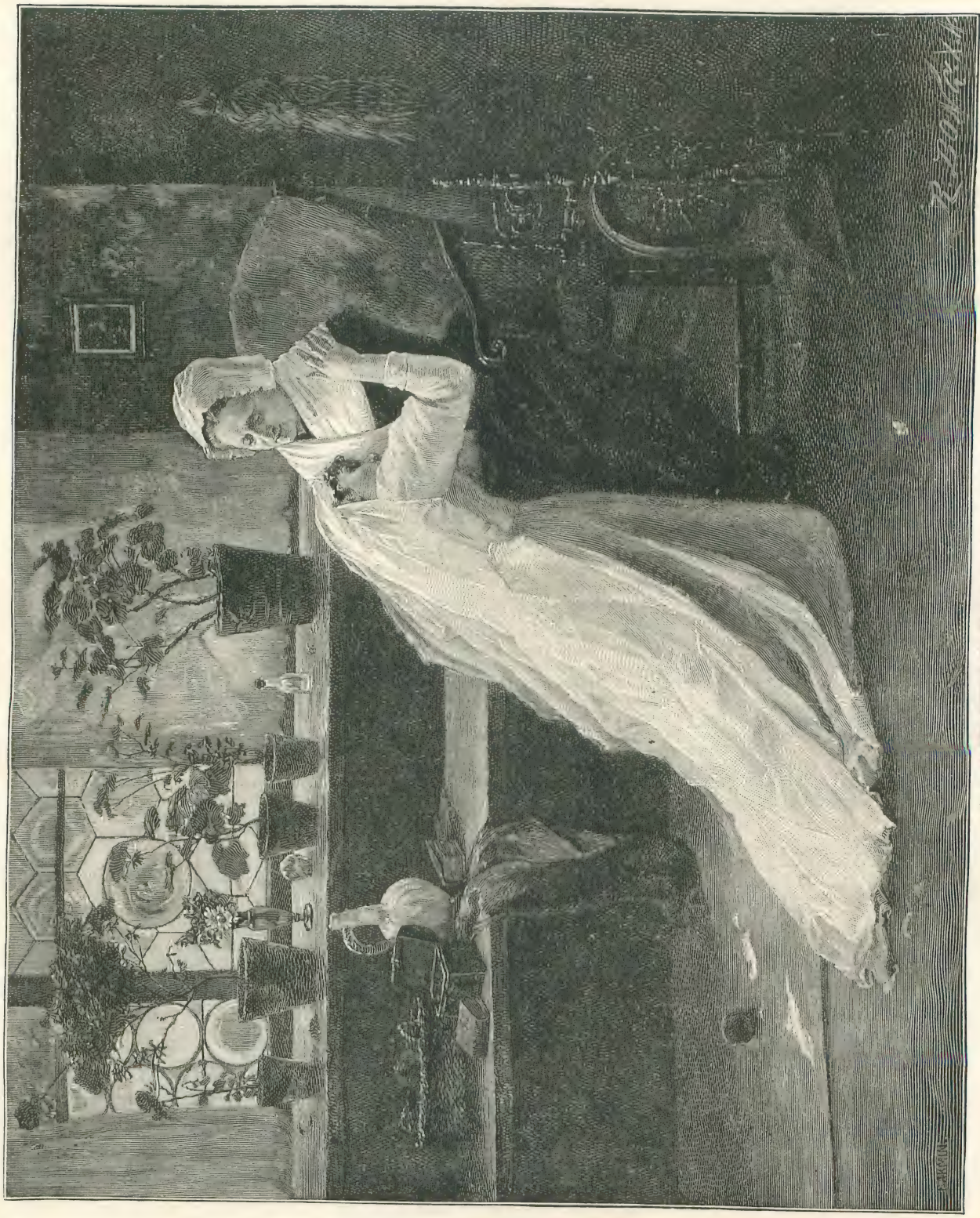
"Yes that is an ideal hospital ward," said Constance, "and no wonder sisters are considered to spoil the routine."

The monotony of the work was often varied; sometimes they went for a donkey ride in the afternoon, or by moonlight when their work was done, and generally returned all the better for a gallop over the sands. At other times the doctors took them to see some place of interest, old tombs or temples, making up little parties with an occasional moonlight repast; or officers' wives, who were living up in this wild region, would get up picnics and ask them to join them, which they sometimes did. Then the various regiments had their sports, at which now and again the sisters might be seen amongst the spectators.

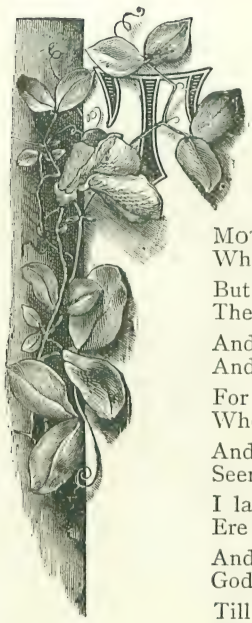
Some nurses might have been tempted to have neglected their work, or at least to have lost their earnestness in it, and devoted more time than would have been right to these relaxations. It was not the case with Hope and Constance when they went out, it was more often than not that they really had no sufficiently good excuse for a refusal. A woman who has taken up nursing as her life-work, and has spent her best years in the wards of hospitals amongst the sick and the suffering, can have but few interests in common with the throng of gay pleasure-seekers. She is out of it, as it were, and able to give as little pleasure as she gets by her presence amongst them. To Hope and Constance nothing was so enjoyable in their spare time as sitting together under the shade of their verandah, possibly with a book in hand, dreamily gazing around. The old Nile, with its changing moods, lay at their feet, at one time quiet and still as a pond, and at another the whole surface in motion, whilst beneath deep treacherous currents sported at will. The quaint dahabuyehs, with their picturesque dragoman and native crew passing to and fro upon it, were always a source of much interest, as was also the rise and fall of this grand river; as regularly it rose and fell as it had done through all the centuries of the past, bringing to their minds as they sat and watched it much of the old-world history.

Everything was very different now from the time when the troops were on their way up country and all were under canvas. Camping out sounds romantic, and is in truth very pleasant in a hot climate, but the romance soon wears off, and living in a tent has its drawbacks. Even on the borders of the desert sand-storms may be experienced which come on most unexpectedly, and seem to penetrate every nook and crevice, if the wind does not loosen the tent-pegs, and actually bring down canvas and poles. Insects too are abundant, and the open doors seem to invite their entrance: pariah dogs and jackals prowl round at night, possibly seeking food and drink. Often Hope and Constance would awaken each other and listen to strange noises, which seemed very near their tent and felt most alarming in the stillness.

(To be continued.)



"I LAY MY CHEEK ON YOUR BREAST ONCE MORE,
ERE I TREAD THE PATH OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR."



THE BRIDE'S GOOD-BYE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

MOTHER, mother, the days were fair
When I had no joy that you could not share.

But what of the years no eye can see,
The path that another walks with me?

And what of the cord that binds me fast,
And draws my heart from the happy past?

For some of the joys of girlhood fled
When they wreathed the myrtle around my head;

And the old glad times looked dim and pale
Seen through the mist of the bridal veil.

I lay my cheek on your breast once more,
Ere I tread the path outside your door;

And here, in the dear old room, I pray
God's love to follow me night and day,

Till the pilgrims come to His world of light,
Where child and mother at last unite,

And the earth-dream ends in a glad surprise
When we find old homes in Paradise.

ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

AFTER the hard work and the examination in those days came the great ball at the end of the summer term, when students, present and past, masters young and old, friends, countrymen, grave and reverend signiors, our very noble and approved good masters, danced the old term out and the long vacation in. And at the supper, after the ladies had left, a few speeches were made, sometimes very clever and exhilarating ones, always kindly and generous, and a few healths cheered, that of our harmony master, Mr. Lucas, especially, of whom Henry Leslie said to this little pupil, "He was my master too, and the best master in the world." On the last ball supper, before our young student left the R.A., her health was drunk with all honours, her master replying for her, and then the farewells and good wishes, the crowd of departing guests streaming down the broad staircase, and the drive home through the dawn and lovely light of the summer morning.

Happy those who could get back to the first class morning of the next term and hear the news of the coming term and meet dear friends with good news and fresh strength. To our two young students the term began sadly. The head of the house had been ordered by his physicians to go into the country, and in that quiet and rest and fresh air to try to regain some portion of the health he had lost. So the two sisters had to go on with their studies without the anxious love and care which had doubled every pleasure and soothed every pain. Of course the mother went with him. The son was away, still the sisters were together; and while they remained to each other, and their duties were clear, life was full of interests, and the home letters were a source of sympathy and strength.

The young painter found the friends she had made a constant resource for advice and help in her art, also for unfailing kindness and for the inspiration of highly intellectual society, while she took increasing interest in the studios of eminent artists who were hospitably inclined to one they found so capable and so modest as to her own powers. Every studio was a lesson and an encouragement, and her standard was so high that no praise could alter the deep humbleness of her own estimate of those talents which others appreciated so highly. Then her master, the president of one of the great societies, urged her trying for membership. But an extraordinary succession of obstacles made her attempts fruitless. Before her first trial, a lady had been admitted at the previous election, who had so disappointed her electors that they made a resolution no female artist should ever again be nominated. A second trial, and the tremendous fog all over London, still remembered as the worst we ever suffered, made the attendance of many members impossible, a third, and an epidemic of illness prostrated some of her best friends. With all these misfortunes, she was each time within one or two of the winning majority. It was a great blow to her and a greater sorrow to her sister, who knew how hard she had worked against all difficulties, and how the highest members in the society were all for her.

But she had brighter times than those. Her pictures were hung year after year in the Royal Academy and other great exhibitions in London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., even once on the line at the R.A.; and they were asked for by the secretaries of other exhibitions, so that her income became what she had so pined for, a great contribution to the home bank. One can never forget the one bright May morning when her sister dashed home in an ecstasy of joy artists will understand and sympathise with. "Why, dearest, you are on the line!" Indescribable emotion, letters to father and mother, a whirl of excitement those only know who have sent a picture to the R.A. in trembling hope, and whose days and nights have been spent in visions of bliss, or the much more likely woe and disappointment.

The conversaziones also at the Royal Academy to which they looked forward, and which they enjoyed together so many years, were very bright and pleasant. Many friends surrounded them there in the brilliant rooms, where the soft red carpets hushed the tread of the passing crowds and threw a glow on the walls covered with pictures. Many celebrities came with names bright as their stars and diamonds. Besides the comfort of seeing the pictures so leisurely and in such state, the quiet chatting with friends in the tea-room and listening to the music was very delightful. Even the approach to the R.A. on a fine evening was picturesque. The portico and stairs were covered with tenting and lighted with rows of lamps. The carpeted staircase, attended by servants in royal livery, looked very gorgeous, while the said attendants flung up the names of visitors from one flight of steps to another. And what these names became when more unusual than Smith or Brown was indeed an unknown quantity, and it was an interesting question under what unforeseen denomination they were to be announced to the President. After this, and leaving one's wraps in the cloak-room, came the long suite of rooms, the largest looking very formidable with that brilliant Court surrounding the President and his lady, to whom one had to curtsey in the old fashion after one's name had been announced.

It was all very pretty, very enjoyable, and yet once in the little carriage driving home, and they were alone together, there was a happiness and a peace no brilliant crowds could give and no honours could equal.

Then a great pleasure to artists were the private views, to which the sisters went; but it was, after all, much pleasanter to talk over the pictures in the studios, where no extravagances of fashion disturbed your attention, and you could lose all consciousness of the present in the absorbing interest of the pictures. Meantime, work as they would, and did, there were many difficulties in the expenses of painting these pictures, which those

alone who have gone through what these sisters did, will understand.

Then E——, the dear painter, fell ill—a long illness, with dangerous consequences—and her sister remembers, always with a sharp pain that never fades, how the little, thin white hands trembled as they put a sheaf of bank-notes, from the proceeds of a picture, into her hands. The good physician, who had attended her father, had suspected all was not well, and came to see for himself, bringing a valuable restorative—the bank-notes with which he bought one of his favourite pictures—and cheered the little pale face, now, alas! for us so radiant in the better country.

But, before that, they travelled in Brittany and Belgium, Italy and France, and from thence they brought back drawings E—— had sketched, with her sister beside her, and of which, long after, an Exhibition was arranged of nearly 300 drawings, so various, so characteristic and beautiful, that only a few were left to keep up her banner at home. The eldest only drew a little, but it was something to sit beside her sister, and preside over the coffee-making which refreshed and cheered the little worker.

Meantime the young musician also worked, and also enjoyed the bright evenings her Royal Academy gave; and, not only those, but the beautiful concerts of ancient music to which her appointment to the semi-chorus had admitted her. These were a noble education for a young musician, besides the relaxation, change, and pleasure of such evenings.

The "Ancient" concerts were under the immediate direction of eight noblemen and gentlemen—Prince Albert at their head, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Howe and others—who chose the music and the singers (assisted, naturally, by the conductor, Sir Henry Bishop). The music was always of the best old music, which had stood the searching light of centuries, and which modern criticism and modern ignorance could not banish from the lovers of high art—Handel, and his predecessors Palestrina, Marcello, and others, Cherubini and Luther, Mozart the beloved, Haydn, Beethoven, besides others of their time. Imagine what happiness such concerts were to a young enthusiastic girl, who had learnt from a child to love the finest music! Imagine also the luxury to a young gentlewoman of hearing that music in such a room—an ideal concert-room—where all were in the full dress of the time, radiant with diamonds, fragrant with flowers, and in the subdued glow of those clustering wax-lights! The directors and their friends had a large enclosed space in front, called the directors' box, with sofas all round, crimson-cushioned, looking—one can't say how they felt—so exquisitely comfortable and reposeful, and the stools so pretty for the little white-satined feet that rested on them!

There was a very brilliant little tea-room for the directors and their friends, to which they all retired between the parts, though they could not need that delightful refreshment, having dined, according to custom, with the director for the evening just before the concert. The higher members of the orchestra, the conductor, and the chief singers and the semi-chorus, also had a charmingly comfortable tea-room, where, besides the most exquisite tea and coffee, the last news of the musical world, the greeting of friends, the pleasure of being well taken care of, and the refreshing change and rest were thoroughly enjoyed by those fortunate young people.

The concerts varied very much in their attractiveness. The Archbishop of York's selection was naturally grave and ecclesiastical, the others more or less perfect as the directors chose more or less expensive singers, but of all the concerts Prince Albert's was the pearl. He could alone command the attendance of the singers from both opera-houses; he could, by his rare refinement and musical knowledge, command the exhumation of forgotten gems, and be careless of the great expense of getting them copied into the orchestral parts. The Prince's concerts were always looked forward to as the revelation of hitherto unknown treasures, translated into living beauty by such artistes—Signor Mario and Grisi, Lablache and Tamburini, Tamberlek, Herr Pischek, Staudigl, besides Mesdames Dorus Gras, Pasta, Alboni, Persiani, Castellan, Henry Phillips, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, and many other celebrities. The quintet from Méhul's "Joseph," as sung by Mario, Lablache, Tamburini, Herr Pischek, and Staudigl, was a thing of such exquisite beauty that its remembrance alone is an unfading pleasure.

Some curious memories remain of those bright evenings, as, for instance: "On one of the Duke of Wellington's nights, Princess Mary Adelaide, then young and unmarried, was sitting next him, with a circle of Court grandees, in the director's box. The clashing choruses ended, and the summons (always welcome) to the tea-room came. The Court circle rose—we all rose—the crowds in the room beyond all stood up, opera-glasses were pointed to the spot where Royalties, Court dignitaries, and the Duke were to file off into the tea-room. Tea seemed so welcome, with its change of air and refreshment, when the tired and excited musicians also, in their less stately but exceedingly pleasant way, were to enjoy their fair rest. All waited and peered here and there, wondering why no one moved. Singers and orchestra were like charming statues, but they could see what others could not (in despite of opera-glasses all in one direction). The Duke, early riser and hard worker as he was, was fairly fast asleep. The Princess stood and looked helplessly, but rather amused at the sleeper, whose duty alone it was to lead her into the tea-room, where tea and ices, etc., were awaiting the party.

"The young singers, too, looked at each other; their tea also was waiting, and they had been singing, and to them tea, with the fresh air and rest (after an early dinner), was a more serious need than to the ducal party, whose dinner was a splendid ceremony just over. The Princess leant towards the culprit, and spoke softly; the Duke snored audibly. Further tribulation. At last the lady-in-waiting tapped the arm which had pointed to the Guards at Waterloo, and which was due to his sweet young guest—once, in vain—twice, in vain—then harder, and then we heard, 'Eh, Eh! what! Oh! I beg your pardon, Princess,' and, with a delightful sweep of trains, the party vanished to their room, and the musicians became invisible to the rest of the audience with remarkable rapidity. They could not help themselves earlier, but the rest of the crowded audience might have disappeared into their haven of tea, if curiosity had not been stronger than fatigue. There never was a room so instantly and simultaneously cleared."

Another curious incident happened in the passage leading to that room. It was at a morning concert, when the Prince Consort first came over, and the world, especially the little feminine world of students, were wild to see him. This young girl was standing with others in the doorway of the Royal Academy students' room, the passage was crowded, and there was no chance of seeing His Royal Highness from there, when the old Duke of Cambridge came up to her, and, smiling, said, "Would you like to see the Prince, my dear?" "Oh yes, your Royal Highness," with a curtsey and a glow of delighted astonishment. "Well then, just put your hand on my arm, and you shall see him." In unlimited surprise she timidly did as she was told, and was taken along the inner passage to the head of the great staircase, up which the Prince, with his suite, soon came, and with a nod to her chaperon passed on. Then said the kindly old Duke, "Now you have seen him; isn't he a handsome young man?" taking her back to her companions. "Yes, your Royal Highness; oh, thank you!" and it was time to rush in to the orchestra, not quite sure whether it was not all a dream.

The kindness of the noblemen and gentlemen who then directed and influenced the Royal Academy was, naturally, gratefully and earnestly remembered by the young girl, for important introductions and engagements came to her by their influence; and at her concerts, given after her five years were over, they came to strengthen and encourage her in a success she had owed so much to the Royal Academy over which they had presided. One scene in the last year of her art-student life should not be omitted; it was after a vocal practice, which may be described in her own words, written at the time.

"I walked there in the dusk, and arrived in the crowded, dark school-room while they were waltzing in it, one playing, and there were but few late arrivals uncloaking in the red-room; so I joined them, and had so many affectionate greetings on my return and inquiries after my health, that I seemed to have found a number of sisters. I waltzed, now with one, now with another, though weak and sometimes giddy, but the pleasure of kindness kept me up, and chatting with Miss L—— between each fresh start, till we were called into the concert-room, and I was quite surprised to see the large number of pupils. The room was half-filled by a large group of gentlemen (my master in the midst, who did not notice my going in), besides the long train of young ladies pouring in without end. We got places (Miss Barrett and I), and had some difficulty in keeping them, in consequence of the press of numbers. I sat in a corner, but when Mr. Lucas saw me, he asked me to join the altos, so I went to the centre of the top of the room—the cross-bench—the most prominent place, while I thought I had never seen the room look so brilliant, well-lighted, and filled. We went through Beethoven's Mass in C, in which I longed to sing alone, but had no solo, contrary to usual practice, for Mr. Lucas generally gives me something to sing. So I was rather down-hearted at this, notwithstanding the glorious music, watching to see whether this would take up all the time, which it did very nearly. Mr. Hamilton, the chaplain (and superintendent on the gentlemen's side), then asked Mr. Lucas if they had done, and on his answering in the affirmative (on which, by-the-bye, no one rose), he said that this, perhaps, would be a very fitting occasion to do that which he had for some time waited an opportunity of doing, as he came forward with a book and put it on the piano. Now Miss L—— had spoken to Mr. Goodwin, the librarian, to ask them not to try a new composition of hers, so I thought of her directly, and thought her turn for modesty was coming, but he went on for a long speech, while she pressed my hand, and warned me it was the presentation of the book to me, but I was slow to believe such news."

"He went on to say that the committee wished him to express their approbation of the talents and exertions of a pupil who had shown such remarkable diligence, not only in one but in all her studies, and who had made such great progress—more especially in that study which, though most important, was generally most neglected—as to draw from them special commendation.

"Then the room, and the lights, and the crowd of eager, excited girls, and Mr. Lucas

—whom as long as I could see I watched—smiling at the piano—grew more and more indistinct, and I caught hold of her hand, for I trembled so that I could scarcely sit, and drew back to avoid the multitude of eyes that watched me, and the crowded room seemed more brilliant than ever I had seen it. The excitement seemed very great; I felt taken so completely unprepared for such a scene (for it was a scene); and then, when Mr. Hamilton mentioned my name and came forward with the book, applause burst forth from every corner of the room. He came round the piano and up to me. I believe I bowed low as I took the book which he gave me, saying that nothing then remained for him but to present it to me as a mark of the high approbation of the committee, and he begged to add his own warm congratulations. I had been unable to restrain myself quite from tears before, for I felt completely overpowered by the suddenness, kindness, and publicity of the offering; but when he came up, amid the applause and watching of the whole room, to give it into my hand, I could not help bursting into a fit of tears. My hand dropped with the book, with which I still held my part of the Mass, while I hid my face on her shoulder. There was a pause for some time, with great excitement in the room. Miss L—— was excessively kind and kept me up, and without her I don't know what I should have done. She held both my hands in hers, and when at last I moved, and we went slowly out, I was going to pass my master, as he might think it 'fishing' to go up to him; but he held out his hand to me, and said he congratulated me, so warmly and kindly, and I gave him such a shake of the hand and thanks amid my tears. Then I got into the red room, and if I had had fifty sisters I could not have met a more excited, sympathetic, and affectionate crowd, which opened for me only to embrace and congratulate me on every side. Even the strange new pupils came with the rest, begging to join with them, though unknown to me and such warm, living affection from everyone! K—— C—— seemed just wild with joy. I escaped from the throng as soon as I could, leaving them my book to look at, into the dark schoolroom, where I soon heard the lady-superintendent, Mrs. Wise, inquiring for me, who seemed afraid I should be ill, and sent me into her warm, dark room, to lie down and wait for her.

"It was not very long before she came to me, and after speaking very affectionately and congratulating me, she asked me whether I should like a cup of coffee with Mr. Hamilton, chaplain and superintendent, in the committee-room, and I, very loth to leave a place which still spoke to me of such exquisite pleasure, accepted; but even then I did not know all the pleasures in store for me, not all the reiterated congratulations when I left her room and reentered the red room, where, though I had been away half an hour, the crowd and excitement and talking still went on, or the happy joining them at prayers in the dark schoolroom, only to be kissed and caressed anew. On rising from my knees, dear Kate L—— came rushing down in a sad misery at not having known of this and not being there; then came the pleasant toilet with Miss Barrett upstairs, who was invited to join, and then the exquisite pleasure of going into Mr. Hamilton's room, looking more bright from the dark stone passage, and seeing the tea-table laid and the room glowing with light and comfort, and my master himself in the large armchair by the fire which he resigned to Mrs. Wise. After tea we were asked to sing (with such ears in the room!), and B—— and I tried two of Haydn's Passione to Mr. Lucas's accompaniment; and we went home at last, too late for Betty to be much of a protection, but tired and weak with so much love and gratitude to home, dearest home."

Before closing this chapter we must not omit some mention of the R.A. concerts in which our young student with her fellow-pupils was bound to appear. They were very bright and pleasant concerts, stately with a certain touch of royal and courtly sympathy and good breeding. The director's box was generally filled with the council and their friends who were interested in the pupils, and in watching for the promise of success in new students likely to do honour to the reputation of the Institution.

The crowded orchestra looked well, for beneath the less picturesque costume of the manly performers came a dense array of young girls, each with her badge of royal colour in sash or riband, and all alike bent on appearing, according to precedent, in Lent in black dresses, and after Easter in floating white muslins.

The room was crowded by subscribers and friends and relations of the pupils, and it is easy to imagine the interest and anxiety with which the mother and sister watched the one pupil so dear to them when she took her place in the front row of chairs reserved for the chief executants. On one occasion she played the Emperor Concerto of Beethoven, her master, Mr. Lucas, conducting the orchestra with the kindest and most anxious care. She also frequently in the other R.A. concerts sang solos and concerted pieces, and at the last concert before she left, an anthem of her composition, "Let God Arise," for full chorus and organ and orchestra, was performed, also under that masterly guidance. She had indeed just reason for her grateful and life-long remembrance of her bright days at the Royal Academy of Music.

(*To be concluded.*)

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALTHOUGH Edwin spoke little of his plans, he had never relinquished his intention of resuming his missionary labours. Mr. Vaughan wished him to remain at home and continue what the "Revival" had begun, but he quietly declared his intention of going to Africa. Mariana could only submit, and help him by deeds and prayers.

Mr. Glyn and Angharad were married in the early summer, during the period of Edwin's illness. Mr. Glyn had called more than once to inquire for him, but had not been allowed to see him. He told Mariana that he had placed a hundred pounds in his banker's hands, at Edwin's disposal, and wished him to employ it as he thought best.

When Edwin heard of this he thankfully devoted the gift to his African mission, and wrote a letter to Mr. Glyn, which reached him and his bride in Switzerland.

The time came at last when he considered himself strong enough for his departure. He had preached his farewell sermons, he had prayed his farewell prayers, he had made all arrangements for his voyage; there remained only the pain of parting from Mariana, and the last evening was come.

It was of her that he now thought with tender longing, of her who had been more than a sister to him, and to whom, under God, he owed his life. Perhaps he scarcely knew, himself, how very dear she had become to him, and her sweet face had grown lovelier in his eyes than ever Mara's had been. But that last evening was a very sad one to both.

They sat alone in the parlour. Mariana was putting the final stitches into a case she was making for him, and he was looking at her.

"Dear Nanno, I can never thank you as I ought for all you have been to me," he said.

"Do not thank me at all," she answered, with quivering lips.

"It is so hard to part. Oh, Nanno! if I had not been blind all my life, perhaps it might have been different. But now it is too late! too late!"

The little word "Why" was on her lips, but she did not speak it.

"May I write to you, and will you write to me?" said Edwin; "it will help me on to feel that I have a sister at home who thinks of me, and prays for me. Oh, Nanno! I know how you have prayed for me, and your faithful prayers have been heard; I have been raised up from the grave to fight again the good fight, but still earthly yearnings cleave to me on the very eve of battle. I leave home with pain, because I leave you behind me."

While Edwin spoke, he leaned his elbows on the table and shrouded his face with his hands. Thus he could not see Mariana. As no word came from her, he continued:

"I would tell you one thing before I go, so that there may be no misunderstanding between us. My love for Mara is subdued. I can now think of her as

of one never meant for me, and not to be desired by me."

Still no response from Mariana.

Edwin paused and glanced at her through his folded hands. Her work had dropped from her fingers, and her head was bent over her lap. She was covering her face with her handkerchief, and forcibly restraining the sobs that were rising in her breast. A great veil fell from before his eyes. He rose gently and stood beside her. She did not hear him move, and when he laid his hand on her bended head, and said softly, "Nanno, dear Nanno!" she uncovered her face, and the repressed tears and sobs burst forth like streams loosened from the ice-belt. The emotion restrained for years had its way at last.

"Mariana, you must not. It breaks my heart."

"I am foolish—I cannot help it—but it is too hard to bear."

"We have been so much together that we feel this parting more than any former one," said Edwin, in a broken voice; "I, too, thought to have conquered all earthly feelings, but they crowd into my heart. Help me to subdue them, my sister, my comforter, my only friend."

"I cannot—I cannot! I have prayed and striven, but to say good-bye for ever is more than I can bear."

"God will help us and preserve me to return to you; and then it may be that you, who have been so much to me, will crown your self-devotion, and become to me a wife. Do not start from me, for I am going where the hope may cheer me, and the remembrance of your love, whether as friend or betrothed, will be as a flower in the desert, to enliven me by its sweetness. I should not have said these words had I not seen you thus. This is a solemn moment—let us look it in the face. I cannot ask any promise from you, and having changed under your very eyes, I make no promise to you; but if, in the course of God's providence, I am permitted to return, and to ask you to be my wife, would what you know of my past life make you refuse me?"

Mariana looked at Edwin. A thick film of tears blinded his eyes, and he was very pale. She made a great effort to subdue her feelings, and succeeded; then she said:

"I have betrayed the secret of my life, which I thought I would die rather than tell. You know it without the asking—a fact bitter to me indeed. But, my friend, I will not take advantage of the pity to which I have moved you. I shall think of and pray for you, as I have done all my life; but you shall not burden your walk and conscience with any word said hastily to me. You must go forth to your labours unclogged by any trammels save those of friendship. I have my duties, too, to be done as cheerfully as may be. As you have seen me, so I have ever been, and shall ever be—and—and—though parted, we shall not forget each other."

Mariana's tears again flowed fast. Edwin took her hands in his, and looking tenderly at her said, solemnly,

"You are right. We will leave the future and think only of the present. At this moment, dearest Nanno, you are my greatest earthly treasure. Whether as cousin, friend, brother, or lover, I am yours, as you may choose. It is not pity, but the tenderest love I feel for you. What hope can you give me in return?"

He held her hands, and her head bent over them. She answered slowly, and as if each word sprang from thought, not impulse,

"If you had spoken thus to me before you loved Mara, I should have said 'I am ready to live and die with you—I am ready to go with you to Africa—to watch and work with you.' Even now I could still say the same, if I were sure your love would last; but quickly found, it may be quickly lost—then farewell happiness for both. Yet is it something to be loved, if only for this moment."

"Then may God spare us to meet again," said Edwin. "You will write to me, dear Nanno?"

"As sister—as friend—yes. But if this had never been! Had my strength of mind been greater——"

"Had you been less a woman I should not have guessed what may yet be the joy of my life. I believed all human affections dead in me; and now, when the souls of others should alone be precious, they spring up afresh. Is it God's will that love should never die?"

They remained silent for a few minutes, then Mariana said,

"Edwin, I cannot see you off to-morrow. You will not be hurt at my absence. I shall be elsewhere, praying for you."

"Then you are offended with me for what I have said. I ought not to have dared. Forgive me, dearest Nanno."

"Not offended, only taken by surprise. If this had never passed between us, I could not have joined the crowd to watch your vessel leave the shore. I would rather be alone in times of mortal sorrow. It was so when my mother died—it is so now. I wish I were different, but I cannot be."

Another veil fell from before the eyes of Edwin. He read in Mariana's face what her heart must have borne for many years. He guessed why she had lived so much to herself, and why dumb creatures had ever such a love for her, and she so exquisite a pity for them. There was sympathy between them. They felt, but could not express their feelings. She, like them, would withdraw to die alone. Neither father nor sister could sympathise with her, and he had been blind all his life. He said at last,

"May our Heavenly Father be with us to-morrow, and for ever! And oh! let me love you, and thank you for all you have done and felt for me. Now tell me where I may see you for the last time to-morrow."

"In the big cave by Craig Mawr. I will be there to watch the ship sail by."

Mr. Vaughan came in and brought many people with him. Edwin was obliged to rouse himself, and to receive a deputation from various parishes, bringing good wishes, prayers, and subscriptions for his mission. This was so gratifying that soon his eager, excitable nature was engrossed by it.

The following morning all was bustle at the Mountain House. Mr. Vaughan was grave and important, the servants were very sad, for Edwin had won their love and respect.

Immediately after breakfast Edwin asked Mariana to come out with him, as he wished to take a last farewell of the scenes he loved. They walked up the hill behind the house.

When they reached the top they paused. They stood together where Edwin had once asked Mara to be his wife. How changed all seemed to him since then! He took Mariana's hand, and, as if speaking only the full current of his thoughts, said:

"You must deal gently with her, as I know you will. There is some secret weighing her down. Say something kind, nay affectionate, from me to her, and tell her I pray for her, and will help her if I can. Dearest Nanno, believe in me, and do not forget me. And now farewell, my country. Dearer and fairer than any I shall see elsewhere. Wild hills, rolling sea, sparkling river, healthy breezes, changing skies, shadowy downs, reddening woods, ferns, flowers, farewell! Home of my orphaned childhood, adopted father, more than sister, all—all—good-bye. May God for ever bless you, and have you in His keeping."

Edwin spread out his arms over the scenes he was leaving as if to bless them. Then he turned to Mariana and said:

"The bitterness is past. Let us strengthen one another."

Hand in hand, very slowly and silently they went down the hill.

Mariana tore herself away from him whom she loved as her own soul, and went to her room to watch and weep alone. Edwin walked slowly to the house. The dog-cart was at the door, and Mr. Vaughan was waiting.

"Where is Nanno?" he asked.

"I have bid her good-bye, she is not coming," said Edwin.

There was no time to lose. They mounted the dog-cart, and Mr. Vaughan took the reins from Billo's hands and drove off. Mariana watched them until they disappeared, and then took her solitary way to Craig Mawr.

Arymor was a busy scene that day. The quay was swarming with people, most of whom came to see Edwin Morris, their favourite apostle, before he left his native land for ever. Captain Herbert, and many of the members of his family were there. The vessel belonged to him, and he bustled from place to place, happy and sympathetic.

When Edwin and Mr. Vaughan appeared everybody pressed round them. The hand-shakings, farewells, and good wishes were more than Edwin could bear. As he passed through the crowd that lined the pier blessings followed him, and many a widow's mite was thrust into his hand. To his great distress he found that he was expected to give a parting address. All these friends had come to hear his last words, and he longed to "flee away and be at rest."

He entreated Mr. Vaughan to say that he could not sufficiently command himself to speak; but he did not sympathise with any display of feeling, and said that he must not disappoint the people.

So he mounted a stone seat at the end of the quay, and quieted his troubled soul by prayer. When he began to speak his voice trembled, but it strengthened by degrees, and rose above the booming of the sea.

"Brethren, pray for me. I go in obedience to the last commands of our Saviour, who said, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.' Brethren, send me forth with your prayers. I am but a poor messenger of the Lord; pray to Him to strengthen me. I can say but few words, for I am sad in spirit, albeit glad to be going forth upon my Master's work. Farewell! to some of you it must be for ever, for assuredly Death's scythe is ready to mow down some of this multitude. It may be the old—it may be the young. Let us, then, so live that if we do not meet again in this our earthly Paradise, we may meet in the Paradise above. And how must we live? Loving our neighbour as ourselves, and God above all. Then shall we be humble, pure, merciful, honest, meek, tender-hearted, forbearing—Christians, in one word.

"Brethren, my last words are, think of these things, engrave them in your own hearts. And for me, pray that I may be strengthened to keep them in mine, and to implant them in the hearts of the heathen. Pray that they may be watered by God's Holy Spirit. Forget not the counsel we have held together, the prayers we have uttered, the sermons we have heard, the hymns we have sung. Farewell! My beloved country, my beloved friends, farewell! and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Edwin waved his arms over the crowd, and then covered his eyes with his hands, in prayer. All stood silent for a few moments, then one of the ministers gave out a verse of a hymn, the subject of which was the parting of friends. All present united to sing it, and, as they ended, the wail of their voices mingled with the wail of the sea.

As Edwin got down from his stone pulpit some one touched his arm. It was Mara. She said in a low voice—

"Remember your promise. Here is money to help him if you find him: if not, do what you will with it. Good-bye, Edwin. I shall never forget you. Forgive me. May you be happier than I have ever been."

A strong pain went through Edwin's heart as he looked at Mara and saw the tears in her eyes.

"Good-bye, Mara. God bless you. I will do all I can," he said, wringing the hand which placed a twenty-pound note into his.

"Good-bye. Remember me," said Mara, slipping through the crowd.

Edwin was on board at last, still surrounded by his friends. He was sick at heart, and longed for this sad parade of leave-takings to be over. It was almost a relief to him when Mr. Vaughan said his last good-bye, pronounced his final prayer, and stepped from the vessel to the pier. Soon the ship was loosed from her moorings and out of the harbour, amid the cheers of the crowd. As he stood to look his last at his friends and Arymor, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the music of a hymn mingled with the cheers and the noise of the waves. Tears filled his eyes, and his strength nearly failed him when he remembered that he was again alone.

In spite of his heavy heart the vessel breasted the waves cheerfully, and the surf sparkled in the sunshine. As she neared Craig Mawr he saw a solitary figure emerge from the cave, and knew that it was Mariana. She waved a handkerchief, and he returned the signal, and so they stood until the vessel got into the open sea, and each became a speck to the eyes of the other. While Edwin still gazed at the profound black of the partially visible cave, Mariana sat down on a piece of rock and wept.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FARM.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

SIX years have passed away since Edwin set sail in the *Seagull* for the scene of his distant labours, and several changes of moment have taken place in Arymor. Mr. and Mrs. Glyn have returned to Brynmawr, after many months of foreign travel. Mr. Glyn has kept his resolution of beginning life anew. As landlord, magistrate, chairman of the Board of Guardians, "Churchman and Welshman," not even Mrs. Herbert can find fault with him. Angharad is as *piquante* and charming as ever. She has taken her place among the county ladies, and holds it well. They have two children, a boy and girl, and they emulate one another in spoiling them. As Mr. Glyn could not succeed in getting Ivor as page, Mrs. Glyn took Emily from the workhouse as under-nurse, who proves a valuable servant.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick had made many efforts to please Mr. Glyn in the matter of Ivor, but Mr. Vaughan stuck resolutely to his text, and would not give him up. As he had made the first application to the Board, and received a promise that Ivor should go to him as shepherd-boy, there was no excuse for his being sent elsewhere. Accordingly, when he was eleven years old, Ivor went to Tyrmynydd, and began a life that suited him well. Soon after, Mara fulfilled her promise to her father, resigned her situation as schoolmistress, and went home to live. Nothing was heard during these years of Gipsy George.

Edwin Morris continued his missionary life in Africa, and letters came from him frequently. Mariana heard whenever he had the opportunity of writing, and wrote to him regularly in return. If he mentioned Gerwyn, it was to say that he had no tidings of him, and hope began to die in Mara's heart.

The period at which we resume our story was one of great excitement. An Eisteddfod, or Meeting of the Bards, was to take place at Arymor, and the whole town was astir. For many weeks great preparations had been making. A large tent was erected in a field on a hill overlooking the town, and much pains was bestowed by the ladies on its decoration. It must be understood that an Eisteddfod some years ago was not what an Eisteddfod now is. It was then purely national, comparatively small, and held in places of little note: it is now general, large, and held in the chief towns of the Welsh counties. The Arymor Eisteddfod was of the former class. Still the excitement and pleasure it afforded were, perhaps, more genuine then than now.

The day was fine, but windy. The lusty sea-breeze threatened the tent with an overthrow, and great exertions were made to keep it standing. Captain Herbert and his grandsons, together with many sailors and landsmen, were engaged in hauling ropes and fastening them to pegs driven into the earth, while the mischievous wind frolicked with their hats, and compressed or inflated the tent at will. The Captain's nautical terms and energetic speech seemed to tell of a ship in difficulties.

Mrs. Herbert, her daughters-in-law, and granddaughters were equally busy within. They took the lead in the decorations, and, aided by other ladies and some gentlemen, were putting the finishing touches to wreaths of evergreens and flowers, adorning the seat of honour, and arranging "banners with a strange device." The field of the Eisteddfod was truly a scene of pleasurable excitement; so was the town.

She sat like a queen on the shore amongst the hills. Her houses had been cleaned and painted, her streets cleared of unnecessary obstructions, her shop-windows made radiant with their smartest goods. All her inhabitants were in their gayest clothes, and into her swarmed a multitude of guests. Everybody was idle except the inn-keepers, who drove a prosperous trade.

From earliest morning vehicles of every description rolled and rattled down the hills on all sides, and pulled up in her principal streets. The mail contained double its proper number of passengers, and when the four horses stopped before the Glyn Arms they were breathless. Cars, vans, dog-carts, market-carts and gigs, filled with talkative people in scarlet shawls and high hats, bowled away as if their lives depended on their reaching Arymor by a certain hour. Men and women on horseback jogged in less swiftly, some of them riding double. Pedestrians swarmed. Where can they all come from? was the question everybody asked.

They come from all parts. This music-loving people do not begrudge time or labour for their favourite art. For months past numerous individuals of the present throng have been studying and singing, in season and out of season. Men, walking slowly by their

carts of coal or lime, field labourers at the plough, domestic servants at their work, might have been heard practising glee, "Ton" catch, or anthem, often with music-scores in their hands. Here are choirs of school-children, choirs from church or chapel, choirs from the "Works." The latter have made the caves of the earth in coal- or iron-mine to resound to the melodies of the nation. All have made holiday, and come from afar to unite in friendly rivalry, or to listen to the music of the Eisteddfod.

Happily the too-frequently weeping skies are smiling to-day, and the sun has cast aside his cloak of clouds to appear in holiday lustre. The sea has cleared up his deep bass voice, and resolves to sing harmoniously in chorus with the people, and all promises well for the amusement of the hard-working peasants and miners, who will be thankful for a pure sea-breeze in addition to the music.

Most of the country people had arrived before the carriages of the gentry made their appearance. Then the Glyn Arms, with its important landlord and landlady, was astir indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Jolly—scarecrows no longer—were full of bustle and importance. They, like their hostel, were outwardly improved. The host looked sleeker, the hostess brighter than of old. Their house was altogether renovated; new paper, paint, and furniture within, an imposing exterior and well-kept garden, together with "good stabling and a good tap," made the Glyn Arms quite a fashionable resort. Even strangers were attracted by it, and often remained long at Arymor for good air and bad bathing.

Amongst the carriages was Mr. Glyn's. It was well-appointed, plain, and, like himself, gentlemanlike. Mrs. Glyn had filled her house for the Eisteddfod, and one or two other carriages accompanied theirs. Mr. and Mrs. Jolly were in attendance, and the Glyn Arms was surrounded by an admiring crowd.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Jolly?" was heard from a pleasant voice within the chocolate panels of Mr. Glyn's carriage, and soon after Angharad got out and shook hands with the hostess, so did Mr. Glyn.

They were but little changed. Mr. Glyn was better dressed, and looked much brighter and somewhat stouter than he did before his marriage; his wife was as prettily and fashionably attired as she could be, and not a whit less coquettish than of old—if, after all, it was coquetry. At any rate, Mr. Glyn thought her more charming now than ever, though still *maligne*.

"Are we in time, Mr. Jolly?" she asked, as she arranged her skirts and looked round to see that her guests were assembled.

"Quite early, ma'am, quite early. But I think Captain Herbert has been looking for Mr. Glyn."

"I said so," she exclaimed, turning to her husband, and clapping her hands with delight. "Look! they are all coming!"

She laughed merrily as she pointed out a family procession that was coming to meet them. Mr. Glyn still shrank nervously from being surrounded by the clan Herbert.

"You had better come in, ladies," said Mrs. Jolly.

"Just for a moment, until they arrive," said Angharad, and she and her party went into one of Mrs. Jolly's sumptuous parlours.

Soon after Mrs. Herbert bustled in, followed by a dozen grandchildren and Mr. Traherne. She hugged Angharad as if she had not seen her for a year, nearly broke Mr. Glyn's arm, as usual, and loudly greeted the rest of the party. All the children rushed upon their aunt with the cry of "What a swell you are, aunt Harrie," or, "When are you coming to Plâs?"

Mr. Traherne kissed her, and in his absence of mind was about to do the same to Mr. Glyn.

"I beg your pardon. I humbly beg your pardon," he said, as Mr. Glyn retreated. "I thought it was——"

"Not Mrs. Jolly, I hope, uncle," said Mrs. Glyn.

Then came Captain Herbert, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Make haste! make haste! We are all waiting for the chairman!"

"Do come with me, Angharad," said Mr. Glyn, piteously. "Captain Herbert, I am sure you will kindly be pioneer to our friends, and see them and Harrie well placed."

"There is a deputation awaiting you and Harrie, as Chairman and Lady Patroness," laughed Captain Herbert. "You had better go on."

Mr. Glyn's face brightened when he heard that it was expected of his wife to be with him. They led the way, leaving the rest to follow.

"I wish it was over, with all my heart," sighed Mr. Glyn, hurrying up the hill, the rest of the party following more at their leisure. "Harrie, why did you insist on my growing patriotic in my old age? You have a great deal to answer for."

"And so have you, sir. Look at my poor mother! she is straining after us like a disabled racehorse. I am sure she has a suggestion to make."

"Pray don't look back. I can't listen to more suggestions, and I shall quite forget my speech."

"I'll sit behind and prompt you, I know it by heart. 'We Cymry have, like the Germans and Italians, musical organisations.' Don't forget that bit, for it was mine, and especially remember 'Born a Cambrian, bred a Cambrian, with the soul of a Cambrian. I shall live and die a Cambrian.'"

"Don't be so foolish, Harrie. I wonder you are not out of breath."

"So I am, but my powers of conversation are independent of my breath. I talk as people should sing, from some part of the throat made on purpose. You might put that in your speech! 'Welsh throats, like those of the feathered warblers, are peculiarly constructed for song.' That sounds well."

"I wish you were chairman instead of lady patroness."

"And you lady patroness instead of chairman. At any rate, I shall be red enough for anything. Mr. Glyn, you have spoilt your wife's beauty, and hurried her into a milkmaid."

"We are well-nigh at the end of it, dear Harrie, and you will soon recover your complexion and breath. But how can I sit through my probation?"

"Here comes Llewellen; he will prescribe. Mr. Glyn wants a pill for patience, Dr. Herbert."

But Dr. Herbert was to be the head of the deputation, and said:

"I am so glad you are come. The deputation waits."

"I didn't bargain for that. Let Harrie receive them," said Mr. Glyn.

"They only want to meet you both, and place you in the seats of honour," said Llewellen. "I wish you joy; I'm glad it isn't I."

"Why didn't your mother undertake it? She would have done the thing well," said Mr. Glyn.

"Such a speech, Llewellen! Poetry and song combined," said Angharad, adding, as they reached the entrance to the tent, "Here are the 'grave and reverend seniors.'"

And there they were, the deputation. Mr. Glyn bowed and shook hands, and Angharad laughed her merriest, and the "grave and reverend seniors," most of whom had known her from childhood, laughed too. They led the way to the platform, and placed Mr. and Mrs. Glyn in the seats of honour prepared for them. When Mr. Glyn saw his for the first time he was very nearly running away. Angharad was obliged to say, "Don't! Think of the owl in the ivy-bush, and how patiently he sat!"

It certainly was a trial for a proud, shy man like Mr. Glyn to be made so conspicuous. His seat was placed in the centre of the platform, commanding the performers and audience, and commanded by them. Unadorned, it would have turned into a large beehive-chair, borrowed for the occasion; adorned, it was a bower of evergreens, flowers, and bows of ribbon. Happily, the fastidious chairman did not know what formed the basement of his honourable position, or whence it came.

Angharad's was an elbow-chair, of antique fashion, also elaborately ornamented with evergreens and ribbon. It was at some distance from Mr. Glyn's, on his right. Surrounding him were the adjudicators, and people connected with the Eisteddfod; surrounding her were her family and friends, and such of the neighbours as were deemed of sufficient distinction to grace the platform.

Immediately below the platform a space had been cleared for the performers; this was slightly raised and surrounded by ropes, to keep it separate. Immediately behind this space were a few rows of reserved seats, in which, amongst hundreds of others, sat the members of Mr. Glyn's household. Emily formed one of these, and very modest and pretty she looked. The rest of the tent was for the crowd.

In less than half an hour it was full. A trumpet sounded announcing that the Gorsedd was to be inaugurated, and in rushed, tumbled, and pushed as tumul-

tuous a crowd as could well be. There was scarcely standing room for all, and great was the hustling and confusion; the two policemen had enough to do. There was no ceremony, no reverence for rank or sex. All strove to press up to the space set apart for the performers, and what with a good breeze without, and pushing against the unstable canvas within, the tent was likely to be pulled down.

Cries of "Order" were uttered in vain, and even Mr. Glyn's efforts to command attention were unheeded. The introductory speeches, which proposed the chairman and opened the Eisteddfod, were equally inaudible.

But no sooner was the sound of singing heard than silence, as of night, fell over the multitude. Orpheus, himself, never had more completely charmed into quietude roaring beasts and brawling brooks than did a choir of some thirty men, women and children those two or three thousand riotous people.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

A Cornish Girl might employ her pressed ferns and leaves in making window and fire-screens. They look well on glass (as a foundation) if you wish to employ them for window-screens; and they would also be suitable for paper-screens either large or small. But you should have some artistic taste in the arrangement of them—as to form and colour—as well as great delicacy in manipulation.

Marigold.—Why not purchase a small photographic apparatus and take houses, and views, and groups, and dispose of them? You might make something considerable in this way in country places and holiday resorts. There are upwards of 1300 women now engaged in this country in the various departments of this art; there are upwards of 1000 painters and a few engravers—not more than about 100. But engraving is trying to the eyes. Altogether, for a girl who has artistic taste in the selection of points of view, and of grouping, and appreciative of contrasts of light and shade, but without the means for obtaining a first-rate training, would find a far easier field for the exercise of her taste and talent in photography than in painting. It would cost but little and bring in a much quicker return.

Romola.—It is said that the largest picture ever painted was by "Tintoretto," whose real name was Jacopo Robusti. The subject was "Paradise," and is to be seen in the Doge's Palace, Venice. It is 84 feet in width and 33½ feet in height. He was born A.D. 1512, and died in 1594. His son, Domenico, and his daughter, Marietta, were of much repute as portrait painters.

COOKERY.

Shepherd's Fairy.—*The Girls' Own Cookery Book*, published at our office might suit you. Pronounce the "h" in the words you name.

H. Bates kindly sends us a recipe for "preserving sardines fresh for ten days, or even longer." After opening the tin pour out much of the oil (which is used on the Continent to fry fish) and fill up with vinegar. The sardines will be found rather improved, by so doing, in their flavour after the time named, and will taste as fresh as when the tin was first opened. We thank the sender of the recipe.

R. C. R., having read Dora de Blaquière's article on "Little-known Fruits and Vegetables," is so good as to send us a recipe for a Spanish dish, suitable for use at breakfast or luncheon. "Scald some tomatoes, peel off the skin, and remove the seeds; stew with a little butter, and when done beat up the yolks and whites of some eggs; pour them into the tomatoes, and add pepper and salt; stir all briskly for two or three minutes, and serve at once. The tomatoes and eggs should be used in equal quantities."

Binks.—1. We are much gratified by your very kind letter. The use of glycerine for the paper-covering of jam has also been recommended to us, but we should prefer to trust the old-fashioned method of dipping the papers in spirits, and keeping the jam in a very dry place.—2. To make "cracklings," whip ten whites of eggs, mix with eight ounces of dried flour, twelve ounces of sifted sugar, six yolks of eggs, and a few drops of essence of vanilla; mix lightly, and lay out the paste on bands of paper in small round shapes, with a forcing-bag; dredge over with sugar, and bake to a light-brown colour, in a moderate heat; when done turn the bands upside down, pass a wet brush over the paper, which will make the cakes drop off, and then dry on a wire sieve in the screen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Trot.—1. "Sorrow may endure for a night," etc., will be found in Psalm xxx. 5.—2. Your writing is good.—3. We recommend you to procure a "Concordance" to assist you in the study of the Holy Scriptures. We publish one by Dr. John Eadie, D.D.

Ducksy could easily remove a label from the cover of a book with a small sponge and a little warm water; but the cover would, very probably, be rather injured.

Incredulous.—Yes, it is quite true that a woman's dress has been woven from spiders' webs. Our own Queen is in possession of it, having received it as a present from the late Empress of Brazil in 1877. It is said that it surpasses the most costly silk in both delicacy of fibre and beauty. The extraordinary strength of the web is almost incredible. A bar of highly-tempered steel, of the same thickness as a cord produced from spiders' webs, would break at a strain of 50 tons, while the web would bear 74 tons. Louis XIV. had a coat made of this web, and Le Bon, of Languedoc, obtained silk of spiders which was woven into gloves and stockings. A drachm of the web would reach a distance of 200 miles. When in full work they spin half a grain a day, and to enable them to do so, they devour to the amount of twenty-seven times their own weight in food of any description in a day. They are exceedingly voracious and eat each other, as well as flies, and other insects.

Gypsy and Vixen, one aged fourteen and the other sixteen, inform us that they are "engaged without their parents' knowledge!" We can inform them that, being minors and the engagements unknown to their parents, the promises are worth nothing; they are as useless as the marriage between two rag-dolls in which some little Toddlekins performs the marriage ceremony. They ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Fire-fly.—*The Midnight Sky* is published at 56, Paternoster Row. Apply to your bookseller or the publisher.

Hypatia.—Your brother appears to think himself very wise! Had you repeated your queries, we might have answered them. Do you suppose that we can remember every question, and with the right pseudonym attached to it, that, amongst hundreds of letters, come to our hands? We are not at all anxious that your brother should be "convinced," but we are anxious to oblige and help those who write to us. If your questions had reference to the hair and complexion, you must refer to our indexes. It would not be fair to others to repeat old answers so perpetually, especially when so small a space is free for correspondence.

Caravan.—We believe in the recognition one of another amongst the blessed in their heavenly home.

Holly.—We do not keep a registry for servants, nor can we advertise any. You will see advertisements in the daily papers.

Dodo.—Although we have no active volcano in the British Isles, there is volcanic action underneath a part of Great Britain, evidenced by slight shocks of earthquake, chiefly in Perthshire, also on the borders of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, on the South Coast and Wales. The mineral springs also give evidence of volcanic action underground.

N. Cash.—It is a pity you did not send us the recipe for making the paste or powder that so effectually destroys worms in wood; because, as you are well aware, we cannot give advertisements of trade addresses.

Edna Earl.—We regret to say that your acrostics are quite incorrect in composition. For example, you begin thus—

> "Brother, dearest, tho' you from us
> Rivers and land divide."

The second acrostic is still worse.

Inquirer.—See "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," by "Medicus," vol. i., p. 348; also see answer, vol. v., p. 320. Also other articles by him. Dampness of the hands is constitutional, and the cause should be attacked. On this account a personal interview with a medical men would be necessary. Your diet should be attended to, and you probably need a tonic.

Lily of the Valley.—1. We cannot do more than refer you to the article, as we never give trade addresses.—2. Consult a new London Directory, and do not confound the words "piece" and "peace." There is no "peace" called "The Progress of Women's Work."

Gladys Lenore.—You ought to obtain advice. Go to a doctor in the morning. Many give it free at that early time.

Zebra.—You must inquire at a librarian's, who will give you access to some of the recitation manuals.

E. M. S.—Certainly, if you have never been baptised, you should delay no longer. The clergyman of your parish would perform the rite, and he would instruct and prepare you for confirmation so that you could be permitted to attend at the Lord's Supper. We do not understand what your parents are, nor what they say about it. But you should, under any circumstances, be baptised, as a first step, and hope you will meet with no trouble in the next.

Fern-leaf.—We suppose that if your medical attendant have been many times requested to send in his account, during a six years' attendance, and has not done so, it must be that he had no intention of making any charge, and visited you as a friend. But you should represent the case to him before a third party—some man of your family—and if he will not say plainly the attendance was free, place the matter in the hands of your family lawyer or you may get into a difficulty, as the bill should not have run on so long, and he might sell his practice. You should have done so before.

Katharine. — We congratulate you on having a colour. Too many girls look sadly washed-out, described so graphically in negro parlance as "poor catsy white trash!" We should not give you a recipe for making you pale if we had one; but perhaps the surest plan would be to be laid up on a sick-bed for a few weeks.

Meadowsweet.—We cannot give prices of articles to be obtained in shops. Go to a naturalist's shop and ask for a cage for your doormice. The bars should be of wire, as they will gnaw through those of wood. Should one of them die, we do not think the other would die of a broken heart; but it would be easy to procure another companion in place of the deceased.

Agatha T. — Your former intended husband very properly had nothing more to say to you when he saw you under the circumstances you name with another man. You are utterly without a sense of what is due to your self-respect, and to your affianced; which fact is confirmed by your calling so gross an offence against your plighted troth "a mere trifle!" He would show as little self-respect himself if he ever renewed the engagement.

Country Lassie.—We do not give trade addresses, nor those of private tuitions and private schools, and regret that we cannot thus oblige you. But you could write to hairdressers in Old Bond Street or Regent Street for information.

Nauta should apply at some of the steamship companies in London, Liverpool, Southampton, or Glasgow, stating what you can do. Perhaps you might be an assistant purser or clerk in the post-office department. Your handwriting is very good. The assistant stewardship might be worth having.

E. Pursey.—Spell "gimlet" as we have done.

Housemaid.—You should not meddle with the contents of a letter-bag. Your mistress will give you any directed to her care for you. She would have cause to be displeased if she saw all the letters in the kitchen looked over by the servants. While in her house those for her servants are (or ought to be) sent to her care.

Bluebell.—The eldest daughter of the eldest son is called Miss So-and-So without her Christian name, unless she have an aunt living, her father's sister. In this case she must use her Christian name during her aunt's life. In the families of the titled nobility there is but one of the family who may correctly drop the Christian name. When anyone inquires who you are, say "my name is So-and-So," not "I am Miss So-and-So."

Little Rosebud.—You are both right, but the distinction between the substantive and the verb is shown in their pronunciation. "Con-*verse*," the emphasis laid on the last syllable, is the verb. "*Con*-verse," the stress laid on the first syllable, is a noun, just like conversation or discourse. Refer to your dictionary and you will see that the word has a double use and two methods of pronunciation.

Eugenie Louise (Berlin).—We much regret that we cannot oblige you by introducing two strangers to us to each other. What guarantee have we that the correspondent who wished to write to you was a suitable one in character and social position. We might do much harm, and should ourselves be open to imposture.

A MORNING CALL.



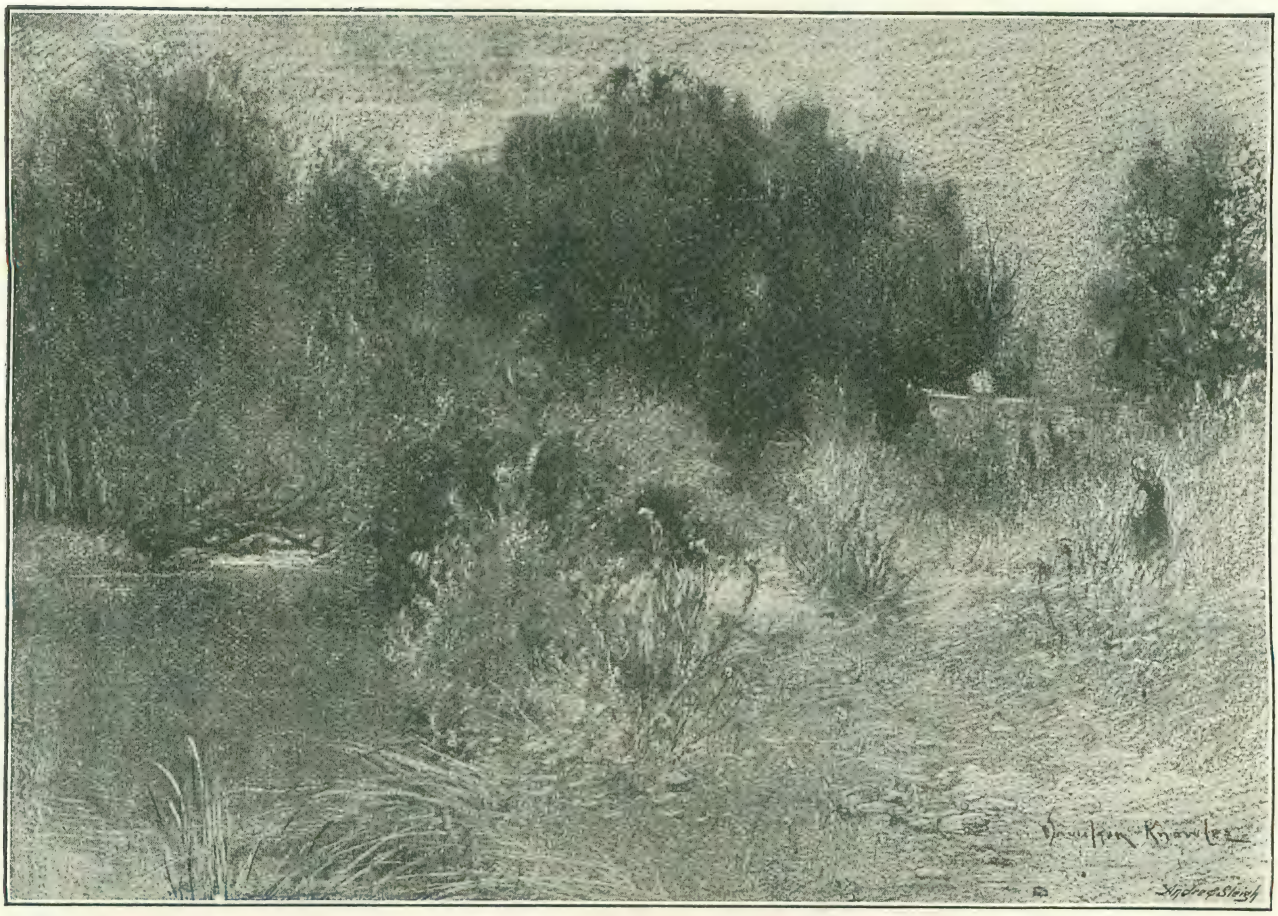


VOL. XV.—NO. 760.] JULY 21, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE GARDEN.

BY E. NESBIT.

I KNOW a garden where white lilies grow,
  Under the grey sweet-laden apple boughs;
It is a garden where the roses blow,
  And honeysuckle covers half the house.
  O happy garden, do you keep the vows
Breathed in your quiet ear beneath the rose,
Or do you breathe the tale to each soft wind that blows?



All rights reserved.] "SHE MOVED AMONG YOU LIKE A LIVING FLOWER."

Across your grassy paths she used to stray,
  She moved among you like a living flower,
Her beauty drank your beauty every day,
  Your beauty decked her beauty every hour.
  You gave her rose and lily for a dower,
With all sweet flowers and fruits your bosom bore—
She took them all—and now she comes not any more.

O garden, if you breathe such secret things
  To the south wind who loves you, tell him this,
To spread the scented sweetness of his wings,
  And seek the other garden where she is;
  We send by him no blossom and no kiss,
Only, dear garden, tell the wind to say
How grey the world is grown since Margaret went away.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE first performance was by the choir of a small village church, and they sang an old Welsh anthem. Their leader was the clerk and schoolmaster of their parish, and they stood round him, as attentive to his motions as the most refined orchestra to its conductor. He was an old man, whose movements were eccentric enough. By turns his hands, arms, feet, and head were made to subserve his purpose. His body quivered with excitement, and he stamped and raved at his scholars in a way laughable to a looker-on, but quite intelligible to them. His motions kept them in perfect time and tune, and regulated the forte and piano, the crescendo and diminuendo, while their performance would have done honour to the most cultivated of masters.

When the anthem ended, the old man wiped his brow, shook his white head, looked up anxiously to the platform, bowed, and retired, followed by his choir, while the adjudicator wrote down his opinion and the people loudly applauded. How the policemen made a way for the retreating and advancing choirs through the dense crowd was a mystery, but no sooner did one set of singers disappear than another filled the strange orchestra.

As there were ten choirs, and each sang the same anthem, it is unnecessary to follow them all; suffice it to say, that most of them sang well and were well conducted. We have, however, something to do with two of them—those of Arymor and "The Works."

Mr. Traherne and Tudor had taken great interest in the Eisteddfod. The latter had canvassed his parish with unwearying patience and politeness, in order to join the various choirs of church, chapels, and workhouse in one. He had succeeded, and had caused the best singers to be selected from each, so as to form a picked class for practice. Mara and Ivor had joined them, with Mr. Vaughan's permission, and when they were all assembled they numbered from forty to fifty. They had worked hard, but, as usual, there was a strike; the leader of the church choir quarrelled with the leader of the chapel choir, and they resigned simultaneously. Mr. Traherne put Ivor as substitute, and the pupil surpassed his masters.

When the Arymor choir stood in the enclosure, the spectators looked for their leader. A boy was in the midst of them with a violin in his hand. Mr. Traherne and Tudor stood below, close to their flock — the former rejoicing in Ivor and his Straduarius, the latter anxious for the success of the whole. Ivor seemed unconscious of his position; he thought of nothing but the anthem. He could not realise that gain would accrue if they sang the best, and could not be made to care for it. Tudor had been greatly interested in him during the time of the practice, and spoke of him enthusiastically to Mara.

As he gave the key-note on his violin, and led off the anthem with his wonderful voice, all eyes were fixed upon him. Unconscious of this, and with the true inspiration of genius, he communicated his own fire to the choir; now flashing quick glances amongst them, now waving arms and bow, now drawing a sound from the instrument, he kept the whole in harmony. Basses, trebles, and tenors took their cue from him, whose quick ear and irritable temperament they had sadly annoyed.

Mara stood in the midst, pale and stern; she was remarkable in every way, but chiefly for her fixed gaze on Ivor. He turned to her more frequently than to the others, for her fine voice nearly failed her, and all his gesticulations and her efforts could not produce it clear and powerful as it usually was. But no one thought of her; Ivor was the "observed of all observers."

When the last notes of the anthem were dying away, Ivor clapped his hands and shouted, "Bravo! bravo! well done! well done!" His innocent cry of approval was taken up by the crowd, and the tent shook with applause. "Bravo, young one! well done, little one!" resounded on all sides, and Ivor, abashed, went to Mara's side, and was lost to sight amid the rest of the choir.

The Arymor singers were replaced by those from "The Works." They consisted of men and boys from the coal and iron mines, who had come from Glamorganshire, in vans, to try their musical fortune and enjoy a holiday.

Everyone knew that "The Works" would stand first, for they were regularly taught and trained by competent men. Their masters provided them with instructors and instruments, and most of those present at the Eisteddfod could not only sing but play. Indeed, they had been in the habit of performing Handel's Oratorios before cultivated audiences, and were, therefore, looked upon with some jealousy by the other competitors. They did not disappoint the general expectations. They sang with such precision and confidence in their own powers that the eyes of the adjudicators sparkled as they listened.

Standing amid this band of sturdy, brawny men was our old friend Gipsy George. No one could have recognised the workhouse boy in the good-looking young man of nineteen, who helped to swell the chorus of the anthem. But he knew everybody. He had grown into a fine, intelligent-looking youth, with black eyes that shot quick glances on all sides, and a resolute mouth showing very white teeth. He was smartly dressed in dark blue, with a light-blue tie round his brown muscular throat, and he looked the personification of labour and activity. As his glance ran quickly down the lines of second-class seats he soon discovered his old friend Emily. He looked at her often—indeed, he looked at nobody else. Even if she had been a stranger to him, he must, perforce, have looked on, for she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. The blue eyes were as gentle as ever, and the hair as golden. She was so modest and fair that he longed to jump over the rope and kiss her; especially he longed to knock down a smart footman who was paying her devoted attention. He thought that she once looked at him, for she blushed and cast down her eyes beneath his earnest gaze. Happily, he was not one of the most efficient of the singers; had he been, "The Works" would not have held their own that day. As it was, they were loudly applauded.

When all the choirs had sung successively, there was a solo—"The Rising of the Lark." In this Ivor again distinguished himself. A glee, catch, and trio succeeded. "The Works" were pre-eminently successful in the trio, each

man sustaining his part well. Ivor joined in the glee, and led the singers so justly that the audience loudly expressed their surprise.

The most pretentious performance of the day was Handel's solo, "He shall gather the lambs with His arms." Neither Mara nor Tudor supposed that Ivor knew this, and they were surprised to see him present himself in turn in the orchestra. They had not imagined that he had been singing it to his sheep among the hills ever since he had heard it. He sang it now as true genius alone could sing. He seemed to feel not only the music but the words, and, apparently unconscious of the crowd, poured them out with the ease of a bird.

When a shout of applause followed, and the word "encore, encore," resounded on all sides, he looked round alarmed. He did not know what encore meant—a word prohibited that day—he was frightened by the noise—he put his fingers into his ears, and his eyes sought Mara. He was alone in that square enclosure, surrounded by a mob of yelling people. He had forgotten this before, and now his large, soft eyes looked like those of a deer brought to bay. He suddenly slipped under the rope and disappeared. Mara was watching him from the nearest point which she had been able to reach, but she would have lost him had not Gipsy George been near and taken hold of his arm. He forced his way through the crowd and restored Ivor to Mara. He did not wait for thanks, but, slipping a small parcel into Mara's hand, disappeared in his turn.

This by-play was unperceived by the assembly, who only knew that Ivor had run away and would not return, so the next singer was heard instead.

It would be tiresome to notice all the musical efforts of the day. For the benefit of those uninitiated in the old Eisteddfod, or in the musical genius and ambition of the Welsh, I will transcribe the remainder of the programme: "The Chough and Crow," "Dafydd y Gareg Wen, David of the White Stone," "Y Gweneth Gwyn, the White Wheat," "Clychan Aberdyfi, the Bells of Aberdovy," "Sleep, Gentle Lady," and "Worthy is the Lamb."

It would seem tedious to sit from ten o'clock till one, and from two till six, listening to endless repetitions of the same song, yet nobody was tired. Each choir and each solo singer was different from the other—so different that an English lady was heard to ask whether they really went through the same piece. And there was talent in all.

When the musical display was over, the literary competition began. But this was scarcely equal to the other. The principal productions had been sent to the adjudicators before the Eisteddfod, and judgment had already been passed on them. The "Penyll," or extempore stanzas, were of average merit, but as few of the educated portion of the audience understood the language in which they were uttered, and the uneducated scarcely heard them, they were of no great interest. It was, as Mr. Glyn said, a weak effort to prolong the dying notes of a dying tongue.

When all was over, small embroidered bags were placed on the table round which sat the adjudicators. They had been busy taking notes during the whole day. The principal of them rose and gave the result. He criticised keenly the merits and demerits of the singers and their conductors. Some sang too fast—some too slow—some too loud—some too soft—this leader was too inanimate—that too vivacious. With each comment he gave a learned exposition of the principles of music, and of what each competitor wanted for his or her improvement. Finally, he adjudged the prizes with unshrinking justice.

Then came the distribution of the prizes. Each successful competitor, or leader of a successful choir, was called in turn to the platform and invested with an embroidered bag by one of the ladies. This bag contained the prize in money.

Ivor was the first to be brought forward, as leader of the Arymor choir, which had gained the prize of fifteen guineas awarded for the first anthem. His look of wonder and perplexity amused the ladies. Mrs. Glyn smiled as the boy stood opposite her, not abashed, but not comprehending what was expected of him.

"Kneel down," whispered an adjudicator.

"Must I say my prayers, sir?" said Ivor turning to Mr. Glyn, in whom he placed trust, and kneeling as commanded.

Mr Glyn smiled and shook his head.

"What a strange boy—who is he?" asked several ladies.

"I am Ivor the Foundling," said Ivor simply.

Mrs. Glyn put the scarlet strings to which the bag was attached round Ivor's neck, and kissed his forehead. She was almost as much surprised as he at the applause that followed.

"You have done well, Ivor," she whispered, while the clapping continued. "This is for the choir. Now you may go."

Ivor rose, looked again at Mr. Glyn, and descended the platform. He went to Mr. Tudor Herbert, and taking off the bag gave it to him.

"It is for the choir, sir," he said, and hurried off to Mara.

The prizes were numerous, and rose in value from ten shillings to twenty pounds. The different ladies present "invested" the successful candidates by turns. The animated old clerk received a prize for his choir, and the others were variously distributed. The principal prize of twenty pounds was gained by "The Works" for "Worthy is the Lamb," which they had sung to perfection.

Ivor had been pronounced the first solo singer, and the adjudicator had praised him highly. He had either not heard him, or been unconscious of the commendation. When he was again called for he hung back, and Mr. Traherne brought him, with force, to the platform.

"Remember the fiddle, boy, and be good," said the old gentleman, leaving him before Mrs. Herbert.

"Prize for the best singing of 'He shall gather the lambs with His arms,'" said the adjudicator.

Mrs. Herbert held up the bag. Ivor drew back, saying:

"Please, ma'am, I would rather not have it. I did not work for it. Matthew Pritchard did. I only sang it. He—he—learnt it."

Ivor found it difficult to express the difference between intuition and study.

Matthew Pritchard was a young man of Arymor, who had sung next best to Ivor, and who had been much mortified at his defeat.

"He is right," said Tudor Herbert. "Ivor did not mean to sing it, Pritchard did."

"But he sang it best," said the judge. "The prize is his."

"I will give an equal prize to Pritchard," said Mr. Glyn, and a glance from his wife repaid him for his liberality.

Ivor's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Thank you, sir, but may his be the first?" said Ivor, going straight to Mr. Glyn, still unabashed.

Angharad clapped her little hands, and the gentlemen did the same. It circled through the tent that the Foundling had done a generous thing, and everybody shouted "bravo."

Matthew Pritchard was called, a sturdy fellow of five-and-twenty.

He knelt before Mrs. Glyn with shy pleasure on his face.

"Help me to give him the prize, Ivor," she said. And the boy took one end of the ribbon, she the other, and hung the bag, containing two sovereigns, round Matthew's neck.

"There's pretty she looks! There's kind she is!" cried many voices from the crowd.

"Now go to mamma," whispered Angharad, and Ivor stood before Mrs. Herbert, who, in her turn, invested Ivor with his order of merit.

"Always be as honest as you have been to-day, and the parish will be proud of you," she said.

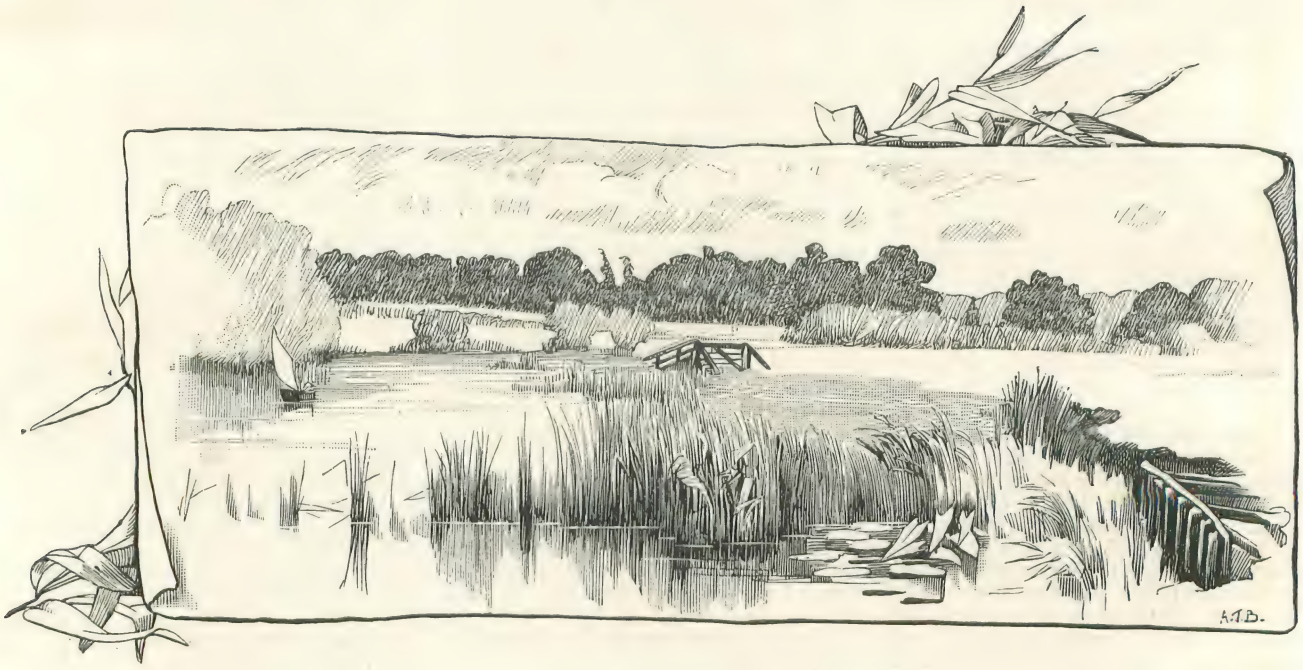
Ivor looked as if he did not quite understand her, bowed, and said, "Thank you, ma'am."

Again he found his way through the crowd to Mara, amidst much applause.

When the prizes for the literary competitors had been given, the real business of the day was over. One of the adjudicators made a speech on the literature and music of Wales, and in it regretted the gradual disappearance of the Welsh harp, and with it the just appreciation of the national airs. The usual amount of civil flattery followed. The judges complimented one another, and gave Mr. Glyn the worship due to him, for his "urbanity, nationality," &c., &c., as chairman.

Mr. Glyn returned thanks in a pithy speech, in which he complimented no one. He was not nervous, and forgot his bower of evergreens. Angharad learnt the speech, as he pronounced it, and tormented him about it afterwards. Everyone said that he had made an excellent chairman, and with a few more compliments, the National Eisteddfod of 18— came to a close.

(To be continued.)



MAZOURKA IN E MINOR.

Dedicated to H.H. PRINCESS MARCELINE CZARTORYSKA *by* NATALIE JANOTHA.

Allegretto tranquillo. *a tempo.* Op. 6, No. 1.

PIANO.

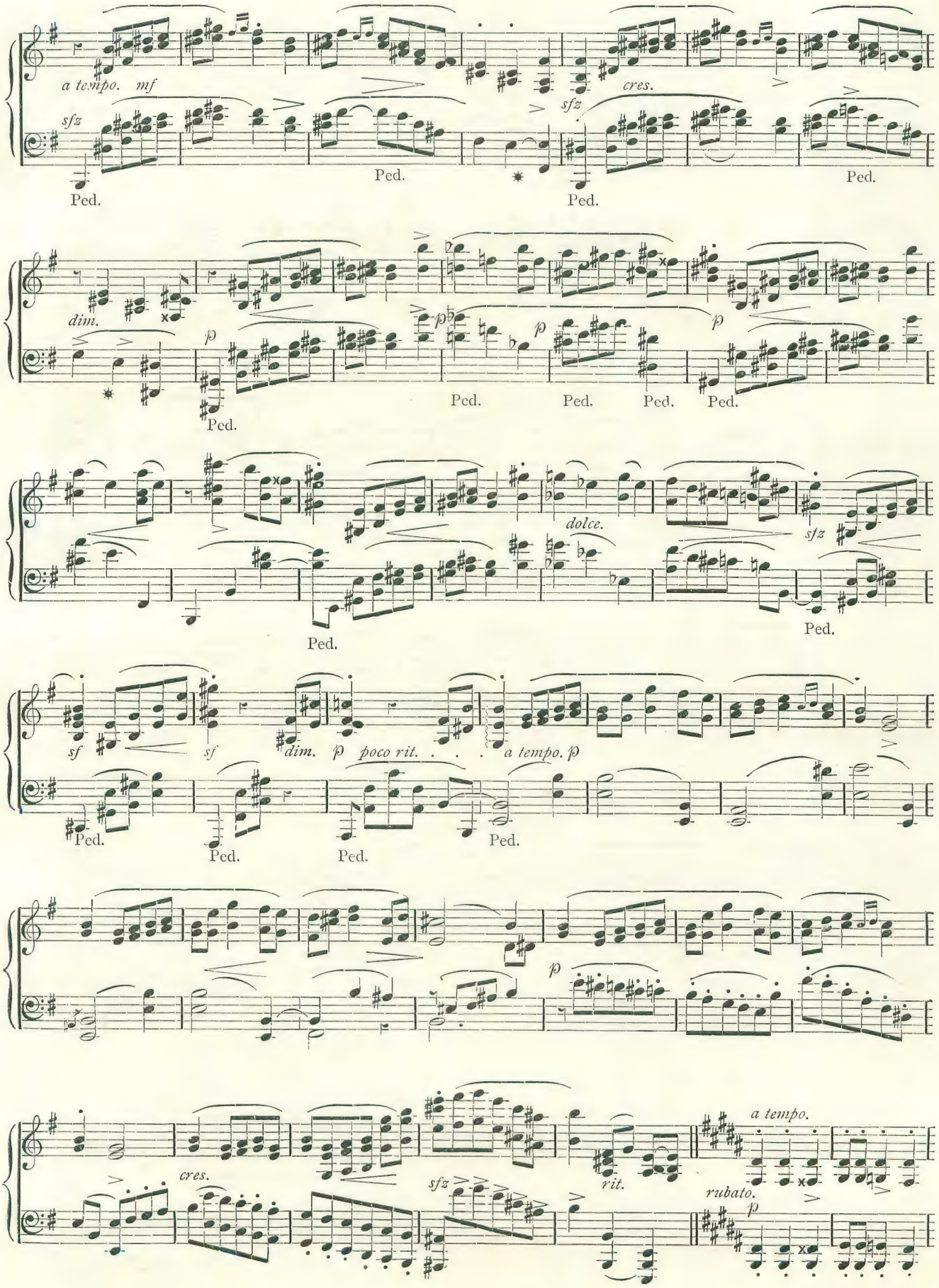
p *rubato.* *sfz* *rit.* *dim.* *rit.* *p* *legato.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

mf

rubato. *sfz* L.H. *poco rit.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.


a tempo. mf
sfz
Ped.
Ped.
sfz
cres.
sfz
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
p
Ped.
p
Ped.
Ped.
p
Ped.
Ped.
dolce.
sfz
Ped.
Ped.
sf
sf
dim.
p
poco rit.
a tempo. p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
p
cres.
sfz
rit.
a tempo.
rubato.
p


p
Ped.
sfz la melodia.
p rit.
cres.
sfz accel.
rit.
8va.
sfz melody.
accel.
cres.
8va.
piu cres.
ff
sfz sfz
p poco rit.
8va.
p legato.
p cres.
sfz f con passione.
ff
rit.


8va.
pp
ritard.
a tempo.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.
pp
rit.
a tempo. p
8va.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
8va.
sfz
ff energetico.
più vivo.
8va.
a tempo.
ff brillante.
s z più lento.
dolce.
p
8ve. Pe I.
8va.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
più lento.
a tempo.
FINE.
p ma più cres.
sfz sfz f
p p
sfz sfz
R.H.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



"GOOD-NIGHT."

KILLOCHAN.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

RING wild and high, sweet wedding-bells—across the hills, across the sea!
Killochan's Lord is wed to-day, and brings his bride to Arnon's Lee.
No happier heart in Scotland beats, no braver knight than he;
And fair the sun shines on thy walls, Killochan by the sea!

Yet hark! Yet hark!—the horn! the horn! Scarce is the marriage feast begun—
"Speed, my good lord! Away! away! Forth to the battle lead us on!"

The vessel waited by the shore; he kissed his youthful bride.
"Farewell, my love; remember me! I'll come back with the tide."

Speechless she stood; they bore her home. The morning breaks across the sea,
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out, but he will not come back to thee.

Foremost he led the battle-cry—"For Death or Victory!"
Proud be of him who gained them both, Killochan by the sea!

Slowly that young form drooped and died—Killochan's youthful bride;
She's gone to meet her warrior true, over the Silvery Tide.

ASHCLIFFE.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

CHAPTER III.

DAY after day the fine weather lasted, the shimmer of summer heat was seen against the hedges, and the skies were cloudless till evening, when a few drifts of gorgeous colour came mysteriously into the west.

At the farm the patient had passed the crisis of the severe illness brought on by fright and exposure, and was now rapidly recovering, so that anxiety about him was set at rest.

His mother and sister called at the Lodge on the day after their arrival to tender profuse thanks for the help which had "certainly saved dear Harry's life." Both were very stylishly-dressed and apparently belonged to that numerous class of people who wear their possessions chiefly on the outside. The result was a tinge of that vulgarity which seems inseparable from things intended only for show.

But Ada was pretty, after a doll-like fashion, and chatted to Kathleen about tennis and the last new music in a thin silvery voice, playing with an elaborately trimmed parasol as she talked, and her listener's easily wrought-upon affections were soon won.

Meanwhile, her mother confided to Mrs. Harley and Margaret all she had thought and felt and said when the letter came, and how kind it was of the farmer's family to do as they had done, "only, of course, we shall reimburse them handsomely," and how Ada, at least, would stay till her brother was quite recovered, if she could survive the homely ways, so very different from what she had been accustomed to.

Her listeners learned also that Mr. Sylveston, senior, was connected with the Stock Exchange, but that Harry was reading for the bar. All this, and much more, came in a continuous stream of talk, from which Mrs. Harley leaned back with a sigh of relief when at length the visitors departed.

"Isn't she charming?" cried Kathleen, while Margaret answered her mother's tell-tale smile with one equally significant.

"Dear auntie, you will ask her to tea and tennis soon, will you not?" Kathleen went on coaxingly. "She is so nice."

"I suppose we must show ourselves friendly," said Mrs. Harley, rather hesitatingly, "at least, if she is left behind with only a sick brother's companionship."

Privately she resolved to write to an old friend who lived near the fashionable square from which the Sylvestons came, and make a few inquiries before admitting the family to very close intimacy. Not that she doubted for Margaret's sake, but she wanted all the influences of Kathleen's visit to be bracing and helpful.

She was beginning to fear that the apparent sweetness and pliability of her character might cover weakness and lack of high principle, and she desired greatly to strengthen the moral fibre of her life. Those were golden days in that last week of Hubert's stay, when every morning seemed a prophesy of better things to come and every evening a memory to be hoarded for the future. There were readings under the mulberry-tree on sunny afternoons, excursions down the river in the twilight when Hubert and his grandfather took the oars, and the good doctor and his wife, who was Mrs. Harley's special friend, joined the party, and at these times the Owner's racy wisdom made a quaint background for the talk of the others.

It never entered Hubert's thought to be ashamed of his grandfather, though his manners were homely and his speech antiquated, for the refinement which sixty years' practice of the golden rule would give to any man, learned or ignorant, was all his own.

Margaret was often silent on those evenings, but Kathleen chatted and laughed and looked pretty enough for both, and Hubert seemed more and more enchained.

He was not the first sensible man who has been led by a passing illusion to believe that pretty nothings, spoken with a running accompaniment of smiles and dimples and sweet appealing looks, are more to be desired than all the wisdom of the schools.

But this was only in her presence, and not then with any definite hope for the future. The thought of Margaret brought only pain to him at this time, for naturally a shadow had fallen on the old bright friendship, and on her part a thin, yet very tangible wall of reserve had risen, which troubled him more than he realised then. Away from Kathleen his better judgment rebelled against the infatuation, especially when he recalled the shallowness of the chatter between her and Ada Sylveston, who sometimes joined the party. He knew quite well that if he had been free to win her, she would be no real helpmeet for him, and yet the change in him became so marked that even Mrs. Harley noticed it at last.

On the last day of his stay he took a long walk across country, in the hope of stilling the strange irresolution and unrest which possessed him. Life had lost much of its brightness, his work seemed less satisfying, even study failed of its old absorbing power, and a confused mist of doubt and uncertainty shrouded the future, and his own place in it.

On his way back he called at the Lodge to say good-bye, and found the three ladies in the little west parlour, where cool shadows lay on the matted floor from the acacia beside the window, and a china bowl of roses filled the air with sweetness.

Kathleen was playing with some bright-coloured embroidery silks, and her aunt was working near, but Margaret had been reading aloud and the book fell from her hand as he entered.

"We were talking of things necessary for happiness," said Mrs. Harley when greetings were over. "Margaret has been treating us to a poetical reading, and some lines by Monckton Milnes started the discussion. I think Kathleen was about to give her views when you came in."

"I wonder what you consider essentials?" he said, turning to the low seat by the window, whose occupant seemed to concentrate there all the brightest colouring of the room. "Things really necessary, you know, that one could not be happy without?"

"Oh, flowers and tennis and plenty of money and friends and sunshine always," was the prompt reply, at which all laughed.

"That is a lengthy list, my dear," her aunt said, "but you will live to make it longer and

shorter, I hope. My first essential would be to have a heart at leisure from itself."

"And yours?" he questioned gently, looking at Margaret. In the shadow, for she was sitting with her back to the light, her face looked paler than usual, but she answered brightly,

"I shall let my author respond for me.

"'So to live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power.'"

"Ah, I like that," he said, taking up the thought when she paused;

"'That every thought and every deed
May bear within itself the seed,
Of further good and future need.'

That is a high standard, and few of us attain to it."

"But you haven't told us what you think needful, Mr. Wynne," said Kathleen imperiously.

His thoughts were evidently moving in a groove far above hers, as he answered slowly, "I suppose that to know the will of God and do it, would make one sure of joy in life; for that springs up within, while happiness, depending on things without—the 'hap' that may come to us—may or may not be ours." There was a sudden dimness in Margaret's grey eyes, and she felt grateful for her shadowy corner, when Mrs. Scott was announced and the talk became general.

Then good-byes were said, and Hubert left; but as he crossed the meadow in the afternoon sunshine, other lines from the poem about

"Esteeming sorrow whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy,"

were in his thoughts, and remained there for many days.

His absence made a great blank in their limited circle, and Kathleen bewailed it openly; but Margaret set herself bravely to face the altered future, which looked so bare and cold shorn of that glory she had thought her very own.

It was hard to believe herself supplanted by one less worthy, harder still to meet her mother's gentle questioning look and to make no sign; but in those late summer days, when the corn was ripening on the hills and all the earth rejoicing in fulness and fruition, Margaret fought and won in silence the battle with her own heart, and buried her dreams out of her sight.

At the end of August Kathleen's father and mother came on a visit to the Lodge to see for themselves the improvement in the health of their petted daughter.

Mr. Joshua Harley was a prosperous Manchester merchant, whose business plans and speculations gave him little leisure for holiday-keeping, and the annual visit to Scarborough or Blackpool, which his wife insisted on, was a time of penance to him.

This year he had refused to go to the sea, declaring that Kathleen should stay on till autumn at Ashcliffe, as it suited her so well, and so with an air of martyrdom his wife prepared to accompany him there to accept his sister's invitation for a fortnight's visit.

Mrs. Joshua was a fretful, querulous woman, of the fashionable invalid type so common nowadays. Her mornings were spent chiefly in complaining of aches and ailments, partly real and partly imaginary, that always passed off toward evening if any particular gaiety were in prospect.

When they arrived at the Lodge Mr. Harley greeted his daughter with fatherly pride and delight in her blooming appearance, but his wife sighed deeply as she said, "Yes, she does look well, but as for me—ah, Kathleen, I am not long for this world. No one knows what I suffer because I don't complain, but my days are numbered!"

"Oh, mamma, you have thought that for years and years," cried her daughter, in a tone that was not too sympathetic. "When I come home I shall cheer you up again."

"Yes, but we won't have you back until the time fixed upon," said her father. "Get thoroughly well and strong while you are here, and, at this rate, another month or six weeks will see you quite stout and robust."

"Oh, pray don't," interrupted his wife, in a voice that had lost its plaintive ring, and was sharp instead. "Stoutness is so vulgar, and no one in society talks of being robust."

"How do you like Kathleen's decorations, aunt?" said Margaret presently breaking the awkward pause, for Mr. Harley with a shrug had retired into silence. "She always takes charge of the table, and we think she has excelled herself to-day."

Oats and grasses of pale yellow tints, with poppies and harebells in tall slender glasses, made the table very pretty, for Kathleen had developed a good deal of artistic taste in her country visit, but it was lost upon her mother.

"Ah, yes, very nice," she said, languidly raising her eyeglass, "but you should have seen Mrs. De Thornley's at her last party. You remember it, Kathie? Nothing but hothouse flowers everywhere!"

"It seems to me you are looking rather pale, Margaret," said her uncle, changing the subject in his turn. "Growing tired at last of this solitude, eh?"

"Oh no, uncle," Margaret answered brightly. "I love my home as much as ever, and am not a bit tired of Ashcliffe."

"Well, it is pretty, and you have made this little nest very charming," he said, looking out at the roses that were nodding in the twilight above the encampments of lesser flowers below.

"But oh, how quiet the village seemed as we drove through this afternoon. Does anything ever happen here?"

"Why, papa, you forget the thrilling story of the escape from the quicksands I told you about in my letter," Kathleen interposed saucily. "It will last all the gossips in the place for a year at least."

"Ah, I remember something about it; young fellow nearly drowned, wasn't he. But I suppose he is well now. I forget whether you told me his name?"

"Harry Sylveston, and his sister Ada has been nursing him, and she is such a nice girl, mamma, I know you will like her."

"Sylveston, Sylveston, that isn't a common name," said her father. "Why, surely he is not a son of my old friend Sylveston who was my chum at Treaton School. If so it would be strange, for his father once saved me from drowning when we were little lads out bathing together. But we have not met for years. Where is he now?" he went on, growing quite excited over his fancied discovery.

"Still in lodgings at the Wath Farm. He had a dangerous illness after the accident, but we hear he is almost well again now."

"I shall go down to-morrow and find out," said Mr. Joshua as they rose from the table.

That was the beginning of a new interest for all—Kathleen especially—for her father returned next day accompanied by a handsome young fellow, whom he introduced to them as the son of his old friend. He was still pale and weak, and evidently glad to rest after the walk.

It was his first meeting with the two girls who had saved his life, and the remembrance of that terrible hour was in his voice as he tried to thank them now.

But Mrs. Harley, with country hospitality, ordered tea at once, and the whole party were soon chatting merrily together, as if they had known each other for years.

Many similar visits followed, and before Mrs. Joshua's stay expired, it seemed evident to her keen match-making vision that this fine-looking young stranger had fallen in love with pretty Kathleen, who, on her part, seemed not unwilling that it should be so.

"It would be a good thing, a very good thing," said her mamma to the other mother in one of those confidential outbursts which the latter, to tell the truth, found rather trying. "For the Sylvestons are rich, very rich, Joshua says; and I should like to see my poor dear Kathie well married before I go to the silent tomb."

There were frequent excursions on the river during the Harleys' stay, to which, as a matter of course, Harry Sylveston and Ada came, and Fisher Grey's hired boat, the *Nancy*, was in great request.

Before the fortnight was over, it was arranged that Ada should pay them a long visit in their Manchester home during the coming winter, and Mr. Harley added a cordial invitation to her brother also for a Christmas visit.

He had developed a great liking for the handsome young fellow who reminded him so much of his old friend, but he would have been greatly astonished if he could have known the dreams concerning the young people busily working in his wife's imagination.

The weeks went by, and Ada departed to join her mother at Brighton for a short time. Harry also went away to settle down, as he averred, to hard reading, but he still retained his rooms at the farm and found excuses for frequent runs down to Ashcliffe, where his attentions to Kathleen became more and more lover-like. Considering the light in which her sister-in-law regarded the matter, Mrs. Harley could not well disapprove of his visits, and was not greatly surprised when, on one of these occasions, Kathleen came in from the garden wearing a costly ring which he had placed on her finger, telling her that he had her father's conditional permission to do so.

"I could not quite make him believe that you were old enough yet to think of love and marriage, Kathie darling," he said, but he does not object to me personally, and it will be all right."

Though disliking such hasty wooing and winning, yet, looking into the girl's radiant face, which was all aglow with happiness, her aunt rejoiced for her because she knew that the steadying power of a great affection would have the best possible influence on her heart and life. And only Margaret thought of one far away, and wondered what this new turn of events would be to him, and whether she herself had been too hasty in her decisions regarding him.

But from such ponderings her heart always turned with renewed restfulness to its stronghold of faith in her heavenly Father's love, and the certain knowledge that His guiding hand would surely lead by the right way to an afterward of peace.

(To be concluded.)

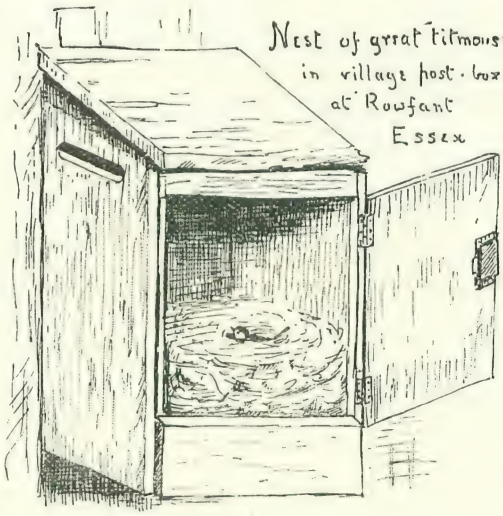


THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART IX.

How diversified are the processes and appearances by which the great life principle in the world of matter makes itself apparent to our bodily senses, and how numberless are the methods it employs to hand on its never-dying energy. It is enclosed in the living protoplasm within the hard covering of a seed. In due season, in the ground under the influence of suitable conditions; it bursts forth into the first tender green leaves, and adds cell to cell, tissue to tissue, layer to layer, branch to branch, twig to twig, high up in the air, and wide on all sides; it bursts forth into countless green leaves to gather the aerial food that the parent plant requires. A little later it appears in a profusion of flowers of many shapes, hues of colour, and kinds of smell, to attract the pollen-bearing insect, which effects the needful cross-fertilisation. When this is completed the beautiful petals, their work done, fall to the ground, and it appears in the fruit of many colours, shapes, and tastes, so that the seed should not in the end be lost, but through the agency of birds and wind be conveyed to suitable spots where room can be found for the great mystery to be carried on.



Life on all sides so abundant. Life, nature's supremest and most precious gift, must not cease to be, but must continue, hidden within its clothing of matter through manifold and devious paths to work out its unknown but lofty destiny.

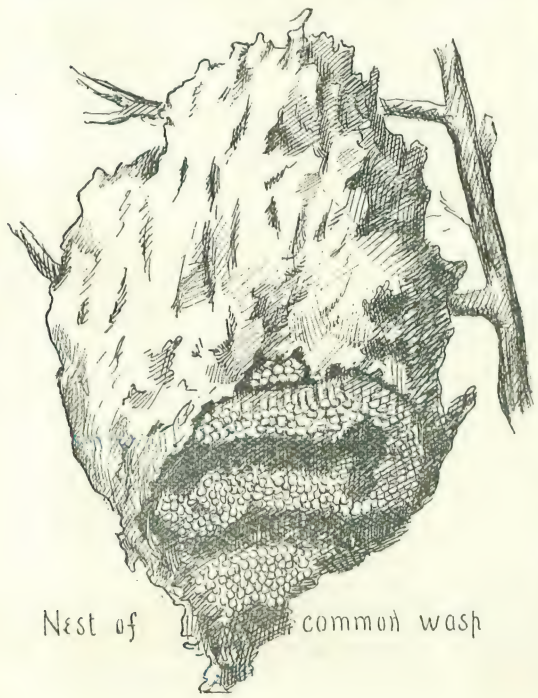
THE USE OF COLOUR AND TASTE IN FRUIT.

In a previous note I stated that the scent and smell of a flower were not primarily intended for man to enjoy, but had been developed to effect the all-essential cross-fertilisation of the vegetable world. After the fertilisation of a blossom is completed, the fruit appears in many colours, shapes, and tastes, for the purpose of securing the distribution of the seed. If the fruit simply fell to the ground from the tree on which it had ripened, plant after plant would spring up only to kill one another in the fierce fight for room to live. If by chance a sturdy plantlet came off victorious and began to grow, it would shortly have to succumb, because under the shade of its parent tree it would lack many conditions necessary for its life.

It is essential, therefore, that some means of disposal should be employed, and so the seed is protected by a hard or stony covering which in its turn is enclosed by a succulent pericarp mostly of red or black colour. This ripened fruit is swallowed by the bird, but the precious seed, the life within the sweet morsel, being guarded by its hard covering cannot be digested by the bird, and so it is dropped in some spot where one day its hard covering falls away and it springs up to carry on the life of its kind.

The following are some of the British fruits distributed by birds in this manner: strawberry, blackberry, dewberry, cloudberry, barberry, arbutus, privet, spindle-tree, guelder rose, buckthorn, holly, ivy, honeysuckle, bryony, yew, mistletoe, sloe, arum, bird cherry, haw, wild rose, mountain ash, white bean tree, wild service tree, crab tree, juniper, etc.

Cultivated fruit must now be distributed by man, as owing to its size birds cannot effect the distribution. Birds can thrive on many poisonous fruits that would cause the death of mammals, and so some fruits have developed a nasty flavour and poisonous properties as a warning to animals who cannot distribute them to leave them alone.



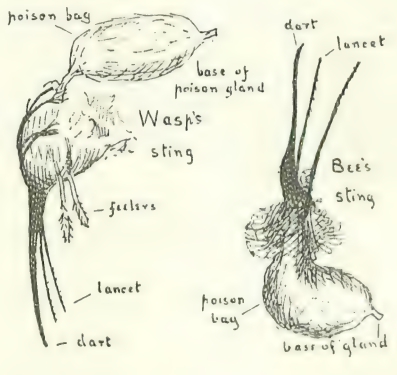
ABOUT BIRDS' NESTS.

It is interesting to note that when male and female birds are rich in plumage and nearly alike in colour, such as our kingfisher, woodpecker, tits—they build their nests in banks and holes of trees, or in any situation that conceals the bright colours of the sitting bird from its enemies. But when the female is a dull colour and the male bright, the nest is mostly built in open and exposed places, and nest, eggs, and sitting bird blend in hue with the surroundings so that perchance nest and bird may escape the notice of the destroyer.

Birds are born with the instinct to build a nest, but seemingly learn the pattern from the nest in which they have been reared. Younger birds are said to mate very considerably with the older and more experienced birds in nest-building. All of this is borne out by these facts, "that the less perfect nests are built by younger birds and the more perfect by the older;" that birds brought up from the eggs in cages do not make the same construction of nest as their species, even though the proper materials are supplied to them, but put together a nest of the rudest structure; that some young chaffinches were taken from England and turned out in New Zealand, and instead of building the beautiful chaffinch nest so well-known to us, they built a nest loosely put together, lined with feathers, with its walls hanging down loosely about eighteen inches below the supporting branch.

Wrens flit about in hedgerows, low thickets, and so build their nests of moss. Rooks dig in pastures and ploughed field for grubs, and in so doing come across roots and fibres with which they line the inside of their nest. Crows feed on carrion, dead rabbits, etc., and frequenting sheep-walks and warrens line its nest with fur and wool. The lark frequents cultivated fields, and so makes its nest on the ground of dry grass stems lined with finer grass and rootlets. The kingfisher makes its nest of the bones of fish which it has eaten. Swallows make a nest of clay and mud taken from the margin of the ponds and rivers where they seek insect food.

In 1888 a pair of great titmice began to build their nest in the post-box which stood in the road, and into which letters were posted and taken out by the door daily. One of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished. In 1889 a pair completed the nest, laid seven eggs and began to sit, but one day, when an unusual number of post-cards were dropped into and nearly filled the box, the birds deserted the nest, which was afterwards removed with the eggs. In 1890 a pair built a new nest, laid seven eggs, and reared a brood of five young, although the letters posted were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, which never left the nest when the door of the box was opened to take out



Stings of Wasp and Bee
(not on same scale)

the letters. The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters.

A Wasp Provides for its Young.

Mr. H. W. Bates, F.R.S., consumed with a burning zeal and unselfish desire to acquire more facts for science, spent some eight years away from his fellow white men, and lived amongst the half-castes and Indians on the Amazon. He is now dead, and science has lost a devoted son not easy to replace. The record of these years of observation, collection of specimens, and privations is most interestingly told by himself in *The Naturalist on the Amazon* (Murray). It is a book worth reading, simple in style and yet vivid with life and earnestness because, it seems to me, the writer was possessed of a wide sympathy, and with truthfulness and knowledge wrote about the things he loved. In spirit it reminds me of White's *Natural History of Selborn*, and I could give no higher praise than that.

Bates in his book tells us that during one hot summer afternoon he watched a sand wasp about its parental duties. The female worked alone, and with forefeet furnished with a fringe of stiff bristles dug out of the sand a gallery two or three inches in length. Coming out of the hole it closed the entrance, and flying round a few times as if to take note of the locality, flew off. In a short time she returned with a benumbed fly in her grasp which she placed in the hole, and then proceeded to lay an egg in it, so that when her young grub was hatched it would find a plentiful supply of food ready to hand. After this was all finished she emerged from the hole, closing the entrance. Her wisdom in benumbing the fly is evident, for were she to kill it outright it would shrivel and dry up and be useless as food by the time her young grub required it.

The sting of a wasp or a bee is a sharp dart, grooved on its under surface, along which groove work up and down two long narrow lancets which protrude beyond the dart. The dart and free end of the lancets are notched with teeth that point backwards like the end of the spear of a savage, so that when the insect is alarmed, as it generally is when it stings a human being, in the endeavour to extricate itself quickly it leaves behind the whole sting in the wound.

According to one naturalist, if a bee be allowed to sting a soft piece of leather or indiarubber, it will tear itself away leaving the sting behind beautifully dissected. Another naturalist says a wasp cannot do this, but will remain a prisoner till it is set free.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XXII.



FOR nearly six months after their arrival they saw no women except natives, and though everyone was very good to them, they both sighed occasionally for a little female society, though congratulating themselves on their good fortune at having been sent together.

Surely it is true wisdom on the part of authorities to arrange as far as possible that friends should work together. All the trials would indeed have been intensified had Hope and Constance had nothing in common, and been possessed of natures that could not agree.

It is thought by some wonderful and pitiable that two or three educated women living together and working in the hospital do not always get on well amongst themselves. It is always a pity when such is the case, it spoils the work as well as the home-life; but surely it is more wonderful how well so many do agree.

Women brought up in very different atmospheres, with an utterly different training and consequently most varied ideas, are placed together, often in very close quarters. Unlike a doctor, who has his few hours' work in the wards, and can then choose his own company, the sisters must of necessity live their home-life together, and often work side by side in a hospital all day long. Sometimes wearied themselves in body, and often worried by trifling daily annoyances, surely they would be saints indeed if they never disagreed.

Hope and Constance were seated one day enjoying their afternoon tea just before starting their evening work, when two of the doctors, as sometimes was the case, came round and joined them.

"Well!" said the senior of the two, a tall fine-looking man with iron-grey hair, "you have heard, I suppose, that a reduction is to take place very soon. Are you ready for marching orders?"

"We have heard nothing definite," said Constance, "only rumours, which are often circulated, I think, by those who are longing to be off. Is this something fresh?"

"Yes, *bonâ fide* orders from home," he said; "we shall all soon be off, and a good thing too: people are apt to get into bad habits when there is so little to occupy the mind, as there has been here of late. I do not refer to the hospital," he went on, "I think we can none of us complain of want of work. By-the-bye!" he added, turning to Hope, "you have never seen the invalids embarking, have you? If you care to get up early to-morrow I will call for you, and you can look over the boat and see how comfortable they are during their ten days on the river. Very good," he said smiling as he took his leave, "remember, I shall call for you not later than half-past five."

He was true to his word, but they were ready for him, and the three quite enjoyed their brisk walk along the river side till they reached the place where the steamer lay. Everything looked fairly comfortable, they thought, and was in truth not to be compared to the accommodation on the barges, in which the men were packed like sardines in a tin when a regiment came or went. They quite enjoyed seeing all their sick boys so glad to be off at last, though many of them were looking tired already with the extra exertion and excitement.

"Where is Wilson?" said Constance to one old patient. (He had been ill again, and not able to go home with the last set of invalids as he had hoped to.)

The lad looked uncomfortable, and replied he had been drinking, and was not allowed to come.

Constance felt much grieved. "Out drinking?" she said to Dr. Cairns, as they walked back.

"Yes, he is a thorough scoundrel," he replied; "however, he has gone back to prison now, the best place for him."

He was not an unkind man, but Wilson by absenting himself as he had done, and then being found later on in a state of drunken insensibility, had given a good deal of trouble. Constance heard afterwards that he had been persuaded by some of his old friends to go to the canteen, and once there good resolutions were forgotten or abandoned. Surely his feelings on coming to himself were not to be envied, yet how many, alas! there are like him. The working man as he passes the gin-palaces on his way to work, is often sorely tempted by the persuasion or taunts of his associates to break his pledge and take a glass; but often thoughts of his loved ones at home help to drive back the tempter. The young soldier in the barrack-room, who has resolved to be an abstainer, is often beset by all his comrades, taunted and jeered at on every possible occasion to such a degree by those who drink and are resolved that he shall do the same, that sometimes for the very sake of peace alone he yields.

A few weeks later Hope and Constance were standing once again in the early morning on board a Nile steamer, this time it was not to see others off. Their own orders had come, and they were bound for Cairo. They could hardly realise it. Though the packing up had been a very real business, it was hard to believe that they had looked their last on this spot in the desert, which, after more than a year's sojourn, had become very home-like.

"Well, our work here is over," Hope said to Constance, as they stood with the other passengers and watched the distance gradually widen between themselves and the shore; "I wonder where we shall be sent to next?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Constance; "and whether we shall still work together; that would be the dreadful part, but we won't even think of it yet. The orders were for England, so we shall have nearly a month, or possibly more, before we need trouble much about the future."

They gave themselves up in earnest to rest and enjoyment, and a very pleasant time they had; their fellow-passengers were most agreeable, and all the now familiar sights and sounds (the Arab villages with their herd of noisy children, the men working at the shadoófs turned by the oxen) seemed possessed of an added charm as they remembered that soon they would see and hear them no longer.

Twelve hours on the railway completed their journey, and brought them back once more within sight of the pyramids to the capital of the cities of the plain. It was quite dark when the train stopped, but they were soon seated in a roomy carriage driving quickly to the old hospital which they had left, it seemed, almost years ago.

"It is almost like being in England again," said Constance, as she looked around on the lighted streets and the throngs of people in the shops and cafés.

"Yes, it is delicious to be back," replied Hope. "I do not think anyone who has not lived in the desert for some time can realise the intense joy of a return to civilisation. I could not have believed that anything short of home itself could have produced such feelings."

Their old room was unoccupied and had been put ready for them, and as they sat together at night and talked over the past, they thanked God indeed for their safe return. How many had left Cairo in the very hey-day of youth, filled with ambition for the future, anxious to gain glory or renown? And now a little mound in the desert, with or without a stone to mark it, was all that was left—no, not all, the foot-print of each traveller still remains indeliby graven on the road, testifying either to noble aims and holy purposes which still live on in the lives of others, or to selfish, loveless lives which by their very lovelessness have hindered some around them in life's race!

A week later Hope and Constance were seated on board one of the largest line steamers bound for the West. Two other sisters were on board with them; one had been invalided home after a severe attack of enteric fever, and the other was leaving her Majesty's Nursing Staff, finding it was not the kind of nursing she liked, and returning to work in a civil hospital.

Nurses have much in common, and it was only natural that they spent a good deal of time together.

Hope and Constance were attracted to Sister Clarke by her honest face and gentle manners. She had unfortunately been placed under a superintending sister who had had a very short experience of nursing (training it could not be called), and had merely taken to the work as a means of livelihood without the least qualification for it, and with no higher aim than to have as good a time as was possible. Sister Clarke in speaking of the work said,

"If I had stopped I should have had to lower my own ideals, so it was best to go."

The little sick sister was a favourite with them all. She was young and rather nice-looking, a gentle winsome girl, and most grateful for the care and attention bestowed on her by the others.

One day as they were seated chatting on deck the conversation turned upon the gambling in Cairo, and one remarked that a Surgeon Wisdom had nearly ruined himself and his young wife by it. Constance at once remarked on the name, and was naturally astonished to find he was no other than Nurse Rose's antipathy at St. Margaret's.

"It is a puzzle to me," she said, "how officers can go on gambling! Why, it was said some time ago that the thing was forbidden by the General commanding."

"So it was," said Hope, "but then I suppose they run the risk of being discovered like Tommy does when he breaks rules. It is not the breaking of rules in the service which is considered wrong, it is the being found out."

"Yes," said Sister Clarke, "even in my short experience I have found that. I think soldiers are taught to be both dishonest and deceitful. Very few you meet who would not dare a lie to screen themselves for fear of punishment for however trivial an offence."

The captain and ship's officers were most kind and agreeable. There were many nice passengers on board, and those who have been a voyage can imagine to themselves the pleasant games, the walks on deck, the afternoon tea-parties and enjoyable chats (as one and another became better acquainted) which filled up the spare hours and made the days, which might have dragged so wearily, slip quickly and happily away.

It was late autumn, and the weather, which as far as Malta had been bright and warm, began to change. Thick clouds floated about overhead and fell now and again in torrents of rain; the wind rose, and the vessel, which had seemed almost to float along on the smooth water, now rolled from side to side, or pitched and tossed as wave after wave with tremendous force lifted it up as if it had been a toy and sent it forth with headlong speed to meet the next. Many of the passengers were obliged to remain in their berths, and one and all longed for the time when the voyage should be at an end.

The clatter of everything movable was almost deafening at times as the ship tossed from side to side, and sleep was out of the question. The following day, the violence of the storm somewhat abated and all looked forward with confidence to a restful night, but, alas, it was of short duration. An awful crash awakened the sleepers, followed almost instantly by a stillness which told more plainly than any words could have done that the engines had ceased to work; and the great vessel, which all through the storm had carried them safely along, now stood still; still as far as making any progress went, but she lurched and heeled over from side to side as though striving to free herself from some powerful grip which held her fast.

"What is the matter?" said Constance as she clambered down from her berth to Hope, who had already reached the door.

"Something, I'm afraid, we'll call a steward," she said, trying to speak bravely, though her limbs were trembling under her. As she opened the cabin door, a loud voice rang through the saloon—

"The ladies dress at once, and come on deck."

Hope struggled in the darkness to the little invalid next door, and helped her to get on her things.

She had told Constance to go on deck as quickly as she could and not mind her, but she need not have wasted her breath; Constance was not one to leave her friend in danger, and they were almost the last to climb the companion ladder. Hand in hand they mounted it without a word, not knowing what awaited them, but with an awful foreboding that something terrible had happened. On reaching the deck they found that the storm had well-nigh spent itself, and oh! joyous sight, the grey dawn of the morning showed land, almost within reach.

Surely they had taken alarm too easily; but the next moment fell on their ears an almost death-like knell—

"Struck on a rock; sinking fast;" and they realised that, even within sight of land, they might still find a watery grave.

One or two of the boats had been washed away during the gale, another was caught by a huge wave and swamped just as it had been lowered; but into those which remained the women and children were placed with the least possible delay. There was no panic, only an intense excitement; wives clung to their husbands and refused to leave them, hope struggled against fear in many a breast.

One lady who had rushed on deck straight from her berth held a fair-haired boy of two years in her arms, who, despite his mother's anguish, crowed and laughed in the innocence of his baby glee, as wave after wave struck the ship, and showered them with the white feathery farm. Suddenly there was a cry—"The Captain's overboard!" Hands were outstretched to save, but to no avail. True to his post to the end, whilst doing his utmost to save the passengers and keep afloat the sinking vessel, he was struck by a piece of falling timber, and in the waters over which for years he had steered his ship so bravely he sank to rise no more. The work of rescue went on, one boat after another as soon as it was lowered was quickly filled and rowed to shore. Hope and Constance were in the last boat, and as they felt themselves being carried away from the sinking ship, thoughts of those left behind, possibly to die, and of all they had already gone through, almost overpowered them. What were their feelings on once more reaching land we can but dimly guess. Death had been very near them, but now, thank God, they were saved. They found themselves, not on a desert land, but in a small French village, evidently amongst peasant fisher-folk, and arriving, as most of them did, drenched to the skin, and many almost destitute of clothing, and with no money about them to purchase necessaries of any kind, they thankfully accepted the offers of kindness from the villagers, who came at once to their assistance, and treated them in the most hospitable manner possible.

The ship's company, on hearing of the disaster, sent at once and made arrangements for the safe conduct of the passengers by train to London. Nor were those on the sinking ship left long in their peril; a passing steamer was hailed which took them all safely off, and within a few days joyous meetings were exchanged by those who so lately had suffered the perils of shipwreck and parted, many of them with but little hope of meeting again.

"What an ending to our time abroad," said Constance as they were travelling north together a few days after their return to England.

"Yes," replied Hope. "I was just thinking of it, and wondering where we should be sent to next; though now that we know we are to be allowed to go together the place matters very little. I am glad, too, that we shall have a thorough rest and change first; the thoughts of that night haunt me still."

"Do they?" said Constance, speaking very softly and turning to her friend with earnest, questioning eyes. "You seemed so very brave, as if you did not feel the least bit alarmed, even at the thought of death; whilst I felt so cowardly."

"I think a good deal of one's way of taking things is just habit, or rather training. When the order came for all to dress we quite naturally set about it, but some of the ladies paid no heed whatever to the order, going up on deck just as they were. The most terrible moment was the letting go into the boat, and leaving you behind," Hope continued. "But there was no time to argue, and I saw from your face you would never go first and leave me, so my only course was to go and trust you to come after."

The very thought of it all made her shudder, and her voice trembled as she went on—

"I could have faced death more easily, for after all we must all die, and what is death but the gate of heaven; but oh, the awful thought that I had saved myself and there might not be room for another in the boat. I hardly breathed till I felt you beside me."

Constance slipped her hand within Hope's, but did not reply. When words fail what volumes may be spoken merely by the clasp of a friendly hand.

"Now we must really leave the past or we shall not be ready to greet our friends; besides, look at all the lovely things we are missing!" Hope exclaimed, with all her natural brightness. "Quick, or you will be too late," she added to Constance, as the train seemed to hurry on with increasing speed past lovely woods which hedged them in on either side. "Oh, the flowers; did you see them? The bluebells and primroses!"

"Yes; were they not exquisite," said Constance. "Nothing comes up to our English wild flowers. I feel years younger already for the sight of them."

Little wonder that after the ocean and the desert, fields, lanes and flowers had an added charm.

It had not seemed a long journey when they reached their destination and were met by kind friends and warm greetings, and realised the rest and enjoyment of entering once again into the family circle.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "INDIGESTION."

ANALYSIS.

in-DI-GE ST-I-*on*

I COULD NOT SLEE paw ink last NIGHT
Ye world tome SEEMED-*upside down*
MY HEAd-*up on*-THE-PIL *low*-S WHITE
S ore ST *less*-C *hanged*-T hew HITE 2 brow N
AND LIFE sofa R AS I COULD gauge
SEEMED LIKE THIS hieroglyphic page

MY heart GAVE viol ENT *double*-K NOCKS
AS-*in*-TH E-*dark* I CLEARLY T race D
AWR-*on*-GLI VED LIFE AND PR-IS-*on* dock S
MUST AS I THOUGHT FULL S-O-*on* B face D
I *turned*-THE CREASED pillow-S-*round*
AN D-*s* hook Ye lead N feathers bough ND

AND AS Ye beams OF M horns TO-LE-*in*
T hay FOUND ME *lying*-S till AWAKE
AND point ED WIT hag LITTE ring-GR-*in*
To AN MT box OF wedding-cake
HOW-*odd* THAT OUR worst WO-*s* BY-*far*
R THOSE WHICH SELF-*in*-FLIC TED R

SOLUTION.

INDIGESTION.

I could not sleep a wink last night,
The world to me seemed upside down;
My head upon the pillows white,
So restless, changed the white to brown;
And life, so far as I could gauge,
Seemed like this hieroglyphic page.

My heart gave violent double knocks,
As in the dark I clearly traced
A wrong-lived life; and prison docks
Must, as I thought, full soon be faced.
I turned the creasèd pillows round,
And shook the leaden feathers bound.

And as the beams of morn stole in,
They found me lying still awake,
And pointed, with a glittering grin,
To an empty box of wedding-cake!
How odd that our worst woes by far
Are those which self-inflicted are!

AWARD.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea has been sent to each of the following:—

1. Geo. T. Angel, 15, Silvester Road, East Dulwich.
2. J. A. Bee, 10, Clarendon Crescent, Eccles, Manchester.
3. Amy M. Berry, Carlton Curlieu, Leicester.
4. Bessie Coulson, 26, Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
5. Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.
6. Henry Hayward, 64, Townshend Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.
7. Rev. J. P. Hobson, 5, Warltersville Road, Hornsey Rise, N.
8. Florence S. Huntsman, 11, Ormonde Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
9. C. Ellen Smith, 87, Graham Road, Dalston.
10. Jeannie F. Sowdon, 16, Belgrave Street, Stoneyholme, Burnley, Lancs.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED.

(No actual mistakes.)

Mrs. Acheson, A. Muriel Addenbrooke, Mary Allen, Annie A. Arnott, H. Millicent Aston, Margaret Marion Bayley, Amy Briand, Walter W. Briant, Clara L. Chorlton, Milicent Christie, L. H. Clark, Albert Clarke, C. Crosby, R. A. Cuthbert, Mrs. H. E. Dudgeon, Mrs. F. W. Dunn, Mary B. Ellison, Emily M. Fell, Evan H. Fraser, Edith E. Grundy, Geo. M. Hollis, Anna I. Hood, Rose A. Hooppell, Rhoda M. Hopkinson, Miss Kershaw, Lavinia M. Keyford, Thos. Leadbeater, Walter J. Lines, Penelope Littlewood, Ethel C. McMaster, E. L. Mather, W. J. Maxton, Hélène Mearns, Mabel M. Mearns, Mary Merrall, Jessie Mothersole, Theodora Moxon, Edith M. Odom, Fred. H. Petrie, Jane Poole, Annie O. Prentice, Annie Robinson, May Robson, L. M. Rutherford, Mrs. Schultz, Miss A. C. Sharp, Harriette Sifton, Geo. W. Smith, Ida Stanley, Wm. B. Steer, E. C. Tarrant, John Tatt, Edith Tayler, Lydia Taylor, Julia C. Thomas, Emily A. Tipton, S. S. Turrell, Sydney Welford, Miss G. Wilkins, Lucy Wood, Helen B. Younger.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Division I.

C. L. A., Miss Archdall, Mrs. Baldwin, Kathleen Barrington, Miss G. M. Beale, Alice Boaden, F. C. Borrow, Annie E. Botterell, E. A. Bowley, Herbert Bownass, Margaret Burr, G. H. W. Calcott, Ada Champness, Alice M. Cooke, Lizzie R. Cox, Totsie Dickson, Amy Dixon, Wm. A. Dobbyn, Henry Dunk, Alice M. Evans, Fred. J. Finlayson, E. Gaute, R. Gill, Mrs. Grigson, Mrs. C. A. Holloway, Dolly Igglesden, Alice M. Ison, P. McL. Keay, Evelyn Long, R. Lovett, R. E. Lownsbrough, Constance M. Mallandaine, Frances Mothersole, Minnie E. Nicoll, V. Odom, T. Owen-Turner, Emily K. Parker, A. M. Philps, Geo. C. Pile, Ada M. Pleasance, Rev. E. W. Preston-Archdale, Davida Reid, Mary F. Ruddock, Jennie Salter, Thos. Satchell, Wm. J. Sears, Charles Severs, Edith L. Sharp, Rosabel Simpson, Edward Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Edmund Snell, Sadie Stelfox, Mrs. A. L. Stevenson, Edith I. Strachan, Mary Sweeting, Edith Talbot, Camila D. Tennant, Constance Walker, Gertie Walker, Mrs. Warren, A. G. Warren, Dorothy E. B. Webb, Emily Wilkinson, Miss G. Wilkins.

Division II.

Miss A. H. Anderson, Rose Anquetil, Margaret Archdale, Mrs. Archer, Winifred Arnold, Edith E. Arnold, Ethel M. Atkins, Rose H. Atkins, Eliza C. M. Barrow, Ethel Barras, Laura Batterbury, Louisa J. Benham, Dora N. Bertie, Edith L. Bibbing, Ada M. Blackwell, Evelyn M. Blott, H. Bonwick, Edith Bottomley, T. Brown, Mina Brown, Grace Burgess, Florence Burrow, Mary M. Burton, S. Burton, Edith S. Butler, Evelyn A. Cardale, Helen A. Carpenter, Frances Carrick, Miss M. E. Carrick, Mary Champness, M. T. Child, B. Ellen Clegg, Miss E. W. Cobb, E. G. Cockburn, Marion H. Cooper, Dorothy Cowper, E. Crosby, Fanny Cubley, Humphrey Cunnington, Alethea Daubney, Flora A. Dean, A. Dennison, George Emery, A. M. Ferguson, M. Ferguson, Thos. Gale, Miss George, Miss Glassborow, Thos. Gordon, B. Grainger, Alice Graves, Annette Grisdale, Alice M. Hall, Thos. Hannah, J. Harnden, Mrs. M. Heald, Annie A. Henderson, Maggie B. Henderson, Annie M. Hills, Mrs. Hollingsworth, A. Humphries, Miss E. G. Huddlestone, Maude M. Ibbs, Edward R. Illing, Emily Jackson, Mrs. F. Jarvis, Percy W. Jenkins, Berta C. E. John, Alice Johnson, Hamilton Keyford, Percy S. Keyford, Wm. T. Langford, Marian Lobley, Elsie T. Mackwood, Joan A. Macpherson, Ellen Marchant, Henry C. Marshall, Wm. C. Marsom, Emily Mason, Miss Middleton, Lucretia Milton, A. Gwendolen Molloy, Bertha Nugent, Margaret G. Oliver, James P. Ormiston, Eva Outhwaite, Annie Page, Marjory D. Park, C. E. Penny, J. M. Pittman, Maud Powell, H. L. Prentice, Henry J. Price, Elizabeth Richardson, Eliza Richardson, J. Ridley, Emmie Robert, Cyril Roberts, Mary Roberts, Kate Robinson, Alfred Rudd, Florence E. Russell, C. M. Sant, F. E. Sant, H. Scott, Amy Scott, Edith D. Sewell, Carrie Shillabeer, Lilian Short, M. P. Simmons, Annie Simpson, Helen J. Simpson, S. A. Smith, Beatrice Spencer, Edward Wm. Sterling, Beatrice M. Stevenson, Mrs. Stewart, Ethel Taylor, Walter R. Teare, R. M. Thomas, Peter Thompson, M. G. T., Lily Todd, Mabel L. Tucker, Henrietta E. Turton, Geo. L. Walker, Isaac A. Ward, Frances A. Webb-Gillman, Gwendoline Wheeler, Gertrude Whicker, Maud Wiber, Joseph T. Wigham, Bertha A. Willey, Rev. F. Wilson, Chas. H. Wimpress, Marian J. Wise, Edith Wolstenholme, L. L. E. West, Beatrice G. S. Wood, A. W. Wright.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

WHATEVER the effect of the May puzzle may have been upon the solvers thereof, the result at headquarters has been startling in the extreme. Over a thousand solutions have been received, ten per cent. of which are practically correct. The examiners are suffering from the entirely new complaint of "Cerebral Indigestion," and their gratitude to Mr. Arnold Green for acting on their advice to simplify his puzzles has not yet found suitable expression.

As to the award we might almost repeat our report of last month. Out of more than a hundred almost correct solutions we have been able to select ten which are not only more deserving than any others but are perfect in word, in form, and in spelling. Originally

this select group consisted of fifteen papers, but on going over them for the last time we discovered to our utter amazement that five of them had "guage" for gauge!

It would appear that it is not sufficient for the orthographist to know what letters a word contains; he should reflect that as "order is Heaven's first law," he may with much propriety adopt it as his second. "Gage," adopted by hundreds, is commendable only for its simplicity—an admirable quality in spoken speech but not always to be cultivated with safety in the *litera scripta*.

But in the words and the temper of the classic Bellman many will probably exclaim, "We have heard that before," and truly it is not only a painful theme but is in danger of becoming worn out. Let us, therefore, turn to the discussion of less humiliating blunders.

The title and first line were easy enough, but in line 2 the trouble began. The most common alternatives to "tome" were "a book" and "outside." The first strikes us as evincing a lack of imagination, and it requires more courtesy than we at the moment can command to say a single good word for it. "Outside" and "upside" in the same line do not coalesce well, and the reading has, on other grounds, little to recommend it. The large majority of papers give the author's solution, but a few solvers who translated the volume into a tome perverted their translation into "at home," *i.e.*, "at 'ome," a crime we are unable to forgive. In line 3 there was, what some competitors bluntly call a "mistake," and even we must confess to an unpremeditated departure from the original. However, no apparent harm has been done, and the vast majority cheerfully accept p t l l o w s as a very suitable way of spelling "pillows." Only one competitor refused to believe in our fallibility, and consequently could make nothing of the word; with that delicate sense of honour which controls our adjudication we declined to reckon the omission as a mistake.

In line 4, "changing" was often given instead of "changed." Then, in order to adjust the length of the line, the "T" and the "he" of "hew" had to be dropped—of course with fatal effect as far as the solver's chance of success was concerned.

The great blemish in line 5 has already been dwelt upon, let us discreetly hasten on. In line 6 the interpretations of the "hieroglyphic" (not heiroglyphic nor hyeroglyphic) were charmingly diverse. Some attempts were made to discover its nationality, which was variously supposed to be Chinese, Indian, or Persian; we should have had more respect for these evidences of familiarity with Eastern lore if there had been more unanimity in the identification. "Cabalistic," picture puzzle, and the like are not bad renderings, but "blotted" and "badly written" can only be regarded as desperate, not to say impertinent failures.

Lines 7 and 8 may be passed over, and the only remark to be made on line 9 is that the "dock" is neither a "lock" nor a "stock." In line 11, "creased" has been sometimes written for *creaséd*, and in a few cases a blank has been left for some word which, very naturally, the competitor was unable to supply.

In line 12 no one had any business to mistake the "lead" for "line," as the former was quite the predominating feature in the drawing. There were at least three ways in which "linen" was brought in. "And shook the linen feathers bound." "And shook the linen, feathers bound." "And shook. The linen feathers bound."

Two of these renderings are open to the objection that feathers are not made of linen—at least we believe not. The other we do not quite understand; either the feathers jumped when the linen was shaken, or else the pillow case, unlike most of their kind, was bound by the feathers instead of binding them. We adopt neither view, and probably should not have sought for an explanation at all had not the reading so many friends.

The "beams" in line 13 were so often mistaken for steps that we are afraid there must be some vindication or parallel for the phrase "steps of morn" of which we know not. Be this as it may, "steps" does not commend itself to us as a just interpretation of our artist's work. Line 15 revealed the fact that "point" as another name for full stop was not known to all. In line 16, "birthday," "Christmas," and "sugared" and "bridal" have been accepted in lieu of "wedding." Cake alone, given by many, leaves the line two syllables short.

One or two solutions substituted "case" for "box," a reading which could not be allowed, as the delicacy referred to is not usually dispensed in such a wholesale fashion.

One correspondent asks us how a box of wedding (or any other) cake can be empty. As the question is put to us we candidly confess we do not know, and we certainly dare not ask the poet.

The "how" in line 17 has been described in many ways, and we have accepted "strange" and "queer" as being equal to "odd." Not that we think either description to be so good, but the distinction is so subtle that we could hardly expect minds clouded with vexation at an adverse ruling to appreciate it. "Clear" was adopted by several, but it is manifestly weak. The last line gave no trouble.

Reverting for a moment to the award, it may be well to state that no one need expect to find their name mentioned unless their version was all but correct. Even the Honourable Mention list does not embrace any solution having more than one mistake.

One solution verbally accurate will serve a useful purpose (probably not intended by its author) as an awful example.

It was written on both sides of the paper.

It was not headed with the name and address of the sender.

It was not sent by post.

It was imperfect in form and had a mistake in spelling.

What a pity it was not also too late for adjudication!

A few competitors have amused themselves by discovering errors in their solutions after sending them in. Had they sent in corrected versions indicating the fact thereon all would have been well, but generally the course adopted has been to write to the Editor, asking him to make the desired alteration. Could any request be more absurdly unreasonable? The search for all the papers in question would have involved a serious expenditure of time, and though a few of them by reason of their merit have eventually come to the front, as we could not alter all we have decided to interfere with none. From those which did come under our notice we can confidently say that in no case would the alteration have affected the prize-giving.

ROSIE.

Correction.—In the Honourable Mention list "Rose Morris" should have been Rose Norris.

FOREIGN AWARD.

The best solution, sent by

Elizabeth Beatrice Mott, Apollo Bay, Victoria, Australia,

is Very Highly Commended.

APRIL TEARS.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Taking the Home Competition as our standard, one paper deserves a prize, and a Guinea has been sent to its author—

Mr. H. J. Taylor, Orcas P. O., San Juan Co., Washington, U. S. A.

Four others, sent by

Nellie B. Muir (South Africa), Miss Sheppard (Montreal), Lilian Skene (Vancouver), and Beatrice Pritchard (Melbourne), are Highly Commended.

OUR "HELP-ONE-ANOTHER FUND."

WE are glad to inform our readers that the appeal on behalf of this Fund has not been in vain. The total sum received has reached £12 19s. 5d., and this ready response on the part of our readers has enabled us to send THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER regularly to seven girls whose circumstances did not permit them the luxury of subscribing for it.

It is pleasing to think that our girls have taken this matter up so heartily, and they cannot possibly realise what a benefit they are bestowing upon those who are unable to purchase for themselves. The following letters of thanks will show how heartily their kindness is appreciated by the recipients. One writes: "It was with great pleasure I received THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER this morning; my sister joins me in heartily thanking you for them." Another says, "Dear Mr. Editor, I cannot tell you how delighted I was with the lovely parcel sent this morning, for which I owe you so many thanks, and to the kind ladies who have made it possible for you to do it."

A note from a third: "How can I thank you sufficiently for sending me those monthly numbers of my dear paper."

In another letter the writer says, "I received the papers last night and wish to thank you very much for your kindness. I should like to thank you all personally. I spend so many hours by myself, and THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is as good as a friend to help pass the time away."

We are much pleased to hear that one who has been receiving the Paper is now in a position to purchase it for herself, having obtained some remunerative employment since applying for the numbers.

The following is a fourth list of contributors:—

Invalid Jeanie, 2s. (third donation); Queen Mab, 2s.; Faith, Hope, Charity, 2s.; D. P., 6s.; Jean Andrew, 1s. 6d.; Ada Taylor, 6d.; E. B. K., 3s.; E. E. G., 3s.

The Editor will be pleased to hear of any other deserving cases, and will gladly receive further donations to the Fund, addressed to Editor "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Colonial Damsel (Dunedin).—Certainly there is no such thing as "fate." We, as Christians, believe entirely in Divine Providence. Read the Book of Jonah, and you will see that as our Divine Father has promised and ordained, He is ever ready to listen to prayer; full of compassion to those who are repentant, and "faithful and just" to forgive, and to spare those who cast themselves on His mercy. His promises to us when we ask for forgiveness, and plead the atonement of our Blessed Redeemer is an ordinance which does away completely with the old heathen idea of fate—unforgiving and inexorable. We are told that our heavenly Father "waiteth to be gracious." If so under the Jewish dispensation, how much more under the Christian.

Katie.—If you read our Answers to Correspondents you cannot fail to find one to your query about that despicable, unmaidenly, dishonourable practice of "flirting." Your friend does not appear to have any feelings of self-respect, and we are not surprised that her engagement was broken off. Leave your future in the Lord's hands and He will order your life as He thinks best for you. Matrimony is not the end and aim of a woman's existence, nor the certain road to either health or happiness.

Norna.—We cannot recommend the acceptance of your verses by any other magazine. They can only rest on their own merits. You seem to have no ear for sound, as you make the word "ever" to rhyme with "iver"; or, perhaps, you have an Irish "brogue," and pronounce that word as if written "iv-ver." We notice it because it occurs in three verses of your "song"; and you make "morn" rhyme with "dawn," whereas you should have selected "horn" as a more suitable rhyme for "morn," and "prawn" for "dawn." Perhaps your ear may perceive the similarity of sound, although you should be an adept at the game of *bouts rimés* to bring either "horn" or "prawn" into your verses.

Etudient.—A few of the difficulties encountered in the endeavour to reach the North Pole is the dangerous contact with ice and becoming ice-bound. The length of time occupied, while exposed to frost-bites, scurvy, fever, breaking of bones, famine, and the losing of your way when on sleighing expeditions. The chief objects in view by Arctic explorers are various scientific purposes, and the search for the survivors of former expeditions, or news of the lost. Some of the greatest Danish marine painters have joined such parties of explorers for the benefit of their profession.

May.—See our indexes with reference to the preserving of seaweed. We cannot perpetually repeat ourselves. It is not fair to others.

Wm. Drake.—We regret that it is against our rules to supply addresses of trade firms or private workmen. Sorry for delay in answering.

Carrie H.—We do not understand what you mean by "breathing sounding streaky," as the term is employed for what is seen—not heard. But if you hear a whistling or crackling sound, it is that the bronchial tubes are affected. This may be the case in a healthy person, who is suffering from a bad cold, and not necessarily from an attack on the lungs. But we cannot pronounce on your case. You should have medical advice, and the doctor will settle the question by using a stethoscope.

"Laura, a Servant Lassie."—Your verses do you great credit; for, although in need of revision, as there are little changes in the beat and length of lines, there is decided merit in them. The sentiments are admirable, the "doing of your duty quietly" here at home, or in the private domain of humble work, "for God's sake," being far more noble, it may be, than the performance of some act that would win the world's applause. No; be assured that, regarding as you do "the greatest wealth you could possess" to be your divine Master's love," your "weary waiting" is "not in vain," and you will assuredly "reap, if you faint not," relying on His strength for the victory. May God bless you with His grace and His peace! Certainly, you may offer the thanks you desire to return to the author whose writings have done you good.

Nellie and Lizzie.—You have no right to have what you call a "gentleman-friend" when already engaged to any other man.

L. Rolly.—We regret that we cannot help you to write papers on Scriptural subjects. Some of your friends who do so might give you a little assistance. We are gratified by all you say of our having been of use to you.

Sighing.—1. As no name is given, we adopt the writer's favourite word as her most suitable name. Twelve "sighs" are introduced between four lines, making very acid lemon sandwiches:—

> "With a heart weary and worn,
> From all my friends I'm torn,
> As I fly to my needle and thread,
> I often wish I were dead!"

(three "sighs" between each line).—2. Do not marry "a flirt," do not encourage a man to propose, if your parents object to him; and do not accept any man that you do not love, as well as respect, merely on account of his wealth.

A Student.—The number of Books in the Old and New Testaments, of the chapters, verses, words, and letters; the longest and shortest verses; the number of times certain names occur, and every such-like calculation (as also in reference to the Apocrypha) were ascertained by a Spanish prince, and heir to the throne, during a period of thirty-three years' imprisonment at Madrid in the Palace of Skulls. He was a Prince of Granada.

A. S. B.—The 1st October, 1871, was a Sunday, and the 9th August, 1865, a Wednesday.

Romeo and Juliet.—We thank you for your most gratifying letter. To have a few growing plants in your bedroom is rather an advantage than otherwise. The secret in the preservation of the colours of pressed leaves and flowers consists in the careful changing of the damp blotting-paper, used in pressing them, to dry sheets daily. Some may be lightly varnished which also preserves the colour. We have many specimens of the brightly-hued Canadian maple-leaves, gathered in autumn, that we have slightly varnished, or brushed over with gum-water, which are as beautiful as ever; also ivy-leaves and flowers.

Dorothy Hoswegor.—A lisp has usually more or less to do with the size of the tongue as proportioned to that of the mouth. If oversized it occasions a lisp. We are indeed glad that your special liking for our paper is because "there is always something about God in it," and that you "never tire of reading about Him and His goodness."

Annette.—The English stamp of 1840, black, and marked V.R., with letters in the upper corners, are said to fetch from £5 to £10. But we do not give trade addresses. Go to the chief places where they are sold and make the best bargain you can.

Janette and Phthisis.—Consumption is most common between the ages of twenty-five and thirty years. After that you become less and less liable to it, although it may be hereditary. It sometimes skips a generation, and shows itself in the children of those who have escaped an outbreak of it in their own persons. It is rare in childhood—excepting when under the more aggravated form of scrofula—but it may show itself after the age of fifteen. Live generously, be much in the open air and in a garden, if you have one; keep regular and early hours, and do not let the apprehension of it prey on your mind. Have a bed, if not an entire room, to yourself. A large, lofty one would be preferable to a small one, and beware of catching cold. Hereditary consumptives are singularly careless in exposing themselves to bad weather, dressing too lightly, and standing in draughts. Take the hint. Those who have very red hair escape the disease as a rule.

A. B. C.—If we may credit a German authority speaking on this special subject, the English language, though so widely spoken, is the third on the list. The Chinese stands first—numbering almost a third of the human race, and is spoken by 400,000,000; next follow the Hindoo, which counts upwards of 100,000,000; and then the English language by nearly that number—for we run the latter very closely. Then follow the Russian, German, and Spanish, in this order, and French takes a fifth place.

"Beauté ephemere."—1. The great Duke of Wellington was born on May 1st, 1769, and died at Walmer Castle Sept. 14th, 1852.—2. You express yourself fairly well in English.



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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



NEW SLEEVE AND BODICE DRAPERY.

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ASTROPHEL.

By J. R. HENSLOWE, Author of "Duke's Winton," "Buried Honours," etc.



CHAPTER I.

A FAIR summer evening in the year of grace 1580. Under a spreading cedar in the park of Wilton were pacing slowly a brother and sister in earnest conversation. The former was a very graceful person in a suit of grey laced with silver and slashed with violet satin. His wavy brown hair, cut short at the back, was swept upward from his forehead, which was broad and full at the temples. When silent his face wore a very winning expression of gentle gravity, but his gestures and movements spoke of one used to every kind of bodily exercise, and excelling in all.

His companion, somewhat sombrely attired in black damask, was some years his senior, and though having lighter hair, bore in her face a certain family resemblance to her brother.

The shadows were lengthening, and the shafts of light were slanting through the branches to make chequer-work on the green turf. Yonder the deer were feeding, and up from the waters of the Nadder beyond the slope came the gleam of the reflected sunset.

The lady, at this moment, was speaking with some energy, and using her great feather fan to accentuate her words.

"Brother, believe me, 'tis useless and vain, this passion. I'm well assured there is a pre-contract."

"Be it so," answered her companion quietly; "yet can I not cease to love her. My passion may be vain, my sister, but it need not be useless seeing it may be the spur to worthy deeds. Naught is wasted that may do that."

"Alack, brother," said the lady, shaking her head, "will a passion for such a maid—nay, I mean no reproach—be a spur? I have heard of such a thing as love tying one down to earth."

"Fair sister, is it for nothing that men call you Urania yonder at the Court? You should know—none better—that love, being a magician, hath the power to raise up his true votaries, of whom I am one, and therefore ——" He broke off with something like a sigh. His sister glanced sharply at him again, and put a slim hand caressingly through his arm. She knew him too well to be deceived. Under the inflated language, the measured and lofty words, the real thing was at work and the loving heart was sore.

"Come back, dear Philip," she said gently, "and read me those last words yet again. I would fain hear them once more to fix them in my mind. The sheets are but in my summer parlour. Truly Wilton will be immortal since you have found Arcadia in our woods."

"Nay, Moll, I have no heart for it to-night, methinks. Arcadia is no longer where I have imaged it, but wheresoever she is. Once more let me look through its shining gate before it closes for ever. See yonder!"

Towards them, under the thick branches of the cedars, came another pair. A beautiful girl in the first flush of youth, with dark radiant eyes, ceremoniously handed by a young gallant in a very rich attire, to whom she was talking gaily and lightly as they advanced. Her sweet careless laugh rang out in a happy cadence, but she was grave in an instant as she curtsied profoundly to Lady Pembroke.

"Madam," she said, "I have this instant received an express from my lord and father bidding me set out for Chartley. I must therefore crave your leave to depart betimes to-morrow."

"What ill news is this?" exclaimed her hostess. "Cousin Fulke, how could you conduct my Lady Penelope to bring me such evil tidings? But since my Lord of Essex must needs be obeyed, I must do my poor best to further your departure. Come, Fulke, thy hand; let us return, supper will shortly be served."

The other pair followed with slower steps.

"Madam," said Sidney, "may I be so far graced as to be permitted to ride with you some way on your journey?"

She flashed a quick glance at him and flushed with pleasure.

"Best not, sir," said she readily, but hanging her pretty head, "I shall have to use despatch; besides——"

"I bow to your ladyship's ruling," he answered; "but surely we shall meet again, and before long?"

"Who can tell?" she said lightly. "But aye, truly I should grieve could I not hope this. See, here we be! To-night I will sing your song to the virginals, and at supper we will drink to our next merry meeting."

It was a goodly quartette which sat round the board in the hall of Wilton that night. All young and fair, and three of them, at least, unusually gifted. Pity that the words there spoken could not be preserved, like pearls, for another and less lofty age to ponder.

The moon was high in the heavens when they turned away from the supper-table and drew near the window. In fulfilment of her promise, Penelope Devereux, seating herself at the virginals on the table in the recess, lifted her sweet voice and sang. She had the rare gift of expression, and in one heart the exquisite notes found an echo that was almost pain. Once Lady Pembroke, herself in shadow, glanced at her brother's face. In the white moonshine it gleamed like a mask of marble; but she could detect a quiver of the curved lips, and a pathetic yearning in the hazel eyes, which looked away into the mysterious deeps of night. It was on such an evening as this that the greatest poet of the age, or of succeeding ages, might have fancied his magical Dream or the dialogue of Lorenzo and Jessica, an evening that enters deep into the heart of a poet, that spoke to Sidney himself the words of his own "Arcadia." Perhaps the "young shepherdesse knitting and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice's musick" had been to him in some measure a figure of her who now sang the words of one of his latest sonnets, although in her brilliant patrician beauty she could scarcely have been identified with any "shepherdesse."

"Master Sidney," said Penelope, when she had ended, "it is your turn, I wot. You cannot refuse the challenge of a lady, therefore sing, I pray you."

Sidney started slightly as if awakened from a dream; but he bowed with ready acquiescence, and reached his lute from the corner where it lay. The impulse of time and place was upon him, and they were his own words which he sang—

"Then even of fellowship, O moon, tell me
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?"

Lady Pembroke felt the tears rising in her eyes. Was he thus pleading his cause? With a sudden impulse she rose.

"Cousin Fulke," she said, "I would fain confer with you on yonder matter you wot of. Come with me." And followed by Fulke Greville she passed down the hall.

Sidney laid the lute aside, and turned.

"Fair love and my lady," he said in his low sweet voice, "will it please you to listen to me?"

Penelope took up her fan as if to hide the trembling of her hands.

"Surely, sir," she answered, "whatever it listeth you to say."

"Meseems I have already said it," went on Sidney, "at least you cannot now mistake. Penelope, most sweet; Stella, star of my life, have compassion on me and my boundless love."

"Alack! sir, compassion and Master Sidney must needs be strangers," she said with an attempt at a jest.

"Not so" he interrupted passionately, "but if you do not vouchsafe the hope, then do I need pity sorely. Nay then, give me your sweet hands, my only love, it needs no speech."

The white small hands found their way to his with little difficulty. Kneeling, he pressed his lips to them with a passion which made her shiver. The moonlight shone cold and sweet on the face which was lifted towards hers.

"This is my pledge," said Sidney; "sweetheart, I am all unworthy, but I am wholly yours. Here is my heart, take it or leave it as likes you best. It is your own."

Unworthy! Could no disclaimer rise to Penelope Devereux's lips? Was none in her heart even? Was beauty alone to weigh down the balance against genius, fame, thought, and such a heart as Philip Sidney's? It is hard to say. Certainly she trembled and even wept at the electric force of the passion which she could not but see and feel, and perhaps for the moment it communicated a thrill to her own heart. It is true that her beauty was never more pathetic nor winning than on that night of her triumph. Lady Pembroke came back, it would seem, all too soon, to find Penelope, lute in hand, softly touching its strings now and then, and Sidney leaning against the mullioned window, while a low-toned murmur of talk passed between the two.

Early the next morning Penelope Devereux, who had been for some time in Lady Pembroke's charge, set out on her long journey to Chartley, with maids and serving-men in her train, while Fulke Greville and Philip Sidney rode as far as her first stage with her. They might have been dame and knights of Arthur's Court, setting out on some quest in those misty days when the world was younger. So thought Mary of Pembroke as she waved her farewells from her stately portal. Sidney might have been Galahad, his friend Gawain; but Penelope, was she Iseult of Ireland, or Vivien?

That evening, their chivalrous duty discharged, the two friends rode slowly back under the cedars of Wilton.

Fulke Greville was the first to break a long silence.

"Where is thy heart, Phil? Is it safe or goes it northward in yon fair one's keeping?"

Sidney turned his clear hazel eyes on his friend.

"It is gone from my keeping, Fulke, it is no shame to avow it."

"And doubtless you have hers in fair exchange?"

"Nay, that I know not."

Greville looked at him curiously.

"I love thee well, Philip," he said, after a pause, "I think I would do aught that man might for your service; tell me, do you hope to win this lady?"

"Truly I hope it; but that is beside the mark. Hope or none, she is and must be my star. Methinks I now understand what I have only dimly perceived heretofore, how goodly a thing is love. Surely it lifts the soul of man high above the mists and quagmires of this lower earth into a fairer region."

"Many would say it was a clog to keep them of the earth, earthy," said Fulke, sadly.

"Then is that not the love I dreamed; the love which I now know and feel. Confess, Fulke, is not love a spark out of the Divine fire, and should it not enkindle in us a purer flame?"

"Ay, should. I fear, Phil, thy fancies are too finespun for this work-a-day world. Yet I wot, even if thy love prove bootless, I could find it in my heart to envy you heartily.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene has shifted to Greenwich Palace. The maiden queen, in the zenith of her splendour, was keeping her Christmas there, and had gathered round her, as she loved to do, all that was learned, fair and noble in her Court. Sidney was there, too dearly prized for the cloud, which had for a brief space hidden him from royal favour, not to be dispersed; "Sidney's sister," Sackville, Burleigh, and a crowd of worthies.

The Queen was moving through the presence-chamber, speaking a few words to one and another, and at last she beckoned to Sidney.

"I hear you have been well employed in the shades of Wilton," she said graciously; "Sir Thomas Sackville tells me great things of this work of yours, Master Sidney."

"Sir Thomas doth me infinite honour," said Sidney, bowing low. "It is but a slight thing at best."

"Your modesty is to be commended, fair sir, but we will ourselves judge of its merits at no distant day. You call it, as I hear, 'Arcadia.' Sure, we have, all of us, a mind to dwell therein, and now Master Sidney can reveal to us where it lies. I doubt not some peerless nymph hath likewise lent you her aid to thread its mazes." She shot a sharp, half-jealous glance at Sidney's face as she spoke. He coloured very slightly as he bowed again.

"Arcadia could not be without its nymphs, madam," he said calmly, "but it needs not to travel thither to learn what is truly excellent and most nobly fair."

The Queen laughed, and tapped his arm lightly with her fan.

"Go to, sir," she said, "I'll warrant you need no schooling, here nor there, to teach you fine words at will."

She passed slowly on, and Sidney met his sister's eyes fixed on him with a certain expression of anxiety.

He moved to her side as soon as the Queen's back was turned.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked in a low voice. "You are disturbed, I wis——"

"My brother, I fear I have ill news for you, if indeed you have not already heard it."

"Ill news never mended by keeping, sister," he answered, "I pray you tell me."

"Then it is this; I have it by a sure hand, and her Grace will know to-morrow. Penelope Devereux is, ere this, wedded to the Lord Rich."

The serene face turned deadly pale.

"Art sure?" he faltered.

"Ay, indeed," said Lady Pembroke, sorrowfully. "Philip, I warned you of a pre-contract, and moreover——"

There was a moment's silence, but quickly Sidney recovered himself so far as to speak, though there was an ominous break in his voice.

"Be it so: mayhap I was not worthy."

"Not worthy! 'Tis she——" began Lady Pembroke bitterly, but he stopped her.

"Her choice at least is worthy, or better still, she is a duteous daughter, and submits her to her father's will in the business. Remember, Moll, she is still my star, betide what may."

The tears rose to his sister's eyes. The gallant endurance of the blow, the chivalrous defence of his lost love, went to her heart, more surely than any violent indignation or lamentation could have done. The next hour or two were to her like a painful dream. She heard the Queen summon her favourite again to her side, and command him to sing. She watched Sidney place himself at Elizabeth's feet, with his own unfailing grace, and tune his lute; she listened sorrowfully to the sweet tenor voice in which she thought she could detect the heart-break. How could he so face his pain? She reproached herself with having been its harbinger, and yet it was to save his hearing it from other and less loving lips.

One other person was watching Sidney with feelings somewhat akin. A girl with a thoughtful, sweet face sat in a little knot of the Queen's ladies, and drank in the sounds from voice and lute with a happiness that held its own danger for the listener.

Frances Walsingham had seen but little of the English Court as yet, but she had seen enough to teach her the value of one of its greatest ornaments. Years ago, when she was a child in France, during her father's embassy, Philip Sidney had sojourned there for a short space, and that visit had remained among her most cherished recollections. He had been kind to the little girl, as his gentle nature prompted him to be to all about him, and her heart had gone out in response. She had heard of his devotion, as it was indeed no secret, to the lovely Penelope Devereux; this night she had heard of the latter's marriage, and her faithful heart was aching in passionate sympathy with his.

That night Philip Sidney fought out the battle with his own ruined hopes. If the revelation that she was lost to him for ever showed him for the first time how closely enshrined in his heart was the image of his Stella, he also resolved that the loss should bring with it no gall of bitterness. If the image had feet of clay he would remember only the golden halo of his dreams which had crowned her.

"If the star on which I have gazed be but a wandering earth light," he said to himself, "then will I turn me to that light whose beams illume all things. So shall I be the better servant to realm and Queen, and the stronger master of mine own weak heart."

On a table in his room there lay a book which was to him a store-house of teaching, as it was to many noble souls in those ages. Now in his wakeful sorrow and weariness he turned over the leaves of the great folio and came to these words:

"My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hid things."

"Now hast thou seen that thou desirest most to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place."

So had Galahad achieved the quest of the Grail; yet, even to him it was but as a vision, which vanished away "from the realm of Logris," leaving a hope for eternity. So too must Philip Sidney set forth upon the quest with a pure heart, cleansed by suffering, comforted by the light beyond.

He clasped the book with a long sigh, and turned away to the window. Drawing back the heavy curtain, he looked out into the winter, starlit night. "The City of Sarras, the spiritual place," yea, and something higher, far beyond all those sparkling worlds of light, something whereunto those dreams of a perfect chivalry pointed, and the "knights and true children" might attain.

Long afterwards Sidney looked back on this night as a moment of consecration. He had struggled and was victorious. He took up an unstained sword after a vigil of arms, and though faint and spent with the stress and toil he had suffered, could bear it forth with an unshaken resolve.

Penelope Devereux made no sign. Neither letter nor message of farewell ever came to him whom she had suffered to love her with such rare passion, whom she had misled with the hope of her affection. Whether she strove to set aside the contract to Lord Rich, or whether, on the other hand, she was a willing party to it, Sidney could not tell. Long afterwards Fulke Greville heard her speak with careless elation of the sonnets that beloved hand had inscribed in her honour, and the loyal heart swelled high with indignation.

Only once Sidney spoke to his sister of his lost love.

"I do not repent, Moll," he said, "I have not wasted love, for I have learned that love is eternal."

CHAPTER III.

PENSHURST. Autumn, the autumn of 1585 was flinging her spoils upon the earth. The trees were nearly bare, and the flowers had long withered in the trim parterres of the walled garden which lay to the south of the ancient house. The storms and changes of three centuries have made little difference in the aspect of things since Philip Sidney sat in the window at the end of the picture gallery on that November afternoon. The five years since we saw him last at Greenwich, had left no outward change upon him, and it was with no unusual gravity that he was musing over the letters a messenger had just brought him from London and the Queen. His sister, the repository of so many of his thoughts, was far away at Wilton; but there stood by him a newer counsellor to whom, gradually, he had learnt to open his heart. Frances his wife, the Frances Walsingham of other days, her grave dark eyes full of adoring affection, her hands loosely clasped before her, stood waiting for him to speak. Suddenly he looked up, and a smile broke over the pondering face as he drew her down beside him.

"Art thirsting for news, Frank," he said, still holding her hand.

"When ye list to tell it to me," she said quietly, "but I know—by your face—it is of moment?"

"It is, my wife. Nay, it is not another crown. Dost thou sorrow that thou hast missed being Queen of Poland? Trust me, that is better left to other than English men."

"You are my king," she said with a quiet intensity that was more impressive than any vehemence. "You could add no dearer crown to my life."

A very wistful look came into Sidney's eyes as he raised her hand to his lips.

"I believe it. Soothly, sweetheart. But this news means a parting, and that speedily, Her Grace hath appointed me Governor of

Flushing, and general of horse under mine uncle Leicester."

"And you must go?"

"Ay, must, my Frank. Fie, are those tears?"

"Nay, Philip, I will shed none, since they displease you; what must be, must."

"That is the gallant spirit I would have thee cherish," he went on; "if God will, I will come back to thee anon."

She did not answer for a few minutes; she was choking back her tears resolutely for his sake.

"Could I but go likewise," she said at last in a half-stifled voice.

"If it be possible, it shall be so, my heart; if not——"

"Then I will abye what needs must hap," she faltered.

He held her hand still closer, looking intently into the pale face which strove to smile, as she met his eyes.

"I fear—I fear I must ride to-morrow," he said sadly; "nay, be brave, my Frank, and face it. I too, must banish fear of another sort, and confess to you, sure of your ready pardon. Long ago, Frank, I set my foolish heart upon a lady of rare and excellent beauty, such as indeed all men must acknowledge and admire. She never loved me, though for a time I dreamed she did; but, by the grace of God, the love which, so scorned and flung aside, might have been my undoing, as it hath been of many a better man, was to me the spur and earnest of higher things. From it I learned, yet through suffering, what was truly high and noble, that a man's life is verily not his own to make or mar as listeth him; from it too I learned how best to love thee when Heaven gave thee unto me. As one star exceedeth another in glory, so she whom I called my star, led me to her who is now the very light of my life."

The tears were streaming fast from Frances Sidney's eyes as he ended, but she clung still closer to him.

"I knew it, my heart, I knew," she whispered, with quivering lips, "but you are mine now, mine only and ever.

As the last beam from the west stole obliquely through the great window, the door at the further end of the gallery opened and Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney came slowly up the long room.

Only a few hours were left to them all, father, mother and wife to gather round the gracious presence that made home lovely. But they could acquiesce quite calmly in the summons that removed him. It was the call of duty; Queen and country needed him, therefore he must go.

Is there any need to dwell on the parting of the morrow, or on the few brief closing scenes of that stainless life? To Sidney his Quest of the Sancgreall had been quite simple; wherever duty called him, there he beheld the blissful vision, and thus to him the perplexities of life had been unravelled and his road clear. In this way also the one sorrow of his life had received its healing.

Six months more, and England was the poorer for the loss of Philip Sidney. He died, doubtless as he would have chosen, a soldier's death; yet beyond and above all, his memory is enshrined in the beautiful story of selfless compassion so well-known to us all, the dying soldier and the cup of water relinquished. It was the tale of his life condensed, after all. A life of discipline, of self-conquest, of transcendent gifts consecrated to high uses, even the one ill-starred love turned into a channel of good, so that the later and happier love came to that pure soul undefiled with any root of bitterness. Truly even Frances Sidney in the desolation of her early widowhood might be envied to her life's end, for the honour which had been hers; and Fulke Greville might well cause to be placed on his tomb forty-two years after, as his most enduring epitaph, that he had been, "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FLING HIM INTO THE NILE AND HE WILL COME UP WITH A FISH IN HIS MOUTH."

"NON SE MOU LA FULLA, QUE DËU NON HA VULLA."

WHILE the crowd was tumbling out as it had tumbled in, noisy and tumultuous, Mr. Glyn, the adjudicators, and many others were talking of Ivor.

"He ought to have a musical education," said one. "He is a genius."

"We might get him into the Academy," said another.

"Let him study our national music first," said Mrs. Herbert. "Make a harpist of him, and he might revive the Welsh harp."

"I should be glad to do all I can for him," said Mr. Glyn. "I think we might raise the necessary funds, and get him to London."

"I would give twenty pounds and my Straduarius," said Mr. Traherne.

"You darling old uncle," said Mrs. Glyn, going to Mr. Traherne's side and putting her hand on his arm.

"We will all help," said Captain Herbert, "if any real good can be done. Suppose we try at once."

He took out his pocket-book and headed a page with "The Reverend Gerwyn Traherne, twenty pounds, and ——" here he paused.

"How do you spell that confounded long word, Parson?"

"It is his fiddle, father. He has given it already," said Tudor.

"Mrs. Glyn, ten pounds," whispered Mr. Glyn. "I will help in other ways."

"We will give five," said Mrs. Herbert.

"And more if required," added the Captain.

Sums varying from five to one pound, were promised by most of the people on the platform, and Captain Herbert soon held up a list of donors of a total of between sixty and seventy pounds."

"We forget that we must ask Mr. Vaughan," said Mr. Glyn. "The boy is apprenticed to him for four years."

"Then we may as well put our money in our pockets again," said the Captain. "He won't consent."

Mrs. Glyn hurried towards Mara, who was standing in a corner of the field surrounded by the workhouse children, in whom she still took a keen interest. Near her was Emily, and not far off stood Gipsy George, watching them.

"I am so glad to have caught you, Mara," said Angharad, kissing her friend, regardless of by-standers. "Why will you never come to Brynmawr! You have no excuse now you have left that odious workhouse."

"You are very kind, but——" began Mara.

"Nonsense. You could come if you would. There is such a grand plan for the foundling. Everybody says he is a genius, and we have all made up our minds to prove it. We are going to send him to London, to the Royal Academy of Music, so that he may be a great man some day. Nearly a hundred pounds have been promised already."

"Stop, my love," said Mr. Glyn. "Only between sixty and seventy. But Mr. Vaughan has to be consulted first."

Mr. Glyn had been watching Mara, whose face grew crimson while Angharad was speaking.

"Oh, he can't refuse! Can he, Mara? He would not stand in the child's light! I was sure you, who are so fond of Ivor, would be rejoiced at his good fortune, that I wanted to be the first to tell you."

"It is very good—very generous—but I—I have no voice in the matter. I do not know what my father may say," said Mara.

"I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on him to-morrow. Perhaps you will prepare him for what I have to say," said Mr. Glyn. "It does seem a pity that such genius as the boy shows should be buried in a sheep-fold."

"I think I would rather you first named the subject to my father," said Mara, hesitating. You would, perhaps, have more weight than I should."

"Very well. I do not suppose he could refuse to do what is so evidently to the child's advantage," said Mr. Glyn.

"Promise to come and see me soon, Mara," said Mrs. Glyn. "I want to show you my children. Mr. Glyn says they are almost as perfect as their mother."

"She does not improve, you see, Miss Vaughan," said Mr. Glyn.

While this was passing, Gipsy George was very busy. As soon as he saw Emily alone, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and went up to her.

"A letter for you, miss," he said.

Emily started, and turned her pretty face full upon George. She did not recognise him; indeed, there was nothing to be seen but his mouth. He put a small packet into her hand, pressed it as hard as he could, whispered, "How pretty you've grown, my dear!" and turned quickly away. She was very much frightened, and hurried up to where her mistress stood, ostensibly to wait for orders. When near her, she watched the young man, wondering who he was, and what the parcel contained. When she opened it at Brynmawr, she found a gold locket, engraved with the

words "George and Emily," and surrounded by the Welsh motto, *Cofia fi* (Remember me). The locket contained a curl of glossy black hair. She knew that the stranger must have been her old friend George, and cried because she had not recognised him.

When Mara had time to open her packet, she found a pretty pebble brooch, and on the envelope the words, "A token of love and gratitude from Georgy."

When George had spoken to Emily, he went up to the workhouse children. They were all standing or kneeling round Ivor, who was sitting on the ground. During the Eisteddfod his pockets had been filled with silver, pence, sweetmeats, and apples; these treasures were now spread on a handkerchief before him, and he was gravely distributing them amongst his old friends. George stood behind him for a few moments, while he completed his equal division and delighted the hearts of the eager group around him. He was sixpence short at the end; George dropped two sixpences into the handkerchief, and Ivor gave the one needed, but seemed not to know what to do with the other. "For Billo," at last he whispered, as he put it into his pocket.

George stooped down and said softly, "Let them go, and come with me. Be secret, Ivor."

The children were so engrossed with their treasures that they did not see Ivor jump up, look round, and at last run after a retreating figure that signed him to follow. George led the way to the gate that opened into the road, and Ivor and he reached it at the same time.

"Not a word yet," said George, going out into the road.

Near the gate was a projecting piece of rock, under cover of which George knew that he was safe from observation. Here Ivor fairly jumped upon his neck and hugged him tight. "Are you Georgy? Are you sure you are Georgy?" he cried.

"Quite sure; but we have only a few minutes and you must listen to me," said George, returning the embrace with all his heart.

"It is George's voice; but you are so big!" said Ivor, holding his friend's hand and gazing at him, "Are you sure that you are Georgy?"

"As sure as that you are Ivor, and grown big too and stout and handsome. Now listen to me. My name is George Singleton. I want you to come with me. I am getting lots of money in the iron-works, and shall be a master some day. We have a grand musical association that all London couldn't match. A first-rate teacher, a band, music-books, musicians, singers. Nobody there knows anything of gipsies or foundlings, and you and I should be as grand as the rest. I have settled it all. Everybody knows that you are a born genius, and you can help me to work while you are taught to sing and play. Then we can get money, and you can go to London and be a great man, so that everyone will wonder at you and nobody know that you were a foundling. Will you come?"

George had talked so fast that he was out of breath.

"I can't leave governess," said Ivor simply.

"Not to learn music, and come back to her from London a great man?"

"I should like to learn music well, but I don't want to be a great man. I heard some gentlemen say to-day that I should be taught."

"But then you would be always Ivor the Foundling. Everybody would know you."

"I don't care for that. I love governess, and she loves me."

"Then you won't come with me?"

"Oh Georgy! I should like to be with you, but I cannot go to-day."

"Then you must come when I send for you. I shall send soon. The person I send will tell you all about me. When you see this crooked sixpence, be sure it was mine, and go away with the bearer."

"Must I live in the mines, Georgy?"

George look puzzled.

"Perhaps not. Any way that is better than keeping sheep in all weathers. You are nice and hot there. Our master, who has a house like the Queen's, and lots of servants, was a poor boy like you and me forty or fifty years ago. I mean to own mines like him in a few years—say twenty or thirty. And by that time you'll be famous."

"I should like to be Handel or Beethoven."

"What do you know about them?"

"Governess told me of them. Miss Margaret, I mean. I mustn't call her governess now, Georgy."

"You shall be greater than they."

"Perhaps I may come," said Ivor thoughtfully. "Are there any sheep and green fields where you are?"

"Oh, plenty! I can tell you that I shouldn't like to be blacking Mr. Glyn's boots. Are they good to you at Tyrmynydd?"

"Very good. Mr. Vaughan, and Miss Vaughan, and all. Are you happy, Georgy?"

"As happy as a prince. Now mind the crooked sixpence, and promise me not to say a word of what I have been saying to you."

"Mayn't I tell Miss Margaret?"

"Well! you haven't gained a bit of sense! Not for the world. You must go back to her now, or she'll miss you and question you. Good bye, Ivor. There she is!"

George hastily shook hands with Ivor, and walked up the hill. Ivor returned towards the gate, where he met Mara.

"My father is looking for you, Ivor. You should not have left the field," she said.

Mr. Vaughan and Mariana had been at the Eisteddfod, but were not among the platform circle. They were close to the gate.

"Well, Ivor, I hope you have had singing enough," said Mr. Vaughan. "Flattery enough to ruin you, at any rate, you have had. We had better all go home together, and forget this noisy worldly show. I had hoped that it would have been more seemly. What was his prize?"

"Two guineas, father. I have them safe," said Mara.

"We will put them in the savings bank," said Mr. Vaughan.

"Please, sir, may I give them to Shanno—she wants them, sir?" pleaded Ivor. "Or may I buy something for you and Miss Vaughan, and—and Miss Margaret?"

"We will see—we will see," said Mr. Vaughan.

It was strange that the stern man always relaxed for Ivor, and that the boy did not fear him.

Mara did not augur much for Mr. Glyn's success. He came to Tyrmynydd the following day.

Mariana was at home, and sent for her father. While he waited for Mr. Vaughan, he asked Mariana about Edwin Morris.

"When last we heard, he was in the interior, that is to say, at a missionary station as far inland as missionaries have penetrated," said Mariana. "But we have not heard from him for some time."

When Mr. Vaughan came in, Mr. Glyn began nervously to speak of Ivor. He told Mr. Vaughan what had been proposed for him, and how much money had been already promised; then he said,

"I believe the boy is apprenticed to you, Mr. Vaughan."

"For four years, sir, of which one has not yet expired," said Mr. Vaughan. "During that time I consider myself responsible for him."

"Would you object to cancelling the agreement and sending him to London? So many people are anxious that his genius should be cultivated."

Mr. Vaughan answered with didactic precision,

"The foundling ought to be grateful for the interest he inspires. We will make him understand it. He is not like other children. I scarcely think he is capable of learning much."

"He is quite capable of acquiring music," said Mr. Glyn.

"Possibly; but I do not approve of singing men and singing women. I am doubtful of the righteous working of the Eisteddfodau. They engender vanity and ambition, and make the labouring classes idle and profligate."

"You may say that of any large assembly," said Mr. Glyn. "Your own camp meetings, for instance. The preachers are vain and ambitious—the hearers finish the day at the alehouse."

Mr. Vaughan frowned.

"Be that as it may, sir, I think you may as well make a man a strolling player as a public singer or musician. I disapprove of the line of life. I have my own views for the foundling, if he prove pious and honest, and as long as he is under my charge I will not allow him to follow any pursuit contrary to the laws of religion and morality."

"Then you consider King David irreligious and immoral."

"I never comment lightly on Bible characters, sir."

Mr. Glyn felt justly reproved, and changed his tone.

"Would you be justified, Mr. Vaughan,

in depriving an orphan of the advantages held out to him?"

"Yes, if I can give him more than an equivalent for them."

"But when the boy grows up he may not consider that you give an equivalent for what he has lost. 'The child is father to the man,' and what he aims at now he will aim at when the impetus is gone."

"He is my servant for four years, sir. I do not choose to cancel the agreement. You, as chairman, would not break it without my consent?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I cannot conscientiously give it. At the end of his apprenticeship he will be free to choose between us. It will not be too late to make a buffoon of him then."

Mr. Vaughan's face was immovable. Mr. Glyn's very expressive. He looked seriously annoyed. Turning to Mariana, he said,

"May I ask your opinion, Miss Vaughan?"

Poor Mariana did not know what to answer. She had her own private opinions, and they did not quite coincide either with her father's or Mr. Glyn's. But she had not the courage to declare them.

"Speak out, Mariana," said her father.

"He is very happy here," she said after a pause. "I scarcely know what would be best for him. He is so excitable that music keeps him awake at night, and the servants say that he even sings in his sleep; perhaps a wholly musical life might affect his brain. On the other hand, he seems almost too sensitive and refined for a shepherd."

"The shepherd's life is useful and honourable," said Mr. Vaughan, the brows knitting.

"Yes, father, and Ivor loves it and his sheep. But he is not strong."

"We will not neglect his bodily state," said Mr. Vaughan.

"Whatever your prejudices against a musical career, they will not clip Ivor's wings," said Mr. Glyn. "Sooner or later he will fly from the plough to the lyre. I am to understand that you will not release him, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, sir. I hold him to his engagement, or rather I hold the parish, for four years."

"Then I will wish you a good-morning," said Mr. Glyn, rising and shaking hands coldly with Mr. Vaughan. "May I ask you where Ivor is?"

"In the field below Mynydd Mawr," said Mariana.

"I know the spot. Will you give Mrs. Glyn's love to your sister, and tell her that I am disappointed at finding her from home?"

While so many people were interesting themselves in Ivor's fate, he was keeping his master's sheep amongst the hills. Mr. Glyn had not made an inapt comparison when he named the shepherd King of Israel. There were many points of resemblance between their respective positions. Their vocations were the same, their talent was of the same order. As David charmed his master by his harp, so Ivor charmed his by the instrument he chanced to be handling. The talent of both was nurtured while watching the sheep and lambs, as they browsed and gambolled amongst the moss and heather.

Ivor led a happy life, even though his master was strict and stern, and frequently reprimanded him sharply for dreaming and playing instead of working. But Ivor loved all things, and he loved Mr. Vaughan. The heart must be callous indeed that can resist the love of childhood, and Mr. Vaughan tried in vain to resist Ivor's. He was fonder of him at heart than of any living thing.

Ivor instinctively loved nature. The life he lived amongst the hills braced both his mind and body. His mind imbibed music and poetry from the songs of birds, the melody of winds, the distant murmur of the ever-fretting ocean, the mysterious harmony of storms, the low of cows, the bleat of sheep, the busy hum of insects: his body drew in strength and vigour from exercise and pure air. Here, as in Arcadia, the pastoral life is the happiest.

And Ivor had his genius always with him. The gifts of God to the soul of man are not dependent upon circumstances. The divine inspiration of poetry or music will withstand the rough assaults of hardship or labour, and will shed richness and warmth on the inner life, while the outer world seems barren and cold. Like the mouthful of sweet grass found by the sheep under the snow, genius will be found to live under the cold covering of poverty.

Mr. Glyn found him in his favourite retreat. This was a hollow on the hillside, so protected by turf and furze as to be generally dry. Hence he could watch his sheep and see them still if they wandered to a distance, for the view was extensive.

"I will ask Mr. Vaughan to let you come to Brynmawr sometimes, and you shall play to my children and teach them and me music," said Mr. Glyn.

Ivor smiled.

"And you will whistle again, sir? I can whistle now."

"Let me hear you."

Ivor imitated exactly the notes of the thrush and blackbird.

"Now listen, sir."

Mr. Glyn listened and heard an answering note from a bird in the distance.

"This is the lark," said Ivor, imitating her note. "We sing together in the morning until she flies away into heaven."

"Happy boy! Happy innocence!" said Mr. Glyn. "Why should we trouble you with this world's ambition? I believe Mr. Vaughan is right after all. Good-bye, Ivor—be patient and good."

"Yes, sir, I will try."

And Mr. Glyn went away more thoughtful than he came.

(To be continued.)

HINTS ABOUT SUMMER AND AUTUMN TOURING.

By "MEDICUS."

I DID intend going for a drive to-day, but I shan't. Personally I am as little likely to be scared by threatening weather as anyone; but there are tiny people who would insist upon driving with me, and why should I expose their delicate frames to the risks of exposure to the buffetings of a blustering day like this, a day that we should hardly look upon with feelings of complacency were it the middle of December instead of the 19th of May? The sky is deeply covered with masses of dark rolling cumuli; a stiff nor-easter is roaring through my trees, swaying the giant poplars as if they were but fishing-rods, bending even the pine-trees, and bringing down the flat brown flaky seeds from the wych elms like showers of leaves in autumn. Cold too, it is, aye, bitterly, searchingly cold. I have the courage of my convictions and did not shirk my bath this morning, but *that* was cold! I practise what I preach, and sit here writing by the open window; but would you believe it, my pen-hand is "daver't" as they say in Scotland, "daver't wi' the cauld and fushionless." Along the road that bounds my orchard the farmer folks are driving down to market; all are muffled up to their half-shut eyes in top-coats with the collars up and rugs about their brawny legs. They have got to keep their eyes half-shut, because, independent of the nor-easter, a select assortment of juvenile whirlwinds have been let loose for a gambol, and are sucking up the dust and blinding horses and men. Your Berkshire farmers are usually fat and rosy men, to-day they are pinched and violet.

The cold affects even the birds. On the lawn my thrushes have hardly the strength to crack a snail. For over a week every morning a yellow-billed cock blackbird has been trotting about on the grass with two of his nearly-grown-up family, stuffing them with beetles and worms. To-day I miss him. He has evidently gone on strike and told his wife to take the children out herself. At seven this morning I noticed a turtle-dove on the lawn, and thinking it must be a young one I made haste to go and catch it. I should have taken it to Ida, still in bed, to illustrate a little sermon on early-rising. But it turned out to be an old turtle-dove half-paralysed with the cold, yet with strength enough left to fly up into a cedar tree and spoil my good intention.

Well, but from this cold May day one may gain a lesson in the uncertainty of the weather. In April summer had really come, now blustering Boreas has mustered his forces and

driven us pell-mell back again into the middle of winter. We have to be prepared in this country for weather of any kind, in the spring-time at all events.

A week ago I rode round the hills above Henley, and I was not a little astonished to find old friends of the road, nodding to me by the wayside, that I seldom meet till June; I refer, of course, to wild flowers. And now these sweet-faced wildlings of nature are shivering in the icy blast, and death will be the doom of many of them. Yes, and sad though it may seem, this "cold snap"—which down here in Berks they call the "blackthorn winter"—will be the death of many a tender human flower if winter clothing has been too soon changed for summer.

I know of no more pleasant way of taking gentle exercise than that of carriage-driving through a beautiful country in the spring-time of the year. For spring and early summer, you know, are the most hopeful seasons of all the glad year; but there are many dangers peculiar to such exercise that delicate people who drive much would do well to remember.

And the few hints I give concerning these are applicable to carriage exercise at any time.

What I wish you to bear in mind then, is the utter folly of running risks that may easily be guarded against. Just before starting for a drive then, one is sure to take a glance at the sky and ask oneself the questions, "Will it be rain? and what should I take with me?"

You are moving about the garden, perhaps, when you put these queries to yourself, and you are therefore not cold, so as the sun shines bonnily now and then you answer, "Oh, it won't be rain! It is quite a charming day," and you even add, *sotto voce* of course, "I can wear my new dress to-day."

Well, I must confess that your new dress is most becoming, and with that bouquet of fresh flowers on your bosom and that bewitching love of a straw hat, you look quite the spirit of the season.

Ah, but you are not long in the carriage before you repent of your choice. "I ought to have taken a cloak," you say sadly, "for the wind is bitterly cold!" However, you won't give in, not even when a few spots of rain begin to fall and you remember that you have no umbrella.

Well, I do most sincerely trust you will not repent of your choice of dress in bed. Driving on a cold day does no harm if you are well wrapped-up against the searching wind. But if you are not so, Boreas soon finds out all your weak points. Perhaps your chest is not over strong, well, he notices this, and quickly sows the seeds therein of a cold that may end in acute bronchitis. You are subject to rheumatism he has been told, well, he will positively creep up your sleeves if he can't enter anywhere else, and stir up the racking old pains around your elbow joints and shoulders. Perhaps you have a soft side towards faceache or toothache; that blustering wind knows it, and takes a delight in serving you out, and you may think yourself lucky if a swollen jaw or a visit to the dentist's are the only evil results that accrue from your thoughtlessness. But besides more simple ailments, Boreas—the north wind—takes a terrible delight in introducing insufficiently-clothed young ladies to sore throat and tonsilitis. And mind you, it does not make trouble any the easier to remember that you have brought it all on yourself.

In order therefore to enjoy driving in summer or autumn in this country, it is absolutely necessary for safety's sake that you wear light under-clothing, and have extra wraps with you ready to put on if you feel the least chilly or cold.

The feet should be well protected without being par-boiled, if I may so phrase it. But I assure you the ankle protectors or spats that many ladies now wear have a weakening or debilitating effect on the feet and legs. They may look pretty, that is a matter of taste, but they keep the ankle-joints too hot, and the wearer need not be surprised then if in time varicose veins or rheumatism be the result.

The upper part of the chest and shoulders should also be well protected when travelling in an open carriage.

As to the neck, it should be as hardy as the face, but it seldom is so; therefore some light little silken or Shetland wool wrap may be wound loosely about it, when driving against the wind.

Delicate girls or ladies should never go for a long drive without taking in the carriage with them the wherewithal to make a light repast should they feel hungry. Good eating chocolate is invaluable in such a case, so are oatmeal biscuits and milk. It is easy to carry these; but fruit should be taken also, the best of all being the banana. Ladies who are not so young as they were some years ago, may take a little good sherry with the biscuits or port, but whatever it be it must be good.

A great many people in this country have, for many reasons, no chance of getting a holiday until the summer is nearly gone, or autumn itself commenced. Perhaps they wisely go in for what is called a thorough change, and therefore make a long railway or steamboat journey. If at all delicate, they ought so to arrange matters as to be not only as comfortable as possible during the trip, but safe from risk of cold or sickness.

Travelling nowadays, whether by sea or by land, is very cheap. The railway companies issue tourist's tickets from one end of the country to the other; and although my own method of travelling is by caravan, still I have often gone on long trips north or south or west into Wales.

A most healthful change from London or any large English town would be a journey due north to, say, Inverness. Now this town is a long distance away, but when you get there how amply you are repaid! There is health and happiness in every breeze that blows across the shaggy woods, the crimson moorlands, or the purple mountains. In Highland glens, too, perfect rest and quiet are to be found, and something new to be seen and wondered at every day and every hour of the day. You are alone with nature, and who so pleasant a guide as she.

But let me tell you how I myself should go to Inverness and settle somewhere for a month. Well then, I should begin by writing to the post-master or mistress of some Highland glen village on the banks of Loch Ness, enclosing a stamped directed envelope and begging the favour of a reply. I would state what rooms and accommodation I required, and say that I preferred a private villa or house if perfectly quiet to a hotel. I should thus secure rooms perhaps at Fort Augustus, a grand and lovely spot, before I started.

I would pack my traps by degrees a week or two beforehand so as to avoid even the shadow of anything like hurry or worry. I would not take more luggage than would be essentially necessary. Warm clothing is a *sine quâ non*, so are your favourite poets, and your fishing-tackle, for ladies fish in Scotland. Strong boots or shoes. Stockings suited to the hills can best be bought in the town of Inverness itself.

By the way, reader, don't expect to hear broad Scotch talked in the Highland capital, nor to see every man wearing the Scottish costume, as it is called. Few wear the kilt, fewer play the bag-pipes. You will hear the best of English talked, and very little Gaelic, and meet with civility and urbanity wherever you go.

Well, I should travel by the night express train from London with a tourist's ticket. It leaves St. Pancras or King's Cross about 8.30, I think. It is the fastest train in the world, and very comfortable. If you have lots of money to throw away you can travel first class and take a bed. I do nothing of the sort. In short journeys of, say, fifty miles you may look for me in a first-class compartment, but when the trip extends to five hundred or seven hundred miles I am to be found reposing in a third class. If I have a companion the two of us will have no difficulty in getting a compartment to ourselves; we will give the guard our tickets and a bright half-crown for himself, and he will see we are not disturbed till morning. I and my friend can sit and talk till ten o'clock, then have supper, make our beds with plaids and mauds and an air pillow, stick our reading-lamps behind our shoulders and read ourselves to sleep. We awake like giants refreshed, and find it is daybreak and the train rattling into Edinburgh.

You can break your journey for a day or two anywhere. No one, of course, could pass through the most romantic city in the world without seeing it, and that city is "Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

The travelling provision-basket contains our breakfast as it did our supper. We heat tea by means of spirits of wine, and enjoy a meal in comfort.

But we still have a long journey before us, and having rested at Edinburgh we resume it.

We travel the next portion of it by day to enjoy the wild and beautiful scenery.

I have already mentioned tea, and if any girl wants to travel a very long journey comfortably and untired she will not forget to take this with her. It may be drank cold, and is far more refreshing than wine of any kind can possibly be. I speak from experience.

A journey to Inverness or to Ireland, south or north, can be made very pleasantly by sea if one is anything of a sailor.

For a short voyage like this, some little preparation should be made. You will, of course, be a saloon passenger. Well, sometimes the boats are crowded in autumn; you will do well, therefore, to secure a cabin or berth some days or even a week beforehand. In addition to your one or two not over-large boxes, which will be stowed away on deck under a tarpaulin or stuck down below—these boxes, by the way, should be very strong—you should have a lighter box that you can take into your cabin and which shall contain all the necessaries and nick-nackeries suitable for your comfort *en route*.

I have travelled all round the coasts of these islands, east and west, north and south, and I have always found the stewards and stewardesses civil and obliging; but just remember this hint, a small gratuity given at the outset will not be thrown away.

I have voyaged also to the Channel Islands, and although on board the boats the servants are civil, the accommodation is wretched. I know of no more horrid trip than that to Jersey by the midnight boat, and if you haven't secured a berth, look out for a most unpleasant time of it.

But Jersey and Guernsey and little Sark are very pleasant and beautiful islands and well worth suffering some inconvenience in order to see, only don't forget that the air is not very bracing. It is wonderfully pure, however, and a month spent in one or other of these islands would greatly benefit many people, especially those suffering from chest complaints of a chronic character, or those who are recently convalescent from inflammatory ailments of the respiratory organs. But the air is said to be unfavourable for cases of chronic rheumatism, liver complaints, dyspepsia and nervousness.

The young and aged would find the air tonic, however, from August onwards. And much good may sometimes accrue from a change from one island to another.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

It seems almost foolish to mention the weather, as one of the chief factors of an article on dress; but when it ruins the London season, and one has to think twice before assuming summer attire, it becomes very important indeed. So many of the great functions by day are held out of doors; it is here that one has the best opportunity for seeing what everyone is wearing. One of the prettiest occasions is the Floral *Fête* in the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, and the most charming part of it is the procession or children's parade, in the broad walk, after the prizes are adjudged; but this year, the day was one of those distinguished by a steady and continuous downpour; so that the conservatory, and the huge marquee were both full, and very little was to be seen of the pageant as it wound through the crowd, assembled under the soaking roof of the hut. Pretty dresses were conspicuous by their absence, and everyone had made themselves look as well as possible in apparel which seemed suitable to the day. With few exceptions this story has been repeated throughout the season, and the sight of the accumulations in the shops which ought to have been sold is very depressing.



COSTUME OF SHEPHERD'S PLAID.

One of the strange things brought about by the absence of fine weather, has been that the furriers have had an "innings," for the little boas for the neck are quite as much used as ever, and they are generally of sable, when the wearer can afford it. So they make their appearance with all kinds of light-hued costumes, and to the unaccustomed eye they look extremely odd in June and July.

The great feature of all the very smart gowns of to-day is, that they are not complete unless decorated with *chiffon;* thousands of yards of that very costly, but easily ruined, material being used wherever the great world congregates, at out-of-door *fêtes* especially. *Chiffon* is mostly used for bodices, and every second *fête*-gown will have a bodice of it. The other thing that strikes one most is that sashes have returned to fashion, and that tiny rosettes have taken the place of bows in the decoration of dresses. There is in some of the thinner gowns of *crépon* a decided attempt to bring in the "panier," or some description of drapery at the waist, but it is not very evident as yet. In Paris very finely striped silks called "Louis Seize" are worn, in amber and white, and blue and white; but black and white is the most patronised of all. The bodices are trimmed with cream or yellow-tinted lace, or the deep lace with the so-called "Milanese points." The vividly-coloured neck-bands of velvet or satin have a waist-band or sash to match them of equally vivid hue, and these are most seen with black and white costumes. Large *trianon* hats of gauze and lace are more worn than bonnets in Paris, and have long white feathers arranged on them with roses of every shade. What are called blouse *corsages* reign as much in Paris as they do here, and in nearly every instance the sleeves are unlike the bodice, and resemble the skirt, and *moiré* remains the favourite material for either the bodice or the sleeves. The latter are more voluminous than ever, and are buttoned tightly at the wrist, when they do not open for an inch or two to allow a coloured lining to be seen.

I notice that black gloves have made their appearance again, and are worn whenever there is any black, or trimmings of black in the dress, in which case the shoes and stockings are also black. Open-worked stockings are more used this year than ever, and everyone is noticing that much thinner and prettier shoes are worn. Formerly, one of the blots on the dress of the Englishwoman was her heavy boots and shoes, worn with a light summer toilette, with which they were quite out of place. The climate, of course, had much to do with this, and the fashion of out-of-door *fêtes* where rain was so frequently to be expected.

In the sketch of "A *Crépon* Dress" I have endeavoured to give an idea of one of the new bodices with a trimming to imitate a corselet. The trimming is, however, only put on to the lining, an arrangement that would enable the home-dressmaker to copy this gown herself.

The material is one of the new "crinkled" *crépons*, the underskirt being made of *moiré*, with a thick *ruche* of the same round the edge. The edge of the skirt of *crépon* is ornamented with a lace of Milanese points turned up so as to form a transparent edging. The upper part of the bodice is of *moiré* with straps of ribbon over it, and the sleeves are *crépon*, and the band is of the same material also.

The "Costume of Shepherd's Plaid" is copied from a pretty dress made by a London tailor. It is of fine woollen tweed, the *révers* being of black *moiré*, with folds of the tweed stitched on flatly at the edge. The hat is of white straw, with two large bows of black velvet, and a pair of white "mercury wings." The figure standing with her back to us shows one of the newest skirts, and the method of arranging the folds, which are held in their places by elastic bands underneath, the back breadths being well-stiffened with crinoline of horsehair. The blouse-bodice worn is of French manufacture, and is made of fine Surah silk, with bands of fine tucks on both the bodice and the sleeves. The collar is tucked also. The jacket to wear with this skirt is open in front, with *révers* of *moiré*; the material of both dress and skirt is of a coarse "hop-sacking," the chief drawback to it being that it wears rather rough, but it is so very pretty that one condones even that grave fault.

The two lounging figures in the "New Sleeve and Bodice Drapery," are both of them habited in summer dresses; and the new puffed sleeve, and the *révers*, pointed both at back and front, are well seen; the bodice-drapery on the other figure is very much worn, and may be made either of the material of the gown, or of either *moiré* or silk.

There seems no doubt that the autumn will see a decided struggle between the plain, and the draped skirt; and I daresay that both will be worn, as indeed they are at present. The plain skirt, when well cut, is very becoming, and appears to suit every style of dress; and there seems no desire on anyone's part to revive the fashion of gathers at the front of the waist; the perfectly plain fronts and sides are so much more stylish.

The basque is rather more seen than it was, I think; and there were several gowns with the three-tierced skirt which came in last year, but which obtained no hold on our fancy. The newest ones are made with no fulness in them, and are merely bias rounds of material. The newest basques that I have seen are cut from a square of material, and thus made to look plain at the waist, and to set in full folds below. They were first seen this spring in a West End show-room, and we illustrated one of them last month with very long points in front. The newest are rather shorter, however, and are smarter; likewise the double rounded basques, as well as those with "triplets," are pretty; and I should not wonder if we saw more of them this winter. But, for summer gowns, the revival of the sash seems natural, as it is such a pretty addition to a light dress. The seamless bodice is still popular, but one seam in the middle of the back seems to be equally well-liked.

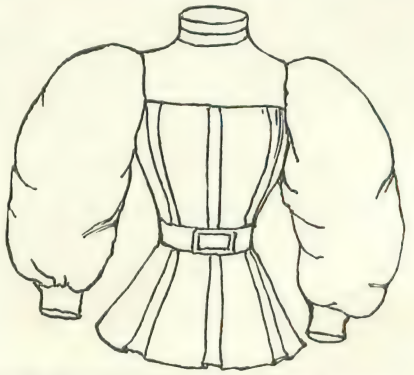
The pattern selected for the month's paper pattern is one of the new Norfolk blouses which have been revived by several of the best London tailors as a model for dresses of light woollen serge and tweed, intended for early autumn, in the country, at the sea-side, or in Scotland. It is not only becoming, but it forms a pleasant change from the plain blouse which we have worn so long. We have applied the new "bishop sleeves" to it, and the folded collar; and it will be found easy to make, either with, or without a plain lining. The pattern consists of seven pieces—the sleeve and cuff, folded collar, front of yoke, and back of do., and the front and back of the blouse. This blouse is worn over the gown, and is in every way like the old-fashioned one which was so popular some years ago, save for the sleeves and the collar, which bring it up to the present day modes.



A CRÉPON DRESS.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with



NEW NORFOLK BLOUSE. (*Paper pattern.*)

yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess underdress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt, bell skirt, *moiré* blouse, new French capes, winter or summer knickerbockers, bib-front, and waistcoat.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. Notice change of address; loss may result from oversight of this fact.



THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the books for the present month being Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and Samuel.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

91. Name the six different oppressions of the Israelites. Give references to them in the Book of Judges, and the several names of their deliverers, and the duration of each of the oppressions.

92. To what period of time does the Book of Ruth refer? By whom was Israel then judged? For what reasons is the Book of Ruth particularly valuable? Where are its genealogies quoted in the New Testament?

93. How does the history of Ruth bear on the descent of David, and of David's "greater Son"? Of what blessing was her adoption into the church of Israel a pledge? Quote the words of our Lord, recorded in the gospel according to St. Matthew viii., which had reference to that blessing?

94. Illustrate the method by which the Israelites redeemed a kinsman's land, from the Book of Ruth, iv.; and also the token given when the transaction was completed?

95. What three biographies form the Books of Samuel? Where is the passage to be found that implies the writing of books by Samuel, Nathan, and Gad?

96. Analyse the song of Hannah, and show to whom, and to what events she prophetically alludes. Refer to a song in the New Testament that seems partly derived from Hannah's.

97. We are met on the threshold of the Books of Samuel with a name of God which does not occur in the Pentateuch, Joshua, or Judges, but which is common in the prophets. Find five consecutive verses in Isaiah which best describe its meaning, and give two references to it from the New Testament.

98. Give a sketch of the life and character of Samuel, tracing it through his three-fold offices of high priest, judge, and prophet. On what is his reputation as a statesman founded?

99. From the name of what town in Canaan, given in the Books of Joshua and Judges, and that was conquered by the Israelites, do we gather the existence of a literature in that nation? Where do we find the mention of companies or "schools" of the prophets? Give the name of their founder, and of the man who wrote a book, and "laid it up"?

100. Mention the first allusion to the Amalekites. Of whom are they the descendants? Where are they called "the first of the nations"? Give a short summary of the four chief acts of the Amalekites in the Old Testament, with references.

THE GIRL'S OWN ART OF THINKING;

OR,

HOW EVERY GIRL SHOULD MANAGE HER MIND.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

PART III.

In one of the tales current amongst the peasantry of the West Highlands of Scotland it is told that a woman was once boiling some herbs in a pot. A drop fell on her hand. She licked it off, and immediately the eyes of her mind were opened, and she knew and understood everything, and thought rightly on all possible subjects.

Unfortunately for us, the secret of the decoction has not been preserved, and no pot-boiler ever meets with a similar accident in our time. But for all that the age of wonders is not over. Hard work will do more than magic. If a girl only resolutely sets herself to improve her mind she will soon effect such a revolution inside her head that she will merit being called a new creature, and be the subject of as great a transformation as if a bit of chickweed were changed into a Japanese lily.

We hope that those who have read our two previous articles have determined to make a strenuous effort, because without that little can be accomplished.

The first step is often the most difficult, and what is the first step in the art of thinking?

It is to gain the habit of attention.

If you have a wandering mind—if your wits go now and then a-woolgathering—you can never be of any account as a thinker. You can no more excel in that direction than be praised for a good traveller if setting out to go straight from London to Edinburgh you first visit Brighton, then make an excursion to Paris, and reach Edinburgh—if at all—*viâ* Pekin, New York, Constantinople, and the desert of the Sahara.

Attention, then, every girl must impress on her mind as the foremost of requirements, and inattention as the weak point of all others to be guarded against.

By means of this useful habit we fix the mind down to the consideration of a subject, and pursue it without turning either to the right or left. Without it there would be little chance of our retaining either what we see or hear—quite as little indeed as there would be of keeping water in a pitcher with a hole in the bottom.

No doubt it is a difficult thing to control the restless mind, and young people have more trouble about it than those who are grown up. The youthful intellect is naturally frisky. Maggie sits down to learn her lessons, but no sooner has she read, "Thirty-first lesson, adverbs of quantity," than, instead of looking to see what adventures befal these parts of speech, off her thoughts fly to speculate on lawn-tennis parties, the most becoming costume for summer wear, and whether the last tale in The Girl's Own Paper will come to a happy conclusion. She knows well enough that a well-trained mind takes up a subject and sticks to it, but hers is not well-trained. She loses hold of her subject every minute.

To be attentive is very well in its way, but we are all too fond of an easy life for hard thinking ever to be popular, even when we are convinced that without it no progress can be made in intellectual culture. But every effort makes it easier till at last attention grows to be a matter of habit, to be followed with little or no trouble.

By way of encouragement let us quote some facts of interest connected with this subject, mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie in his *Inquiries regarding the Intellectual Powers*. "There is," he says, "a remarkable law of the system by which actions, at first requiring much attention, are, after frequent repetition, performed with a much less degree of it, or without the mind being conscious of any effort.

"We meet with instances of this every day; in reading and writing, for example, but most conspicuously in music. Musical performance at first requires the closest attention, but the effort becomes constantly less, until it is often not perceived at all; and a player may be seen running over a piece of music on the piano and at the same time talking on another subject.

"The same thing too is observed in the rapidity with which expert arithmeticians can run up long columns of figures without being conscious of the individual combinations.

"In processes more purely intellectual," Dr. Abercrombie goes on to say, "we find the influence of habit brought under our view in a similar manner, particularly in following the steps of a process of reasoning. A person little accustomed to such a process advances step by step with minute attention to each as he proceeds; while another perceives at once the result with little consciousness of the steps by which he arrived at it."

When Sir Isaac Newton was asked about the mental qualities which formed the peculiarity of his character and enabled him to take such high rank as a philosopher, he gave the first place to the power he had acquired of continuous attention. In him and in many other great men the power has been cultivated to such an extent that the matter in hand might be said to engross the whole being to the exclusion of everything else. This however, we must be careful to point out, is absent-mindedness, which is certainly not to be praised, so far as ordinary folk are concerned.

Socrates, it is told, would frequently remain a whole day and night in the same attitude absorbed in meditation. When Dante was at his studies he was only alive to what was passing in his own mind; to all other human concerns he was as though they had not been. Another celebrated Italian poet was once so taken up with revising one of his works that his leg was severely burned without his feeling any pain.

A modern astronomer, to give another example, one summer night withdrew to his room when he saw an unusual appearance in the heavens. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for only a few moments, "It certainly is so, but I must go to bed before it is late."

This absorbing attention has its inconveniences. A gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge, on one occasion had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg. A friend entering his room found him absorbed in an abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the watch supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water.

Of course sensible girls will not run the thing to death in this way. The error the Fellow of Cambridge committed was in trying to do two things at once. He should have given his attention first to the egg and afterwards done his calculating business. But a girl, with an alert as well as an attentive mind, would likely enough have not only done the calculation and boiled the egg, but made the toast and infused the tea into the bargain without accident.

One advantage of attention is that it makes our acquiring knowledge comparatively easy, and our retaining it much more certain. If there be a royal road to knowledge, attention is its name.

It is a form, too, of self-control, and self-control with its calm look and sedate manner is always attractive. The most important of aims is to be master of oneself. In the Bible praise is given not to the strong man who taketh a city, but to the stronger than he who disciplines his mind and "ruleth his spirit." Jessie, with whom we had a chat the other day, humbles herself in the dust, under an exaggerated idea of the intellect of others and of her own inferiority. But she may well take courage. She will yet be equal to the best, for we hear that whatever she takes up is pursued with undivided interest and steadfast attention.

Not so with Alice who, even in company, we notice, cannot command her thoughts. For that reason she is unpopular, no one liking to waste breath in speaking without being attended to. But it is worse in her studies, when she is ever thinking of something else. Unless she reforms she may be likely to excel in ignorance, but there is no chance of her cutting a distinguished figure in affairs of any consequence. Perhaps she will take thought and mend if we direct her notice to the following:—

"Through habits of inattention the mind, long unaccustomed to being steadily directed to any important object, becomes frivolous and absent, or lost amidst its own waking dreams. A mind in this condition becomes incapable of following a train of reasoning, and even of observing facts with accuracy and tracing their relations. Hence nothing is more opposed to the cultivation of intellectual character; and when such a person attempts to reason, or to follow out a course of investigation, she falls into slight and partial views, unsound deductions, and frivolous arguments.

"This state of mind, therefore, ought to be carefully guarded against in the young, as when it is once established it can be removed only by a long and laborious effort, and after a certain period of life is probably irremediable."

Another point in the art of thinking is to be always on the watch for new ideas. We do not say be inquisitive, for that word has come to have a Paul Pry significance, but be inquiring. Great thoughts and original observations come to those who seek them, and a girl who wishes to be distinguished by mental freshness and originality must never give up searching, even though she may have but little success at first.

It has been wisely pointed out by one writer that our inquiring state of mind ought to be united with carefulness in ascertaining the authenticity of facts, avoiding the extremes of credulity and scepticism. On that, however, we shall say more a little later on.

Having got something of worth to think about and exercised our attention upon it, the next matter of importance is not to forget it. The memory should be carefully cultivated. This wonderful faculty depends very much on attention: the more we attend to anything the better we keep it in mind, which accounts, by the way, for Minnie remembering gossip a great deal better than her school tasks.

Some people have been endowed by nature with extraordinary memories. A man is told about who could read over a newspaper and then repeat every word both of advertisements and news. Another could retain words that were dictated to him in any order to the number of six thousand. Seneca tells about a man who, after hearing a poet read a new poem, said the poem was his own; and to prove his claim repeated it all, and a long poem it was too, which the real author could not do. Themistocles was a sort of walking directory for the capital of Greece, for he could name all the citizens of Athens, numbering twenty thousand. Cyrus too knew the name of every soldier in his army.

Such prodigies are not sent into the world every day, but we humble people can do much to improve what memories we have. There is one thing we must never fail to do: keep this faculty in exercise. "Our memories," it has been well said, "should be used and inured from childhood to have a moderate quantity of knowledge let into them early, and they will thereby become strong for use and service. Milo took up a calf and daily carried it on his shoulders; as the calf grew his strength grew also, and he at last arrived at firmness of joints enough to bear the bull."

An error often committed is that we burden the memory with a good deal that is useless, overloading our brains with multitudes of names, dates and events which might as well be left to the safe keeping of encyclopædias and books of reference. It is true, remarks an educational authority, that by carrying thousands of dates and statistics about with you, some few of them are certain to be of service some day; but on the same principles a girl might promenade the thoroughfares with a sentry box on her back and a ladder tied round her neck.

Fuller, the author of the *Holy and Profane State*, who was blessed with an extraordinarily retentive memory, recommends that people should divide their learning between their memory and their note-books. "I know," he says, "some have a common-place argument against common-place books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A common-place book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning."

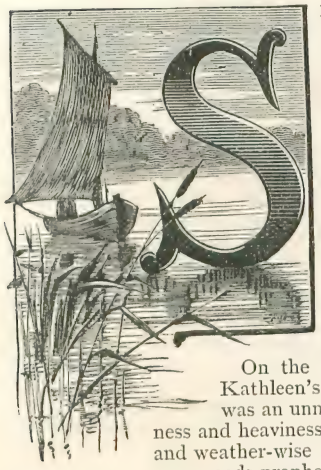
Many other points might be mentioned as necessary to be attended to in mental culture. But enough has been said for this article; attention will flag and memory take a lazy fit if we say too much all at once.

(To be continued.)

ASHCLIFFE.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

CHAPTER IV.



EPTEMBER, with its misty mornings and purple evenings had gone, and it was now far on in October, but the weather was still oppressively warm.

On the last day of Kathleen's visit there was an unnatural stillness and heaviness in the air, and weather-wise men at the cross roads prophesied a thunder-storm and a "baddish night."

But, in ignorance of this, Harry Sylveston called at the Lodge that afternoon and begged permission to take the two girls for a last row on the river. He could row really well by this time, and as Fisher Grey or his son were always in charge of the boat, Mrs. Harley had no fears for their safety. Over the meadow, where only a few late flowers lingered, the three went at rapid pace, for the shadows were lengthening and the church clock struck four as they reached the stile at the top of the cliff, A few minutes more and they were standing at the edge of the crib, where the little boat rocked lazily to-and-fro on the water, but no Jack was visible, nor did he come in answer to repeated calls.

"We must go without him," said Harry decisively. "If we wait it will be too late."

"But is it safe?" said Margaret, hesitating and looking down channel, where the golden mists seemed to be taking a lurid tinge, and the sea-birds were flying shorewards with long plaintive cries. She knew these weather signs and the uncertain nature of the currents in the river better than the others did, but her doubts were merrily laughed to scorn.

"We shall only go a little way and keep in mid-channel all the time," he said, as with a few vigorous strokes the boat glided into deep water.

At the Anchorage great preparations were being made for a visitor, and many were the walks from pantry to sitting-room before the Owner could get the tea-table quite "shipshape," for Hubert was coming home.

The old oak furniture shone with the polish of countless rubbings, and the brass ornaments on the mantel-piece gleamed brightly, beneath the picture of the Descent into Egypt, in which Mary was arrayed in a red dress and white shawl, while Joseph was resplendent in dark blue coat and brass buttons.

In the joy of the arrival the gathering gloom of the storm was scarcely noticed, until it was time to start for the week-night service in the old meeting-house, which nothing would have induced the Owner to give up.

He had not heard the rumour which had gone forth in the village, that Mr. Sylveston was "keeping company" with Miss Kathleen, and as his letters to his grandson were of the old-fashioned type, beginning and ending laboriously with "I write these few lines," and "no more at present," Hubert knew little of the events of the past few weeks. At the Lodge Mrs. Harley was getting increasingly anxious as the strange copper-coloured darkness increased, and there was still no sign of the return of the boating-party, and she tried vainly to quiet her fears with the thought that Fisher Grey would be sure to bring them back in safety.

But the night came on and a sudden gust of wind, that tore the lurid haze asunder, swept round the old meeting-house just as the little group of worshippers finished singing the opening hymn. There came a flash of blinding lightning and a crash of thunder, crackling and rolling overhead as if the heavens were broken up, and then an instant's deathlike silence, during which all eyes turned instinctively toward Grantie, whose serene face was unmoved by the fury of the elements.

"Let us pray," he said, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in a prayer which those who heard it could never forget.

For he spoke to the God of the storm as to a dear and trusted Father and to Jesus, the fisherman's friend, as to one who knew all the dangers of wind and waves. Outside the storm increased in fury, and the roll of the incessant thunder could scarcely be distinguished from the violence of the wind as the prayer ceased, amid the sobs of one or two women, whose husbands or sons were out in the tempest.

Suddenly the door opened and Jack Grey rushed in with pale face, crying "Help at the crib. Now for life or death!"

In a minute the meeting was over, for nearly all hurried out in spite of the weather, Hubert one of the first in the open air, having learned from Jack who was in danger.

"How could he be mad enough to take them out on such a threatening afternoon?" he said with stern-set face.

"Oh, but they went afore the storm, sir," Jack answered brokenly as they hurried on, "and I was to ha' gone too only I was hindered over at Sheepthorne and couldn't get back in time, and when I seed the sky getting dark I never thought they'd go. Mr. Sylveston is got to be a powerful good rower too, but then he don't know the channel, and they must ha' got aground somewhere. I see Mrs. Harley just now, and her's nearly dazed with fright for Miss Margaret, to say nothing of the others."

Down at the crib nothing could be seen for a moment till a flash showed the boat, not far from land, but tossing like a shell upon the angry waves, unmanageable and in danger of being broken upon the piles of the breakwater. Pale and terrified faces gleamed in it for a moment, and were lost in the darkness again.

Harry Sylveston was evidently making superhuman efforts to get within reach of the help on shore, but by the light of swiftly recurring flashes, it was seen that he was again and again borne back, and a sound of impotent anguish went up from the shore in answer to Kathleen's despairing cries.

But help was at hand. It took Hubert but a few moments to throw off his outer clothing and to lash himself to one end of a strong rope. Then he turned to his grandfather, who trembled as he saw what was coming, yet said bravely, "Go, and God help you, my boy." Hubert held him tightly for a moment as he had done in childhood, then saying, "You help to hold the rope, Grantie, and I shall be safe," he threw himself into the seething water, and after a few minutes of desperate battling, he succeeded in reaching the boat, and then made his rope fast. And it held, for there was a perceptible lull just then, and Hubert knew that they were saved.

But what he saw in that supreme moment was not Kathleen's deathlike face, nor did he hear her agonised cry, "Oh, Mr. Wynne, save me, save me." His whole thought went to Margaret, who sat in the stern, pale indeed, but with a look as of one from whom the bitterness of death had passed.

"Take her, Hubert, take Kathleen first, I can wait." But willing hands were at the rope now, and soon, amid sobs and thanksgivings,

all were safe on shore and Margaret was clasped in her mother's arms. There was excitement in every house in the village that night, and animated discussion of the danger and rescue, for Margaret, at least, was a general favourite, and many were the strictures passed upon him who had exposed her to such peril.

"A temptin' o' Providence, I do call't," said nurse, indignantly, to the select few who were partaking with her of a third edition of tea, after the strain of the evening. "To go out by hisself in a boat like that, such weather, a risking all their lives, and dear Miss Margaret, as we all worships the ground her walks on, as the sayin' is, along too! Not but what he's a good meanin' young gentleman enough. I'll speak as I find and give'n his due, but he didn't ought to expect to manage a boat like a born waterman. Mrs. Harley's in hopes the young ladies 'll be all right to-morrow, for of course I went up there directly I heard of it and helped get 'em summat hot, after they was in bed, but if they don't all have rheumatics to-morrow, I shall wonder. Drenched? You never saw the like! As for Mr. Hubert, he's a downright brave'un as ever wore shoe-leather, and I should say the Queen ought to be let know, to send'n a gold medal. But there, we knows what he is without that, and if all the world don't hear of'n some day my christened name ain't Sarah!"

Like one in a dream the young hero of the hour had hurried away from the crowd, leaving his grandfather to follow with friends coming in their direction. And for the first time, almost in his life, the old man was glad to lean heavily on a stronger arm.

"I suppose I'm a bit shook up like," he said in a hollow trembling voice. "I can scarce believe it's over, but sure God saved 'em for one another." Hubert himself arrived at no such definite issue in his thoughts that night, which again and again reverted to the revelation of Margaret, and her place in his heart which had come to him in that fateful moment.

In those past summer days, when the brief illusion had taken possession of him, he had looked back upon his affection for his old playfellow and fancied it but the love of brother for sister.

But, in the weeks of absence since that time, he had found himself recalling with strange persistency her words and looks and tones and all the happy past of their childish days together. Now, as in a flash, he had seen her cousin as she really was, beautiful indeed, but with a beauty that no longer had power to dazzle him, and the spell was broken.

To-night he wondered at his own blindness, and writhed in spirit over the miserable weakness that had caused him to throw aside his chance of winning a noble heart for a shadowy unreality.

"Stay be me to-night, Hubert," said the old man; "I can't rightly feel you're safe without, and I'm uncommon tired now. You'll be very happy with her some day, my boy, as happy as I and my Jennie were five-and-fifty years ago, and you'll always remember I gave you my blessing."

Then he slept; but Hubert lay restlessly awake, listening to the fierce complaining of the wind which moaned around the house, and up and down the desolate shore, while fugitive lightnings gleamed in the distance though the violence of the storm was passing away.

After a brief and troubled slumber he awoke with a start, just as the first light of dawn shone through the little casement facing east. His grandfather still slept; but his breathing was very faint, and the dimness upon his face was not the greyness of the morning but the mysterious twilight shadow that falls but once and is never lifted again.

With a sudden tightening in his throat Hubert dressed quickly and hurried out to seek for aid. When he came back a sunbeam had found its way through the blue chintz hangings and lay across the pillow, but there was more than sunlight in the eyes that were open now and watching for him.

"My boy," he said feebly, "it's come to that bit of the hymn you sent me once,

"'Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow
Loose the cable, let me go!'

There's many a one will be glad to see Grantie, and above all the Captain of our Salvation is waiting, too. Let Him be the first, Hubert, always first."

Then he slept again, and the doctor came and neighbours gathered below with offers of help, but in vain. As the sun rose and all the land rejoiced in the freshness and beauty of the morning, he awoke suddenly and cried in clear exultant tones, "Yes, Lord, full sail into the harbour!" and then all was still. To him it was but a step from the life of lowly faithful toil to the recompense of the reward; but to Hubert, when left alone with his dead, it seemed as if an awful void had been created in life, and the foundations of his boyhood and youth broken up at a stroke.

Such deep and entire affection had bound the young heart and the old together through all the bygone years.

As he stood looking upon the majestic calm of that last repose, much that he had ardently desired seemed of little value and unworthy of his aim. For even on the outer slopes of the valley of death the fine gold of earth may become dim, and the powers of the world to come arise into rightful pre-eminence.

The sacredness of a fresh consecration to the service of God and man fell upon him in that low-ceiled chamber, and henceforth his whole-hearted endeavour would be to walk worthily.

Personal hopes and fears scarcely stirred these new depths of feeling at all, and the events of the storm seemed for the time to have drifted away into some far distance of memory.

The familiar ticking of the eight-day clock upon the stairs, with the full-rigged ship painted on its white face, sounded strangely in his ears as he went down to the room below where gentle Mrs. Harley met him with tears of sympathy in her eyes.

"Oh, Hubert, is it really true?" she said. "I have been asking God all night to give you some great joy in return for what you had done, and He has answered with this sudden chastening."

"Nevertheless, afterward," he reminded her. "For him I can only think of the one word, 'Blessed.'"

Harry Sylveston awoke that morning in his room at the farm, feeling very stiff and bruised from his adventure, but anxiety for Kathleen and her cousin made him start at an early hour for the Lodge. In the lane the feathery clematis was still bowed with the weight of last night's rain, and the briony wreaths hung rent and drooping from the effects of the wind.

In the meadow-path he met Nurse Sharpe, upon whose withered face were traces of tears.

"Oh, you needn't look like that, sir," she said less sharply than usual, "it's nobody as is anything particular to you. Maybe you haven't heard that Owner Joyce was took sudden this morning and he's gone. We've thought he was failing lately, but 'twas last night's work finished it." Then, seeing the look of dismay and pain instead of the careless good-humour which usually sat so well on his handsome face, she added, "But don't 'ee take on, sir, it's what we must all come to, and he were more than prepared. Poor Mr. Hubert, as if I may make so bold, you've got to thank for it as you're standing there this minute, he'll feel it, but when all's said and done he'll be left comfortable, and have a tidy bit, no doubt. The young ladies be as well as could be expected, and both down to breakfast, and that's wonderful, considerin'. But I must go, sir, such a sight o' things happenin' all at once was never knowed afore in Ashcliffe, not as I can call to mind."

With remorseful impulsiveness Harry struck off by a side path along the cliff to the Anchorage, and there the two young men, who had scarcely seen each other in daylight, though their lives had so strangely crossed, met on the threshold.

"Oh, Mr. Wynne," he cried sadly, "can you ever forgive me? I was coming here this morning to thank you again, and now——"

"Hush," said Hubert, "there is nothing to forgive. It might have happened just the same, and he always prayed that he might not 'lie by' long at the end."

"I should like to see him," said Harry presently, and they went up together.

There was silence at first in the little upper chamber, and then Harry said brokenly, "I have never thought much of these things, but now I would give all I have to know them. Last night, again, death seemed so near, and I dared not face the hereafter."

"Ah, but the way of the Cross—the way he went—is open for you," was the reply. "Only that can take away the terror and mystery."

That was the beginning of many earnest talks between the two, and before the day came, when a great crowd of mourners stood round the grave beneath the yew, another soul had passed from death to life, and a friendship, destined to be life-long, had begun between the two young men.

Hubert heard of his engagement to Kathleen with surprise, certainly, but this was quickly followed by a feeling of relief and a springing forward of sweet, tangible hope toward his own future. But this he would not indulge as yet, though thoughts of a happy time to come, when the mistakes of the past might be forgotten, would not long be repressed.

All his grandfather's little property was now his own, the Anchorage and its contents, the whole or part-ownership of many stout vessels trading in the channel, and some land, enough to yield an income that would make his own future easy, and leave him free for his life-work. He could not bear to break up the little home at once, so it was arranged that Nurse Sharpe should take possession for the winter months at least.

This she did with great elation of spirit, saying, "It won't be my fault if he can't see his face in the furniture whenever he comes back, and everything kept as it ought to be! For I'd do anything for Mr. Hubert's own sake, to say nothing of them as is dead and gone."

A few days more and the village had settled down into its old quietude.

Kathleen went back to her home in the busy northern city, sobered and improved by all that had come to her in her Ashcliffe summer.

She might never have Margaret's depth and strength, but good had been sown, and the thoughtless butterfly existence, which had contented her only a little while ago, would not be hers henceforth.

"I was worse than thoughtless in those old days," she said penitently to her cousin as hand in hand they took their last walk round the dusky garden, where the last autumn flowers were fading and only the chrysanthemums showed promise of beauty yet to come. "When I came here I really cared for nothing but dress and admiration, and I tried to make Mr. Wynne like me because of this,

and because, too, I thought it would tease you, you dear old Madge. But I knew all the while he would never really care for me. And when Harry came and I learned what real love was, and learned, too, to think of love that is Divine, I wondered how I could ever have been so silly. Forgive me, Madge, I can never love you and auntie enough for all your goodness to me." And Margaret stooped to kiss the rosy pleading mouth with a great joy in her own heart.

Once only Hubert had called after that eventful night, but in that visit she had felt rather than seen the intensity of feeling in his dark eyes, and something which had not been there even in the old untroubled days assured her that all would come right.

The heavy rains that followed that night of storm had taken the last garniture of colour from the woods, only to make more visible the beauty of form in shrub and tree. And though the complete music of summer had ceased in lane and meadow, the robin's cheery song might still be heard in the silence.

Life is full of compensations, and God's gifts for summer and winter are not so unequal as they seem.

At the Lodge life went on very peacefully through those wintry days, for mother and daughter were more to each other than ever, and the long evenings were brightened by loving care for the poor and suffering.

And Christmas Eve came at last, and once again quick footsteps passed through the little gateway and under the mulberry tree to the warmth and welcome of the pretty room which was all aglow with dancing firelight and crimson holly.

And, later, two figures might have been seen in the frosty twilight, walking down the well-known path to the shore.

Faintly across the sands came the sound of Vernham bells, pealing forth the old sweet story "of peace on earth, good will to man," while under the shadow of the cliff Hubert sought and won his heart's desire.

There was full content in both their faces as hand in hand they presently climbed the height, and stood under the ash together.

"I did not know my own heart in those summer days, dear love," Hubert said, as he looked tenderly down upon her. "Thank God, I do now, and yours, and as far as the love and devotion of one life can make the happiness of another, yours shall be sunny indeed."

And the great river flowed seawards, and the stars came out, one by one, and were mirrored fitfully in its heaving waters, and to the two going homeward the far-off music of the chimes seemed to gather all the doubt and unrest of the past into one harmony of peace.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK AT HOME.

"This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs;
It sings its most wonderful pæan,
While the heart does its noblest deeds."—*E. P. Sheldon.*



THE two months' holiday was slipping quickly away when Hope and Constance got their orders one morning to proceed for duty to one of the station-hospitals where there were two vacancies.

They had both thoroughly enjoyed their leave and had almost, as it were, become once again members of the family circles from which, for so long, they had been separated.

"I shall be quite sorry," said Constance, "to go back to work. I think, after all, going home unsettles one a good deal. I feel as though I should be quite glad to throw up nursing and have done with rules and regulations."

Hope laughed.

"Oh, you will not feel so when we are back at work, and then you will realise how much better you are for the change. If only the lives of nurses could be made more home-like," she went on, "we should all be gainers; but I do not see in large hospitals how it is to be done. Woman's best side is apt to get cramped and narrowed; the routine work, all-absorbing as it is, is insufficient of itself to bring out her noblest qualities which home loves and cares help to do. We are really better off than most nurses in that way; each little band, wherever stationed, may make theirs a home if they will, and though some may be tempted to think it not a very ideal one, yet it is infinitely better than a kind of institution life, where, apart from the work, each one pleases herself."

A few days later they were travelling together fast nearing their destination, and speculating meanwhile as to their new work. There is a certain amount of excitement experienced by those belonging to the army in conjecturing as to where they may be sent next, and whether they may turn up amongst old friends or the reverse; how long they may be stationed in one place or how soon marching orders may be issued forth. In no work perhaps is there a greater amount of uncertainty as to whereabouts. One day here, the next far away, or possibly for years expecting a move, and left alone. Sometimes it would seem as if those who were wanted to be got rid of were moved about from place to place quite irrespective of turn, or pushed into a corner and forgotten. As in all large institutions only the comparatively few can mount near the top of the tree, and interest is generally needed to assist the climber, the majority must of necessity remain beneath.

"I hope, whatever the other two are, that they will be nurses," said Hope at length with a good deal of stress on the last word. "If they really care for their patients I don't think I shall much mind what they are. We can be pleasant even if we have not much else in common and do not exactly take to each other."

"Yes," replied Constance somewhat slowly, "but I do hope they will be educated and refined, it gives one such a much better chance of working in harmony. They will probably be much younger and will, I daresay, look upon us quite as belonging to the old school. Well, I suppose we are," she added with a bright smile; "we have been taught to look upon nursing as a really noble calling, not merely a profession taken up as a pastime or a play, or even merely as a means of livelihood. Nursing is such a fashionable employment now, there are no lack of volunteers, but one does long that the old spirit of self-abnegation may not get lost sight of."

Thus they chatted on, thinking of their new life and resolving that at least they would do their best to make the work they were going to a success.

The two sisters, who had been the subject of their thoughts, were meanwhile seated together in a cosy room conjecturing as to what sort the new-comers would be, and somewhat anxiously awaiting their arrival.

"I expect you will have to draw in your horns a bit," said Sister Ross, a stout, good-tempered looking woman of five-and-twenty with fuzzy brown hair and a clear ruddy complexion. "Sister Cunningham is one of the Tartar sort, is she not? Rules with an iron hand, so I've heard."

"So people say," replied her companion, glancing up from a book in which she seemed deeply interested, "but if it is true, I shall not be the only one who will have to look out, unless you mean to knuckle under and strive to curry favour," she added with just a touch of scorn in her voice. "After all, as long as we do our work she cannot interfere very much; we can surely choose our own companions and spend our time off duty as we think fit; besides, it is never safe to judge people from hearsay. I should think they would be in directly, and then we can see for ourselves."

"I wish they would come," replied Sister Ross with a yawn, "I know I'm quite ready for my tea; suppose we have it in, and they can have theirs afterwards."

As she spoke, however, the sound of wheels could be distinctly heard along the dry hard road coming nearer and nearer, and in a few moments Hope and Constance were within their new home.

It was a picturesque room into which they entered, and the two sisters in their bright uniform gave them a pleasant welcome. Coming here as Hope was doing as head of the little household, and with her friend beside her, it certainly did seem very home-like. Across the road the hospital was in full view, and the men in their blue serge jackets and trousers at once riveted Constance's attention and made her exclaim to Hope as soon as they were alone—"Doesn't the very sight of the hospital and the blue clothes make you want to be at work again?"

The remainder of the day was spent in unpacking and looking round, and the next morning, after personally reporting their arrival to the doctor in charge of the hospital, they both started work; Hope, in addition to her ward duties, taking up the reins of government, which had been held so lightly by her predecessor, or rather not held at all, found that some at least were inclined to rebel at the very

slightest restrictions. There were numberless small annoyances, known only to those who have been similarly placed, before she was able to arrange things to her own satisfaction. The hospital was built on the block system, as many of the military hospitals are now, and was comparatively new, but it soon grew familiar to Hope and Constance, and in a very short time they felt thoroughly at home. The principal medical officer was an unmarried man, and the sisters saw but little of him; the hospital was only one of several for which he was responsible, so he did not often trouble them. He was not a favourite with either orderlies or patients, so no one regretted his visits being so few and far between.

The senior medical officer, who was in charge of the hospital itself, was a married man with a wife and two small children, with whom Hope and Constance soon became great friends; they both loved children, and what child does not at once recognise a kindred spirit. Mrs. Davis had not known much of the sisters before, but she proved a very real friend to them now, and looked forward with quite as much enjoyment to an evening together as they did.

Most of the soldiers and many of the officers lived in wooden huts. It was, in fact, a large camp composed entirely of military people, and as they were some miles from the nearest town they were of necessity thrown upon each other for much of their amusement and society. The sisters had a small piece of garden attached to their hut, and very much they enjoyed spending their spare time working in it. They lived a very quiet life, varied occasionally by a concert which was got up by the officers of the regiments, and also by friendly chats and afternoon teas with three or four officers and their wives with whom they formed pleasant friendships. Still their work was quite sufficient, and like all hospital work full of variety. Patients came and went, and their places were refilled, each one needing attention and care, and though the interesting cases which are seen in civil hospitals and loved both by doctors and nurses were very rare, there was quite enough to call forth the sympathy and interest of the nurses on behalf of their soldier patients. The sisters thoroughly appreciated their friendship with Doctor and Mrs. Davis; they had travelled a great deal, and were not only pleasant companions but wise and good. Unlike many in the same position who wrap themselves up exclusively in their home-life, or care only for society, quite oblivious of all responsibilities towards those they live amongst, they seemed never tired of helping or encouraging those around. No one who was in trouble was afraid of taking it to Doctor Davis; the men were all devoted to him, and took a pleasure in trying to please him. There was little or no crime, not because it was hidden, but because many incentives to crime were removed. Did any little trouble or worry crop up, Hope always felt that here she might safely tell it, sure of wise and kind advice. Surely it is wisdom on the part of the heads of hospitals to be willing to assist those who are working under them. Things of necessity do not always go on smoothly, and where help and advice is looked for in vain the trouble is often taken to someone outside, which is perhaps, to say the least, not always wise.

Holes can of course be picked in most things, and not least by any means in a government concern, where to get all you can yourself out of it seems the ruling plan of many.

For some time to all appearance the four sisters worked very amicably together. They could not help liking Hope; she always contrived to make things so comfortable, and gave them such a home feeling that they would have been heartless indeed had they not appreciated it.

They were neither of them that. Sister Ross was not a highly educated girl, and wanting in natural refinement, but she was kind-hearted and good company; her love of the opposite sex being a little too strong to have warranted her taking up the work she had.

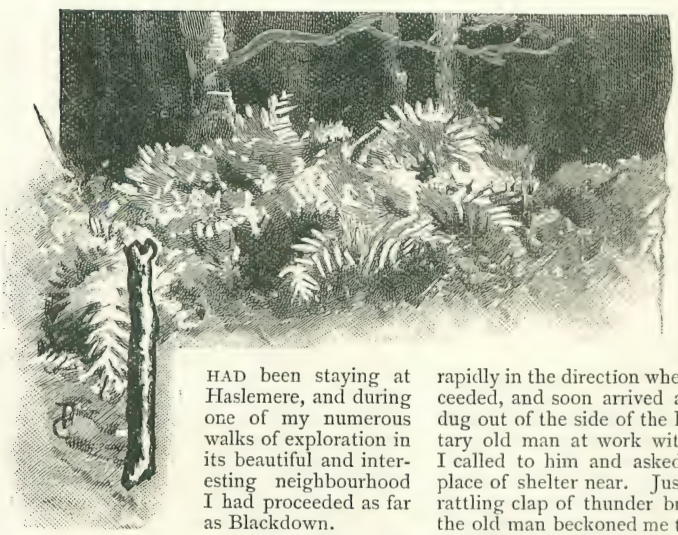
"I daresay," remarked Constance one day, "she would make someone a very good wife, but she will never make a nurse. I don't think she has it in her."

Sister Winter was the junior of the party, and had only been nursing a few years. She was a clergyman's daughter, rather a pleasant, gentle-looking girl; she was well-educated, and could be a very agreeable companion, but for some time Hope felt a certain amount of distrust about her, though outwardly she yielded to all her wishes.

They were well off, too, in having a thoroughly good man for a chaplain, one who in every possible manner carried the religion which he preached so forcibly and plainly into his own daily life.

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE ON BLACKDOWN.



HAD been staying at Haslemere, and during one of my numerous walks of exploration in its beautiful and interesting neighbourhood I had proceeded as far as Blackdown.

I was among the favourite haunts of the poet Tennyson, and had expected to gather many little anecdotes concerning him from the country people of the district. In this, however, I was disappointed, for I was told that he took his walks abroad mostly in meditative silence.

I had noticed the clouds to be gathering with an ominous blackness that presaged a storm, and began to feel rather uneasy, for I was a long way from home and could see no place of shelter anywhere if I should be overtaken by it. The distant rumbling of thunder began to make itself heard, and the sounds approached nearer with alarming celerity; big drops of rain commenced to fall, and I had nothing but a sunshade to protect me. I looked about despairingly and regretted my rashness. All was open country, an exposed heather-covered hill. Presently there came to my ears a noise as of stone-breaking, not very far off, but I could see no sign of workmen anywhere. However, I went rapidly in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and soon arrived at a large stone-pit dug out of the side of the hill, and in it a solitary old man at work with pick and shovel. I called to him and asked if there were any place of shelter near. Just at that moment a rattling clap of thunder broke over-head, and the old man beckoned me to follow him, which I did briskly. On one side of the quarry was a hollow, dug out of the rock, in front of it a few fir-poles had been erected, and a rough thatch of heather made a roof overhead. This was a snug and unlooked-for retreat from the elements. There was a rude bench inside, some workmen's tools, and the old man's dinner-basket.

"Sit you down," said he, politely; "we're safe enough, and many's the storm I've weathered through in here."

I took a seat as desired, and my entertainer sat down beside me. A weather-beaten old fellow he looked, with a pleasant honest face, and I soon engaged him in a conversation which helped to pass the time away, for we were imprisoned during the best part of half an hour.

He had worked on that hill, he told me, since he was a boy of eleven, and had seen his own son killed in the quarry there by a fall of stone which had buried him. His little grandson walked up to the hill every day to bring his dinner.

I asked him whether he saw much of Lord Tennyson wandering about on the hill, and his reply, in the long, slow Surrey drawl, was: "Yaas, a great deal, but he wor a vera quiet sort o' man, never said nothin' to nobody. Don't know as I ever spoke a word to un, or he to me. But I cotched un in a trap one day, I did."

"In a trap!" said I; "how do you mean?"

"Aye, in a trap," repeated the old man with a quiet chuckle. "'Twor this way, miss; a mate o' mine he sot a trap up here for to cotch rabbits, and he just asked me to keep an eye on't whiles he went down home. I was a settin' in here, as I be now like, eatin' of my dinner, when there come along Lord Tennyson, and not thinkin' of nothin' outside of un, he walks right into it. His boot were broad, and he got out all right without no help o' mine. He said nothin', no more didn't I. When my mate comes back, he says to me:

"Why this trap's sprung, but you ain't caught no rabbit!"

"No," says I; "but I caught Lord Tennyson, and that were bigger game than e'er a rabbit on this old hill!"

By this time the storm had almost passed over, so, thanking the old man for the protection of his retreat and for his good company, I made the best of my way home again.

E. C. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GEORGE D'EATH.—In answer to your question, "Israel's constitution" was a theocracy always, whether its human ruler were a prophet like Moses or Deborah, a priest like Eli or Samuel, or a king like David. God was always their supreme king. In confirmation of this fact see 1 Sam. xii. 12–15, demonstrating that He ruled supreme, alike over the human king and the people, the king holding his authority under Him. See also the testimony of Isaiah, who under the reigns of four successive monarchs (Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah), acknowledged this supreme and still existing sovereignty in the Divine Being—"Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Again, see 2 Sam. vii., when God speaks of the king as standing in the position of a son to a father, holding authority and power over him. See also 1 Chron. xvii. 13, 14, where the same relative positions are indicated; and still further, where it is said, "I will settle him (the king) in Mine house, and in My kingdom for ever."

WOULD-BE NURSE needs only to write to the matron, St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth. Her name is not advertised. See all our answers to Correspondents on the subject of her letter.

DAMARIS.—There is a society for the circulation of both French and German books, under the direction of a lady, who gives her address as "G. B. C." (Hon. Sec.), 15, Venner Road, Sydenham, London, S.E.

ELSIE.—There is a Language Correspondence Class conducted by Miss E. H. Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.; and there was one by Miss M. Hedge, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants, which includes Latin and and Italian. We believe both societies are in existence.

MUSIC.

HENRIETTA RICHARDS.—Both the notes you indicate should be struck, but not played so short as they would be if the slur were not there.

MADGE.—The address of the London centre of the Harrow Music School is at 21, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W., Miss Young, Secretary. There is a South Hampstead branch at 235, Finchley Road, of which the principals are Mesdames Fox and Frost. These meetings are held fortnightly. It should be noted that at the London centre only advanced performers are eligible.

STELLA.—We are not surprised that your parents object to much practising of scales. It is a bad species of torture. Such dumb instruments are to be had, on which the fingers may be exercised; but we cannot give trade addresses or prices. Go to a musical-instrument shop and inquire there.

DIANA.—1. We do not give trade addresses nor charges for hired goods. Inquire at a musical-instrument shop.—2. Your handwriting is legible.

NELLIE BALL.—What is a "gatar"? When you explain what kind of instrument it is, we might make some suggestions. But you can go to a music publisher's, and if you can describe it, they will tell you what you want to know.

WAKEFUL and E. T. L. L.—The "theory of music" means the science of music. It is also called "thorough bass," or "harmony." Certainly, you can be a good instrumental performer, although quite ignorant of the rules of composition, simply playing the notes set before you with good taste, entering into the composer's ideal and design, and executing the same with a delicate and unerring touch. We have many music clubs that teach harmony. Miss Graham, of 09, Bedford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool, was the principal of the Prize Music Improvement Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"BLUE-EYED DARLING."—We are quite shocked to hear that a little girl who ought to be learning her lessons in the schoolroom should think of marrying a man privately at a Registry Office when "forbidden" by her guardian to marry anyone without his approval. You are five years under age, and with no legal right to act for yourself. Even were the match one your guardian might hereafter approve; you are still a child, your constitution not formed, nor your taste and judgment neither; and you have had no experience. So, any man who wished to take you from your guardian's care would incur very serious consequences. He is acting most dishonourably.

MISS WESTON.—We are glad that any notices of ours have resulted in the little orphan children finding a Home of Rest with others, who are adults, under your care. We are happy to give others amongst our readers the opportunity of obtaining bracing air, and of recruiting their health, at Pethuel Lodge, Broadway, Worcestershire.

M. E. A.—The family-name of Lord Tweedmouth (Marjoribanks) is pronounced as if spelt "Marchbanks."

ADELINE.—It is true that some persons who make a study of handwriting can form a very correct idea of the tastes, disposition, and character of the writer. Many adopt the art as a means of living. But we do not undertake to oblige our correspondents any further than in the lines we have adopted for many years. Nor do we undertake to answer letters within any fixed time.

VIOLET.—A girl of fourteen would do well to read any books on Natural History and Travels. The silly expressions "awful" and "jolly," so misapplied as they are, and diverted from their real meaning, have turned into "slang," and are very vulgar when thus employed. If you said you witnessed an "awful thunderstorm," it would be perfectly correct; but if you said a girl was "awfully pretty," it would be vulgar, for there is nothing to inspire awe, or horror, in beauty. The use of words needs a little sensible reflection.

V. A. R.—You are too young to tie yourself to any man for life, and it is painful to break off even a conditional engagement, after a few years of intimacy, if, with greater experience, and a sounder judgment, you were to change your mind. Certainly, consult your mother. Never have any concealments from her. You are only a minor.

DAISY.—In writing to a clergyman, address him as "The Rev." So-and-so, giving his Christian name, or else the initial letter.

VERITAS.—1. Romsey Abbey is in Hampshire (not Hertfordshire), founded about the year 910, by Edward the Elder, for a convent of nuns.—2. The words *olla podrida* mean "odds and ends," or a collection, or mixture of scraps. They are Spanish, and in the country of their origin they are often employed in the sense of the French *pot au feu*.

A. O. L.—You should feed caged birds with lettuce, sorrel, plantain, groundsel, watercress, celery tops, and other small herbs, a cherry, strawberry, currants, or raspberry, and blackberry, occasionally, just a very little, in change one with another, as you see may agree with them. Seed is not altogether sufficient.

STRICT READER OF THE "G.O.P." inquires whether a little "girl of twelve years old may have a lover," and "the easiest way to find out whether a boy loves you," and adds, "I am twelve." Did this little girl, still wearing a pinafore (if suitably dressed), ever hear of a great dramatist (look out the word in a dictionary) called Shakspere? We answer her in his words, "Think yourself a baby," and you will then understand how to behave. You have six years of the school-room, and three for self-improvement in all departments of home-duties—housekeeping, cookery, care of linen, etc., and, above all else, for helpfulness to your mother, before you should even begin to think of "lovers." Your mother is your best and truest lover, for hers is the most unselfish love that exists. How are you to obey the divine command to "requite your parents," if you give your thoughts to other people, and want to run away from home-duties? A ragdoll is the best love for such a silly little girl as you seem to be.

GERTIE.—You do not appear old enough to introduce your parents' guests to each other; but if you have to do so, the rule is to introduce the gentleman to the lady. You lead him up, and say, "Allow me to introduce Mr. So-and-so," and then turn to him and say, "Mrs. (or Miss) So-and-so," that he may know to whom he has been introduced.

EXCELSIOR.—Your English does you credit, and we are much pleased that our French girls appreciate our paper so much. Your first question we cannot answer. We do not recommend to our readers the works of the author you name. As to the second, the sentiments, as well as the judgment, of a young girl of only seventeen are quite undeveloped, although some are more precocious than the majority. At that age a girl should be giving her mind to useful studies and some branch of Art.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

THE DELINQUENT.

DEAR EDITOR, renowned of heart,
In pity look as heretofore,
And bless before we part;
It grieves me to the inmost core,
That I no longer, ere I start,
On manuscripta pore;
I'm worked to death, so I depart
From bonny England's shore—

To white-topped peaks and valleys blue,
Where chamois haunt and eagles soar,
An alpine breeze to woo;
So let the girls pay back their score,
And form of this a puzzle true.
Ah me! I can no more!
The pen falls nerveless fingers through—
Adieu and au revoir!

ARNOLD GREEN.

CONDITIONS AND RULES.

Instead of giving a puzzle to be translated into a poem, we present our readers with a poem to be converted into a puzzle. The competition will be divided into two classes. In Class I. we offer prizes amounting to £3 3s. for the three, or more, most satisfactory puzzle-renderings of the poem in *picture form*. In Class II., for the sake of those who cannot draw, we offer ten prizes of 5s. each for the most satisfactory puzzle-renderings in *verbal form*.

The model for Class I. can be taken from any of the puzzles in the present volume of the "G. O. P."; and the model for Class II. from the key solution of "Indigestion" in the present part.

The following rules must be observed by all:—

1. Not more than a single sheet of card or paper must be used (no restriction as to size).
2. The puzzle must be depicted or written on one side only.
3. Each paper or card must be *headed* with the name and address of the sender.
4. In puzzles otherwise equal in merit, preference will be given to that which most nearly preserves the correct spelling.
5. The last day for receiving the above Puzzle Poem from Great Britain and Ireland will be August 25th; from abroad, October 15th.
6. Send by post to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. The word "Puzzle" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.



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THE REVIVAL OF THE HAND-LOOM. HOW MUCH BETTER THAN WORKING IN A FACTORY.

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A Restored Industry

IN most of the recent exhibitions that have been devoted to handicrafts—notably in that just lately held by the Society of Arts and Crafts, there has been at least one case containing specimens of needle-work executed on unbleached or partially bleached linen in all its delicate shades of cream colour. This material, known as Langdale linen, takes its name from the Westmoreland Valley where it is made. It is entirely spun and woven by hand, and is bleached in the open air without the aid of chemicals.

It was ten years last Easter since the first piece of it—looking marvellously like sacking—was taken off the loom; the seed then sown has yielded due increase, and now about one hundred persons are altogether employed in spinning, weaving



OPEN-AIR BLEACHING.

and embroidering, besides a few who attend to correspondence and business arrangements.

From the first moment when my friend, Albert Fleming, intimated that he intended to restore this lost industry to the cottages near his home in the beautiful Langdale Valley, I have been a deeply interested spectator. At first, like most other people, though admiring the attempt, I was incredulous as to its stability or ultimate success; and before the linen reached the stage of being taken off the loom it had gone through an amount of difficulties and vicissitudes that seemed to justify the sceptics.

For some years before the revival of the Langdale hand-spinning, Mr. Fleming had been in possession of a little ebony spinning-wheel, and was in the habit of challenging his lady friends to prove by its use their possession of those feminine domestic graces that have adorned the immemorial woman from Solomon and Homer onwards, until her prerogatives have been lost among modern machinery. It was not so much the test of womanly virtue as he individually conceived it; the little black wheel was rather used as a sort of Ruskin banner, the advance guard and ensign of all that Mr. Ruskin has said concerning the superiority of hand labour, and the qualifications that he deems essential in the character of a noble woman. He has scattered passages bearing more or less directly on these subjects through the literary work of almost half a century; but it is in the *Fors Clavigera* he has so far formulated his theories as to give his disciples a basis on which they can build up work which may help forward the ends that he has in view. In one of the letters that compose the book, he says, that looking over his notes on the projected Sheffield Museum he finds one to the effect that he would exhibit there "All that is reasonable, illustrating the true nature of a thread and a needle—then the phase of its spinning, then the mystery of weaving, and finally the accomplished phase of needlework." He adds—"Very thankfully I can now say that this vision of thread and needlework, though written when my fancy had too much possession of me, is now being, in all its branches, realised by two greatly valued friends; the spinning on the old spinning-wheel with most happy and increasingly acknowledged results systematised here among our Westmoreland Hills by Mr. Albert Fleming; the useful sewing by Miss Stanley of Whitelands College. I am not sure that Mr. Fleming ever met with a single friend who could so much as tell him whether his spinning-wheel was complete. I am sure that when a wheel in working order had been obtained from the Isle of Man—where they are to a limited extent still in use—and a bundle of flax had been received from Ireland, there was no member of his circle of friends who had any clear idea as to how a connection could be established between the one and the other.

A few inquiries in the village discovered an old woman of more than ninety years who had not forgotten the employments of her youth, and she taught Mr. Fleming and one or two enterprising ladies to spin. I was myself merely a spectator, being engaged in other work, and for one who was willing to look on, there were at least six eager to set their hands to the spindle and the distaff, and at that time only one wheel available.

It soon became clear that to learn how to spin was one thing, and to accomplish the making of a good thread another. To a spectator the thing is simplicity itself; a wheel with two bands passing round the spindle, one of them turns the bobbin, the other twists the thread. You have only to work the wheel with your foot while you draw out a regular quantity of flax, either from the distaff, or from a mass held in the left hand, and pass it unbroken and free from tangle between the fingers and thumb of your right hand towards the bobbin. Practically it takes most people about a fortnight to learn to make a good, even reliable thread. At first the treadle is not easy to work, the wheel reverses, then goes in jerks, your foot cannot keep pace with your hands, your hands give out the flax in lumps and fragile fibres. Then the bands get loose, the spindle does not draw, the thread does not twist, it comes all to pieces, the bands slip off altogether; tighten them well up and the wheel will not go round. It needed a good deal of patience from both teacher and pupils, and the revival was undertaken only just in time to save the industry from total oblivion in the Langdale Valley. Our old lady seemed to recall some of the details with an effort, and there was but one other, some six or seven miles away, who had any recollection of it. When these two met there was a very animated discussion between them as to whether it was best to spin from the distaff or the hand, each being convinced that the other was wrong.

As soon as the spinning was set on foot there was a great searching for wheels all through the country-side. Two or three delightfully picturesque old ones were presented by Lady Bective; a few more were heard of in outlying country cottages. These last were the objects of very pleasant drives, but in most cases when they were discovered they turned out to be so broken, imperfect or worm-eaten that this part of the quest was abandoned, and the village carpenter, who had some mechanical skill, was commissioned to imitate the one that had been made in the Isle of Man.

Wheels, flax and some experience having been secured, the first step may fairly be said to have been taken, but the next was more difficult, and I must own that we who looked on sometimes thought that the attempt to bring into practical form the ideal theories of Mr. Ruskin would go no farther, not perhaps quite realising that a sum of two hundred pounds had been dedicated to the venture and that to that extent, at the very least, the attempt was made in sober earnest. In the first place we all said that there was no demand for hand-made linen. People appeared to be perfectly content with what they could buy in the ordinary way, and even supposing that a really superior article could be produced in the old method, which result seemed exceedingly remote, it must be at an enormously advanced price, and we thought that the country-people would look upon it as a mere fad, and would



DISPUTING AUTHORITIES.

hardly be inclined to give up time enough to it to get over the initial difficulties.

At this point a lady who had known Mr. Fleming for many years, and who was then living in the Langdale Valley, offered to help in organising the industry, and for about six years she filled the position of practical manager.

From Mr. Fleming's house, which is situated on the top of a high rock on the fell-side, you can look up the course of the Brathay as it flows through the green meadows, and beyond the Brathay across the little triple lake of Elterwater to the village of the same name. Here a suitable cottage was found and newly-christened St. Martin's, after the saint who divided his cloak with a beggar. It is a 17th-century little place with a wood clothing the rising ground behind it and a rocky stream within fifty yards of it. In this home the industry was started on a business footing. The country women were taught to spin, and as soon as they were at all competent, wheels were lent to them, flax was given out and the yarn paid for by weight. They soon saw the advantage of a home employment by which they could earn five or six shillings a week, and which could be taken up in leisure moments without interfering with domestic duties. When a loom and a weaver had been with some difficulty found and established in an outbuilding, it may fairly be said that the scheme had struck root. Even then there was much discouragement to be faced; enthusiasm was the oil that made the wheels go round, for there was a very laborious as well as a picturesque side to the undertaking. All the workers had everything to learn. At first only two or three could spin a strong useful yarn, several others were with great trouble and patience slowly producing a lumpy unequal thread, rotten in parts and in others resembling a very bad piece of string. The wheels, like all the tools of the inexperienced workmen, took strange freaks, the bands continually slipped off, or a message would come down to St. Martin's that such and such wheels would not work. These little aberrations often meant evening walks to outlying cottages to give practical help and encouragement, and the purchase of a good deal of thread that never found its way into any web.

The first bobbins that reached the weaver were a marvel of variety. There were threads of such diverse qualities that they could by no means be used on the same piece of cloth, thread that was so unequal and rotten that by the time the weaver had examined, cut and joined and made it ready for use he had spent almost as much time on it as if he had spun it himself, thread bad beyond all possibility of utilisation. After many failures and discouragements it was a proud and triumphant moment when the first web of about sixteen yards was taken off the loom, an event so important that it was especially reserved for Easter Sunday, albeit to the uninitiated it appeared only like a piece of dark-coloured sacking exceedingly uneven at the edges.

In those early days the cult of the spinning-wheel had a picturesque romance and enthusiasm about it that has now settled down into a businesslike utilitarianism. Votaries rose early in the morning, and while the web of the perennial spider hung dew-laden on the heather the shining flax sped between the rosy finger-tips of the temporary Arachne and added its quota to the roll of accomplished handiwork. The whirr of the wheel pervaded the morning dream, and accompanied readings from the poets in the evening. Those who did not spin became quite the exceptions. Even the young Hercules, whose latest feat had been the ascent of five mountains in one long summer day, sat down to the spinning-wheel to try his skill. Other enthusiasts finished breakfast with extraordinary celerity, fetched a wheel, poured water into one of the saucers, moistened their fingers, and had done yards of thread while the lookers-on were discussing their second eggs and the plans for the day. In the evening, when we were on the lake, and noting the glow in the sky and the deepening purple of the mountains, a boat would draw up alongside, and we would hear a gentle undercurrent of talk concerning bobbins, wheels, looms, and treadles, qualities of thread, and rates of payment.

At any time of the day groups of people might be seen gazing in rapt admiration at what appeared to be a big piece of calico laid upon the ground, or crowded into the bath-room, washing the precious fabric with their own hands. Once too every available piece of it was carried to a specially picturesque, but in truth remarkably rocky, field, that there, amongst the very choicest surroundings, in full view of the stretch of the Langdale Valley and the misty blue mass of its Pikes, the linen might be bleached by the sun, and the wind, and the purifying dew. Surely, if inanimate things can indeed imbibe anything of the human interest that has gone out to them during their creation, those first hand-spun and woven sheets should bring wonderful dreams to their possessors, although a Philistine critic said, when he saw them, that he could match the material with his cook's apron.

The spinning industry once established the work progressed steadily, and it did not seem long before Mr. Fleming was able to send out from St. Martin's specimens of different qualities of linen to his customers. At first he overlooked the work himself, visiting the little home daily while in Westmoreland, wrote articles for magazines, and endless letters, and made it known in every way. It soon became evident that there was an actual demand for the hand-made linen, notwithstanding its high price, even in its very crudest form. The first piece was immediately purchased, and the orders have always exceeded the production.

Mr. Fleming's original idea was to make sheets which should restore long-lost qualities of solid endurance, and these are still made, but as time went on and the linen became a really beautiful fabric it found a place of its own. A lady who has a great talent for needlework, recognised its special capabilities, both of colour and texture as a foundation and background for silk or flax thread embroidery, and for the open stitches called Greek lace. She has now quite a large number of ladies engaged in working on it. They embroider quilts, curtains, tea-cloths, *portières* and all sorts of smaller articles. Most of the work is at the headquarters of the industry, St. Martin's, Elterwater, near Ambleside; some of it has not returned from the Chicago Exhibition, where it has received an award. The drawing on p. 689 was made from specimens selected from such portion of it as happened to be in London, but of some of the most beautiful pieces it is not possible to give even a rough idea. A material which is a mixture of white silk and unbleached linen was worked in white silk, a cream coloured linen was embroidered with silk of precisely the same tone. Many other pieces of work are executed in brilliant and beautiful colours. The industry is still spreading; there are several off-shoots in England, and three or four in Ireland.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

As Ivor sat pondering over what Mr. Glyn had said he was startled by hearing footsteps, and looking up saw Mr. Vaughan.

"Is that how you look after the sheep, Ivor?" he said, severely. "Flute, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music around you, and the sheep anywhere. You will be ruined, body and soul, if this music-mania lasts."

Mr. Vaughan had been angered by Mr. Glyn's visit, and had come to see what Ivor was about.

Ivor rose and glanced at him; he perceived that his face was very stern.

"I am sorry, sir, but I don't think the sheep have strayed," he said.

"I suppose Mr. Glyn has been talking to you of his plan for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now listen to mine. Flutes and fiddles have nothing to do with flocks and herds. I consider that you sacrifice my time and your own to music. It is an idle and vagabond pursuit, and will lead you to harm. My plan is that you give it up."

"Oh, sir, I cannot!"

"While in my service you must."

Ivor looked down at his beloved fiddle; he had strung and tuned it into a wonderful instrument, and could bring sounds from it that nobody believed it possessed. He had verified Mr. Traherne's prophecy, and could play better than he had ever played. The poor boy took it up, pressed it to his heart, and burst into tears.

Mr. Vaughan was perplexed, and did not know how to proceed, but he believed that he had Ivor's best interest at heart; so he repressed his rising pity, and told him sternly to be quiet, and to put down his fiddle.

"Oh, master! master! I should die if I gave up music," sobbed Ivor, still straining his fiddle to his breast.

"People don't die when they lose silly toys. You should not use such strong language. I say you must give up music."

"I couldn't call the sheep without my flute, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"They know my call, sir, and so does Vick. May I call them home, sir?"

"Yes; it is time you should see after them."

"You are not angry, sir? I don't think it is wicked to be fond of music, because the angels sing and play in heaven."

The puzzled Mr. Vaughan bid him call the sheep.

Ivor blew a few plaintive notes on his flute, and the sheep appeared one by one in the distance.

"That is how I call them home, sir." He repeated the call louder than before, and the sheep came from all parts of the hill-side, following one another, as they usually do, in the sheep-walks they had made. "That old sheep always leads, sir, and that black sheep always waits for the lame one. I think they are sorry for one another."

Holy thoughts of the Good Shepherd softened Mr. Vaughan's feelings towards Ivor, whose tearful eyes sought his, as he continued, "They know me quite well, sir; they follow me; they are so fond of music."

"The dog is useless, then," said Mr. Vaughan.

Ivor changed the notes of his flute to a brisker, sharper sound. Off went Vick, and by dint of barking and jumping brought the sheep in a body before Ivor. "There, sir," said Ivor, in innocent triumph, "Vick is the best dog in the world!"

He began to count the sheep, and, finding that they were not all there, blew his flute louder and louder, until the truants appeared on the brow of the hill; then a few notes for Vick, and they too were barked homewards.

"Strange!" murmured Mr. Vaughan.

The surrounding hills were echoing back the flute-call while Ivor was still reckoning his sheep. The sun was setting, and the shades of evening fell, turning the distant sea into gold and the mountains into purple and red. Mr. Vaughan, Ivor, and the sheep cast long shadows, and the quietude of Nature was unbroken, save by Ivor's flute.

Even Mr. Vaughan felt the grandeur and peace of this sunset amongst the hills, and thought of the glory of God. He saw the tears still glittering in Ivor's eyes, and vainly tried to resume the subject of the music. He mentally put it off to a more suitable moment, but his words were already rooted in Ivor's mind. When Ivor had counted his sheep he said, "I always take them to the warmest place, sir. May we go on?"

Mr. Vaughan assented, and Ivor blew his flute and began to descend the hill; the sheep followed, kept in order by Vick. Mr. Vaughan followed also. They reached a sheltered place, covered with soft turf, scattered furze-bushes, heath, and harebells.

"They like this, and sleep here, I think," said Ivor, confidentially. "Now, sir, may I drive out the cows?"

He seemed to be in a hurry to get away lest the dreaded prohibition concerning the music should be renewed. As soon as Mr. Vaughan gave permission, he and Vick ran down the hill as fast as they could, leaving Mr. Vaughan behind.

Although a cold man, Mr. Vaughan was not without feeling: who is? But when he felt, he examined himself so closely by his "rule of conscience" that he frightened feeling away. He was fond of Ivor, delighted in his music, and felt inclined to indulge him, but the question "is it right?" came so persistently that he began to think every pleasure sinful. He stood some time where Ivor left him, reflecting on many things; he supposed that all the disappointments and daily annoyances of his life were for his good, and he endured them unflinchingly. But why was everything against him? Even that day Mr. Glyn had come to disturb the pleasure that he had in Ivor, and to awaken him to a sense of the sinfulness of an art that he loved. And he must make the boy unhappy, and sacrifice a recreation himself because he feared that to indulge was to err.

While Mr. Vaughan was seeking for what he would not find, the key to his difficulties, Ivor was driving the cows afield. They had been milked, and were waiting for him; they, too, knew the flute and Vick, and followed quietly to their resting-places.

As he returned from this, his last labour for the day, he saw Mara. He frequently did see her at this hour and spot; she was standing by a well that sprung beneath an old oak, and seemed

to be watching the water as it dripped from the mosses and lichens above into the well below. When Ivor came up to her she said, anxiously,

"You have been crying—what is the matter?"

"Master says I must give up music, and I could not do it if he were to kill me."

Ivor burst into tears afresh.

"You shall never give it up. Do not cry, my darling."

"Master will make me. I must do as he tells me; I am bound to him," sobbed Ivor.

Mara put her arm round him and said,

"Be patient and my father may relent."

"I cannot be patient. I am not patient," cried Ivor, with the petulance that Mara had once or twice before seen him show; "I must have my fiddle—it is mine, Mr. Traherne gave it me, and Mr. Glyn gave me the concertina, and I made the flute. Must I give them up, dear governess?"

"No, no," said Mara, "only for a time, perhaps only for to-night; my father may relent. Be patient, for my sake."

"Will you always love me? Will you forgive me whatever I may do?" said Ivor.

"I will—I will. Why do you ask such questions?"

"Because I shall do wrong if they take away my music. I know I shall!"

"Ivor, do you love me?"

"Yes, very much."

"Then you must please my father for my sake."

"I cannot give up my music, even for you, dear governess. Nobody hears me. I may call you so here?"

"Yes; anywhere—everywhere."

"Music is my father and my mother. It is my comfort when they say I am a foundling. Mr. Glyn said my mother was not cruel, only poor. What do you think, Miss Margaret?"

"I say, God help her. God pity her!"

"And me! God cares for the orphan, but what am I?"

"Don't, don't, Ivor, for pity's sake. I—I—your mother will be found, and—perhaps—your father."

"You cannot tell," said Ivor, dreamily; "I must go and look for them—they wouldn't take away my music."

"You will not leave me, Ivor! I am—I will be—a—mother to you."

"Yes, dear governess."

"You love me better than your music?"

"I don't know—I think—I am sure I love my music better than all the world besides."

"Oh, Ivor, Ivor, is it for this that I have borne so much? Love me best, oh, love me best!"

Mara kissed him passionately, and hurried away to hide an emotion that she could not subdue. Ivor looked after her and muttered,

"I will try—but better than my music!"

He went again up the hill to collect the aspersed instruments, and returned with them to the house. He ate his supper in sadness, and Billo and the other servants asked for music in vain.

While Ivor was unhappy in the kitchen, Mara was unhappy in the parlour.

After a long silence over the tea-table Mr. Vaughan slowly spoke his opinion of Ivor.

"He will be ruined. Even now he is good for nothing without his musical instruments; he can't be always calling sheep with a flute, imitating birds, drawing in and out pieces of inflated leather, and scraping a bow over a fiddle. We must educate him to wholesome occupations."

"But what if he has no turn for anything else, father?" said Mara.

"We must give him the turn. What right had Mr. Glyn and his worldly friends to interfere with me and my household? I wish Ivor had not gone to the Eisteddfod."

"Would it not be best to let him follow his bent, father?" said Mariana; "music may be made a heavenly as well as earthly art."

"Not at London academies. He is already fonder of songs than psalms and hymns. I hear him singing and playing all kinds of profane music. Remember that I have his soul on my conscience."

Mariana was silent at that dreaded word. Not so Mara.

"Perhaps, if you cross him, father, you may have both body and soul on your conscience; I believe he would die, or pine away into apathy, if deprived of music. He has nearly lived upon it ever since he was born."

"You use strong expressions. Adhere to the exact truth when you speak. He has lived on food, and you know nothing of his birth."

Mara flushed crimson, and was silent in her turn.

"I shall try him for a week," continued Mr. Vaughan. "I wish the boy well, and would see him grow up a godly man. I have known many with this 'genius,' as they call it, ruined by following it as a profession. We shall soon have no servants or labourers left, if Eisteddfodau and such follies continue. Tell Ivor that he is not to play."

When Mr. Vaughan had said this, he finished his tea and went out, and the sisters sent for Ivor. He looked very forlorn, and they tried to comfort him. They begged him to be patient for a week, and to do his best to please Mr. Vaughan, but he declared passionately that he could do nothing without his fiddle. He might live without the other instruments, but the fiddle was all in all to him.

"Must I be a whole week without music?" he asked pathetically.

"Unless my father tells you to play," said Mara. "Perhaps he may relent."

It was probable that he would relent, if he meant to make Ivor of any use. Mara could not help being rejoiced and amused at her father's difficulties. They began that evening at family prayers, frequently a time of trouble to Ivor. Mr. Vaughan was in the habit of assembling his household at eight o'clock in the hall, or common dining-room, situated between the parlour and kitchen. He usually read, expounded, and prayed for nearly an hour, and frequently invited ministers to his house, who assisted him. His out-door labourers were permitted to attend this service, as were their wives and children. Ivor not unfrequently fell asleep during this period, and had been more than once reprimanded for so doing. But he was always wide awake for the hymn.

On this particular evening Mr. Vaughan conducted the service and gave out the hymn. Mara led it, but it went very flat indeed. Ivor stood up, looking as if he was either half asleep or in a trance, but did not attempt to sing. When Mr. Vaughan forbade him the use of his beloved instruments, he did not mean to forbid him the use of his voice, but Ivor took him at his word. Everyone present had been so used to his clear, beautiful tones rising above the rest, and, as it were, helping them on, that nobody could sing at all. Mr. Vaughan and his daughters at one end of the room had the music to themselves, while at the other their domestics were nudging Ivor and telling him to sing. He only shook his head and clenched his teeth.

"Sing you, Ivor *bach*," said Billo audibly, but Ivor continued silent.

Mr. Vaughan could only wait till the hymn was sung in some fashion, and then continue the service.

After it was concluded he told Mara that he did not mean to interdict psalm-singing, a righteous and heavenly act of worship, and bade her tell Ivor to join the following day. He looked troubled and puzzled, but not angry, and Mara augured well for Ivor.

But the next day Mr. Vaughan was not only perplexed but wrathful. Ivor could not manage the sheep without his flute, and wandered about the hill-side all the morning sad and useless, while the flock went wheresoever they would. Even Vick missed the music, and the charm of the mountains was gone. When Mr. Vaughan took Ivor to task he could make nothing of him. All he said was—

"Indeed, sir, I tried; but they wouldn't come in without the flute. I called and ran, but I don't think they knew me."

"You must make them know you," said Mr. Vaughan sternly. "You will be a useless member of society if you go on as you have done."

"I was of use with my music, sir," pleaded Ivor simply, and Mr. Vaughan knew that it was true; but he meant, at least, to try him without it until the end of the week. He was silent and morose at meals, and did not name the boy.

When Mara asked Ivor how he had got on, he said, little understanding the irony of his words, "I have been a useless member of society."

Mara laughed, and asked him where he had learnt that speech. He said, of his master.

Towards evening he came, with tears in his eyes, to Billo, to ask his help.

"You little ghose!" said Billo. "You should have a stick, and be knocking and poking the beasts till they was go where you tell."

Billo went off with a big stick in his hand, and showed Ivor how he might effectually dispense with his music. But Ivor shut his eyes when he saw his sheep hunted and his cows beaten, and crouched in his hollow in the hill to hide from the more vigorous and less susceptible Billo.

Mr. Vaughan appeared at this unfortunate moment. He knew whereabout to find Ivor, and came to see what he was doing. The rueful face of the boy partly disarmed his anger, but he lectured him, nevertheless, while Billo ran away.

"Please, sir, if I might have my flute?" said Ivor.

"You must learn to live without it," was the inexorable answer.

So Ivor cried and slept through another evening, and Mr. Vaughan was silent and cross.

Mara thought she would let things take their course during the given week, but before it was over circumstances that she could not control interrupted it.

About the fourth day she met, by chance, the gipsy woman, George's mother. That is to say, she felt convinced that it was she, although differently dressed and more respectable-looking than of old. The woman did not speak to her, but hurried past as if anxious to avoid an interview and desirous of concealment.

That evening was an unlucky one for Ivor. There was a larger prayer-meeting than usual, and the service was longer. When everyone rose from their knees after the concluding prayer, Ivor was so fast asleep that his good friends could not rouse him unperceived by Mr. Vaughan. Others had slept also, but not soundly; indeed, it was difficult for tired nature to keep an erect head during those long expositions and petitions.

Ivor's weary head rested calmly on his folded arms, and he slept the heavy sleep of childhood. Mr. Vaughan saw, frowned, and walked towards the sleeper. He took him by the arm and shook him into wakefulness. Ivor started up with a sound as of song on his lips, doubtless the continuation of a dream. When he saw Mr. Vaughan he remembered his position.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, still half-asleep.

"I shall chastise you to-morrow morning," said Mr. Vaughan. "I shall do it as a just punishment for your offence. Go, and think of the sin you commit in God's sight when you sleep during prayer."

"I don't think God was angry, sir, for I was dreaming such a beautiful dream," said Ivor.

"Go; and remember what I say. I shall visit your offence upon you to-morrow."

Billo pulled the sleepy, trembling boy out of the room. Mr. Vaughan turned to his daughters.

"I can do nothing with him; I will see what a flogging can do. He neglects his work, and sleeps at prayers."

"Don't punish him, father," said Mariana. "He is young; he cannot help it."

"He must be taught to help it. His soul is more precious than his body; we must chastise our sons if we don't wish them to become vessels of wrath."

"He is not like other boys," said Mara. "A flogging would deprive him of reason."

"Then he must be deprived of reason. You have spoilt the boy. He is fit for no useful thing, and flutes and viols are instruments whereby the tempter leads astray silly men and silly women."

Ivor was wide awake enough before he went to bed. The threat of a flogging had aroused his dormant faculties and excited his nervous system. He began to understand his position; he was to give up music, and be chastised for sleeping at prayers. He would submit to neither. When he went to bed, instead of going to sleep he set himself to review his condition in life and its prospects. It became evident to him that he had received the gift of music, and that he must cultivate it. He recalled the parable of the talents, and if music was his talent he would not hide it. He asked to be forgiven his weariness at prayers, and to be helped in the right use of his talent. Then he asked himself how he could best employ it, and how avoid a flogging? With a violin, concertina, and flute, he could certainly employ it, and by leaving Tyrmynydd avoid the flogging. This was the conclusion he arrived at. He would seek out Gipsy George; he would go to the works. Mines, with music, were better than mountains without it; and so, pondering over such matters as these, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. VAUGHAN rose the next morning with the resolution to punish Ivor for his sin of the previous evening. He believed that he should be doing a righteous act to assume the part of an earthly parent by chastising him for his irreverence to a heavenly. While he was fascinated as far as his cold nature permitted by the genius of the boy, he still thought it his duty to save his soul by forbidding him the use of instruments that ministered to worldly and vain pursuits.

He went forth accordingly, cane in hand. He sought him first in the bower of furze. He was not there. He called him loudly, but there was no answer. He went up the mountain, calling still, but the insolent echo alone replied. The sheep were wandering about untended, and bounded off when he approached.

Having expended an hour uselessly he turned homeward. As he passed through the farmyard he saw Billo driving the cows afield after the milking; but before he could reprimand him for doing work that was not his, Billo took to his heels, a measure he generally found answer, as they were fleeter than his master's words.

Mariana and Mara saw their father come in with the dreaded cane in his hand, and trembled for Ivor, but neither ventured to ask any questions about him. Breakfast passed in silence, and as soon as it was over Mr. Vaughan went off in search of the culprit. Mara also went to inquire about him, and heard that he had not been seen since the early morning, but as he usually carried his bread and cheese with him this was nothing remarkable.

Mr. Vaughan's search was again fruitless, and he began to feel not only angry but anxious. When he came in to dinner he said to Mara:

"What is become of that foundling of yours?"

"I have not seen him to-day, father. I was afraid you might have given him the threatened punishment, and that he had kept away from the house on that account."

"If I could have found him I should have caned him. Now he shall have it double for hiding from me."

Mara went in search of the truant. She wandered about for hours unsuccessfully. She called him and Vick by name, she peered under hedges and furze-bushes, she climbed the hill and roamed the downs—in vain! there was no Ivor.

It was night when she reached Shanno's cottage, and its inmates had gone to bed. She roused Shanno, who came to the little window trembling with fear.

"Ivor! have you seen Ivor?" was all Mara could say.

"Miss Marget! name o' goodness, what brings you here?" said Shanno, opening the door and letting in the shuddering Mara.

"Have you seen Ivor?" asked Mara, striving to be calm.

"I see him this morning, Miss *fach*."

"When—where—what did he say?"

"He did come by almost before the day, and I was up early for the washing. Vick was along, barking like crazy, and I did tell him to be looking after the sheep, and not rambling about."

"What did he say?"

"He was ask about the works, and what our Shenkin is doing?"

"The works! what could he want to know about the works?"

"He did ask the way to the works, and how long it did take Shenkin to be walking there. I say he went in the van to Merthyr-Tydvil, and was do famous."

"What more did he say?"

"Well, I am not notice, I tell him to go back, or the master 'ould be keeping noise like Vick. He say, 'Kiss me, Shanno *fach*,' and when I kiss him, he hug me well. He is very 'fectionate, is Ivor *bach*."

"For mercy's sake, tell me more, Shanno!"

"On my deet, Miss Marget, I'm not rememb'ring more. Go you home. It isn't fit for you to be out so late."

"Which way did he go? Shanno! you are cruel. You don't understand that he has not been seen all day."

"Not all day! not since I see him this morning?"

"No. He has taken fright at a threatened caning. He has heard of the works—perhaps he has gone there, and will never, never come back. Or he may die on the road—or be exposed to this night air on the mountains—or——or—oh! oh! what shall I do?"

"Come you, Miss Marget, Ivor's strong enough, and used to all weathers, and Vick's along; he is up to more than people think. He did have his bag of music on his arm, now I am thinking."

"Then he is gone, without one word to me! What shall I do? What will become of him?"

"He was say, 'I love Miss Marget in my heart.'"

Shanno whispered this into Mara's ear, who clasped her hands in a burst of grief. The good woman put her arms round her.

"Come you, Miss Marget! Come you! Why do you take on so? We will be looking for him; we will be finding him seure. Sam shall go first thing. I am love Ivor like my own child."

Poor Mara fell upon Shanno's neck and wept bitterly. The good soul cried with her.

"Husht you! I am hearing footsteps," said Shanno.

"Perhaps it is Ivor!" cried Mara, starting to the door.

Mr. Vaughan's voice soon told who it was, and the light of a lanthorn flashing through the little window proved that he was near.

"There's the master!" shrieked Shanno. "Oh, Miss Marget, don't be letting him see you so fullish."

A stern voice interrupted Shanno, who jumped into the big cupboard bedstead and shut its door.

"Mara, what are you doing here at this hour?" said Mr. Vaughan, speaking through a half-broken window.

"Looking for Ivor, father," said Mara, as she opened the door.

"I beg you to come home instantly, and not expose yourself thus."

"I must look for him, sir—I will."

"The ungrateful boy is not worth all this fuss," said Mr. Vaughan. "Mara, come with me, and waste your sympathies on something better than this foundling."

Mr. Vaughan took Mara's arm and drew her out of the hut. She was sobbing audibly.

They followed a farm-servant who carried a lanthorn, and as they stumbled on across the hill and common, neither of them spoke.

When they reached home they found Mariana anxiously awaiting them. She had prepared supper, a bright fire, and a cheerful room, but neither of her expected guests was in a condition to enjoy them.

"Stay here while Mara takes off her things," said Mr. Vaughan to Mariana. "Make haste back, for I want to speak to you," he added as she left the room.

"Do you know the origin of your sister's foolish passion for this foundling?" said Mr. Vaughan.

"It arises from her warm heart, father. He had no friends, and she took pity on him," said Mariana.

"She should have shown her love for us instead," said Mr. Vaughan. "Are the servants in bed?"

"Yes, all but Shonny, who went with you, father."

"And the doors locked?"

"I have been through the house. All is safe. I hope you are not angry with Mara, dear father?"

"Angry? Yes, righteously angry. Her whole conduct for years has been preposterous. This crowns it."

When Mara had subdued her grief and tried to wash away her tears she went downstairs

After a pause Mr. Vaughan began:

"May I presume to ask, Mara, why you take this lively interest in a child found on a mountain and brought up in a workhouse?"

"I love him, sir, he has no one else."

"That is no reason for making yourself ridiculous by wandering about the mountain in search of a runaway, and rousing quiet labourers from their beds after the toil of the day. Daylight would be best."

"I could not wait for daylight, father. He may be lost for ever, or he may die."

A burst of sobs and tears followed these words. All restraint on Mara's part was gone.

Mariana rose from her seat at the supper-table and went to Mara, who was standing by the fire leaning against the mantelpiece. She took her hand, and looking beseechingly at her father, asked if they had not better go to bed.

"Not until I have said what I wish to say," he replied. "Mara, your conduct has been a riddle to me for years. You left this house contrary to my expressed desire, you lowered yourself and me by entering the union, you more than once made yourself ridiculous about this boy when there, you followed him here, and now you run wildly counter to all discretion because he is ungrateful, and runs away."

"Not ungrateful, only frightened, father," sobbed Mara. "To him his music was life, and punishment death."

"Strong and unchristian words, girl," said Mr. Vaughan sternly, looking at Mara, who stood with one hand in her sister's, the other before her eyes. "You have no affection for me, your natural protector, little for your sister——"

"She has, sir, indeed she has!" interrupted Mariana, putting her arm round Mara's waist.

"Do not interrupt, Mariana. All your tenderness is lavished on a child found in a ditch."

"For pity's sake spare me, father!"

"To spare you were to go against your soul's good. I do not blame your care of the boy, but your absorbing love for him to the exclusion of your duty to God. I, too, wish the child well. I will find him if I can, but I expect you to promise not to expose yourself by foolish anxiety about him to the gossip of the country."

"I cannot promise. I must search for him until I find him," sobbed Mara.

"Mara, this is folly. If you were his mother you could not be more agitated."

"If I were, oh, Mariana, if I were! You have said it. He is my child, my very own! Oh, father, have pity on us!"

Mara fell on her knees before her father, and he, little understanding what she had said or meant, rose from his seat.

"Get up, Mara, you are beside yourself," he said severely, laying hold of her shoulder.

"No, no, I have said it! I have said it! He is mine! Spurn me, despise me, disown me, but save him, save Ivor, save my husband's and my child!"

Mr. Vaughan recoiled aghast. A terrible pallor overspread his face, and he seemed to gasp for breath. Mariana ran towards him, but he repulsed her roughly, and fixing his eyes on the daughter at his feet, he said,

"Tell me that—that you lie—to annoy me, Margaret Vaughan!"

Groans and sobs were the answer to his appeal.

"Speak, say you have lied!" he added.

Still no answer.

He seemed about to fall, and Mariana pushed his chair to save him. He sank down into it and uttered a cry so fearful that Mara started to her feet.

The strong man was stricken as a rock by a thunderbolt. He seemed suddenly turned to stone. His eyes were fixed, his mouth open, he gasped for breath. Mariana got water and bathed his face, but Mara stood by, trembling at her work, and unable to move or speak.

"Stand aside, Mara!" said Mariana, but she could not move; she, too, was stricken by the thunderbolt she had forged.

Mr. Vaughan neither spoke nor moved, and Mariana knew not what to do.

"Help me, Mara, get a cordial, try something to restore our father," she said.

This appeal had its effect. Mara got the cordial, and Mariana forced a little down her father's throat.

"Go and send someone for a doctor," said Mariana as she knelt to chafe his hands and feet.

Mara obeyed mechanically. She aroused one of the men, who was soon galloping in search of Dr. Herbert.

When alone for a moment she fell on her knees and gave vent to her agony in prayers and self-reproaches. Then she returned to Mariana.

Mr. Vaughan had slightly recovered, and was muttering the word "disgrace." When he saw Mara an expression of horror overspread his features, which before were slightly relaxing. Mara withdrew instinctively behind him and Mariana.

"You are better now, dear father," said Mariana.

"No—I—think—I am—dying," said Mr. Vaughan with great difficulty.

Mara fell on her knees behind his chair, and struggled with her sobs.

"Is—it—true—Nanno?" he gasped, the look of horror in his eyes.

"I don't know, father. Will you try to come upstairs?"

"Was it my fault? God forgive me! I can never look upon her more."

"Father, father, I have killed you! Forgive me before you die," cried Mara, unable longer to restrain herself.

"Go—go!" said her father, covering his face with his hands.

"Leave the room, Mara!" entreated Mariana. "It is coming again."

But Mara could not move.

(To be continued)



SUN AND SHOWER.

By LIZZIE DEAS.

A LITTLE flower delayed its petals to unfold;
It feared the rain, the cold.
In vain the sun came to caress the rose,
It longed, yet did not dare, its petals to unclose.

"The other flowers," it sighs, "are all so fresh, so cool,
Rich-hued and beautiful;
Their breaths are fragrant, their sweet faces glad,
And I, as is my life, am perfumeless and sad."

An angel came one night to whisper to the rose,
"My child, thy heart unclose;
Lift thy bowed head, smile on thy sister flowers;
God who the sunshine sends, He sends as well the showers."

When next the sun appears the flowers to embrace,
The rose lifts tear-dewed face;
Unfolds its petals to his ardent kiss,
And blushing, smiles to find how fair a world is this.

The angel comes again to smile upon the rose,
Whose cheek now redly glows;
"Good-night, my child, blow bravely, little flower,
Who would the sunshine share, must share as well the shower."

A ROSE-COLOURED THREAD.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH.

IN one of the great old-world prisons where vice, heredity, and circumstance have gathered together in the saddest of brotherhoods a herd of unfortunates doomed to life-long labour, there is given, in recognition of good conduct and obedience to the commands of the officials, a certain reward most highly prized, most sorely longed for. No shortening of the weary hours of labour, no relaxation of the iron rules and regulations; the guardians of those unhappy creatures have realised that there are cravings in the human soul which are not to be satisfied by food and raiment, by shorter hours, or lighter duties—they have offered a more subtle reward than these.

From morn till eve within those walls the looms whirl and clatter; the monotonous heart-breaking labour which knows neither zest of beginning nor joy of completion, bears ever the same unlovely outcome; dull and colourless as the lives of the workers themselves, the coarse linen fabric stretches out its endless length.

And the reward? Simply this, that through the flat dun surface a rose-coloured thread may be woven; a gleam of brightness upon which the eye may rest refreshed; a change, though but by a hair breadth, in the wearisome task! It is for this that the prisoner longs, for this he works, by this he is rewarded!

Unhappy souls to crave so keenly for so slight a boon! And yet, and yet,—are there not prisoners outside the prison walls into whose lives, all cramped and bent by circumstance, the rose-coloured thread has also come with its transforming power? It was a hard and loveless task which had been given into their hands, and hope had well-nigh failed, when suddenly, through the mists of doubt and unbelief, the thread came floating slowly towards them—it was in their hands, it was woven into the dull grey surface of their life's work, and lo, it was a bright and fairy web.

Sometimes the thread is too fine to mix smoothly with the coarser texture of the background, and it breaks off and disappears; sometimes it is lost in the midst of unseemly tangles; sometimes there comes a moment of tension when it is all but broken, but further on when the tiny strands have had time to wind themselves once more together it stretches out fair and unbroken to the end.

CHAPTER I.

IT is but another element of hardship in the handicap by which women are eternally placed at a disadvantage to men in the struggle for bread, that there is no feminine edition of the renowned Dick Whittington to encourage their early efforts, and fire ambition by the example of success!

The bells of the neighbouring church rang out no promise of ultimate victory to little Hester North as she sat listening to them on the first day of her tenantship of a small suite of rooms on the topmost floor of a huge, red block of buildings off the Tottenham Court Road. Hester sat and listened to the clanging of those persistent bells, a woe-begone little figure, with an anxious face, and eyes which were not altogether free from tears. Every now and again, it is true, there came the ghost of a smile, and she turned her head from side to side surveying the room with conscious pride, for it was her own, her very own, and not all the loneliness, the heavy weight of responsibility could quench the hitherto unknown delight of having a home to which she had a right, a home whose doors would ever open hospitably at her approach.

Hester North had been an orphan from her third year. Her mother had died at her birth; her handsome, light-hearted father, owing to a chronic inability to make money on his own account, and an altogether unique capacity for spending the same, had been all his life regarded as the black sheep of his family, so that it was felt to be but another instance of "Cyril's lamentable lack of consideration," when, at the early age of twenty-nine, he managed to take himself off to another world, for no greater cause than a chill caught when bathing, and in so doing left his little daughter to be a burden upon the tender mercies of his relations. There was not much tenderness or mercy about their behaviour perhaps, but up to their lights Cyril North's brothers and sisters did what appeared to be their duty. Little Hester was sent to a boarding-school in the south, and as soon as she had reached the years of discretion was removed to a similar establishment in London, where, in the capacity of pupil teacher, she was afforded an admirable opportunity of lightening the strain upon her relations' resources, and at the same time learning some wholesome lessons of humility and self-suppression on her own account. Her aunts came to visit her with praiseworthy regularity once every term, and were diligent in pointing out her many mercies, and in enforcing the pressing need of diligence, since, after the next few years at school were ended, it could not be expected that they, with their own pressing family claims, could any longer be responsible for her maintenance.

Little Hester cried bitterly after each of these interviews, and threw on one side the packages of chocolate and Turkish delight which had been presented to her along with the good advice, with a vehement repudiation which the lady principal declared was sad to behold in one so young, but which the pupils on their side applauded unanimously, making short work of the rejected sweetmeats the while.

Fortunately for herself Hester possessed one distinct and unmistakable talent, so that there seemed more chance for her in the battle of life than for the thousand and one



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

unfortunates, whose strivings can only attain to a tolerable mediocrity all round. The pencil scribblings on the margins of her exercise-books were a source of wonder and admiration to her schoolfellows; the drawing-master welcomed her advent with his brightest smile, and patted the lean little shoulder with encouraging touches. The lady principal began to have visions of a day when she would be able to dispense with the professor's services altogether, and make use of the pupil-teacher instead, and to this end encouraged Hester's studies, and released her from many a less welcome task, in order to give fuller time for the cultivation of her one great talent.

How happy was Hester when she was presented with her first box of colours! What a thrill of joy ran through her veins as she lifted the brushes and made swift, imaginary passes over the canvas! and how radiant was the professor, how graciously smiling was madame herself, when it was discovered that what had been talent with the pencil, now with the brush approached wondrously near to genius itself! Her fellow-students were puzzled to understand by what magic Hester's colours were always so fresh and clear, in contradistinction to their own dull and muddy tints; they used to beg the loan of her sketch-book on wet afternoons, and exclaim with generous, girlish admiration over its pages. Hester had indeed the happiest knack of putting two and two together. Her compositions were never without a certain quaint originality of their own, and when a series of designs for Christmas cards, which she had surreptitiously sent to a well-known London firm, was accepted and paid for with the first bank-note which she had ever possessed, the poor child had an hour of delirious happiness, when the clouds all rolled away, and she saw herself seated in state beneath the blue dome of heaven, while the whole world bowed down and did her homage.

Fortune, however, was not to be so quickly won. At twenty Hester had been already acting as assistant to the old professor for over two years, and was slowly beginning to realise that,—along this path at least,—no further steps towards the goal were possible. She had no time to improve herself, no time for anything but the dull, weary round of overlooking and correcting, and striving in vain to infuse something of her own enthusiasm into the indolent, lethargic minds of her pupils.

Hester's own friends would, for their part, have been willing enough to allow this state of things to continue. The girl was earning her own living, was safely housed and protected—what more could be desired? Considering the circumstances she might indeed count herself lucky to be so comfortably settled. The good professor, however, was by no means so well pleased that his pet pupil's talent should be hidden beneath a bushel, and was persistent in sowing seeds of dissatisfaction in her mind. It was due, indeed, entirely to his persuasion, to his representation of the case to her relations that, upon her twenty-first birthday, Hester North took upon herself the audacious step of removing from the sheltered retreat of the "select seminary," to the apalling freedom and independence of that attic suite in The Ladies' Dwellings!

She had not taken this step without much consideration, and anxious counting of the cost, for she was a wise little woman, and prudent beyond her years. She was still to retain her afternoon class at the school, the professor had promised to hand over all private pupils whom he himself was unable to undertake, and she had in her sketch-books an abundance of rough material which might surely be utilised for the further tempting of fortune. At the same time, the thought of being responsible for thirty pounds of rent, to say nothing of gas and coals and the minor necessity of food, weighed somewhat heavily upon the spirits of an inexperienced girl, and the consciousness of unbridled liberty awed almost more than it exhilarated.

Hester's relations, one and all, expressed themselves enchanted with her new abode. "So compact!" cried Mrs. Aubrey North, the wife of the late inconsiderate Cyril's elder brother; "So cosy! So quite too delightfully quaint, don't you know! Such a darling bit of a kitchen; such a cute little cupboard—for all the world like playing at housekeeping! That sitting-room will be too sweet altogether with a few Indian draperies scattered about, and one or two nice big palms standing back in the corners! What a lucky girl you are, Hester!"

Hester smiled faintly in assent, but she did not get the palms and the draperies. She betook herself instead to the second-hand establishment at the corner of the street, and with many sinkings of the heart at the rapid diminution of her savings, selected the few articles of furniture which were absolutely necessary, and spent many subsequent hours over their arrangement, trying in vain to make ugly things look pretty, and to achieve an artistic whole, out of hopelessly commonplace material.

Hester had lived two years in her sky parlour before the date at which this history begins, and the room had had but few additions to its plenishings, for its mistress had had a hard fight to make both ends meet; a harder fight than one likes to think of in connection with so young a creature. The designs for Christmas cards, the etchings for the magazines, had been returned so often unaccepted, though seldom without a passing word of praise, that there had been moments when the girl's heart had well-nigh failed her, and she had had little appetite left for the shilling dinner which was provided every evening for the lady inmates of the establishment, in the long, narrow dining-room in the basement. She had grown both thin and pale, poor child, but she struggled bravely, and reminded herself with a constant pitiful repetition, that it was the first step, always the first step, which costs! And then, quite suddenly, the clouds broke, and an unexpected ray of sunshine came into her life.

There came the rattle of a letter in the little green-enamelled box one afternoon, and the letter proved to be from Mabel, her dearest friend, her only friend indeed; and best of all, it bore the London post-mark, and contained the news that Mabel was close at hand, and anxious to see her once more.

It was three years and more since they had parted, and Mabel Ewen, "a finished young lady," had returned to her rich, northern home, bidding farewell to the chosen friend of her school-days, with vows of undying loyalty and devotion. So far, at least, the promises had been faithfully fulfilled. Mabel had written regularly once a month, long letters, very enthusiastic and loving, full of descriptions of the gay doings of the neighbourhood, and later on taking a more distinctly personal turn, and becoming even longer, and more detailed, in the innocent delight of relating all that "He said," and "I said," with the hopes and fears consequent thereon. Finally had come an almost incoherent out-pouring of jubilation. Everything had come right at last, and he had never meant to be unkind, but had thought that she too . . . and oh, she was almost too happy to live, and he said, that he could never have imagined . . . and little Hester folded up the sheet with a sigh, and the room seemed to have become darker and more solitary than ever, for she had enough knowledge of the world to know that Mabel could never be quite the same to her any more, and that what "He said," would now become too sacred to repeat to any mere outsider.

The fact of Mabel's engagement, however, only made it the more delightful that Mabel had remembered her friend and was so anxious to see her again. She was staying at the Métropole with her father and mother, *en route* for the Continent, and Hester was invited to come and dine with them that very night, and implored to put in an appearance as soon as might be convenient to herself.

After all she was only a child at heart! To see her throw down the letter and dance excitedly round the room; to see her pull open one drawer after another in search of ribbons and laces, shake out the skirt of her most presentable dress, and wind her dark hair in fantastic coils round and round her head, must surely have been a pleasant sight for those bare walls, which had so often looked down at the little figure seated by the table, watering the ink with her tears, as she bent over the pages of that dreadful account book! An hour later she was in Mabel's arms, and Mabel was taller and handsomer than ever, and would have been quite formidable in her fashionable attire, had she not been as unaffectedly delighted to see her friend as if but a few weeks had elapsed since their parting, and they were meeting as of yore in the uncarpeted school-room.

"Oh, Mabel, how I have longed to see you!"

"Mouse!" said Mabel severely, "what have you been doing to yourself, Mouse? Why, you have positively grown smaller! What do you mean by looking so white and thin, you naughty little thing?"

"You are prettier than ever!" returned Hester with charming irrelevance, and then the two girls kissed each other once again, and walked arm in arm down the corridor towards the room where Mabel's parents were sitting awaiting their advent. A grey-haired gentleman, the orthodox heavy papa of the stage, bearing prosperity written upon every line of his portly figure, and good nature upon every feature of his broad, complacent face; a middle-aged lady, a somewhat over-developed edition of her own daughter, whose cold grey eyes lacked much of her husband's kindliness of expression, as they scanned the newcomer, and a remarkably handsome young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, lolling over a newspaper in the background.

Mabel made a hasty rush through the necessary introductions, which were responded to in characteristic fashion by her three relatives. Mrs. Ewen was pleased to see Miss North, and inclined to consider the weather quite unseasonably warm for the time of the year. Mr. Ewen knew nothing about "Miss North," but was delighted to make the acquaintance of "The Mouse," of whom he had heard so often from his little girl. "My brother Gerald" bowed profoundly over the top of his newspaper, and subsequently used the same extended sheet as a shelter, behind which he could direct emphatic facial messages of disapproval towards his sister, before folding it up, and remarking in an audible aside that it was "Time to be off."

Hester was upon the whole very thankful when the young gentleman had left the room. Three strange people were rather too many for one shy little person to tackle all by herself, and Mrs. Ewen's critical stare was so disconcerting that it required all her husband's kindness to counteract its influence. But he was very kind. According to his lights, the big bluff man did everything in his power to show honour to his daughter's guest, and put her at ease. He gave her his arm into dinner, and directed her choice of the *menu* with anxious care; he ordered what he thought the very best "to put a little colour into those white cheeks of yours," and said, "Dear,

dear!" in the most genuinely concerned manner, when his questions elicited a description of those nightly shilling dinners. Before they reached the *entrées* he had called her "Hester" more than once, and when dessert was upon the table she was "My dear," in much the same tone of patronising affection which he used towards Mabel herself.

That dinner in the handsome dining-hall, with its glittering tables, its crowd of gaily-dressed occupants, was a revelation to Hester North. It was her first glimpse into the life of the world, the world of the happy and prosperous who had not been shut up all their lives in boarding-schools and ladies' dwellings. Her innocent enjoyment, melted even Mrs. Ewen's ice of reserve, and filled the soul of her husband with a glow of complacent satisfaction.

This friend of Mabel's was an insignificant little creature, but she had a pretty, shy manner of looking up at him, which went far to compensate for her lack of good looks. Few things are indeed more grateful to a man of Mr. Ewen's type than this tribute of silent deference, with which Hester's eyes were so eloquent. His own children were so accustomed to be considered and waited upon, so satiated with the luxuries with which they had been surrounded from their cradle, that he received little homage of the kind from them. He felt himself expand beneath its influence; he lay back in his chair and beamed upon the company; he was filled with an intoxicating realisation of his own importance, and the poverty and insignificance of the rest of the human race as compared thereto.

Mabel, meanwhile, was filling in the pauses in her father's conversation with her own low-toned confidences. When the conversation was loudest the personal pronoun came into play again, and what "He said" led up to the still more interesting topic of what "We" were going to do in the wonderful golden future; when, every now and then the babel of voices sank to a lower pitch, she turned adroitly to the safer subject of the tour, of which the present visit to London was the first step. It was not the best season for going abroad, but it was difficult for father and Gerald to get away from home at other times. They, the gentlemen, were only going as far as Brussels, and would return to England the following week, when she and her mother went on to Paris to choose the all-important *trousseau*. There was no place in the world for buying clothes like Paris. Was that not Hester's opinion also?

"But I don't know! How should I?" cried Hester in return. "I have never been out of England. Oh, how I envy you, Mabel! It does sound so,—so enchanting! I would give—anything—to travel abroad like that!"

And then a wonderful thing happened! Mr. Ewen turned his complacent smiling face, and stretched his fingers apart upon his white *serviette*.

"Then why not come with us, my dear?" he said with bland persuasion. "We should be delighted. Mabel, there, has a hundred things that she is dying to tell you. I could bring you back myself next week. Just a few days' run, you know—do all the good in the world—paint those white cheeks of yours a little!"

Hester North turned and looked at him. Such a look! A quiver of intense emotion passed over her features, her eyes were full of a dazzled, incredulous light.

"Go with you!" she repeated slowly. "Go abroad with you! I? Oh, no, you don't mean it! You can't really mean it!"

"But I do mean it—certainly I mean it, my dear. A most charming addition to our little party. You be ready to start at seven o'clock to-morrow evening, and you'll see if I mean it or not! You can arrange to call round for her, can't you, mamma?"

Mrs. Ewen murmured a few words of assent. She was by no means well pleased at this sudden change of arrangement, but she was not cold-hearted enough to be proof against the tremulous, almost terrified expression of delight upon the small white face. After all it would only be for four or five days, and the girl seemed quiet, and inoffensive——

"Only," she said decidedly, an hour or two later on when Hester,—still in a dream of happiness, had been put into a four-wheeler and was being driven rapidly towards the Ladies' Dwellings, "only I do strongly object to dragging a girl about the Continent who is not provided with suitable clothing. Something will have to be done. That dress to-night was preposterously shabby. Mabel, you must take her out shopping with you to-morrow. One hears so much of the disgraceful condition of the English abroad. And five in a carriage, too—such an awkward number! Four inside, and one on the box,—for all the world like a personally-conducted tour!"

"Pooh, my dear, nonsense! We can take two carriages, I should hope. You and Mabel can do the distinguished in the first, and leave Gerald and Miss North to come after. He won't object, never fear. Nice little girl! Haven't seen a brighter pair of eyes for a long time!"

"Who has got bright eyes? Is that the governor talking about nice little girls?" inquired Gerald, entering the room and throwing a crush hat upon the table, displaying short, dishevelled curls of flaxen hair lying unevenly upon his handsome forehead.

"Your father has invited Miss North to come abroad with us. It is her holiday-time, and she will meet us to-morrow evening at the station, and return with you next week."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Gerald.

(*To be continued.*)

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART VII.

HOW TO WASH CREWEL-WORK AND EMBROIDERY.

We have all heard of the proverbial bad shilling.

I am much afraid Miss Bond felt like that maligned coin, when, in response to an excited appeal from Mrs. Bowen and Bridget, she once more entered the laundry.

You see she had made such a dignified exit in July!

A visit to a certain old maiden-lady, living in a big house round the corner, called forth a new display of skill on the part of our Lady Laundress. In the pre-artistic ages of culture we all adorned our chair-backs and curtains with webs and strips of crewel-work. Old Miss Vernon still clung to this form of decoration. Mrs. Bowen herself had certain precious heirlooms of her children's work hidden away in a drawer upstairs. Now Miss Vernon's embroidery sadly needed cleansing, whilst the colours on Mrs. Bowen's *couvre-pied* were dim with age and dust.

Of course their kind-hearted, skilful friend came to their help. She carried off Miss Vernon's antimacassars and dumped them down in Bridget's domain.

"A small saucepan, please, Bridget"—Miss Bond was nothing if not polite—"and measure into it one pint of cold water. No, guess-work won't do! Exactitude, Mrs. B., as well as the two P's mentioned in our article on ink-stains and their cure (see June 1894). Now, do you ever indulge in bran bread?"

"No," answered Mrs. Bowen, humbly. "It is doubtless an omission on my part, Annette, but——"

"Your children would have stronger teeth, firmer limbs, better digestions, if you gave them a loaf occasionally." Miss Bond spoke *ex cathedrâ*, but added, more kindly, "Doesn't the cow get a mash sometimes? Yes? Then a handful of that wheat bran, Bridget. Boil it in your pint of water for half-an-hour while the mistress and I shake these grimy articles."

There was no soaking of that precious crewel-work and embroidery strips. Although Mrs. Bowen assured Miss Bond that only the fastest of dyed wools and silks warranted to stand washing had been used, that lady was firm.

"Water is such an universal solvent," she explained; "steeping, or even allowing the work to lie damp for any length of time, would be fatal to texture and colour. In order to have these things done as quickly as possible we will have two waters ready. In these two tin dishes. Now, Bridget, strain the bran water and add another pint to the gruel. The things are so dirty, Bella, that we must add melted soap to this preparation."

Very quickly then Miss Bond immersed the chair-backs one by one, kneading and squeezing each until the material felt quite soft and looked clean.

"This first water is so coloured that we must add vinegar and salt to the rinsing dish," said the spinster; "the former ingredient is only sometimes necessary. The latter always. Now pass through the wringer, Bridget, and hang to dry at once. Wrong side out."

"This is the point where I have always failed," quoth Mrs. Bowen, pounding and kneading cheerfully; "the things look all right when wet, but smear and run before they are dry."

"As much care is needed in drying as in the washing," explained our lady in the laundry; "a windy shady place is the quickest and safest position. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side."

"How nearly dry?" inquired the exact little mistress ungrammatically.

"Oh! before they look rough and wrinkled."

Miss Bond smiled indulgently. Her friend was but carrying out her own rule. "Don't let the iron be too hot, or the silks will tinge and discolour. Don't let it be too cold, or water-marks will not be obliterated."

"Why do you use bran-water in this kind of washing?" queried Mrs. Bowen, as the two ladies went upstairs after finishing Miss Vernon's treasures.

"Bran has no chemical effect like ammonia." Miss Bond was quite scientific. "It seems to act mechanically as an absorbent. It also slightly stiffens. Sometimes, of course, a greater degree of stiffness is wanted; then you can add boiled starch to the last water."

"And proceed as aforesaid?" finished Mrs. Bowen, placidly.

"Not at all." Mrs. B. jumped at the sudden negative. "Dry the work then very thoroughly. It will look rough, but, before ironing, damp evenly with hot water. You remember, in the case of collars and muslin, I told you the effect of using cold water as a sprinkle?"

"White spots?" repeated Mrs. Bowen. She knew that part of her lesson well. "It is very hard to carry all these little instructions and differences in one's head, Annette."

"You need not do so, my dear. A bound volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for 1894 will always do as a book of reference."

Miss Vernon was hugely delighted to get back her antimacassars in good condition.

"My dears," she explained elaborately, "I thought laundry-work was a lost art. I am so glad to find a woman who thoroughly understands it."

"A lost art, indeed!" echoed Mr. Bowen from his armchair in the window; "I have writhed under the rule of Dhôbies in India, I have basked in the light of the French *blanchisseuse*, only in the middle kingdom of the heathen Chinee have I rejoiced in porcelain shirtfronts and properly stiffened chokers."

"Until now?" suggested his wife, with a depreciative look at the lady in the laundry.

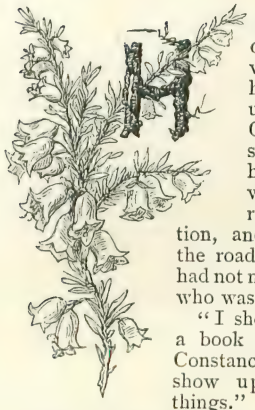
Mr. Bowen rose and made a bow. "Let me finish, my dear. I was about to add, that even under the golden umbrella, Miss Bond, the art you are reviving seems to be a lost one, at least, according to my European ideas. I can hardly believe that the primary, secondary, and final stages in the production of such surfaces should be a sprinkling given through the yellow molars of a Chinaman. You have proved the operation can be successful without any such adjunct."

"Still less do I credit that the ultimate end of silk and linen should be a rending asunder on the boards of our laundresses at home," added Miss Vernon.

Miss Bond smiled. "I believe a new means of livelihood is open before us women. But I cannot stop to explain my plan just now. We will talk over it another time. In the meanwhile good-day."

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.



CHAPTER XXIV.

OPE and Constance were leaving the hospital together as usual one morning, Constance relating something which had happened in her ward which had roused her indignation, and as they crossed the road to their hut they had not noticed the chaplain who was behind them.

"I should love to write a book if I only could," Constance was saying, "and show up some of the things."

"May I hear what you would put in your book?" said a voice behind them, and turning they saw Mr. Mead.

"Oh," said Constance laughing, "did you actually hear what I said? Well, things do sometimes make one feel angry."

"I can quite believe it," he replied; "we chaplains often feel indignant at things we see."

"But," put in Hope, "you cannot show up things without showing up people, and after all it is from the very top of the tree the system wants revising. Who would read such a book or believe it if they read it? Besides," she added, "things which seem so wrong to us are not looked upon in the same light by those who do them, and in many cases, too, we only see one side."

"I would confine myself to facts," said Constance with some warmth.

"Yes, but if called upon to give the names of the offenders you would not like to."

"No," she said somewhat sadly, "everyone is personally kind and friendly; I should not like to get anyone into trouble. I suppose, after all, if you cannot suffer it, come out of it is still the wisest advice to nurses."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Mead to Hope as they entered the hut; "but for all that, I should much like to know what Sister Wilson is going to write about. You may safely trust me with your secret," he said, turning to Constance.

"Well," she said with a little hesitation, "I will just give you some examples. A few weeks ago a man in one of my wards, who had only been admitted the day before and was suffering from a bad sore throat, was made a prisoner by the doctor for not having shaved. Every man is expected to shave daily, and anyone who was up and convalescent and had neglected to do it would of course have broken a rule and would naturally have to take the consequences; but, for a poor sick feverish man it seemed very hard, and actually a crime was sent in against him on his return to barracks. I heard of another sick man who was told by some very regimental doctor to lie to attention in his bed. It is almost ludicrous when you think of it calmly, but often very exasperating at the time. Then again no patient is supposed to have money about him, it ought all to be taken away when he comes in and be kept in store till he goes out. One day the doctor spied a purse belonging to a man who was in the last stage of consumption, and scolded the ward-master for allowing him to have it. The ward-master, who should have taken it away, wishing to clear himself, told the dying man to say that his wife had left it when she last visited him. This he did, and the lie was accepted as satisfactory, and the matter ended. Then look at the canteens and coffee-shops," she went on, "which are kept on many hospital premises, at either of which patients can manage to get served though quite against rules, and of course at their own risk of being made prisoners. For months they may go on enjoying their forbidden stores without getting caught, till quite unexpectedly some doctor thinks he will be on the watch, and probably succeeds in catching a few victims, but though they may be wary for a day or two they soon try again, and even the strictest medical officer will tire in time, and in the end leave them to have their way.

"Smoking of course is a thing which is not allowed in the wards, but sometimes men will have a pipe heedless of consequences, if they think they can do it without being found out. A doctor going round one night rather later than usual, and noticing a strong smell of tobacco as he entered one of the wards said, 'Some of you are smoking here.' Probably more than one hot pipe was instantly pocketed. Turning to one of the culprits he remarked, 'You were smoking?'

"'No, sir,' and the lie dropped out quite fluently, disarming the doctor, who turned to a second with the same inquiry.

"'Yes, sir,' said the man, who from whatever motive had not chosen to screen himself.

"'Make that man a prisoner,' said the doctor, turning to the ward-master as he left the ward, and accordingly when he left hospital he returned to barracks as a culprit. Then think of that story Sister Gill told us of only last winter: a man she had in one of her wards in a city hospital was suffering from a diphtheritic throat, and tracheotomy was thought probable. It was a foggy winter's day, and yet ward-master and doctor were going to allow the one ward fire to be put out, as it was the regulation time for the chimney to be swept; and it was with the greatest difficulty and quite as a personal favour, the monthly sweeping of the chimney was postponed.

"Look too, how grudgingly at some hospitals and by some men extras are given to patients really needing them, partly possibly because of the extra work it entails, unless it happens to be a case whom the general might inquire about or the D.A.A.G. himself comes up to see, or of course unless he is a guardsman.

"Oh, there are heaps of things," she continued with flushed face and sparkling eyes, "make one at times feel just disgusted with everything. Rules without end are in force, mostly, one would think, made to be broken, and often it seems as if the really wrong things were passed over and crimes made out of trivial occurrences; yet in spite of all this, take each man separately and you rarely fail to find his good side. It's more the want of honesty and uprightness in small things. Sometimes I think it is wrong to belong to it at all, and yet here I stay on and take my money as regularly as the rest do, and I should regret in many ways to give up the work."

Mr. Mead had listened attentively; he was interested in Constance, her ardent spirit was in harmony with his own: he was middle-aged and called by some an enthusiast; he smiled at her concluding remark, but said very gently—

"One has not far to go either in or out of the army to find men, both dishonest and deceitful, but so long as individually we have not to lower our own standard of right we need have no qualms. It would be a sad state for the army if all the noble and high-minded men, and there are hundreds of such, came out and left it entirely to the evil and the base. They talked on awhile and as he rose to go he turned to Constance saying, "You will let me know, I hope, when the book is published, as I shall certainly get a copy."

A few days after the above conversation, it was announced that the commander-in-chief was shortly to make an inspection of the hospital. Oh! the scrubbing and the cleaning that went on: all who were able, and alas, sometimes those who were not, were pressed into the service. One would have thought that the brightness of the copper coal-scuttles, and the whiteness of the floors and tables was to be the test of merit which would gain distinction for them all.

It is certainly wise of such people to give information beforehand of expected visits. It must be so much more pleasant if you have to inspect to be sure that all are there who ought to be, and that the place is in due order. Far more pleasant to be able to say, "Most satisfactory," than to be obliged to find fault with what might be wrong if due notice was not given. Whether such an inspection is as satisfactory from an inspector's point of view we do not pretend to say.

The orderlies at least were well satisfied when the sergeant-major, as a mark of his appreciation at the satisfactory result of the inspection, gave them each a free drink. What mattered it that one or two went on somewhat to excess. It was quite excusable and nothing need be said. The following summer the sisters were kept very busy; there was a great deal of sickness and they had many cases of enteric fever. Just as they were congratulating themselves that it had at last died out, Sister Ross took it and had it very badly.

Hope had asked Constance to nurse her, and had herself taken half the extra ward work. "She likes Constance, I can see," she thought, "and I am sure she will have a good influence over her." She was right; Constance lived her example, and she did not live it in vain. When after several weeks the fever abated, and the invalid lay weak and helpless, Constance with untiring devotion was ever beside her, cheering her through the weary time of convalescence back to health. Then came the necessary change of air, and Sister Ross remained with her friends till she was considered fit for duty. It was quite four months before she returned to her work, but she came back to it a very different woman.

"I was wrong, after all, in my estimate of Sister Ross's character," Constance said one day to Hope as they were sitting together. "I thought she would never make a nurse, but she is one already. How changed she is since her illness."

"You have helped her to be that," Hope said, as she looked lovingly at her friend; "she has got a higher ideal of life now; she is aiming high and her soul is in her work."

Sister Winter too had undergone a change; perhaps having been thrown with Hope during Sister Ross's illness she had opened out more than she otherwise might have done.

From her own account her childhood had not been a happy one, though surrounded by all that money could give. Her parents had both died whilst she was young, and she had been brought up in an uncle's family. She was looked upon as an outsider, and often felt with bitterness that she was thought decidedly in the way. She longed for love, and love seemed the one thing missing. She grew up, as it were, alone in the midst of home-life. But she had one solace; a pony, and on it she lavished the love which might have been given to those around her, had they sought or cared for it. When she was of age she determined to choose her own life, and though so far she had not found it all she expected, yet on the whole she was not dissatisfied. Soon after being sent to her present station for duty, she made acquaintance with one or two officers in one of the regiments quartered there, and they advised her taking to riding.

She hailed the idea with delight; she was thoroughly at home on the saddle, and many an afternoon of real enjoyment she had. Her superintending sister made no comment, and she considered herself quite justified in thus following her own bent, though she was aware she had got talked about a good deal in consequence. When Hope arrived, she expressed not only disapproval of her pastime, but told her that she could not allow her to continue it. She yielded though rebelling in spirit, but by-and-by love won her over, if not to think it was best, at least cheerfully to wish to do what Hope desired. And when Hope understood her better and realised how great was the sacrifice she had imposed on her, she felt drawn towards the girl, who had missed in her childhood the tender sympathy which more than aught else unfolds the infant blossom till it becomes the perfect flower.

So the years flew by; it was a happy home, and the sisters enjoyed much quiet pleasure, and surely no sensible person would think that the work would be one whit the worse done because the home-life was bright and the sisters lived in peace.

Things of course were not always rose-colour; mortals are not saints as yet; there were heaps of petty annoyances, little vexations in the wards for which sometimes they had only themselves to blame. A word or two unwisely spoken, a ruffled temper over something which after all turned out to be only a mistake, resentment felt on account of fancied slight or injustice to themselves or others; or it might be the want of care in carrying out orders by the orderlies, or possibly fresh rules and regulations seemingly made with but little purpose, or irritability on the part of the doctor, or it might be only the fussiness on the part of the junior surgeons, which is at times so trying to an old nurse.

To a man, everyone was universally kind, and many were the thoughtful acts done for the sisters, though some at least in their heart of hearts would have preferred the hospital without them.

Hope was a good correspondent and frequently wrote to several of the sisters she had previously worked with who were now moved to different stations; all were naturally interested to hear of each other, and news of moves and promotions were generally passed round pretty quickly. "But, oh!" said Constance one day, after they had been talking over some "service" news, "my heart would indeed fail me if I had to go back and be under Miss Playfair again."

"Yes," said Hope, "from all I have heard of her from those who know her, I feel thankful that I have never had to work under her."

Suddenly one morning Hope received a blue letter (always suggestive of changes), and sure enough it contained orders for Sister Winter to proceed to Cairo. There was sorrow at the breaking up of the little circle, though Sister Winter was pleased to be going abroad. When one more comes it is more often than not followed by another. Sister Ross was the next to leave, and a year later Hope and Constance were sent to another station, where as Hope said after their arrival with a touch of weariness in her tone, "Here we shall have to begin everything over again."

It was winter-time, and little wonder if the world looked somewhat dreary; as one gets on in years it is natural to long for a settled place of abode; it is horrid to find yourself once more a stranger in a strange land, and know that in all probability soon after you are thoroughly settled down, you may once again be on the move. Of course all who enter the service know what to expect, and to the young changes are generally hailed with joy.

"You are tired to-night," said Constance, as she seated herself beside her friend, "but we shall soon be quite at home again, and this will be a lovely spot in the summer-time."

"Sometimes I think we are getting too old to care to go on changing about; I do long very much at times for our little home together; I think we might reasonably give up work soon. As we have money of our own, we need not wait on till we are sixty for fear of missing the grand pension of—what is it—twenty-five to thirty-five pounds a year?"

"No, we are well off indeed," said Constance brightly; "now you just lie down and rest and we will plan what our little home shall be like."

"By-the-bye," said Hope rousing, "have you written to Miss Price yet."

"No! but I will write to-night," said Constance, "and tell her we can both come. Oh! I shall love to show you over the old home, and you will like Miss Price, I am sure. I wonder," she continued, "if any old nurses are to be there. Miss Price seemed so very anxious for us not to refuse. The very thought of a civil hospital makes one long once more to be a sister in charge, and feel that the ward is indeed your little home. One never could feel that in a military hospital."

"We are very fortunate to be able to go together," said Hope; "I trust my two boys will be better by then; however, we shall only be away one night, and Sister Fowler will be very good to them, I'm sure. How grumbly I have been," she added, "but I don't want to be, the little change will be good for us both; we shall come back to work quite fresh, and we will just try to make the little home here as happy as we can."

Surely, wherever these two go, though they may never make for themselves a name or win earthly honours, are they not following in the footsteps of the Master by quietly doing what they can, even though the work may be thought easy and common-place; possibly it is not so much the great deeds accomplished as the life itself—lived unto Him which will hereafter call forth those blessed words, "Well done." There will doubtless never again in the annals of the nursing world be the need for any woman to go through the trials and hardships, which were so triumphantly overcome by the "lady with the lamp." Saints are not called to-day to suffer martyrdom as in the days of yore; we reap the glad harvest sown by our forefathers, and enjoy the freedom gained for us by them at so dear a price. But is no work left for us to do? Surely there are still burdens which may be lightened, hardships which may be lessened, wrongs which may be redressed. The age of chivalry has not gone by, human kindness is needed everywhere, and he who will, whatever may be his circumstances, may stretch forth a hand to his neighbour. The nursing world is no exception to the rule. Kindness helps the sufferer to bear his weary burden when all medical skill may have failed in bringing relief. Kindness helps the young nurse to perform trying tasks and enables her better than aught else to work on through her years of training.

Kindness no less helps the sister or matron, perhaps wearied by long years of toil, still to hold bravely on, not merely to do what she is obliged to do, but day by day, year by year, to do the most she can for those around her, and to give with no grudging, niggardly hand the very best of herself to all who come within her sphere. Kindness, as some one has put it, "is one of the chief ingredients in the composition of the stature of the perfect man." Let none dream that it can be done without, that So-and-so does not need it, in fact that it is only spoiling them to lavish it upon them. Real kindness has no stint, it does not mete out or measure its gifts or give only to those who appreciate or seem to deserve it.

Surely nurses, of all people in the world, should never be lacking in such a vital point either toward those they work for or those who share their work.

(To be continued.)

WITH ONE HAND OR TWO.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS AND AMBIDEXTERITY.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



To many of my readers one of the titles of this article may not be familiar; so my first business should be to enlighten them on its definition. Ambidexterity is a compound Latin word, *ambo* meaning "both," and *dexter* "right," which, as applied to the use of the hands, implies that both are equally available for use. The right hand has, almost universally, greater strength, as well as far more delicacy and precision of touch; in the execution of work, and manipulation of what it may handle; than its fellow. The very term "dexterity" refers to an excellence in the accomplishment of work executed by the dexter hand; the "sinister," or heraldic term for the left side of anything, being, on the contrary, employed in ordinary parlance with a comparatively evil signification.

To the superiority in skill of the right hand, as contrasted with that of the left, an allusion is made in Psalm cxxxvii. 5: "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." The last two words, although in italics, were implied in the Psalmist's strong expression of feeling; and without their addition the sense would not have been rendered. In the translation given in the Book of Common Prayer the words are precisely the same. To the superior strength of the dexter hand, we also find a reference in the same sacred book, see Psalm xx. 6: "The saving strength of His right hand." Biblical references pertinent to this subject are too numerous to be quoted further.

The cause which is popularly assigned for the inferior training of the left hand, dating as it does from early infancy, as soon as the child can sit upright on its nurse's arm, is not far to seek. The nurse, possessing greater facility in attending to the wants of the child with the right hand, employs her left arm to carry it, a service needing no skill in manipulation. Thus the child's right arm encircling her neck, its left hand is free for use; and consequently all infants are disposed to employ it in preference to that which is so usually unavailable. This habit, as soon as observed, is the subject of conflict between its care-takers and itself; and to counteract the accident of circumstances we continually hear the admonition, "Your right hand, darling," when extending the left for any little offering, or desired to kiss its hand in bidding good-bye. The tables are then turned; and these little oft-repeated admonitions result in the permanent disuse of the left hand, and the grievous deterioration of its usefulness in after life. Here I might proceed to make some practical observations on a question of far more serious import than would at first sight appear; but I shall reserve this part of my theme for my second and concluding article.

Doubtless, the exclusive employment of the right hand for special purposes, is, and always will be, a generally recognised rule; as for example, the shaking of hands, the giving of a benediction, the salutation given in raising the hat, and in the allocation of the right side for the place of honour. This latter custom is one which has obtained in all ages, a fact attested by the Martyr St. Stephen, who declared that he saw the glory of God, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. In fact, the references to that position of special distinction are so numerous in the Old and New Testaments that I need but to refer the reader to "hand," as given in a concordance, and only quote further the remarkable parable of our Lord, with regard to "the sheep and the goats," and their appointed positions respectively at the great day of account, see St. Matthew xxv. 33; see also Galatians ii. 9.

I may here draw attention to the apparently curious circumstance, that the "open red hand," which was the symbol of Ulster (borne as an augmentation on an inescutcheon), was a left hand, and in the same connection, that the adventurer O'Neile was called *Lamb derg Eirin*, or "red hand of Erin." So also, the symbol of the Baronetage is a red left hand; because, as originally created, all Baronets were of Ulster, or of Nova Scotia, though now of the United Kingdom. The charge on the augmentation (to describe it in the terms employed in heraldry) was, "a sinister hand coupled at the wrist and *appaumée*." Now, the reason why the hand was a left one, as a charge assumed on his arms by this O'Neile, is explained by the circumstance which it commemorated. The daring adventurer recorded a vow that he would be the first to land on the shore of Ireland amongst his companions who sailed there with him; and, finding that his boat was outstripped by another, with his sword or battle-axe, held naturally in his right hand, he chopped off the left and flung it on shore in advance of him before the other craft could touch the land.

We are all familiar with the term, "A left-handed compliment," which signifies an awkward, ill-chosen one, the terms, or *mal-apropos* expression of which, detract from its ostensible intention. Also, a "left-handed marriage," otherwise a "morganatic" one; the religious rite being in due form, and binding as between a man and a woman; but under a legal ban and prohibition, and weighted with certain penalties, and disabilities, as would be the case if the heir apparent of any monarchy married out of his own rank, thus debarring the issue of such a union from hereditary succession to the crown.

I should now point out the great distinction between simple left-handedness, and ambidexterity. It matters but little which hand may serve us the best, if the other be awkward and feeble, and incompetent to act with strength and skill. The great object should be to train both hands up to a condition of equal excellence in strength and skill. It has been my good fortune to see a double-pencil drawing by no less "cunning" a limner than the late Sir Edwin Landseer, and simultaneously executed, the two hands carrying out the twofold thought of the brain, the two designs being perfectly dissimilar. As the circumstances of the production were related by one of our academicians, it would appear that the subject of dexterity with both hands was being discussed at a large evening entertainment, at which the great artist before named was present. Many examples had been cited of various kinds, when a lady observed, "There is one thing that nobody has yet done, and that is draw two things at once." "Oh, I can do that," replied Landseer; "lend me two pencils, and I will show you." They were produced, and paper laid on the table, and taking a pencil in each hand, the profile of a stag's head, with all its antlers complete, was delineated with one hand; and with the other, not a mere copy of the same design, but a perfect outline of a horse's head! the two hands working simultaneously, and without stop or hesitation. Moreover, the work of the left hand was in no degree inferior to that of its usually more cultivated fellow, a point worthy of special note. Until I had seen this remarkable work, I had never heard of the simultaneous production of two distinct designs by any draughtsman; the two hands carrying out the duplex thought of the brain with equal power and freedom of touch. The drawing belonged to the late Dr. Boyd, in whose house (in Mayfair) I saw it; a work specially valuable to him as an investigator into the history and physical causes of the employment of each, or either hand, and of what is understood by ambidexterity.

Another example of ambidexterity is presented to our notice in the person of President Garfield. In his case the exhibition took a different line, and lacked one remarkable feature which made the work of Landseer pre-eminently wonderful; for the brainwork was a single development of thought, in the feat accomplished by Garfield; while in Landseer's it was twofold, and absolutely dissimilar. According to the relation given in a number of the *Boston Journal*, a correspondent and another gentleman were sitting in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, when Garfield, taking a seat at an unoccupied desk, commenced writing with both hands simultaneously, and with one as freely as with the other. The subject-matter, as afterwards discovered, was precisely the same on both sheets, but the method of writing was reversed; one hand, as usual, writing from left to right, and the other from right to left, all the letters of the latter copy, executed by the left hand, being likewise reversed. Thus it could not be deciphered unless held before a looking-glass, and read in the reflection, as you might the impressions of letters left on a blotting-pad. Moreover, the style of the caligraphy was precisely identical, as produced by each hand. Only a few days ago I was surprised to see a relative of my own take a pencil in each hand, and write her name and address simultaneously with them, precisely after the manner described, every letter reversed with one hand; and this at a moment's notice, without practice, on hearing me relate the story of Garfield. Of the great value of such an acquirement I need to say nothing, as it is sufficiently obvious. On being asked how he (Garfield) had adopted such a habit, he explained that, when teaching at school on some occasion, he had to employ his right hand as a pointer, and he unconsciously continued his writing upon the black-board with the only available hand; and on turning to look at what he had written, he observed that the writing was reversed, although he could write freely, in the ordinary way, with the left hand. This part of the story seems difficult to comprehend, viz., that he performed the feat unconsciously. Yet such it is said was the case, as stated by himself. Perhaps the scientific might regard the case as kindred to what they call "unconscious cerebration," such as we

find demonstrated by somnambulists in a very remarkable manner. Mental work, mathematical problems and calculations have been made during sleep, which were beyond the powers of the man to accomplish in his conscious and responsible state; and altogether involuntary. Perhaps some would describe the phenomenon as "automatic."

It has been stated that seventy per cent. of the natives of the Punjaub, the major part of the South African Bushmen, and of the Hottentots, prefer the use of the left hand. Amongst the Fijians it is more common than amongst the white races, yet even with them it is the exception. It is worth notice, also, that, as amongst the natives of Hawaii and Raratonga, and likewise of New Zealand, the terms employed to denote the two hands severally, are expressive of their respective efficiency in use. For example, the word *tau* signifies "ready" in Hawaiian; "right" or "proper" in Tahitian; and "expert" or "dexterous" in the native New Zealand, and the common Polynesian tongues. In the last-named language, as in the Samoan, in Viti, Tonga, and Mangariva, the left hand is denoted by the word *sema*, the root *se* being found in those above-named dialects signifying "to err," "mistake," "wander," and *semo*, "unstable" and "unfixed"; while the word *matau* signifies "right," "dexter." The national view taken of the usual inferiority in capacity of the left as compared with the right hand is thus decisively evidenced, and no less so in the names employed for the two hands respectively by the North American Indians, denoting excellence in the one, and unreliability in the other.

My subject is one of world-wide history, stretching down from the dim primeval ages. It is one moreover which offers a field for most interesting conjecture and research. In the Stone Age we find that implements were exclusively made for the use of the right hand, yet in the artistic designs of prehistoric times we find indubitable proof of the left-handedness of some of the limners, or rather I should suppose, of their ambidexterity. Why I should take the latter view is from the recognition of the well-known fact, that persons brought up as trappers, lumberers, and paddlers on the American Continent, whether amongst the Indians, Eskimos, or white settlers, find it essential to make both hands equally available for their arduous work, and in view of the danger of accidents to which they are continually exposed. To return to the tell-tale picture-records of prehistoric races, we find ample evidence of ambidextrous ability; as, for example, in the Madeleine Cave of the Valley of Vésère. Profile drawings, if executed by the right hand, look to the left, and those by the left hand look to the right; and this is shown in the tracings of the mammoth and reindeer epoch. Horses in the Madeleine Cave, reindeer from the Dordogne, the cave bear of the Pyrenees from the cave of Massat (Dept. Ariége), and the hunter stalking the urus, were all accomplished with the right hand. But the horse from Creswell Crags, the Madeleine Cave, and the reindeer grazing from Thayngen (in the Kesserloch) are considered to be drawings executed with the left hand.

The hieroglyphics in Palenque, Central America, show clearly the use of the dexter hand, but exceptions are to be found likewise. In Egypt we find some evidences of apparent left-handedness. Thoth, the god of letters, holding a stylus in the left hand and a tablet in the right; also in the Rock Temple of Abou Simbel, Rameses makes war with a club held in his left hand; the scimitar with which the goddess Pasht beheads her captives is likewise held in the left. But in the case of Egyptian pictorial remains, as we gather from Sir Daniel Wilson's work, architectural and decorative effect regulated the question of arrangement, and trifling existing facts were made subservient to the interests of Art.

Doubtless, many of my readers will remember rather a remarkable fact, as recorded in the Book of Judges, *i.e.*, that there were seven hundred mighty men of the tribe of Benjamin who were slingers, and evidently ambidextrous. See Judges xx. 16.

Refering to ancient Roman history we find that good or evil auspices were attributed respectively to the right, or left side. Thus, when standing on the Capitoline hill, the Augur indicated with his wand the space on the heavens selected for prophetic observations he divided it into two equal parts; and when a flight of birds appeared, if on the right side the Augury was a fortunate one, if on the left the reverse.

The ancient Greeks entertained much the same impressions as the Romans. Their designation of the left hand exemplifies this fact, expressing as it does their view of its ill-omened, and unlucky character. We find a similar impression amongst our French neighbours, from whom we have borrowed the word *gauche*, and *gaucherie*, or awkward, clumsy and uncouth; an exhibition of lack of tact being thus expressed. Our Scotch readers will not need to be told that the same feeling of detraction is expressed in their native Gaelic. Our own word "sinister" is adopted from the Latin without change; and its signification, apart from denoting the left side, or hand, is given in our dictionaries as "unlucky," "inauspicious," "disastrous," "injurious," and "evil." It is frequently applied to indicate an evil expression of the countenance.

In the second (and concluding) part of this little treatise I propose to discuss the practical side of the question as a matter of very considerable importance, and adding another item to the long list of duties devolving on the mother of a family.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Little by Little.

A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic reading or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors.

Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skilful botanist or geologist.

Or, if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily.

Above all things, it is important that one should read systematically and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard work that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book, recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it, see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.

"She twines and inweaves
Heavenly roses with life's earthly leaves,—
Weaves for her favoured ones love's happy band;
Veiled in fair grace, and in modesty's tire,
Watchful she feeds with perpetual fire
High sensibilities, holy of hand."
Schiller.

A Valuable Man.

"So you think you can dress a shop-window so that the ladies will all stop and look at it, do you?" asked the manager of a large retail business of an applicant for work.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, what is the first thing you would do?"

"I'd put a big mirror in the window, and——"

"That's enough, young man. We don't want you as an *employé;* we'll take you in as partner."

"Hers was a gracious and a gentle house,
Rich in obliging nice observances,
And famed ancestral hospitality.
A cool repose lay grateful through the place;
And pleasant duties (promptly, truly done,
And every service moved by hidden springs
Sped with intelligence) went smoothly round."—*Thomas Woolner.*

"We do not call a woman's perfection manliness. We do not think that woman will ever find her crown—though she may seek it—in quitting her privacy, and usurping the functions of statesmen, of orators, of professional workmen. We incline to think that, in grasping at power, she will lose influence; and that, though the novelty may dazzle for a moment, in the end the performance will disappoint the promise."—*Rev C. J. Vaughan, D.D.*

Answer to Charade II. (p. 579).

Campbell.

Double Acrostic II.

My second oft is difficult and slow
To guide our actions and our thoughts aright;
But let my first her soft'ning radiance throw
Around our path, and all our tasks are light.

1. An English city, whose historic name
Embalms a thousand Christian martyrs' fame.
In later cent'ries its cathedral grand
Is seen upon an eminence to stand;
Its spire that points to Heaven is seen from far.
Yet in the strife and crush of civil war
Did Puritans the House of God defile,
Stabling their horses in each sacred aisle.
2. Though scarcely solid gold, yet gold I am;
Perhaps not real gold, yet not a sham.
3. A famous island in th' Ægean Sea
(Named from its fragrant flowers by grove and lea),
Was seized, when Roman power was on the wane,
By military monks, who crossed the main
Under the sacred banner of St. John—
State the Grand Master's name who led them on.
4. High on a rocky ledge beyond your ken,
Remote and far from all the haunts of men,
Safe, inaccessible, I serve to rear
The future monarchs of the airy sphere.

Ximena.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITH MAY.—There is no limitation of age made by the Society of Arts in reference to their examinations, which are held in April, both in London and the Provinces. They also provide for elementary examinations. The fee is only 2s. 6d. Address the Secretary, at John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

J. L.—Amongst our many girls' clubs there is one which might suit you, under the direction of (Mrs. or Miss) M. E. Ellin, Kingfield Road, Sharrow, Sheffield, called the "Foreign Literature Reading Club"; but the disadvantage of this society is, that the members may select their own books. Now a careful selection should be made for them by judicious and discreet persons, as so much is utterly unsuitable. There is also a society for the study of foreign languages, directed by Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles, Oxford; and another by Miss Cole, Helion-Bumpstead, Haverhill, Essex, for French, German, and Italian.

EUGENIE LOUISE (Berlin).—As you are a foreigner we reply once more to a question regarding the training of nurses, although by referring to our answers under the above heading you could learn more than we can afford space to repeat. As you are only sixteen, you have five years longer to wait for admission into a children's hospital, the earliest age at which a probationer is eligible. The book to which reference was made (*How to become a Nurse*) is by Honor Morten, and is published at the Scientific Press, Limited, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

MABEL.—The above answer to EUGENIE LOUISE will suffice for you also. You should be a strong, healthy young woman, which we imagine you are not.

EMMIE.—We should be glad to recommend some employment of a more profitable kind than factory-work, if you were qualified, or had means to be trained for it. You should be thoroughly healthy, and upwards of twenty-one years of age, to be eligible for hospital training. You should also improve your writing, by copies and very careful daily practice. You do not give your address, so we cannot tell whether you live in town. If so, we recommend you to go to St. Thomas's Hospital, and ask to see the Matron on the subject of admission. It is on the Lambeth side of the river, over Westminster Bridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUNT MARIA.—1. Perhaps you might find the old-fashioned perforated cards for sewing over at a fancy-work shop.—2. The word "gambling," as employed in your quotation, is applied otherwise than to money. As, for instance, when an individual marries, with no substantial foundation for love, respect, and happiness, it is called a "lottery"—a thoughtless marriage, depending for its results on mere chance; and the unfortunate is said to "draw a blank."

FRIEND OF THE HELPLESS.—We sympathise with you about the starving cats. A year or two ago the Baroness Burdett-Coutts made an effort in their behalf, and exposed the cruelty of locking up a cat in an empty house, and leaving no money at a catsmeat shop to supply food for it in the absence of the family from home. Too many are allowed to live, and far too many dogs also.

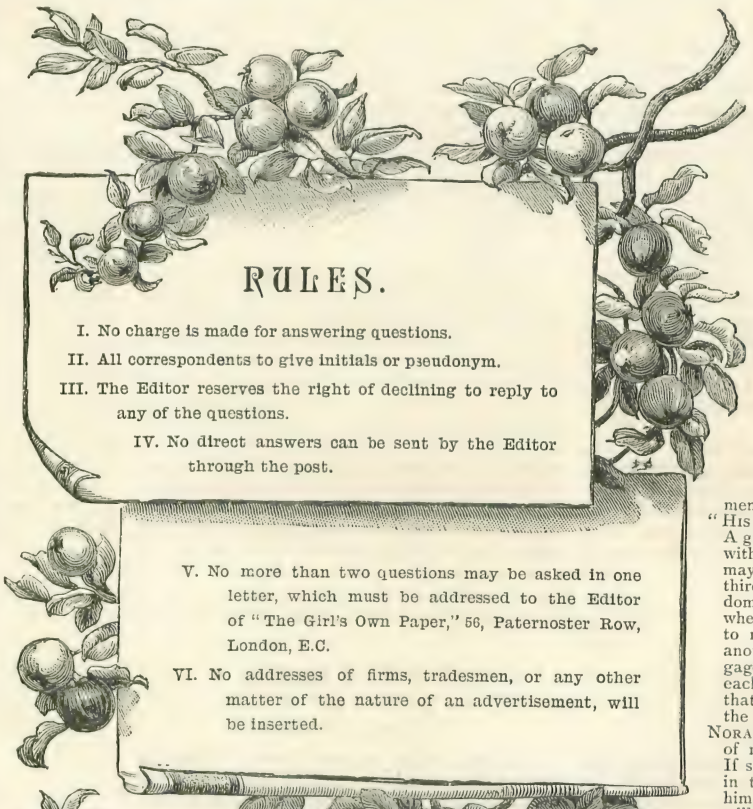
UNHAPPY ONE.—Certainly, your duty to your parents does not render it compulsory on you to marry a man whom you "sincerely detest," nor even to marry at all. But it does place you under an obligation not to encourage the attentions of a man to whom your father refuses his consent, and who is, you confess, "below you in position." How can you dare to ask whether we should "advise you to elope with him?" The way of duty may sometimes be hard, but it will bring you peace in the end.

A BUSY BEE.—We are sorry your letter has not been answered before, and we now recommend you to apply to Mdme. Bergman Osterberg, 1, Broadhurst Gardens, Finchley Road, N.W., for all information on the Ling-Swedish system of physical training. It may do you much good.

PUSSY CAT.—1. The 9th Dec., 1876, fell on a Saturday.—2. We do not answer such questions as that which you send about competitions, nor can we ever promise to answer queries within any stated time.

ALICE FIELD can only take her stamps to a shop where they are sold and dispose of them for what the trade will allow. Of course they must allow for some profit for themselves.

F. E. W.—Tell him gently, but firmly, that he must choose between you and the public-houses. That if he continue to frequent them your engagement must be at an end, and you will return him his ring. Then you will have to wait for some months to see whether he has broken himself of the habit, and possesses sufficient strength of mind to resist the temptation from his companions.



MISS MASON.—A Home of Rest for business women, school-teachers, office clerks, milliners, dress-makers, and shop-assistants, at a charge of only 12s. a week, must be regarded as a great boon. Applicants who obtain a "vacancy" will find The Hawthorns, at Framfield, Sussex, a quaint, roomy old house, situated in a lovely neighbourhood, and the household conducted on Christian principles. The fare by railway from town has been reduced for visitors available for one month.

ELEANOR.—There is a Cripples' Home at 17A, Marylebone Road; also one at Harney Villas, Church Road, Willesden; and a Cripples' Nursery (for boys) at 15, Park Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park, N.W. At any of these a gift of scrap-books would be acceptable.

XERAM-PELINAE.—1. There are many institutions for imbeciles in the United Kingdom; but it is useless to give examples without knowing whether the patients' families can pay for them, or to what amount; whether adults or children, and of which sex. In *The Englishwoman's Year-Book* you will find a long list from which to select a suitable asylum.—2. Your mother, as a Chinese, would be a fortunate woman, having ten sons and but one daughter; as it would be scarcely worth while to drown her, and she could of course keep all the rest!

JESSIE.—For employment and instruction in town gardening and florist's work, apply to Miss Yates, 62, Lower Sloane Street. Apprentices are received there.

A. L. O.—The poet's crown was made of bay-leaves; but in the modern language of flowers the presentation of a bay-leaf means "I change but in death." The temperance flower (emblematic) is the azalea. You should get a little book on the subject if you feel interested in it. It costs only a few pence.

DOLLY.—The average height of a well-grown and well-formed woman, in the United Kingdom at least, varies from 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 7 inches; and her average weight from 125 to 140 lbs. Drawing a straight line on each side, from shoulder to feet, the width of shoulder and hips should be the same. It is said that the number of the shoes she wears should be exactly half that of her glove. But as numbers of both shoes and gloves differ somewhat, according to their respective makers, we scarcely think the rule to be very reliable. It would occupy too much space to give you any further measurements or rules.

"HIS SWEET DARK EYES" (France).—A girl who is engaged to be married, with the consent of her parents, may walk with her lover without a third person as companion in British dominions; but we cannot say whether she could do so according to national rules of etiquette in another country. Certainly engaged persons may correspond with each other; it being understood that her parents have consented to the marriage in prospect.

NORAH V.—Magpies need little scraps of meat, flies, worms and beetles. If sufficiently tame he might hunt in the garden or on the lawn for himself for part of his living. You will have to keep his wooden cage exceedingly clean and washed with carbolic soap daily, as they hide any scraps of meat in the crevices which they do not immediately want, and then forget them.

BETSY PRIGG.—Certainly not. At fourteen, though a child, you are too old for such familiarity. Besides, when is it to stop? Your parents would not approve of it.

BLANCHE A.—Nov. 12th, 1877, was a Monday, and Dec. 23rd, 1872, was a Monday.

IVY.—The address for the Home of Rest, about which you inquire, is Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, South Devon. It is very highly recommended.

ALLIE BOO.—The disparity is on the wrong side. The young man, we should think, was not old enough to know his own mind, having had little experience. Besides, if he have no private means, except his salary as a shop assistant, he is in no position to marry. Of course you should consult your parents.

ONE AMONG MANY should wear gloves, and put something bitter on her fingers to remind her not to bite her nails.

QUEEN BESS.—If you keep canaries you should procure a small Manual published expressly about them. If you look through our indexes you will find that we have already many times given directions as to their treatment.

GERMAN GIRL (Driburg).—1. You should apply to our publishers. The editor has nothing to do with the publishing department. Address "The Manager."—2. We have given several recipes for making toffee (see indexes).—3. Your writing is clumsy. Copy a pretty artistic hand and use a soft fine pen.



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"HESTER THRUST APART THE PRETTY CURTAINS."

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A ROSE-COLOURED THREAD.

BY MRS. HENRY MANSERGH.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE o'clock in the morning, the low-levelled shores of Holland on either side; an invigorating breeze blowing over the wide intervening space of water.

Gerald Ewen walked up the companion-way pulling his cap over the short crisp curls, and stepped out upon the deck with a sigh of satisfaction. Those inner state rooms were really too unbearably close and stuffy. He folded his arms behind him, drew his eyebrows—the most characteristic feature of his face—close together, and stood surveying the long grey banks with a smile of indulgent forbearance. Terribly flat and uninteresting, but the best no doubt that these poor foreigners could produce, and as such, entitled to a patronising approval from a member of the superior race of the earth!

"We could show them a thing or two in a yachting cruise round our own coast!" said Mr. Gerald to himself with conscious pride.

Early as it was, he was not the first of the passengers to be on deck. Two or three solitary figures were pacing up and down; and

over the bows leant a girl clad in the orthodox blue serge and sailor hat, in whom Gerald had little difficulty in recognising his sister's friend, Miss Hester North.

He had hardly spoken to Hester the night before, having travelled from London to Harwich by smoking carriage, and taken his supper in the boat after the ladies had retired to their state rooms. Gerald was pre-eminently a ladies' man, but then he affected ladies of the "fine-woman" type, and had not the smallest weakness for undergrown little school-girls with scarcely any flesh on their bones, and who were moreover quite impossibly insignificant and unfashionable. All the same he could not be less than civil to Mabel's friend for the two or three days which they were to spend together, and he strolled along the deck with an indolent reflection that it might be as well to break the ice as soon as possible. When he reached her side, however, it was some moments before the girl seemed aware of his presence. Gerald, with his deep experience of womankind, was inclined to the belief that her abstraction was rather feigned than real, until she turned her face towards him, when he saw at once that he had been mistaken in his judgment. He saw something else too; something which surprised him even more, and which put an entirely new complexion on the situation. He saw a face, no longer white and shrunken and drawn with lines of anxious care, but flushed with the loveliest wild-rose pink; he saw a mist of dark hair blown into curling tendrils round face and neck, he met the gaze of hazel eyes, the great black pupils dilated with ecstatic enjoyment.

"Oh!" sighed Hester, disregarding the commonplace words of greeting, and placing her cool little hand in his with childlike frankness, "Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

"I beg your pardon. What? Isn't what beautiful?"

"Oh—everything!" sighed Hester, enthusiastically, whereupon the *blasé* Gerald smiled with languid superiority, and there was a moment's silence. Hester leant up against the bulwarks, and turned her gaze once more upon the rippling water; Gerald, standing erect and stalwart by her side, gave a surreptitious touch to his blue cloth cap, by means of which it was pushed back into a more becoming position, while he gazed at her beneath his half-closed lids. What had the little thing been doing to make herself look so pretty all of a sudden? She had not looked like this when he had seen her before; he had put her down in his mind as utterly uninteresting and commonplace, but Gerald Ewen knew nothing of the marvellously beautifying power of the rose-coloured thread. It had not been his lot to be shut up within the prison-walls; the woof of his life's work had ever been composed of glowing silken colours.

Presently Hester turned again with an air of timid questioning. She was a little awed by the presence of this handsome and fashionable young man, and having an uneasy conviction that it behoved her to make conversation, was yet utterly at a loss as to what she should say. Her eyes spoke for her, however, as their custom was, and Gerald Ewen, like his father, found something wonderfully soothing to his vanity in their gentle, wistful gaze.

"You must be cold after standing here so long," he said, unconsciously adopting that protecting tone which both men and women were apt to use in speaking to Hester North; "Come and walk about! The wind is chilly, and it will never do for you to catch cold."

So they paced side by side up and down the deck, and Hester forgot her first shyness in the delight of the novel experience and in her overwhelming anxiety to glean all particulars of what was yet to come.

"Was Antwerp very different from an English town? Quite, quite different? Could you tell just by looking down a street that you were in a foreign town? Were the houses different? Were the customs different? Did the people themselves look different?"

Gerald laughed, and opined that they were indeed. "You could make half-a-dozen of them out of one ordinary-sized Englishman! As for the country—the country was not like England, of course,—that would be too much to expect,—but it was right enough in its way; interesting, too, if you were anxious for novelty! He did not think she would have any difficulty in realising that she was in a strange country."

"And the custom-house officials will come on board as soon as we reach the quay, and ask us any number of questions in French?"

"Indeed, they will do nothing of the kind!" declared Gerald roundly. "I know a trick worth two of that. I shall tip one of the stewards here, and he will see the whole thing through for us. It is only a matter of form. If you don't make a fuss they let you pass without any bother."

"Oh!" cried Hester in a tone of blank disappointment; "do they really? Oh, I hope they will open my box! I do hope they will ask me questions. I shall be so dreadfully disappointed if they don't! I have been reading up my little phrase-book, and I know just exactly what to say." Then, in slow accents, and in the truly Anglican pronunciation of the boarding-school, she began to rehearse the carefully-learnt phrases: "Voulez-vous examiner mes effets?" "Il n'y a rien là-dessous." "Je n'ai rien à déclarer." "You won't bribe them not to open my boxes, will you?" she entreated earnestly, in conclusion.

"Not for worlds!" cried Gerald, with a laugh; "it would be a sin after such elaborate preparations. On the contrary, I will give them to understand that I consider you a highly suspicious character. I should like to hear you having a parley with one of those fellows! You have never had a conversation with a genuine native, I suppose? They have a ridiculous manner of pronouncing their words. They might understand you, perhaps,—with an effort,—I wouldn't like to say anything about that; whether you would understand them, however, is a very different question."

He expected that Hester would show some sign of chagrin or disappointment, but she only gave another gasp of breathless delight, and dimpled with prospective enjoyment.

"Oh, I hope I shall not! I do hope I shall not! It would be such a new sensation. To have people speak to you, and not know what they were saying,—delightful!"

It was the same thing all round. She could not be brought to acknowledge any drawback, any disadvantage; she was prepared to welcome inconveniences with open arms, to lavish admiration upon any unworthy object, provided only,—but always provided—that it had the virtue of novelty. Even the flat shores came in for their own share of praise, and were vehemently defended against Gerald's sweeping denunciation.

"But they look different—they look un-English! So long and flat, with the stiff little rows of trees,—like sentinels keeping guard, or the trees in the toy farmhouses, which we used to play with as children! I like them, because they are so strange and different, I have never seen anything like them before."

Gerald looked down at the little eager creature with her sparkling face, her wide-opened wondering eyes, with a half-puzzled, half-amused contraction of the handsome eyebrows.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said slowly, "it strikes me that you must be precious tired of all that has gone before, for so long as a thing is different, it doesn't seem to matter to you one whit whether it is better or worse. You must be pretty well tired of your old life and surroundings!"

Hester North stood still by his side and clasped her hands tightly together. An extraordinary change passed over her features. The delicate rosy flush faded out of her cheeks; the very flesh itself seemed to contract, until the face, always small and delicate, appeared in some inexplicable manner to have become about half its usual size; her eyes grew strained and fearsome as if a vision of terror had been suddenly revealed to their gaze. One has seen this change occasionally pass over the face of an ultra-sensitive child when it has been confronted with a dreaded punishment. To our comfort, be it remembered, it is but seldom we meet it elsewhere.

She caught her breath with a difficult inward respiration, which had almost the effect of a sob of misery.

"Oh," she cried passionately, "I am tired—I am tired! I never knew before how tired I was. It is like—getting out of prison—like the first breath of the outer air,—like a taste of liberty! I have been tired, oh, tired to death! I think I should have died if it had not come soon—some rest or change,—some little bit of happiness."

The young man made no reply. It is but seldom in the conventional intercourse of society that the veil is drawn aside and we are allowed a glimpse into the very soul of a fellow-creature; but when it does happen, it is never without a certain impressiveness of its own. Gerald stood and looked on dumbly, not knowing what to reply, puzzled and perplexed, perhaps even a trifle horrified by so unlooked-for an outburst; but presently the colour began to flow back into those sunken cheeks, the lips quivered, and the eyes grew soft with tears. Hester straightened her slight figure and stretched out both hands with an impetuous eager gesture.

"And oh, I want to enjoy myself, I want to be happy!" she cried breathlessly. "I feel—thirsty! I want to be happy, and merry, and gay like other girls. It is only for a week—one short little week. Oh, I do so want to be happy!"

Gerald Ewen, thoughtless and self-indulgent as he was by nature, had still, like the rest of mankind, his better moments, on the height of which it seemed possible to regard the happiness of a fellow-creature before his own, and to sacrifice his own comfort in order to attain it. Such a moment came to him now.

"And you shall be happy!" he cried emphatically. "If anything I can do, can manage it for you, you shall enjoy every hour,—every minute of the day. You shall have such a time as you will remember to the end of your life!"

A moment later, as the dark eyes dwelt upon his with their expression of wistful gratitude, it occurred to the young man that it might even be possible to combine two things in one,—Hester North's happiness and his own!

Nature was very kind to little Hester North during the next four or five days. She smiled upon her from cloudless skies; she laid the finishing touch of perfection upon the picturesque new scenes.

Each morning, as Hester thrust apart the pretty curtains of her bedroom window in the hotel, the same sparkling sunbeams danced across the wooden floor; every morning as she laid her forehead against the cool pane, and gazed into the street below, she clasped her hands together in almost incredulous happiness at the promise of the day which was to add fresh treasures to the store of precious memories already garnered.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday! Each day had been brighter, happier, more

full of interest and enjoyment than the last, Hester had written a few words in her diary every evening before retiring to bed; brief jottings of time and place, uninteresting enough to another eye, but full of swift, happy remembrances for the little girl who would sit before the open page, a tender happy smile lighting her face, as she lived once more in memory through the wondrous golden days.

The first drive through Brussels! Should she ever forget it, with her wondering admiration for the tall houses with their ornamental façades, the wide green boulevards, the magnificent buildings; her childish delight at the sight of so much that was strange and unusual; the dog-carriages, the hatless women, even the countless rows of green shutters themselves, and the curious, outstanding mirrors which enabled the inmates of the houses to ascertain the exact nature of every summons to the door,—each one was a separate wonder, a separate delight.

That visit to the Wiertz Gallery too, when Gerald had made such fun of her horrified disapproval, and had beckoned her from one end of the room to the other, on purpose to give her startled nerves another shock by the sight of the ghastly horror which lurked behind a screen, to grin at her approach with terrible life-like cunning. How well she remembered it! The ring of his bright, triumphant laughter; the expression of his handsome face as he bent over her a moment later to discover if she were "Really vexed?—Really frightened?" It had been well worth being frightened to be so tenderly consoled!

The next day they had driven out to Waterloo, and she had more than made up for her temporary silence by the mood of mischievous gaiety which made her for the time being the very life and soul of the party. Had she ever laughed as much in the whole course of her life before as she had done during those few hours upon the high coach seat? Hester thought not. She hardly recognised herself indeed under this new guise. It seemed as if it must surely be someone else, and not quiet, reserved little Hester North who was making those sparkling speeches, those swift bright sallies of response?

"Why, what has happened to you, Mouse?" cried Mabel, in delighted amazement.

"What a little fraud you are, to look so prim and demure! I've never been so sat upon by a girl in my life," said Gerald, stroking his moustache and smiling across at his sister with that furtive delight with which older people greet the unexpected *repartées* of a child. Who could have believed that the pale, sad-faced little creature who had crept into the hotel sitting-room, in his sister's wake, but a few days before, could have been capable of such a development!

There were other occasions upon which Hester felt much the same wondering incredulity as to her own identity. The afternoon for instance, when, craning her neck to examine the exquisitely designed jewellery, which was displayed upon a white velvet background in the window of a celebrated *magasin*, she caught sight of a face reflected in a narrow strip of mirror, artfully designed so as to multiply the glowing gems, and open out dazzling avenues of light before the enchanted eye—a young girl's face, so fresh and sweet, so winsome in its soft rose colouring, that for a moment she could not, dared not, recognise it as her own. Was this the very Hester North, whose hollow eyes had often bent a passing glance at her from the wide glass windows of the city; a glance which left an impression of a dowdy little figure, and a worn, insignificant face in which it would have been impossible to discover any traces of beauty. But this—this new Hester! Oh, she was different—quite, quite different. Could it be possible that she was, really——! And then another face appeared above her own in the mirror; a man's face, handsome, smiling, tender-eyed, and a laughing voice cried in her ear, "Actually! She didn't recognise herself! See what wonders Brussels air has wrought already."

"It isn't Brussels," said Hester quickly, "It's happiness! It's because I am happy. So very, very happy!" and then in a moment the lips trembled, and the dark eyes grew moist and tearful, whereat Gerald gave a short, derisive laugh.

"And so you must needs begin to cry—just because you are happy? What geese girls are to be sure!" Nevertheless let him tease as he might in words, he was very tender in his manner for the rest of the day, and Hester was conscious of his care in a hundred different ways.

In the evening they went all together to a wonderful old forest where a Hungarian band discoursed enchanting strains, and the people sat in hundreds at the tables set out beneath the trees, and Hester drank delicious, iced drinks through a straw tube, and gazed open-eyed at the occupants of the other tables—the over-dressed women with their handsome, bepowdered faces; the soldiers in their different coloured regimentals, the merry family parties—father, mother, and children, enjoying themselves together, in happy, continental fashion.

As the little party made their way back to the road, winding in and out past the hundred and one small tables, Hester overheard a few significant words of comment; words of admiration, of "*La Belle Anglais*." Mabel, of course? But no—a turn of the head revealed the fact that the looks of the speakers were bent, not upon Mabel, but upon herself, and the expression of admiration deepened in the dark, foreign-looking eyes as they met her own.

All unconsciously to herself, Hester straightened her slim little figure, and threw the blue serge jacket an inch or two further apart so as to allow a fuller glimpse of the dainty white silk blouse—Mabel's gift of a few days before; her heart beat fast at this first intoxicating gratification of a young girl's inborn love of admiration. When they reached the open, she could see the same approving look reflected in Gerald's eye; there was surely a new tone in his voice as he bent toward her and said, "It is getting late—you will be tired! You must take my arm!" Oh it was good—it was good to be alive!

(*To be continued.*)

HOME DUTIES.

WHAT a difference there is in the appearance of the houses one enters. In one all is as bright and fresh as hands can make it. In another all is desolation and discomfort, and it certainly does not depend on the number of servants kept. There is one house I know where lives a widow, her two sons and daughters; they are very poor, and have to turn their hands and brains to anything to make both ends meet. Yet their house is the picture of comfort and cleanliness; everything polishable polished its brightest; everything washable washed its whitest, the hearth swept up, and the floor clean. It gives one a sense of peace and rest to enter that house, yet they have only one young girl whom they are training into a thoroughly good servant. Then there is another house where they have a really good income and keep four servants and a "buttons." Everything is upside down. The servants seem to do nothing but run after each other all day. The carpets are like the high road and not a bit of pattern on them, the chairs all finger-marks and the horsehair sticking out at the corners, the drawers overflowing. You constantly hear such things as this: "Johnson, have you seen my cheque-book? I had it this morning, and I cannot think what has become of it."

"No, ma'am, I haven't. Has Master Georgie been here?" (Master Georgie is a young scapegrace who seizes on anything to which he takes a fancy.)

"I don't know; go and ask Miss Barker if she has seen it."

Off goes Johnson to the governess, who has not seen it, and feels very uncomfortable about the disappearance of such a thing. The mistress rummages hopelessly through the drawers, and at last finds it in the waste paper basket amongst some old letters. The same carelessness shows itself in everything. If you lend them twelve magazines, five of them are sure to be lost for ever, the same with a design for embroidery or a pattern for underclothing. What becomes of the things in that house nobody knows. Everything is carried on in the same reckless, extravagant way, and as servants always copy their mistresses, the very swill-tub (a thing which ought not to exist) would keep the families of two labouring men.

Servants are what their mistresses choose to make them. If they have a fault, and like most other people they usually have, it should be patiently and firmly corrected.

Coming from the homes they do, where they have not even the materials for doing their work properly, it is natural they have much to learn, and if a mistress will be invariably kind to them, remembering her house is their home, not pampering them at all, but fitting up their kitchen and bedroom comfortably, and teaching them what they do not know, she will be repaid with their respect and esteem, and an earnest desire to do their duty, and we should not hear so much grumbling about bad servants. But if the mistress is to show them how to do things, it is essential that she should know how things ought to be done; but alas, how often is she the more ignorant of the two!

Not very long ago I was invited to tea at a rectory. The family consisted of the rector, his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

On arriving at the house I felt as if I had walked into a second-hand shop by mistake. The hall was crammed with every description of boot, shoe, coat, hat, stick, racket, bat, croquet wallet, etc. While taking off my cloak a deep voice admonished me to "Get your hair cut." This was a parrot that the boys take the greatest pleasure in teaching the latest slang. On sitting down to tea I could not help noticing the holes in the tablecloth supposed to be covered by plates. I was served with jugged-hare, they called it, jugged dirt I should call it. You could see the dirt and smell the dirt, and, for courtesy sake, eat the dirt and be

thankful when it was over. On entering the drawing-room I was about to sit on a chair, when one of the girls seized hold of me with "Oh, please don't sit on that chair, it is not safe." Vaguely wondering why they should keep it in the room, I made my way to the couch, as being more capable of bearing my ample proportions, and again I could not help noticing this was covered with dust and cat's hairs. I looked at the four bonnie bright girls and wondered if it would not be less *infra dig.* if, instead of doing that endless crewel-work (very pretty, no doubt) for bazaars, they were to dust the room, darn the tablecloth, and help with the light work of the house, that the two overworked servants might have more time to clean the pans and the hall, and do their work properly instead of scrambling along in this indecent muddle. I was recalled from my short meditation by an agonised cry from a fellow-guest, who had sat on the chair and been precipitated into the fender by its total collapse. However, after these slight contretemps, we enjoyed our evening thoroughly, for they were clever witty children, and made me ache with laughing at their sharp remarks. Some time after this eventful evening one of the girls came up to my house.

"Oh! Mrs. Dash, I wish you would help me."

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

"Well," shyly, "I am engaged to be married to Charlie Bradbury, and, as you know, he is not at all well off. I shall have to be very careful, and I know nothing about housekeeping; so that the work is got through anyhow at our house we don't care how. So I want you to teach me." I was rather aghast at this.

"Well, my dear, I shall be very happy to tell you anything I know. Where shall I begin?" Her glance wandered disconsolately round the room.

"You have everything so bright and clean. I don't even know how a room should be cleaned. Suppose you begin with that."

"Well, let me think. First open the windows to let the dust out. Fold up the tablecloth and rugs to be taken out into the yard to be brushed and shaken. Place all ornaments on the table and cover them with a dust-sheet (these should be made of yards of print sewn together the size of a sheet). Shake the curtains and fold them together as much as possible wrong side out, and pin them up out of the dust. Brush all chairs and cushions and put them out into the hall. Cover the large pieces of furniture with dust-sheets. Then spread well-squeezed fresh tea leaves on the carpet (having first taken all the cobwebs down with a cobweb-brush) and brush with a long carpet-brush to the fireplace. Then lay down the hearth-cloth, which should be made of sacking with a red cross on the side next the floor, and scrape all the cinders and ash out of the grate and gather all the dirt into a coal-box. Then brush the dust off the bars and put black-lead on with a small two-penny brush, and not too much of it. Servants make a vast mistake in thinking a quantity of blacklead and blacking make grates and boots polish well, but a little spread well over with a soft brush and polished with a moderately hard one, using plenty of elbow-grease, gets a much better polish. The steels should be cleaned with emery-cloth, using coarse first and fine afterwards. If the fender, etc., be of brass, Needham's polishing paste might be well rubbed on with a damp flannel, rubbed up with a soft dry cloth, and polished with a wash-leather. After the grate is done the windows should be cleaned, and all mirrors and glazed doors of bookcases with a washleather squeezed out of cold water, rubbed up with a linen cloth, and polished with a dry leather. Clean windows and curtains are of great importance in the appearance of a house. Nothing looks more deplorable than dirty white curtains. The window-sill should be washed with Sapolio. Then dust the cornice-pole, overdoor, over-mantel, gasalier, and pictures, folding the dust carefully inside the duster and shaking it frequently through the window. Fold the dust-sheets up, unpin the curtains, arrange the ornaments, dusting as you go on, and not forgetting the legs of the tables and couch, bring in the chairs, rub them well with soft cloths, and it will improve the carpet if you rub it over last thing with a damp cloth. All brass frames should be cleaned with Needham's or other polishing paste. All washable ornaments should be washed once a fortnight in warm soap and water, using a tooth-brush for raised flowers, etc. Keep a bottle of coaguline to mend anything that is broken at once. When the furniture requires polish the following is a good recipe:

"Half a pint of cold soft water; one ounce of Castile soap. Cut the soap in slices, put it in the water, and let it stand till dissolved. Half a pint of turpentine; one ounce of white wax; one ounce of bee's wax. Put both quantities of wax into the turpentine and let it stand till dissolved, stirring it occasionally. Then mix all well together and add one or two tablespoonfuls of methylated spirits, and shake it well up.

"Leather chairs which are going shabby will be much improved with a coating of Revivering, generally to be got at a chemist's. If the corners of the chairs are worn out, tips of a different coloured leather will improve them. The doors should be rubbed down with a damp washleather. The curtains will occasionally require to be taken down to be brushed and shaken. Every room in use should be cleaned in this way once a week, besides the daily dust-pan and brushing.

"The bedrooms should have the mattresses brushed the day they are to be cleaned, the valances tucked up out of the dust, and of course the crockery washed in hot soapy water. The tops of beds and wardrobes should always be covered with brown paper, that it may be drawn off and cleared of the dust which accumulates. Many people only have strips of carpet in their bedrooms to be taken up and shaken often, and the floors scoured with carbolic soap. The dust from under the bed, washstand, and dressing-table should be wiped up with a damp cloth three times a week, or it may create fleas and moths. The walls should be brushed down sometimes with a sweeping brush, over which a clean duster has been pinned.

"All curtains and woollen materials must be well brushed and shaken before putting them away during the summer months, and folded in linen with bits of camphor spread about. The stairs should be brushed daily, and once a week with tea-leaves, the stair-rods taken up and polished, and also all brass door-handles and hot-water taps.

"The steps should be washed daily and rubbed with a white sandstone, to be washed off afterwards. The hall, kitchen, back kitchen, and pantry scrubbed twice a week, and kitchen tables. All coppers cleaned once a week with polishing paste. Tins, pans, and lids with Sapolio. Steels with emery cloth. Plated goods with wet whiting left to dry, rubbed up with a cloth dipped in dry whiting, and polished with leather. Silver should be washed in hot soapy water, dried carefully and cleaned with Goddard's plate powder. A plate brush will be needed for the forks and chased work. Knives should have the blades washed in hot water (never allow the servants to put the whole knife in hot water, as it loosens the cement and the handles come off), and cleaned on a board with powdered bath-brick and polished with a leather, the handles polished with a soapy flannel and wiped dry. Stains on ivory can be removed with salts of lemon. Stains in decanters with muriatic acid. Stains on linen, place over a bowl of boiling water and rub salts of lemon on, let it stand a little, then rinse in warm water.

"Do not put out more silver than you require, as it gets scratched and knocked about, besides giving the servant unneccessary trouble to clean it. Have a list of that in use placed with it in the basket, and make the servant count it every night before taking it to your room. You should keep an inventory of all plate (working off that which is left out), linen, china, glass, and as the latter wear out or get broken, replace them. Mend all your house-linen before it goes to the wash. Sheets that are darned very much in the middle should be cut in half and the selvedges seamed together. Table-cloths that are past darning will often make into tray-cloths or side-board-cloths, and lastly into dish-cloths and rubbers. Old blankets make good floor-cloths. Have a plentiful supply of materials, and have them kept for their proper use. Look over the housemaid's box now and then and give her new cloths and brushes when required, and make her scrub her boxes about once a month, also the stales of brushes. Pails should be scoured with soap and salt and sand.

"Let me advise you when furnishing to get the best of everything, it is the cheapest in the end, and if Charlie cannot afford it now, tell him he must wait for you, as there is little chance of getting it after you are married. My furniture is over forty years old, and only looks better every time it is cleaned, and not an article has ever warped or cracked. Cheap furniture is always tumbling to pieces or warping, besides, it always look cheap. Soap is best bought wholesale and cut up to dry. Candles and many groceries are best bought wholesale. Have calico covers for your mattresses that the ticking may not have to be renewed soon or left dirty. Always keep an account book that you may be able to check your expenditure, and always keep your receipted bills. Have a set of crockery, knives, forks, and spoons for the kitchen, and a set for company, as those in daily use invariably get chipped. The way you arrange your work will, of course, depend upon the number of servants you keep, only try to arrange equally each day's duties. The cook generally does the dining-room, doorsteps, hall, kitchens, pantry, cellar, and servants' bedroom. The housemaid the breakfast-room, drawing-room, and bedrooms and stairs. One large room or two small ones to be cleaned daily. The plate, coppers, tins, etc., on different days. I hang a card up in my kitchen with each servant's work, and the days on which it is to be done. They cannot say they have forgotten it then, and it saves the trouble of constant telling. Keep a memorandum-book in your pocket, and put down anything you wish to do or mend if you cannot do it at the moment, or else you will forget it.

"Let your servants be in bed by ten and get up at six. And if Charlie is wise he will see that all doors and windows are locked, and everything safe from fire after they have gone to bed. Now, I can't think of anything else at present, but ask your mother to allow you to come and stay with us for a fortnight, and I shall make you work hard all the time, and, as people say, the way to keep a man's affection is to feed him well (although I don't think it is quite true), still I have some good recipes for nice little dishes, and I will show you how to make them."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mrs. Dash. I don't care how hard I work if I can only make up for lost time."

And how often this is the way! If girls think about housekeeping at all, they are under the impression it can be picked up at any moment; but it takes a clever woman with great experience to manage house in every detail thoroughly and economically. In my opinion,

a girl cannot begin too soon after she is in her teens to learn household management. If mothers would only teach girls anything and everything they ought to know to make their houses truly homelike to their husbands and children, that there may be no place like it, that wherever they are staying they may be thankful to get back home, it would save a great deal of sorrow when the mothers may not be there to help them. But they think, "Let her enjoy herself while she is young," or perhaps the girl is going in for high education, and has no time for common every-day affairs. Nevertheless, the happiness of a whole household in the future, and her own honour and dignity, may depend upon a knowledge of these common every-day affairs, not on a knowledge of the dead languages. But there is time for both if only the girls will think about it. It is a notable fact that the busiest people have always the most time to help others, simply because they know pretty well what they have to do and how long it will take them, and arrange their work accordingly. Methodical people will get through three times the amount of work that unmethodical people will.

GRANNIE.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XXV.

VISITS TO OLD HAUNTS.

"I know how far high failure overleaps the bound of low successes."—*Epic of Hades.*



TIME has passed and Christmas is come again. The shop windows of all our large cities were bestrewed with bright and glittering treasures, in many instances set out with most artistic skill, to catch, if only for a moment, the eye of the passer-by. With what satisfactory results might be seen by the numbers of eager faces who looked with admiring and often longing gaze at the countless things exhibited. In almost every home, from the palace of the Queen to the dreary attic or cellar of her poorest subject, Christmas-time was looked forward to with delight.

The children especially rejoiced: surely even to the poorest came some token of Christmas love, or possibly, if all earthly joys were denied them, still to their hearts came the message of peace and goodwill brought by the Babe of Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago.

A few days more and the busy establishments would be closed, the hard work which heralds Christmas (for so many) would be over; schools would be dismissed, families reunited which had for long been severed. For awhile, at least, almost the entire business of life would be suspended and pleasure take its place; but doctors and nurses could only in some small measure mingle with the throng of holiday-makers; sickness and pain could not be laid aside at will; and whilst a large proportion of the world took rest and pleasure, suffering and pain still echoed forth their bitter cry, it might be, from the downy couch where wealth and luxury reigned, or from the low street alley, or from our hospital wards.

The inmates of St. Margaret's Hospital are nearly all changed now, since last we visited it, but others have replaced them, and Christmas festivities are still in preparation as of yore. Clerks and dressers then, are now full-fledged doctors; probationers and nurses have moved on to higher spheres, or some of them relinquished their profession to become wives and mothers. Even the visiting staff is changed. Dr. Stuart died very suddenly; he was much beloved by all and often sadly missed. Dr. Bell had a sharp attack of pleurisy, which left him prostrate for some months, and much to the regret of the hospital authorities he withdrew from public life.

The large nursing-home is the same, and Miss Price, the matron, is there still unchanged, though she often feels that it will not be long now before she gives up her work. It is not always easy to think one is getting old, too old for work.

As a child people of twenty to thirty years of age seemed far off and old, and forty and fifty sounded very old indeed; but as one grew older the margin which separated us from them gradually disappeared, and we knew, that though we might feel as young as ever, the years were quickly passing over our heads, and we too, by others, must be thought of as old. Did I speak of Miss Price as unchanged; you would probably think her very different-looking now from when you saw her last. The grey hair is now a silvery white, and lines of age and care are on her brow, but her face is even sweeter than before, and her deep grey eyes look full of rest.

To-day she looks unusually active and bright—busying herself about her spacious room, where a bright fire is burning, putting finishing touches here and there as though in expectation of guests. There seems more than the usual excitement everywhere in the Home, though there are but few nurses at present in it. Up in the dormitories a maid is busily arranging some of the empty rooms vacated just now by their occupants, who are engaged at work in private families. Below in the kitchens the old cook is, as she has just expressed it, up to her eyes in work. She has been in the Home ever since it was opened, and known every nurse and probationer who had come and gone, and looked upon many of them with almost a motherly pride.

"It is quite a grand supper they are to have to-night," she was saying to a maid who stood by. "There's Nurse Constance coming, didn't you say, with a friend of hers, and that quiet young lady, I forget her name, ah! well, they'll not forget me, they're quite sure to take a run to the kitchen to see how old Ann's getting on, bless their sweet faces. Mind the extra cooking did Matron say! no, I shouldn't mind setting up half the night cooking for the likes of them, though it's more than I'd do for some on 'em, to be sure. But then," she added to herself as if in apology for her want of kindliness, "there's some on 'em hasn't half the manners that I have myself," and with a long-drawn sigh, evidently called forth by the sad state of affairs, she continued her preparations.

Miss Price, after reassuring herself that everything was in order, sat down in an easy chair, and reaching a time-table from her desk busied herself for a few moments looking out trains. Presently there came a knock at the door and Sister Adelaide entered.

"Ah! That is right," said Miss Price as she saw who it was; "I am glad you have come first. Nurse Burdett will hardly be in before five o'clock, though it is most fortunate that she happens to be coming back to day, and the rest will be more or less strangers now. I have been feeling a little anxious lest they should not enjoy their visit; but I do not think I need fear, though I have got no amusement for the evening, as I told you before. However, they are old friends of yours, and I think short accounts of the kind of work in which each is employed will prove most interesting. I think it does one good to meet those who are working in the different branches of our profession. Have you left your wards feeling quite easy about everything?" she added.

"Oh, yes," replied Sister Adelaide, "Nurse Bolton is taking my place. It is not our taking-in week, and she is perfectly acquainted with everything in the ward." The sound of a cab stopping, followed by a loud ring made both exclaim. "Oh! here come some of them." Hope and Constance were shown in, and both received a hearty greeting from Miss Price and Sister Adelaide; after they had talked for some time Miss Price suggested their going to their rooms.

"Oh!" said Constance, as they mounted the long stone staircase, "how familiar everything looks. It seems only yesterday that I arrived here as a poor wretched pro.; and that maid Alice (you remember her) showed me to my room, herself actually condescending to take one end of my box, and I followed behind half frightened and very miserable and quite out of breath."

"Poor child," said Sister Adelaide as she drew Constance's hand within her arm and looked fondly at her. "Those were hard times; pros. of to-day have much more done for them—shorter hours, less hard work, in fact, they are considered in many ways; but I sometimes wonder if they are any better for it; some of us at least do not regret having roughed it."

They had reached the dormitories, when Constance exclaimed—

"Oh! may I take Hope in to see my old room?"

"Certainly," said Sister Adelaide, "if no one is in it, we will see; thirty-two, why, that is surely one put apart for the visitors," and so it proved. With what feelings of interest

Hope and Constance looked around this tiny bare-looking little room, which held, for Constance at least, so many memories of the past. The very sight of it brought back to her mind joys and sorrows which had long ago been forgotten.

When they returned to Miss Price, both Dorothy and Burdett had arrived, and two others were there, who were introduced to them as Miss Summers and Miss Heath. They were all known to Sister Adelaide, and great was the rejoicing with which they met each other again. Miss Price felt quite reassured that all would go well. Tea was brought in, and very refreshing it proved, and then they drew up the comfortable chairs in a ring around the brightly blazing fire, and in their varied uniforms they presented a most picturesque appearance. Miss Price was in her old arm-chair at one side of the fireplace, with Burdett seated on a footstool at her feet, and her arm on Miss Price's knee. She wore the same blue serge dress, white apron, and cap with streamers, which was worn by all the sisters at Saint Margaret's. Constance and Hope were seated together on a low couch on the other side of Miss Price, in their grey dresses, white aprons, scarlet capes, handkerchief-caps, and turned-down collars and cuffs. Next came Sister Adelaide, dressed like Burdett, and Dorothy was on her other side, attired in a brown serge dress with white linen sleeves from wrist to elbow, a stand-up collar, white apron, and tiny mob-cap.

Miss Summers, who was matron of a children's hospital, was dressed in black, with a pretty lace cap, but no apron. Miss Heath, who came last, had on a neat grey gown, with white apron and turned-down collar and cuffs, and a Sister Dora cap, which suited her face well.

"We might almost have met as delegates from the different branches of our work," said Miss Price; "I think we have almost every kind represented here. Burdett is the private nurse, Constance and Hope the military, and I suppose that naval work is so akin to it, that they might fairly be said to represent both. Sister Adelaide is the hospital, Sister Dorothy the city district nurse, Miss Summers represents the children, and Nurse Heath is, I suppose, the district nurse too, though belonging to the country. What do you say?" she went on, "to each one giving a few reminiscences or a short sketch of their branch of work."

"Oh, capital!" they said; "we should all enjoy that; but who is to begin?"

"Shall we take it in turn just as we sit," suggested Sister Adelaide, "beginning with Burdett?"

"I fear my sketch will be the least interesting of any, but for that very reason," said Burdett, "it is just as well for it to come first. Everyone here knows," she began, "what our Home is like and how we are looked after by our Matron, and that great as is often the demand for nurses, none are sent out before completing their three years' training, and no one is sent, as often used to be the way, straight from one case to another without the chance of a rest, which is so unfair both to patient and nurse. It is a little difficult," she went on, "to talk of one's cases, except in a very general kind of way. One feels often to obtain such an intimate knowledge of the family, that to repeat anything one saw or heard would be like divulging a secret intrusted to one's keeping.

"Private nursing certainly requires special training by those who mean to take it up as their life-work, and a very important branch of our work it is. We have only to think of it to realise at once how vastly different it is from hospital nursing, and unless a nurse has some knowledge of what will be needed, she will be obliged to gain her experience often at the cost of needless pain or discomfort to her patient. Surely when sickness comes to a family there is trouble enough, and relatives and friends will, as they flatter themselves, go for a week or two without taking off their things, tending the sufferer, and the household often gets turned topsy-turvy before help is thought necessary. No one wants additional trouble in the shape of a nurse, however thoroughly trained, who is too grand to do this or that, and requires waiting on herself. I have seen such nurses and witnessed the pain they have inflicted on the families they have gone to. No wonder we are often looked upon as a necessary evil, instead of being sought as a comfort and help.

"Then again a private nurse has not only her patient to think of, but the friends, one or other of whom may sometimes assist in the nursing. If she is well up in her work, she will to a certain extent at least be mistress in the sick room, remembering of course her own position and not forgetful of the rightful claims of the family. She will generally find the friends most willing to acquiesce in all reasonable things, though of course she may get into a household where the people are anything but pleasant, and will try not only to order and direct her, but to get their value to the uttermost farthing out of her of all she has cost them. If she finds it impossible to put up with things, and her doctor does not assist her, she is wise to confide in her matron and get withdrawn. There are a few people who have no thought for anyone who works for them further than how much they can get out of them for how little: the old days of slavery would have been more to their minds. Then in a household where many servants are kept, they too are often a source of anxiety; they may be very nice or the reverse, and often have much in their power as to discomfort if they are the latter. Great wisdom is needed to be pleasant without being friendly. In one of my earliest experiences, not wishing to give trouble, I was deluded into going into the kitchen to dine. There were two or three ladies' maids, quite pleasant women, and no men-servants. I much regretted taking the step I had done, as it proved a long case, and I could not make any change without giving offence. I often saw a good deal more below-stairs than I cared to, and yet was not in a position to say anything. For instance, one day the cook was told to make two large cakes, and in the most civil manner possible, she said, 'she had only material for one;' turning to her companions afterwards, she remarked, 'why, of course, I've got plenty for two, but we are going to have one for the kitchen.'

"The same sort of thing happened over vegetables one day; peas, which were just in, were kept for the kitchen, and some more plentiful article sent to the dining-room.

"In another house, though I always had my meals alone, the butler one Sunday night asked if he might accompany me to church; needless to say I declined his escort.

"Appliances are not at hand as in a hospital, and a nurse wants all her wits about her to improvise things as substitutes. A nurse in a hospital is apt through necessity to hurry through her work; a private nurse can attend to her patient much more leisurely, and must not mind what many would call fads. She must remember he is in his own house and paying for the attention she has ample time to give, and therefore she ought not to grudge spending a part of it if only in satisfying his whims.

"Again, if a private nurse is in a family where money is evidently not plentiful, it is her place to make shift as far as she can, not letting the people be put to needless expense by getting things which might very rightly be considered necessary in the houses of the rich, where money was not thought of. A private nurse of the right kind might always go as a blessing to the homes she visits, but if she would do this, she must not go merely in a worldly spirit, seeking what she can get for herself.

"I have gone straight from a castle," she continued, "where I was nursing an only child, reared in the very lap of luxury, and was myself waited on at every turn, to a poor tradesman living in a dirty narrow street where God's sunshine could hardly come, whose wife was in the last stage of consumption, where I have fetched and carried, swept and dusted, cooked and seen to the children, and would gladly do it again under like circumstances. Some nurses imagine work in a home such as dusting or tidying up a room, which, in a hospital they would do as a matter of course, as quite beneath them. In many instances it may be unnecessary, but no true nurse would refuse help where it was needed. Yes, I have had glimpses into the lives of all sorts and conditions of men, and met many strange characters, but I love my work as much as ever, and only long that every woman who takes up our profession can say she loves it too. Now I am quite sure it is your turn Matron," she added, "I hope my discourse has not been too lengthy"

"Not at all," said Miss Price, "I am sure we have all found it interesting; as to my giving a sketch, I think it would be most unnecessary; you know most of my work almost as well as I do, but perhaps I may have a word or two when each has had her turn, and now," she added looking at Hope and Constance, "may we hear how work is done in the army."

"Ours will have to be a joint affair," they said, but Constance begged Hope to begin, which she did by giving an outline of the hospital routine, training of orderlies, etc., and telling them about some of the stations they had worked at. "There are now about seventy sisters altogether in the army, and about twenty-two in the navy. In some ways their rules may be better than ours, but on the whole I think we all like our own best. There is one thing in the army which needs revising almost before anything, and that is the nursing of fever cases, which are left entirely to orderlies. They certainly get on all right as far as one knows," she said, "and probably they might do no better if they had sisters, and sometimes we feel inclined to argue whether soldiers would not do just as well always nursing each other, and do away with the women. It would be a vast relief to the majority of doctors if it were done, I am sure."

Miss Price shook her head and smiled.

"The nursing of the women and children too," Hope went on, "is in all infectious complaints at least left in the hands of an untrained woman. It does seem a shame to think that a mother may be forced to send her child away to be nursed in such a manner.

"Should the untrained nurse, who is expected to do both day and night work, get overdone, or require some extra rest, her place is filled for a few hours daily by an orderly. Surely the army might do better for its women and children, and if they cannot afford them a trained nurse they might arrange for them to go to a civil hospital, where they would at least have all the care which trained nursing could give."

The nursing by orderlies seemed a source of much amusement, as also were the numberless rules and regulations, and the means sought to evade them. "As a non-commissioned officer remarked once," said Constance, "'No rule is made in the service but what a coach and four may drive through it,' so possibly they are all meant to have a wide margin."

(To be continued.)

PIANOFORTE FINGERING.

EVERY student of the pianoforte has experienced the difficulty of acquiring a good method of fingering, a difficulty which is increased by the fact that proper fingering is an art that has to be learnt more by experience than by rule. Then again, what rules there are to be learnt are rarely, if ever, systematically formulated and explained in the many pianoforte primers that exist for the help or bewilderment, as the case may be, of the aspiring pianist. A few disjointed, and generally useless remarks are all that is usually to be found in these manuals.

And yet nothing is more indispensable to fine playing than a good serviceable method of fingering. It is true that nowadays most pianoforte music is to be obtained all ready fingered, but that does not help the student when she comes to reading music at sight. Then any faults in the fingering at once manifest themselves in constant stumblings and a general lack of clearness and rhythmical definiteness, painful alike to player and listener. It is on account of this dearth of information on the subject that I propose to give some general rules and advice to the earnest student, which if not simply read, but really studied, and so constantly applied that she has them at her fingers' ends, will not only transform her reading and playing, but will vastly increase her capability of further improvement.

For fingering ordinary diatonic runs there is a rule at once so simple and so valuable that it ought to be given in every instruction-book. If the third finger of either hand is always placed on its proper note and on no other, the fingering cannot go wrong, the other fingers naturally falling on their respective notes. Taking then the right hand first, if the run contains sharps, the third finger will always come on the "sharpest black note." By "sharpest black note," I mean the note which would be the last to be sharpened. Thus F is sharpened before C, so C♯ is sharper than F♯. So of C♯, D♯, F♯, G♯, and A♯; A♯ is the sharpest, then D♯, then G♯, and so on. Similarly with flats; G♭ is flatter than D♭; D♭ than A♭, A♭ than E♭, and E♭ than B♭. It is easy to see at a glance which is the sharpest note in the run, and all that is necessary for its correct fingering is to take care that the third finger comes on that note and on no other. If the run contains flats, all that is necessary is to invariably put the third finger on B♭ only, in all keys.

In the left hand, if the run contains flats the third finger must come on the "flattest black note." If there are sharps in the run, then the third finger comes on the second note of the scale. Thus, the only case where, in order to finger a run correctly, it is necessary to know what key it is in, is a run for the left hand containing sharps, as here the third finger must come on the second note of the scale. This rule applies equally to both modes of the minor scale. It is so valuable and useful, especially for reading at sight, that I will put it in a shorter form.

The third finger comes on—

Right hand { In sharps; on the sharpest black note.
In flats; on B♭.

Left hand { In sharps; on the second note of the scale.
In flats; on the flattest black note.

The fundamental rule of all fingering is to keep the hand in a natural and unconstrained position, so that if the hands are unusually small, or peculiarly proportioned, the fingering must frequently be altered to suit them. In changing such fingering, which will usually be in the case of extended *arpeggio* passages, remember that generally the natural is the right. It should also be borne in mind that fingering should always adapt itself to the phrasing, any break in the fingering or passing under of the thumb taking place at a break in the phrasing. *Pianissimo* passages require for their smooth and even rendering far greater strength and freedom of fingers than louder passages; so that in *pianissimo* passages the very greatest care must be taken that the fingering does not place the hands or fingers in a constrained or stiff attitude.

For smooth and graceful *legato* playing, it is frequently necessary to put one finger over another, especially in the case of the third and fourth fingers. When examples of such fingering are met with, do not be satisfied with simply fingering them as they are marked, but study them and try other modes of fingering, finding out why such passing of one finger over another is necessary. Let us examine one or two instances from Bach's piano music where such method of fingering is advisable.



In each of these cases the note in the alto part has to be held with the thumb while the other fingers play an ascending passage. In the first, only one higher note follows the passing of the finger over, so it is the third that passes over the fourth: in the second two ascending notes follow the F♯, so here the second finger must pass over the fourth. In these and in the following instances notice that the passing of one finger over another generally takes place only when a black note follows a white one, and *vice versâ*, or when a black note follows a black one.



In part-playing each of the parts must be most perfectly *legato*, so absolutely correct fingering is essential, and it is from such music that the art of fingering can best be learnt. Chopin's study in A minor is an excellent example of this species of fingering in rapid music.

Whenever it is more convenient the thumbs may be placed freely on the black notes. The reason why young pupils are taught not to put the thumbs on black notes is because the hand is frequently put out of its proper position by doing so. But often, especially when the passage is in a key containing all or most of the black notes, it is more convenient to play a black note with a thumb, and in such a case do not hesitate to break the rule. In fact, like most other rules for fingering, it is simply a matter of convenience and ease, so that when it is easier and more convenient to ignore the rule the very reason for its existence has disappeared. To avoid putting the hand out of position by playing on black notes with the thumb, the places of the thumb and first finger have often to be reversed, and for this the following exercises will be found most useful, especially for young pupils.



Very frequently the same fingering is best for a shake in double thirds even where the lowest note for the right hand, or the highest for the left, as the case may be, is not a black note.



It is often best to play the last note of a turn, or of the turn at the end of a shake, with a different finger from the one that has been playing the same note before. The following are examples where this has to be done, and the student must be extremely careful that the change of finger is made neatly and smoothly.



The student should form a habit of changing the fingers on repeated notes, thus :—



although this change of fingers is absolutely necessary only in rapid passages, yet it is a habit so difficult to acquire that I should strongly advise the student to make a practice of doing it even in slow passages.

Lastly it should be remembered that *staccato* passages must be generally fingered precisely as if they were *legato*, and the student, unless very experienced, should make a rule of doing this.

Possibly these rules and remarks may seem rather elementary to some readers, nevertheless they are maxims which no pianist can afford to ignore, and the unconscious neglect of which often injures the performances of even advanced players.

ROUMANIAN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

THE idea of Roumanian work is usually associated in the minds of people with cross-stitch, and it is true that a great deal of work correctly called by that name is done in this way with the admixture of a little gold. But many people do not love cross-stitch at all, and I can sympathise with these, for I dislike it exceedingly myself. It is to me very troublesome and uninteresting to execute, and I am not in love with the effect when it is done. The perpetual counting is troublesome, and I doubt whether in spite of all efforts to introduce it into this country it will ever "catch on" to use a telling Americanism.

There is another variety of Roumanian work which is absolutely different, and to my mind very much more fascinating and artistic. It is also easy to do, and as several stitches are used, it gives plenty of scope for the exercise of individual taste. In some respects it resembles old Hungarian work, the three colours, dark blue, red, and ochre being used, and the cotton employed is *coton à repriser*, D. M. C. make. There however all likeness to Hungarian work ends.

The designs for Roumanian work are different from Hungarian; the stitches are not the same, and it is done upon a dark-coloured linen, something between grey and brown. There is gold mixed with it, and it is seldom used for articles which are intended to be washed. If you choose however to use washing gold, of course it will wash, for the cottons and linens stand the water well, but I never advise any but Japanese gold being used, as that is much cheaper and answers as well. The latter will not wash, but it does not tarnish, and the linen and cottons will really last a long time even in smutty London without looking at all dirty. For blotters, *Graphic* and book covers, Bradshaw cases, sachets for gloves, handkerchiefs and nightdresses, for tea cosies, table and mantel borders, work-bags, etc., etc., Roumanian work is very suitable.

The cottons cost but a few pence a ball, and as the linen is not dear, those who wish to execute this work will find that they can do it at a wonderfully small cost. If my readers write to Miss Baker, 5, Clifton Gardens, Chiswick, W., enclosing stamped envelope, she will forward them a price-list of articles of all kinds which have good designs on them suited for this work, and she provides all materials at very moderate prices, as well as beginning work when desired.

The blotter cover in our illustration is a very good specimen of Roumanian work. The bold design with its perfect curves and graceful lines is carried out in the three colours already named, and it is worked chiefly in a stitch called Indian filling, the method of working which will be described later on. All the petals of the conventional flower are done in this stitch. The curved scroll is done in two rows of rope-stitch worked closely, side by side, and the entire work is outlined in nearly every portion with Japanese gold of a rather coarse number, sewn down with the cotton.

As my readers may like some guide as to the using of the colours, I must tell them that though they can of course please themselves, it is better not to mix the colours about haphazard. The way in which the latter are used here may serve as some guide. The rope-stitch scroll is done in red and blue, the gold being sewn in red. Two of the corners have the colours in the petals arranged thus: the centre petal yellow; a red on each side of it, and then two blue again on either side. In the other two corners the middle petal is red with one blue on each side of it, and two yellow on either side of that. The colouring thus will harmonise and please the eye, for the opposite corners are alike, and the two centre clusters of petals are also alike. If you were to do each petal indiscriminately in red or blue or yellow, whichever came first, the effect would be as bad as this is good. The smaller details of the design are worked in the colours used throughout, each part corresponding with the rest.

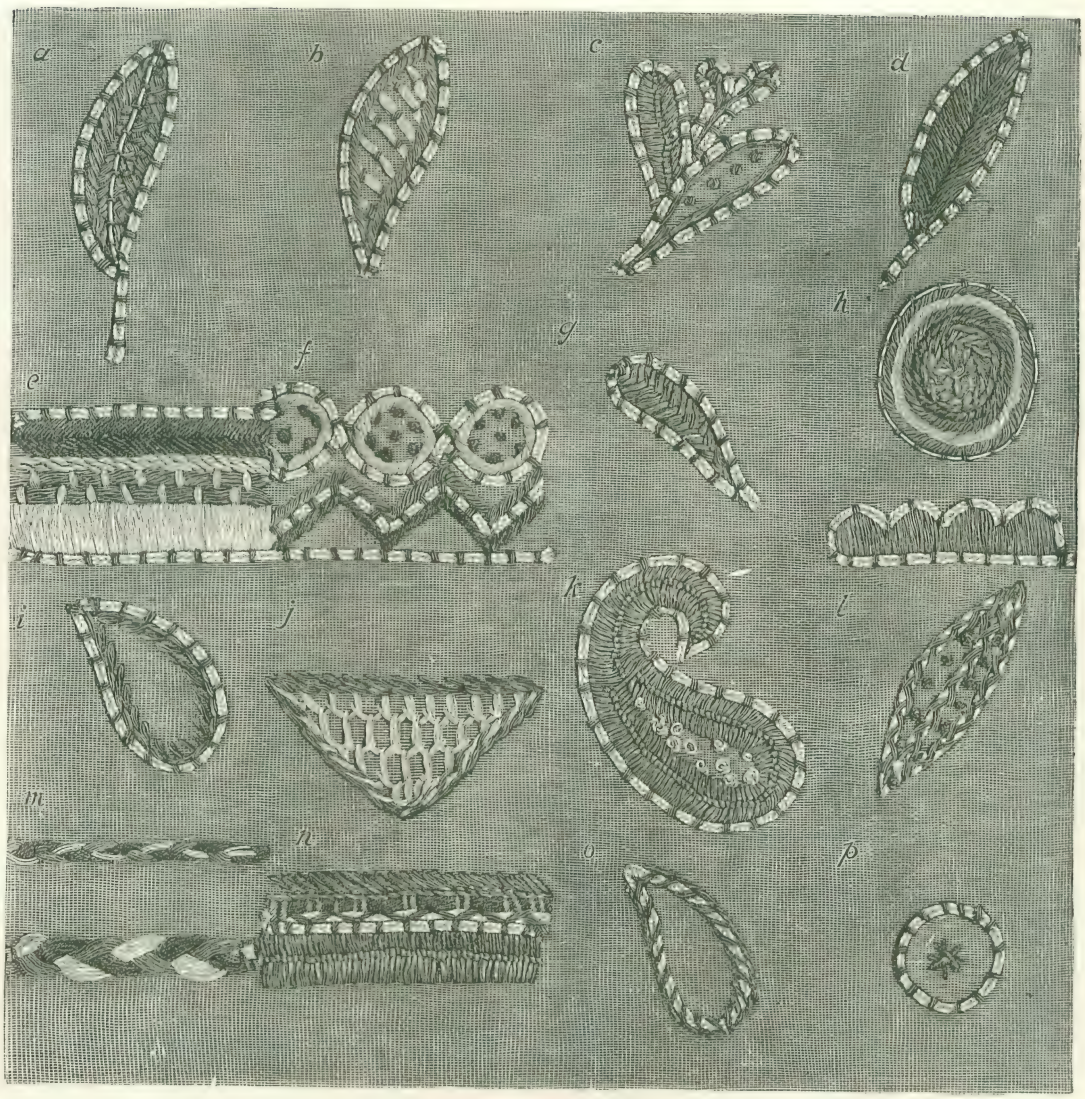
These three colours, *bizarre* though they seem, go wonderfully well together, and the gold outline gives a richness to the whole and makes the work as beautiful as it is uncommon.

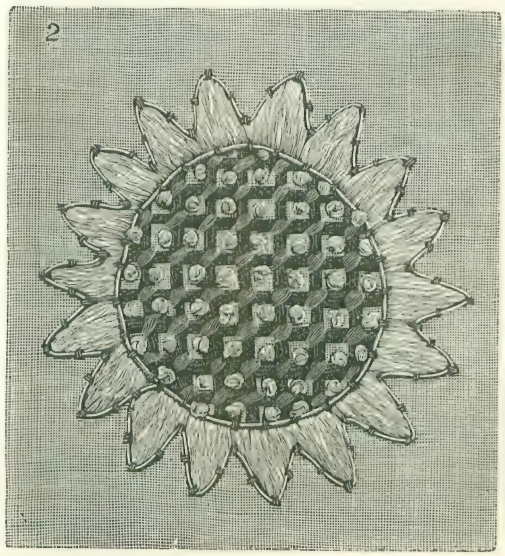
About the gold, I must not forget to tell you that this is sold in skeins, and that when you work it you should first pass the end through the large eye of a coarse tapestry needle. Push this through from the right to the wrong side of the material, then withdraw the needle and secure the gold firmly at the back with a few stitches. Then return to the right side of your work, and sew your gold down with *coton à repriser* of one of the three colours. I seldom use the yellow, as the red or blue, particularly the former, look very much better. Leave about an eighth of an



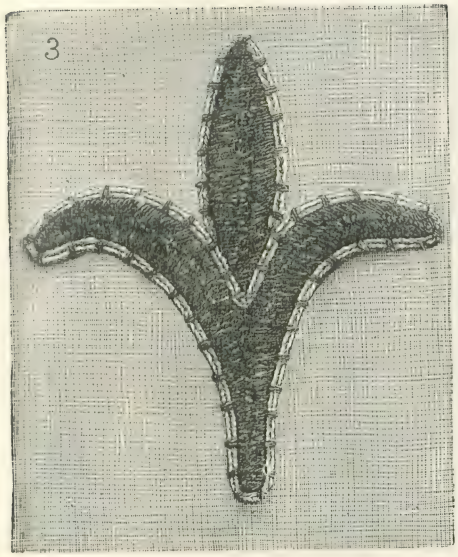
inch between each stitch, and as you are working twist the gold with your left hand. This must always be done, as if you do not do it, the gold paper uncurls and spaces are left showing the red cotton or silk upon which it is placed, and this is extremely ugly. I have seen work done in this gold which was quite spoilt because of carelessness in this respect. Another hint I may give you is to give the gold a slight pull, particularly when going round curves, as it should lie quite close to the cotton embroidery and perfectly flat, any unevenness or looseness being very ugly indeed. Make your stitches at equal distances, and finish off the gold as you began, by pushing the end through from the right to the wrong side when threaded into a tapestry needle.

Apropos of needles, fine tapestry or coarse crewel needles are the best to use; the cotton will not go well into the eye of an ordinary needle, and unless the latter has a large enough eye it does not answer at all. This blotter should be mounted by turning the edges over two pieces of mill-board, then lining it with silk, and placing a gold cord all round it. This design, which happens to be a very perfect one, answers for several purposes besides a blotter. It makes a charming end for a piano-cover, it serves for a sachet and many other things. Borders of curtains embroidered in Roumanian work and mounted on plush look very well, and the work repays mounting in this way. For example, you could embroider a centre for a sachet, and making the latter of plush or satin, lay the piece of embroidered linen on it and *appliqué* it with gold thread. A work-bag made of plush or silk, any one of the three colours, would look very handsome with a band of Roumanian work at the bottom.





In Fig. 1 you will see samples of various leaves, etc., showing how much the work can be varied. *a* is a leaf done in two lines of red herring-bone stitch with a centre vein and outline in gold sewn down with blue; *b* has a red rope-stitch outline, with long yellow transverse stitches fastened down with red, the whole being bordered with gold sewn down with blue; *c* is a small spray, the upper leaf of which is done in red Roumanian stitch, bordered with gold, sewn down with red, the lower leaf being in red stem-stitch, outlined in gold, sewn down with blue, and red French knots being down the middle; *d* is a blue leaf in plait-stitch, outlined with gold, sewn down in the same colour; *e* is a very pretty border done thus. A deep yellow satin-stitching has two lines of red couched down in brick-stitch. This red is done in the red cotton, about four lengths being taken together, and then sewn down as you see in the illustration with yellow. Above that is a row of yellow cording-stitch, and above that again is a deep row of blue in plait-stitch. The top and bottom of the embroidered border is outlined in gold sewn down, the upper in red, the lower in blue cotton. A border such as this would look very handsome round a small table-cover. It can, of course, be varied by using the stitches in other colours, placing more lines of gold, etc. *f* shows another border of red and blue points done in rope-stitch with gold laid in between and sewn down in red. The circles are done in yellow, bordered with gold sewn down in blue, French knots of the same colour being placed in the centre and sides. The gold at the edge is sewn down with blue. *g* is a leaf in red herring-bone, or as it is sometimes called Turkish stitch. The gold is sewn down with blue. *h* is a round done in rope-stitch. Red, yellow, red, blue, and then a round in red cording-stitch with a centre wheel of red. The border below it is of red scallops done in simple flat-stitch—or satin-stitch as it is more often called, outlined in red sewn down with blue. *i* is a leaf in cording-stitch done rather far apart with a gold outline sewn down with blue. *j* is done in red button-hole stitch with red cording-stitch outline. *k* is a red palm in Roumanian stitch, outlined in gold, sewn down with red, with gold French knots in the middle. *l* is a leaf done in gold, simply laid down, and kept in its place by red herring-bone done over it. The



knots are blue. *m* shows two plaits useful for borders and placing round sachets, etc. The upper plait is done in a couple of strands of blue, a couple of red, and two lines of gold plaited in three. The lower plait is thicker and done in the cotton alone. Do not mix the colours, but keep the three parts of the plait each in one colour. *n* is a border, the lower part of which is done in Roumanian stitch in blue, above it is a line of gold sewn down in red, with another line of gold above that fastened down with herring-bone stitch. Then a line of blue cotton couched down and an upper edge of cording-stitch in red. *o* is a leaf of gold outline kept in its place with blue cording-stitch. *p* is a circle of gold sewn down with blue, a star of the same colour being placed in the centre.

Fig. 2 shows a sunflower, which is most effective, and as it is quickly and easily worked I think many will find it a favourite design.

Take a length of blue cotton, double or single as you prefer. Bring it across all one way, just going in and out at the edge of the flower. Then cross it again in the opposite direction. Fasten the crossings with a small red stitch. All these stitches, I must remind you, that secure the cotton where it crosses must go the same way. Then make yellow French-knots in each space.

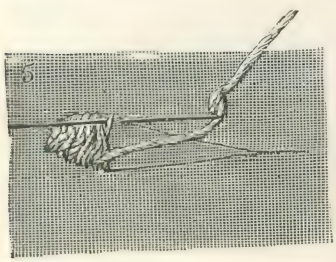
The points of the flower are worked in simple satin-stitch, yellow cotton being used, and they are all outlined with gold. A line of gold is sewn down in red cotton between the centre and the pointed petals. Sun-flowers worked in this way and placed at intervals over a cushion are very pretty, or they form capital edges for tables or mantel-borders.

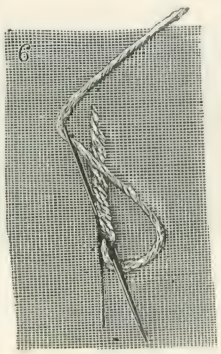
Fig. 3 is a design worked altogether in red Roumanian stitch, outlined in gold sewn down with blue.

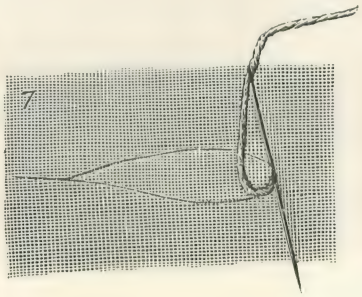
Fig. 4 is a conventional spray, the flower of which is done in gold, crossed and secured with blue stitches, red French knots being placed in the spaces. The whole is outlined in gold sewn down with blue, and the three top petals are done in an outline of gold and French knots.

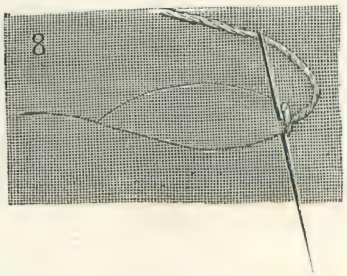


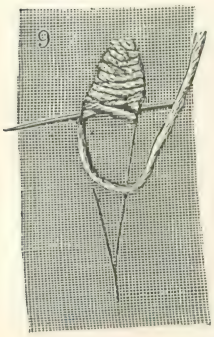
The uppermost leaf is yellow, and done in plait-stitch, the gold outline being sewn down

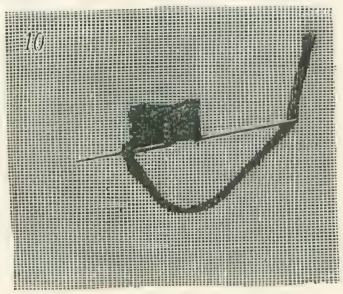


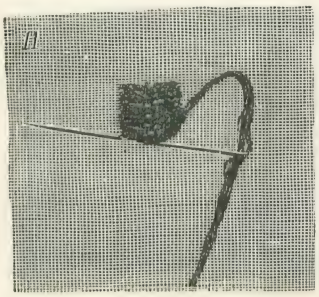


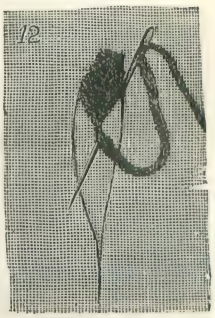


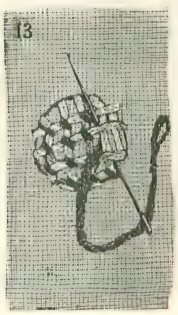


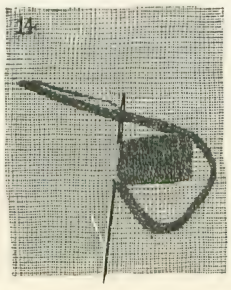


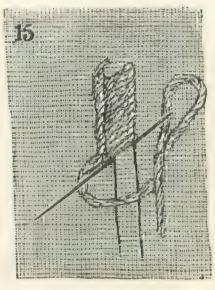


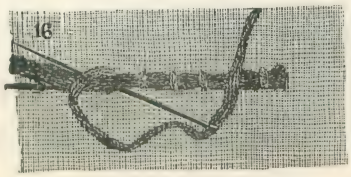


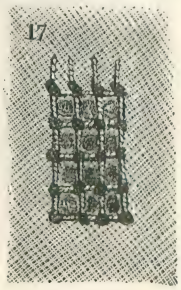












in red. The open leaf below on the other side is done in long red stitches sewn down in yellow, and with a gold outline sewn down in blue. The lowest leaf is red plait-stitch, the outline of which, like the stem of the whole spray, is done in gold sewn down in blue.

Fig. 5 is Turkish stitch. It looks like herring-bone, and so it is in a sense, only as you will see in the illustration, the needle is placed between the two last stitches and not in front of the last. A careful examination of the illustration will explain my meaning better than pages of letterpress.

Fig. 6 is rope-stitch. Form a loop as if for chain-stitch, and when you do the next and succeeding stitches, place the needle behind the loop, not into it.

Figs. 7 and 8 are Indian filling, the stitch in which the flower is done in the heavier parts. As it is by no means an easy stitch to learn unless you actually see it done, I have given two illustrations. In the first, Fig. 7, you will notice that a very small piece of the material is taken up by the needle at the top edge of the leaf, which is held before you lengthwise, as in illustration. Also notice that your working cotton lies to your left. Having withdrawn your needle, you place it as you see in Fig. 8. After that is done, place your cotton to your left as in Fig. 7, and go on in the same way.

Fig. 9, is basket-stitch, and I will quote here some directions for working it which are very good and clear.

"You insert the needle from left to right, and pass it under, from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over, from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

Figs. 10 and 11 show the real Roumanian stitch, and from the same well-known authority, and I will quote how it should be worked:—

"Bring out the needle on the left, two or six threads beyond the line your embroidery is to follow; with regard to the number of threads you take up you must be guided by the quality and the stuff and the material you have selected: put the needle in on the right, the same distance in advance of the line as before, and bring it out in the middle of the stitch; then passing the needle over the first stitch, put it in again, one or two threads in advance of the point where it came out, and draw it out close to where the first stitch began." As you have here two illustrations, it will be easy to learn how to do it.

Plait-stitch is seen in Fig. 12. This is done like feather-stitch, only the cotton is kept over instead of under the needle, and the stitch is taken in such a manner that the cotton crosses at the centre. By bringing out your needle, not in the middle, but a little at one side of the last stitch, this effect is gained.

Fig. 13 shows how the crossing is fastened down.

Fig. 14 is simple flat-stitch — or satin-stitch.

Fig. 15 is cording-stitch, the way to do which is simple to work, as if for coral-stitch, only more closely together, keeping the cotton under the needle.

Fig. 16 shows how the cotton is corded down.

Fig. 17 is a fancy pattern of gold crosses, with two blue stitches instead of one.

Button-hole stitch, or honeycomb as it is sometimes called, and which you see in Fig. 1, is worked as follows. I quote from a very good authority:—

"This covers the surface of the material like a network, and is one of the prettiest stitches for filling in. Begin by drawing up the needle and cotton through the material at the left-hand top corner of the space to be filled in, insert the needle in the material one-eighth of an inch above the place you have just brought it out, and bring it up again to the same place as before, forming a simple perpendicular stitch; hold the cotton under the left-hand thumb, and about one-eighth of an inch to the right take another stitch similar to the last, bringing out the point of the needle over the cotton held by the thumb, like working a button-hole stitch, and proceed thus to the end of the space; then work another button-hole stitch and one below this row, proceeding from right to left, making the stitches come intermediately between the stitches of the last row, and inserting the needle above the horizontal threads of those stitches, and bringing it out one-eighth of an inch below, and over the cotton held by the left-hand thumb, and continue forwards and backwards thus till the filling-in is completed."

Roumanian work has all the charm of novelty, and I am sure my readers will find it very fascinating and easy to do.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GREAT trembling and an icy coldness succeeded the rigidity that had first seized on Mr. Vaughan. While Mariana continued to rub his feet and hands, she told Mara to make some tea. This she did without daring to show herself. He drank a cup unconsciously, and it revived him. He came to himself by degrees, but was very pale and rigid.

"Kiss me, Nanno, my true daughter!" he said.

She did so, and her tears fell on his face.

"I am better, child, but the shock nearly killed me. Mara, come here!"

Mara crept round to her father on her knees, her head bent low.

"Crawling like a vile reptile," he said.

"Not vile—disobedient, wicked—not vile," she murmured.

"Is the boy yours—and—and—Gerwyn Herbert's?" asked Mr. Vaughan in a voice that frightened both sisters.

"Yes—mine—ours! Have pity, father, my husband is dead!" said Mara, plaintively.

"What! Say the word again!" cried Mr. Vaughan. "He is—your husband! Again, again!"

"My husband! Yes—he is——" here Mara checked herself. "I must not—I have promised," she added.

"If you are married, tell me where and when," said Mr. Vaughan.

"I must not. I promised never to tell. I have let slip words that I ought to have kept sacred, as if I had sworn never to speak them; but they are true. Father, forgive me."

Mara clasped her hands and again looked at her father, who said,

"I will believe, and perhaps forgive, when I have the proofs. Fourteen years of deceit and disobedience!"

"Forgive now—now, while you have life," said Mariana.

"Now, now!" echoed Mara. "Then I will go in search of Ivor and never more afflict you with my presence."

"I do not understand—I do not believe—but—" murmured Mr. Vaughan, the leaden look returning to his eyes.

"But you forgive, dear father, and belief will come;" said Mariana, gently. "We must forgive our enemies, and Mara is your child."

"I am his enemy, for I have deceived him under his own roof—I have nearly killed him," said Mara; "and he would have loved me. I see it now in his heavy grief! oh, my father!"

She took his hand, pressed her lips on it, and washed it with her tears. It remained passive in hers.

"I forgive you, whatever your sin, for I think I am dying. May God forgive us both," said Mr. Vaughan, in a dull, broken voice.

The gallop of a horse was heard, and Mariana ran to the door.

When she re-entered with Dr. Herbert they found Mr. Vaughan in a state of collapse, and Mara with her arms around him. The doctor felt his pulse, examined his face, and, after a few moments, said:

"There is no danger; the worst is over. We must get him to bed."

They carried him upstairs, and put him into bed with difficulty.

"You had better both leave the room for a space," said the doctor.

Mara flung herself into her sister's arms, and gave way to passionate tears and sobs as soon as they were alone.

"Do you believe me? will you love me still?" she cried.

"I believe you, and will always love you. Be calm, darling. Oh! what you must have suffered!"

"But I loved him so! Oh, Mariana! have I killed my father?"

"No — Llewellen says he will recover."

The sobs redoubled.

"Be quiet to-night, and we shall see how father is to-morrow. Meanwhile, tell the whole truth, dear sister."

"I can tell no more. I promised Gerwyn not to tell till he came back."

"But if he never comes back? More than thirteen years have passed since he went away."

"Then my secret shall die with me. No one but father and you need know even this much. I would die rather than betray Gerwyn."

"As you are married, there can be nothing more to betray. It would be better for his memory and your reputation to tell all. Be persuaded, dear Mara."

"I cannot—I must not. It would not be better for his memory. I have said that he is my husband, that Ivor is our child. And now that my wretched secret is out, Ivor is gone too. Nanno, he is your nephew, help me to find him."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"I could not. I have pined to do it, but even if I had not promised I should not have dared—you seemed so cold—father was so hard. If he had not been so unkind, I should not have married, but he drove me to it; he and my great love! Oh! what love it was—it is! When we married, we were both afraid to tell, and, when Ivor was born, I was still more afraid. And now that all is torn from me, and I have killed my father, I have told everything. Nanno, if he die I shall destroy myself."

"Trust in God, dear Mara," she said. "Concealment is 'like a worm i' the bud,' and truth is better than deceit."

"Nothing but misery can ever come to me. Oh, my child! my child!"

It was in vain that Mariana tried to soothe her.

"Let me go and listen—perhaps father is dead!" she said, suddenly breaking from Mariana and going to her father's room-door. Mariana followed. Voices were audible. Mara sank on her knees, clasped her hands, and thanked God.

Thus passed an anxious hour. At last Dr. Herbert came to them—he was looking very grave and distressed.

"Go to your father, Nanno; get him to take some nourishment. Soothe him, if you can."

"Is he dying?" cried Mara.

"No. I hope there is no danger.

When Mariana left the room Dr. Herbert put his hand kindly on Mara's shoulder, and said:

"Now, cousin—sister shall it be? You must come downstairs with me."

"Has he told you? Oh, how unkind! Gerwyn will never trust me again, and I never deceived him in my life."

Mara's eyes looked wild, her manner was excited. Dr. Herbert took her hand—it was very cold, and she was shivering.

"Come with me to the fire downstairs," he said, drawing her out of the room with some difficulty.

"Do you think I have killed him?"

"No, no—he will be better to-morrow."

When they reached the parlour he tried to soothe her by gentle words, but it was long before warmth returned to her benumbed frame, or calmness to her bewildered mind.

When Mara was a little more composed, Dr. Herbert said to her—

"Your father has told me what you have made known to him; it is a strange revelation, Mara. Oh, why this foolish secret!"

Dr. Herbert took Mara's cold hand in his. The kind act drew a flood of tears from her eyes, which partly relieved her. He continued—

"Next to Angharad you are now my dearest sister, the wife of my dearest brother."

"You believe me then?" sobbed Mara.

"I believe you—I grieve for you and pity you. But your father must believe you also."

"Ah, he never will."

"He will if you tell him the whole truth. Half truths are rarely credited. I have faith in you and our dear Gerwyn, because I know how wild and impulsive he was, and how he loved you."

"God bless you for believing us. But I cannot give the proofs. I promised; what need I say more?"

"Your father would require to know when and where you were married, and by whom—and where Ivor was born."

"I must not tell these things, I have promised."

"My dear Mara, even if your father believe in your marriage, the world will not believe you."

"I don't care for the world."

"Why did you not tell us at the time?"

"I was very young, Llewellen, Gerwyn was very young. We loved one another, we did not count the cost. He was going away and would not wait, and I dared not tell my father. We little reckoned on his shipwreck, but thought he would be back in a few months, and then——"

Mara paused.

"Then you hoped for better times, and married on the hope, as many have done before you. Gerwyn left in April. You must have been married in?——"

Dr. Herbert paused and fixed his inquiring eyes on Mara.

"You cannot worm it out of me, Llewellen. Every request that Gerwyn ever made me is sacred as if I put my Bible oath to it."

"But for his sake, and—and the child's you should tell."

"My child's! Will you help to find him? Nothing matters if he is lost."

"Yes, Mara, we will do our best to find him. Your father is as anxious as you are about him. We will follow him to Merthyr to-morrow."

"I will follow him myself. I shall never rest until I have found him. Then we will go away together."

"But for all our sakes, even poor Gerwyn's, clear yourself first."

"It would tell against him and others."

Dr. Herbert said nothing, but he noted this admission carefully. Then after a pause—

"You are more like your father than I fancied, Mara. You are obstinate and unyielding."

"I know I am. I am most wicked. But it is right to keep a solemn promise. I believe that Gerwyn is not dead, and that he will come back and make all clear. What do you think?"

Mara fixed her eyes on Dr. Herbert with a glance so appealing and wild, that he was startled. He feared her reason was giving way, and resolved to drop the subject of the marriage for the present. He rose and putting his hand kindly on her shoulder, kissed her on the forehead.

"You must take this first brother's kiss, dear Mara, and promise to go to bed directly. I will send Mariana to you, and you must compose yourself for Ivor's sake. You would do much for him."

"What have I not done for him? But for him I should have gone in search of Gerwyn. Mountains and seas would not have kept me, but my child did."

Mara said this in a way so inexpressibly pathetic that Dr. Herbert was moved. He said—

"If you could only speak to your father as you have done to me, you would soon understand one another. He has a heart like the rest of us."

"Oh, where does he keep it? He never showed that he cared for me until to-night."

"Your father is a stern man, Mara, but I believe he loves you with a force that he has thought it his duty to repress. Imagine what he must have felt to-night."

"I know! I know!" said Mara, shuddering.

"Yet he needs nothing but certain proofs of your marriage, and the certificate of your child's birth, to forgive you and acknowledge him as his grandchild."

"I cannot give them. I will go away in search of Ivor, and never trouble him more. But I grieve for him sorely, indeed I do."

"May I tell him so? I am going to him now. Send him some dutiful message, some loving word."

"Tell him that I am sorry I came home with Ivor to bring this trouble and disgrace upon him, sorry that I have deceived him, sorry that I made him ill."

"Not sorry for your first fault?"

"Sorry that I married Gerwyn? Can you ask it, Llewellen? If he came back to me now I could refuse him nothing. I should renounce father, sister, home, all for him. I am thankful for our brief happiness—thankful to be his wife—thankful for our child, even though I have done nothing but suffer and grieve for nearly fourteen long years. You cannot tell what it is to mourn alone and in secret, to fear as I have feared my poor father, to love as I have loved my child, and yet never to hear him call me mother! I have indeed been punished for the love and deceit of my youth."

Tears came into Dr. Herbert's eyes.

"Dear Mara, I pity you from my heart. But it has all seemed so needless. A word would have prevented so much. I will go and tell your father. But under no circumstances must you see him to-night."

"Perhaps I shall never see him again. I feel so sad and wild that I think my heart will break."

"Take courage! We will find Ivor."

"I will find him. Alive or dead, I will find him," said Mara, leaning her head on the table and abandoning herself to her despair.

Dr. Herbert hurried out of the room, and sent Mariana to her sister. He found Mr. Vaughan more collected, but very weak. He had left him in much excitement.

"What does she say?" was his first question.

"That she is very sorry for all the trouble she has caused, and deeply grieved for your state," replied the doctor.

"The tree is known by its fruits."

"You will not be hard upon Mara, Mr. Vaughan?"

"I will support her and her child elsewhere, but—I never wish to see them again."

"Gerwyn's wife and child will find a home with his friends if driven away from hers," said Dr. Herbert.

The reproof struck home. Mr. Vaughan's pride was wounded.

"If I were sure of the marriage it might be different," he said, "but a disobedient, gainsaying child is a curse indeed! Yet God knows how I loved her!"

"I wish you had let her know it, sir. Poor child! If you had only let them marry, all might have been different. You scarcely knew how tender, chivalrous, and true Gerwyn was."

"I knew he was wild and ungodly, but that is past."

"True. I ought not to have recalled it, perhaps."

"He has caused our ruin."

Mr. Vaughan groaned.

"It is useless to recriminate," said Dr. Herbert. "They were young and in love—they married. You must forgive and forget."

"I may forgive, but I cannot forget. Why did she expose her child to the workhouse? It was horrible, unnatural."

"Partly, I take it, on account of her promise, partly from fear of you. Besides, she was naturally high-spirited and wilful."

"She was allowed too much converse with the world. That was my fault. And yet I tried to bring them up God-fearing young women."

When Dr. Herbert, after his few hours' sleep, saw Mr. Vaughan again, he considered him worse than when he left him, and ordered him to keep his bed and to abstain from all excitement. He laid the same command on Mara, but only obtained a promise of obedience by assuring her that he would set afoot a search for Ivor as soon as he reached Arymor.

"I shall be well enough to go after my child to-morrow," she said. "I shall not rest day or night until I find him. I must see my father to-day."

"You must not excite him or he may have another fit. He has ordered me to institute a search for Ivor."

"That is kind. I have not had good thoughts of my father.

"You must try to soften him, Mara."

"But I feel so hard myself. Like one of those poor creatures who used to come to the workhouse, weary of life and careless of themselves. How can I soften my father?"

In the course of the day, Shanno appeared with the intelligence that Ivor had been seen the previous morning walking with a gipsy woman on the Merthyr road. When Mara heard it, she at once associated Ivor's flight with George's mother. Vick was with them, and Ivor seemed to be talking cheerfully to the woman. The Merthyr van followed shortly after, and probably picked them up.

Mara's excitement would not let her remain in bed. Her sister helped her to dress, and in so doing was terrified at finding her unnaturally weak and tremulous for so short an illness.

"I must go to father," she said. "I cannot wait for Dr. Herbert's permission. I have no time to lose."

Happily the doctor arrived, and asked Mr. Vaughan to see his daughter. While he was reasoning with his patient, Mariana was trying to calm Mara.

"Dearest sister, will you pray for strength and direction before you go?" she said.

"You must pray for me, Nanno. I cannot pray for myself."

"I will, darling. Let us pray together."

They knelt down side by side, and Mariana prayed for her sister, for her father, for Ivor.

Dr. Herbert came to tell Mara her father would see her.

"You must come with me, Nanno!" said Mara.

When she stood by her father's bedside she could not speak. They looked at one another, and were each shocked at the change in the appearance of the other. Neither could begin the work of reconciliation. Mariana spoke for them.

"Father, Mara wishes to be friends with you again," she said simply.

"Why does she not tell me so?" said Mr. Vaughan.

"I hope you are better, father," was all that Mara could say.

"In body, yes—wounded in spirit."

"Oh, father, forgive me for hurting you so!"

"You have my pardon, Mara, for what you caused me, inadvertently, last night."

"And for all that I did before?"

There was no answer.

"I am going away to-morrow to find my child; I shall go and live with him, where I may hear of my husband—far, far away, perhaps. You shall not be wounded by me again, father. But oh, I am sorry, very, very sorry!"

Still Mr. Vaughan did not speak, but his lip quivered.

"I have done wrong, father," continued Mara. "I repent of my deceit. I repent that I did not tell you of my marriage before Gerwyn went away, for had I insisted, perhaps he would not have refused his consent. It would have been better to have been spurned from your door than to have acted as I have done. I see it all now. Can you forgive me, father?"

Mr. Vaughan fixed his leaden eyes on his trembling daughter, and answered her with evident difficulty by another question.

"Why do you not say you repent marrying Gerwyn Herbert, and why do you not give me the proofs of that marriage?"

"Repent my too brief happiness! Oh, father! When you repent your short wedded life with my mother—made short by my unhappy birth—then I will repent marrying my first, my only love, Gerwyn Herbert. When you break a solemn promise made to her, now in heaven, then will I break my promise made to him."

As Mara said these words her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed. Mariana took her hand. It was stone cold. She led her from the foot of the bed, where she was standing, to the side. She bent over Mr. Vaughan, and whispered,

"Father, you will forgive her. Say something to her, or she will go mad."

He put out his hand, but he could not speak. Mara took it in both hers. His fingers seemed to press her hands, and then relaxed.

"Kiss him, Mara," said Mariana.

Mara bent over her father, and impressed a burning kiss on his lips. There was no answering embrace. There could not be, for he had fainted. Mara's words had indeed struck home.

They called Dr. Herbert, who had feared the effect of fresh excitement. Mara's terror was fearful; but he assured her it was only a temporary loss of power, and so it proved.

Poor Mara! Now she knew that she had feelings in common with her father. He loved the memory of her mother as she loved Gerwyn—perhaps he might love her as she loved Ivor. She would not leave the room. She waited on her father; she watched every movement; she kept down her own pain of spirit to try and soothe his. She was rewarded by a faint smile and a slight pressure of the hand.

Early the following morning Mara packed her little trunk, breakfasted hastily, and waited for nine o'clock. She crept quietly to her father's room, and found him still asleep. She kissed his pale face several times, let many tears fall upon it, and took a silent leave of him. Soon after she and Mariana walked across the down to the Little Mountain, accompanied by Billo, carrying the trunk, and met Dr. Herbert near Shanno's hut. Mara was soon seated by his side, and in a few minutes they were on the mountain road to Merthyr that the van, which probably bore Ivor, had traversed two days before. Mariana stood to gaze after them with tearful eyes until they were out of sight, and then turned homewards.

They soon reached Half-way House. The coach had arrived. There was no time to lose, so the doctor threw his reins to a boy, helped Mara out of his gig, and assisted her to mount. She got a seat behind the coachman, in whose care Dr. Herbert placed her.

"Write to me for money or help," were his last words, as he pressed her hand.

He stood to watch her until the coach

drove off, and returned to Tyrmynydd. He found Mr. Vaughan much excited and annoyed at Mara's departure.

"I thought you wished to get rid of her," he said.

"I may have said so in my wrath, but it does not follow that I want her to make herself the gazing-stock of the multitude before they know that she is married."

"I think I can find a clue to the marriage, and while I am making the attempt, we had better be silent about it," said the doctor.

He then went again to Mariana.

"You believe in your sister's marriage?" he said.

"Of course I do," replied Mariana.

"Then help me to find the proofs. There are symptoms of softening in your father, and if I can only get the certificates, and if Mara bring back Ivor, all may go happily. Can you remember, or find out, the date of the year or day on which Mara left you to go into North Wales?"

"I know it was fourteen years ago, and in the early autumn, about August, I think."

"Why did your father send her away?"

"Because Gerwyn was still here, and none of us knew that he was going to leave so soon."

"Neither did we. He took a sudden freak about that time that he would go to Liverpool, and get a ship. We thought that he was angry with your father, and annoyed with Mara for breaking off the engagement, and were not sorry that he decided to go to work again."

"I remember thinking at the time that it seemed strange that Gerwyn should sail the same month that Mara left us," said Mariana.

"Where did Mara go?"

"She went to visit Phebe Meredith. At first she only stayed six weeks, but when she came back she was so low and ill, that father said she should go again. She remained at home about a month, I think, and during that time she did nothing but cry. She never made a confidante of me, so I did not know how to comfort her; indeed, in those days I did not understand her."

"Perhaps she did not understand you, Nanno. Very few of us did."

"Perhaps not. At all events she went from us again, leaving father sadly displeased, and me very unhappy."

"Did she write?"

"Occasionally. Her letters were short and unsatisfactory, and generally contained excuses for not returning. Phebe also wrote sometimes, to beg for her prolonged stay."

"Who was Phebe? I forget the connection."

"Her father was a minister, and our father's great friend. Phebe and Mara were schoolfellows, and not unlike. Phebe married a clergyman. She, poor thing, died two years ago."

"She must have known Mara's secret, and it has died with her," said the doctor. "Do you remember how long Mara was absent?"

"At least six or seven months. I think father felt easy about her, and was glad that she should be away."

"But how could a proud man like your father consent to her living so long with other people?"

"He made presents to Phebe in compensation for her board. She could not have afforded to keep her otherwise."

"Have you ever observed anything peculiar in Mara connected with my uncle Traherne?" asked Dr. Herbert.

"Never," said Mariana, recovering herself.

"Don't you remember that little scene at the workhouse, at the christening, when Mara made me godfather to this, my new nephew?"

"Yes; but Mr. Traherne was simply forgetful. I hear that it is not unusual for him to begin the marriage service at the grave."

"Poor uncle! The 'Parson's Memory' has become a proverb in the parish. I shall go and forage it. Keep your father quiet if you can."

Dr. Herbert had luncheon at Tyrmynydd, and then drove to his uncle's rectory. This was a substantial, but ill-kept house, garden large but untidy, shrubberies overgrown, and walls covered with ferns.

He found Mr. Traherne in his library, and asked him abruptly whether he had ever heard anything of Gerwyn's marriage?

"Marriage! Gerwyn, what do you mean?" asked the parson.

"Simply if you ever heard that Gerwyn was married?"

"How should I? Was he ever married? To whom? I christened him, poor fellow. I christened you all, didn't I? I have some recollection of going up to London to marry you."

"Yes, uncle, but Gerwyn?"

"Poor fellow! Dear fellow! drowned! How could he be christened—married, I mean? I never mourned anyone in my life as I mourned him. I never loved anyone so well. But I have lost my memory."

"You know how fond he was of Margaret Vaughan, uncle?"

"Of course. That old radical dissenter, Vaughan, forbade their marriage. I just remember that."

Mr. Traherne brightened up.

"Gerwyn left us fourteen years ago. Do you know whether he was married or not?"

"I—I—how should I?" Why do you rake up all my grief with such questions as these? Whom should he have married?"

"Margaret Vaughan, if anyone. Do you know whether she was ever married?"

Mr. Traherne grew so confused that he evidently did not know what he said.

"Married! christened! I think I christened Margaret at the workhouse. Now, don't be impatient; if you puzzle one to death, you should at least be patient. What was I saying, nephew?"

"That you christened Margaret at the workhouse, which must have driven old Vaughan out of his mind."

"I either christened her or Gerwyn there. I quite remember it."

"So do I. You did us the honour of naming a foundling Gerwyn Ivor, after your favourite nephew."

"Ah! wasn't it the child who has my Straduarius? The genius—the Welsh Beethoven—Paganini, I mean."

"Yes. But what were you about the day that poor Gerwyn left us? Can you remember?"

"I—let me see! I think he came to see me when I was in bed; to be sure he did—it was when I had the influenza. Didn't you attend me, nephew?"

Dr. Herbert recollected that his uncle was ill with influenza at the time mentioned.

"You remember nothing particular about Gerwyn and Margaret?"

"How should I? What ought I to remember?"

"Whether you ever chanced to hear or know that Gerwyn was married?"

Mr. Traherne again grew confused, and the doctor looked at him searchingly.

"You make me quite ill, Llewellen. You frighten me. He isn't alive, is he, that you make all this fuss?"

"I wish he were—then we should know the truth."

"What truth? We know the bravest and dearest of you all sleeps in the depths of the sea; what do we want to know more?"

"Would there be any objection to my glancing through the parish registers, uncle?"

"You—why should you? Tudor does all that now. Tudor, or the clerk."

"Then may Tudor and I look through them?"

"By no means."

"May the clerk and I, in your presence?"

"What for, nephew?"

"That foundling has run away; I want to ascertain the date of his birth."

"Oh! is that all? I see no objection."

Mr. Traherne's voice and manner grew more assured, and he glanced at his nephew.

"Then I will come to-morrow, after breakfast, and we will go to the church together. I will tell the clerk."

"But if I am poorly, nephew?"

"We can get the books down here."

"You won't puzzle me with any more questions?"

"I will bring a dose with me, labelled 'for memory,' and we will clear it up before we attack the registers, uncle."

"Don't talk any more of Gerwyn, nephew. You know how I loved him. I had made him my heir. Now Tudor is the right hand; talk of him—he is a fine fellow, and so strict—so strict!"

"He keeps you in order, uncle."

"Not at all. We work together, nephew; but, between you and me, these Revivals, as they call them, have done more harm than good, and are very fatiguing; I wish I had been dead before they began."

The parson rubbed his forehead, and sighed, and the doctor laughed heartily.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SYRINGA.—You might (without holding a certificate) obtain an engagement for so many hours daily as a nursery-governess, and perhaps to take the little girls out for a walk. But you should have testimonials (of the nature of introductions), to recommend you as respectable and fit to be entrusted with children, from your clergyman, doctor, and others. You might put your advertisement in shop windows, as we have often suggested, and try to write a formed hand. Yours is very well, legible, and a very good foundation for a running handwriting, but it is that of a child.

MOTHERLY NELL and ELLEN.—We must refer you to all our answers to would-be nurses. If not sufficient you had better buy a book called *How to Become a Nurse*, by Honnor Morten (Scientific Press, 140, Strand, W.C.). Should your friends find vacancies in any hospital give them this little piece of advice. To cultivate a quiet, respectful demeanour; not to toss their heads and flaunt along the streets, swinging their veils and skirts, and looking as if they were sultanas, but to remember the grave character of their vocation, bringing them into such intimate association with suffering and death. We do not grudge them their private seasons of relaxation and quiet cheerfulness; but in the public streets the more modest and unpretentious their demeanour, the more they will be respected.

MARGARET L. O.—We like your letter and its tone of thought, and the desire to rise higher in every way; but we are at a loss to know why you put the questions you do if you have Honnor Morten's *How to Become a Nurse*, for they are all answered in it. Uniform is required in all hospitals, and is usually given free; but the probationer can generally make it for herself when once she knows her destination. But as we observed, many hospitals give it. At page 186 of this book you will find the names of the books for study, and some specimens of examination questions, which you can study from time to time, to test your knowledge.

COOKERY.

ALICE WATERS.—You do not explain what sort of position you wish to hold at a confectioner's; whether that of an apprentice, a mere shop-assistant for the sale of goods, or of a book-keeper. We rather think you mean that of a shop-assistant or waitress in the dining and tea-rooms. We imagine that there is no hard-and-fast rule as to sleeping in the house; those of the various establishments must be governed by the amount of accommodation the several houses may afford. Of course, if lodging as well as board be given, the wages may be the less. We do not know that there is any fixed rate claimed for an apprentice to learn the art of cookery or confectionery in a shop. These particulars should be obtained by direct application to some of these places.

LA FRANCE.—1. To make mince-meat (for preserving), chop one pound of suet so finely as to look like oatmeal; put it with four ounces of lean stewed beef, well minced likewise; one pound of muscatel raisins, chopped and stoned; three quarters of a pound of washed currants; one pound of moist sugar; four ounces of mixed candied peel, finely shred; one lemon, freed from white pith, and chopped finely; one pound of apples, chopped likewise; a teaspoonful of mixed spice, consisting of powdered cinnamon and cloves, and grated nutmeg. If not to be used at once, place the mixture in a stone jar, and cover with a brandied paper, tying down tightly. Some stir it every three days, but it is not essential.—2. The 10th of October, 1866, was a Wednesday.

WINNIE.—To make barley-sugar—so-called, as there is no barley in it—boil clarified loaf sugar till it be drawn out into a fine thread when taken out at the end of a stick; when cold it will be brittle. Boil, and then pour in, for every pint of liquid sugar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and six or seven drops of essence of lemon; stir well and boil again till, as before, it becomes brittle. Oil a marble slab slightly while the boiling is going on, and pour the melted sugar on it; when cool cut it into strips with a pair of scissors, and twist the strips a little, and put the spiral pieces into a stoppered, wide-necked bottle, otherwise it will become soft.

BASHFUL FIFTEEN.—To clarify butter, place it in a small pot or small saucepan, inside a large one, and lay something underneath the small one to keep it from touching the outer one. Then pour water into the latter, and set it on the fire till the water simmer (but does not boil); and when the butter is melted, lay it aside till cold; then dip the vessel which contains it into hot water, and keep it there for a second or two, when the surface will melt, and the butter can be turned out in a lump; cut off the clear part, salt, and pack it away in the usual manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GARDENER.—1. See our answer to Jessie in reference to flower-growing.—2. Our series of articles on "New Employments for Girls" (1893) appeared in vol. xiii. p. 20 (four parts).

SILVER LEAF (South Africa).—1. There are two peers of the name of Stanhope. The Earl of Stanhope, Arthur Philip, Lord Viscount Mahon, succeeded to the earldom Dec. 24th, 1875 (born Sept. 13th, 1838). The family name you mention does not occur in his family pedigree, as given by Sir Bernard Burke, published 1886. The Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Henry Edwyn Chandos Scudamore Stanhope, succeeded his kinsman in the family honours as the ninth earl Oct. 21st, 1883; and the family name you mention does not occur in the pedigree of this family either, nor does it appear in Burke's *Landed Gentry* (published in 1882). The gentleman you name, if a brother, as he says, of Commander William Ricketts, R.N., of H.M.S. *Speedwell*, Channel Squadron; this latter is the son of the late Captain Simpson H. Ricketts, R.N. So if brothers, then there is no doubt of your friend's parentage. This commander of the *Speedwell* has just married Susan Hotham, his cousin, daughter of the Rev. St. Vincent Ricketts, of Fairholm, Bournemouth, Hants.

DOROTHY.—The convalescent homes at Epping and at Folkestone are very reasonable in their charges. At the former they are 7s. a week, and at the latter 8s. a week. The railway fare return-ticket is 5s. Send a stamped and directed envelope to the Secretary, Miss Marten, Friends' Institute, 13, Bishopsgate Without, E.C.

TWO ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—You do not say whether your lady companion be your mother or aunt, or a friend of what is understood by the term "a certain age." Two girls could not make a week's tour with any man if not under the guardianship of a middle-aged chaperon.

P. EKE.—1. We certainly should not inform you of where you could find an unorthodox place of worship. You forget that you are writing to a professedly "religious" society—Christians, not unbelievers.—2. We do not undertake private correspondence, as we have often informed our readers. If the young man who holds you engaged to him gives you no address, and does not think it worth while to correspond with you, finds, on his return some day that you are engaged or married to some one else, he has no one to blame but himself. Give him due warning on the first opportunity.

ACE OF HEARTS.—We cannot understand you asking such a question with regard to obtaining paper patterns. Read our monthly list of them, and write to "The Lady Dressmaker" at the address given. It has just been changed.

MARIANA.—There are plenty of life insurance companies who grant annuities. Under certain circumstances it is a great boon, enabling a person of small means to live, who could not obtain a safe investment which would supply a sufficient income. But no one who has children should do so, unless the latter were well provided for and independent of them. The percentage given varies; it is not the same in all insurance companies, and the older you are the higher the rate allowed. You should order the published list of such companies, with the rates at all ages, from a librarian, or your solicitor would obtain it for you; and you must get a copy of the registration of your birth and baptism from the church where you were baptised. The quarterly *Post Office Guide*, price 6d., gives every information about P. O. annuities.

"MANY THANKS."—As a rule a girl in her teens should be ready to show any letters of hers to her mother (at her desire) at any time; and should correspond with no one unknown or unsanctioned. Allow no sort of personal familiarity with men—cousins or not—beyond shaking hands.

E. M. (Cobham) wishes to know what effect washing the hair with vinegar diluted with water would have on it. We never heard of the plan; but one effect would be to make it smell sour, any other effects you must discover for yourself.

M. E. B.—The mocking-bird is the popular name for the polyglot thrush (the *Turdus polyglottus*, Linn.), and is a native of the Southern States. According to Audubon, its notes are far more melodious than those of the nightingale, though only a copyist. The Indians call it the "bird with four hundred tongues," as it imitates the animals as well as the birds. The genus thrush feeds on fruit, snails, flies, and worms; and if kept in confinement in a cage should have a few scraps of raw meat, as well as grapes and other fruit. German paste (made of oatmeal moistened with milk) is suitable food for them, and a large supply of water both for drinking and bathing. They should be kept exceedingly clean. It might be well to make further inquiries of a naturalist respecting the species *polyglottus*.

"SWINBURNE."—We cannot encourage you to publish the verses. We are sorry to tell you so, but we must give the best advice in our power, and in all kindness.

E. M. C.—November 7th, 1874, was a Saturday. May 14th, 1876, was a Sunday. January 11th, 1878, was a Friday. September 20th, 1880, was a Monday.

LILY.—No, the doctor's wife should not call on the surrounding county families until they call on her; and if invited to one house she may obtain introductions to other families, who may call on her afterwards. Should she call on later arrivals, it would appear like canvassing for patients. If invited to any entertainments it would not be necessary nor expected of her to give dinners in return. Should she have a garden she might ask them to a garden-party, and entertain them with lawn-tennis or croquet, and music in the house.

KITTY.—You cannot "visit your young man" under any circumstances, were his mother dead twenty years, instead of a few months. We are surprised that you do not know this. If your parents approve of his calling at your own home, you may receive his visits in their presence; and if they be satisfied with him as a suitor, you may take walks with him after your engagement.

BUZZIE.—There is a very great difference between your going out with young men and doing so with girls; intimacy with the former may lead to most undesirable and imprudent marriages, and much family disagreements and sorrow. Even your girl-associates should be approved of by your mother before intimacies be formed.

LOUISA WARREN.—We fear you must "make a little money" in some other way than by your verse-making. If handy with your fingers put a little money into a stocking-knitter, and you may obtain orders. If in domestic service, of course you cannot put a notice in a window; but if in a private house of your parents, with their permission, you might thus advertise your work.

META.—We presume that you mean a home for temporary rest and change of air; but you do not say whether you can pay for board and residence. There is one at Broadstairs, for convalescents, at 7s. a week—St. Peter's; Secretary, Miss Tait. That at Margate is for children. At Ramsgate there is a Home of Rest called "The Rest," 2, Elm Park Villas. Write to the Lady Superintendent. Fee, 8s. a week.

KITTEN.—1. *Per ardua* is the Latin motto of six families, and means "Through difficulties." The names of the families to whom it belongs are, Berry, Clarkson, Curtis, Fuller, M'Intyre, and Tailour.—2. What can you mean by your question, "Please tell two old maids the best way to get off?" Get off what?—their tight boots? Get off a stile? or get off a donkey? You should be more explicit, and not leave us to guess.

OUT OF THE "TEENS."—We know much about the subject of your inquiries of which we prefer not to speak by name. Have nothing to do with it, for it is evil, as every other form of attempted divination, for that is its end and aim.

HAZEL.—1. We are not surprised that the flowers you dried were destroyed when you ironed them! We have given our directions respecting the preservation of flowers and leaves many times. Consult our Indexes. The sheets of blotting-paper should be changed daily, and the pressure laid upon them not very heavy; nor should they be exposed to heat. Some Canadian maple leaves, gathered in their autumnal beauty of colouring, and some leaves of Swiss Virginia creeper, which we have preserved, retain their colouring in full perfection. Some of them are painted with a very thin solution of gum Arabic and water.—2. We have given a very long list of women's names and their significations as well as derivation. Norah is merely the contraction of Honoria and Leonora. The former means honourable.

TROUBLED ONE.—It would be very unmaidenly if you did as you suggest. We do not consider it is a sufficient cause for breaking off your engagement. Some people feel much without being demonstrative.

SEVENTEEN.—Five feet is short for a girl of your age. We are by no means in favour of any attempt to make oneself thin. It is a dangerous experiment, of which we have had a sad experience within the circle of our own friends.

A VANISHED HAND.—We can only refer you to our answer to SEVENTEEN. You can do nothing to your eyelashes, although you think they "do not suit you." We hope they will not vanish like the hand; and short of that you should be contented.

A. WATSON.—The swan is credited as the longest-lived of birds, and one has been said to have attained 300 years; but we cannot give an authority for this. Eagles, ravens, and parrots have been known to live upwards of 100 years, and a falcon rather longer; and a white-headed vulture, caught in 1706, died in the Aviary at Schönbrunn (near Vienna), in 1824. Certain fish and crustaceans are famous for still greater longevity, and trees the greatest of all, the years being recorded by annual layers of wood, easily counted, and without possibility of mistake. The patriarch of the forest is the yew, which has been known to have attained the extraordinary age of 3200 years



NEWS OF THE LOVED ONE.



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THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

BY SISTER JOAN.



CHAPTER XXVI.

"BY-THE-BYE," said Miss Price, "Mr. Seaton and one or two others from the medical school here joined the Army, did they not? Have you ever come across any of them?"

Hope replied that they had both met Mr. Seaton. Sister Adelaide longed to see Constance's face, but she was too near her; but had she seen it it would have told her nothing. She had often woven pretty romances about her and Mr. Seaton. Well, she thought to herself, my dream has perhaps been only a dream after all, and yet I felt so sure at the time that he loved her. For awhile the talk drifted away from nursing, and Miss Price remarked,

"You remember Nurse Briggs! Did you know she had married?" Dorothy and Constance expressed surprise, and Miss Price continued, "She was out private nursing and fell in love with her patient. I must say at the time I felt very much disappointed in her, though I believe it was a genuine case of falling in love, and they both acted most honourably over it. Still I must say I did not like it. I prefer to feel that a nurse in the midst of sickness would never so far think of herself as to allow her to get on such intimate terms with her patient or his friends as to let either of them dream of such an occurrence."

"A lady was arguing with us the other day,"



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said Hope, "that all nurses ought to belong to a sisterhood and take the vow of celibacy. We did not agree."

"No," said Miss Price, "I should not have agreed to that either. I am sure that would be no improvement on the present system. We are all human," she said with a smile, "but I do think that if women were more carefully selected as nurses, all the silly flirtations which bring so much discredit on our profession would be done away with."

Sister Adelaide then asked for a little further description of their work abroad. Constance told them of the case of an officer whom she was sent to nurse in his quarters. He had broken a blood-vessel by some violent exertion, and lay dying. His soldier servant was beside him, and several doctors and officers, but as she entered the room she saw that life was almost gone. His sword and medals lay on a table beside his bed. He had been a brave soldier, but alas! how vain and empty looked the honours which in so short a time would have to be left behind. She then recounted one or two amusing stories of her first donkey-ride, and the difficulties she experienced in remaining on the donkey's back with a native wooden saddle and no stirrups, how over and over again when she thought she was fairly mounted, round twisted the donkey, and to her own dismay and the amusement of the on-lookers she found herself once again on her feet. Stories she told them, too, of their camping-out on the edge of the great sandy desert, and some of the discomforts attendant on such a primitive life.

She concluded by saying that both Hope and herself thought that army nursing, like private work, was a very distinct branch, and required at least special qualifications. "Whilst many a woman," she said, "might nurse well in women's wards or possibly make a good district or private nurse, she might not be equally well-fitted to work only amongst men and maintain the order and discipline necessary to be kept up in our army hospitals."

Talk then drifted on to pensions, and the Royal National Pension Fund elicited great diversity of feeling. Dorothy and Burdett were members of it, whilst Hope, Constance, Sister Adelaide and the rest expressed the opinion that, without any disrespect to the men who had so generously undertaken to start it, it savoured too much of a charity for them to care to join it; and why nurses any more than any other class of working women should have a fund for their special benefit they failed to see. Then followed the subject of registration, which was again a divided affair. The two juniors were both registered nurses, partly, it seemed, because they thought in time it would become universal, and they did not wish to be left behind. Possibly the senior ones, feeling their work quite secure, only in the nature of things drawing to an end, and not believing that any real good could result from registration, had held aloof.

Sister Adelaide's turn came next, but she said as they all knew so well what her work was like, she had no intention of taking up the time when there was so much that was interesting still to hear about, and expressed the hope that Nurse Dorothy would at once give them an account of district nursing as it is carried on now in most of our large towns.

"I think I must begin," said Dorothy, "by an outline of our homes and rules, which are more or less alike everywhere. I fear all I shall have to say will seem very dull and matter-of-fact after our last interesting sketch, but I could not help thinking that our homes, at least, somewhat resembled those in the army. Not more than five or six nurses generally live together and have a superintendent over them who, besides visiting each nurse's district once a week, and often taking a district whilst any nurse is absent, is also responsible to a committee for the management of the home and its inmates. Some homes are made really home-like such as Hope and Constance described those in the army to be, whilst others are more like boarding-houses, where little or no companionship exists amongst the nurses, and each one goes very much her own way. Each nurse has her own comfortable room, and all share a common mess-room. Breakfast is usually a little before eight A.M., and half-past eight is the hour for starting on the first round of duty, which has to be completed by one o'clock, and is the luncheon or dinner-hour: from this till tea, which is at half-past three, each spends the time as she chooses, unless anyone has a very acute case, when she would return to work immediately after the mid-day meal. At four o'clock they again set forth for their evening round, and everyone is expected to be in the home by half-past eight or nine, which is the time for supper and the conclusion of the day's work. Each nurse's district is limited to a certain distance, and any doctor attending cases in such a district, and wishing a patient to be cared for by a trained nurse, can at once send word to the superintendent at the home. The superintendent keeps a large supply of many things, which can be lent out for the comfort of the sick, but no nurse is allowed to buy anything for those she nurses. If there is actual poverty, food, etc., is for awhile given at some homes, and the people are referred to charitable committees, who are always ready to take up necessitous cases.

"The doctor usually leaves a note for the nurse at the patient's house telling her what he considers the patient to be suffering from and the treatment he wishes, and if necessary asking her to meet him at some fixed hour so that he can more fully explain anything to her. A good nurse may naturally be of great service to a medical man, and indeed many are, but district nurses, like others, have not all taken up the work from a love of it, and consequently are not all yet what they might be. Of course a good superintendent when going her weekly round of each district can, if she is possessed of ability and penetration, judge by many little details how each nurse does her work. Each nurse keeps an account of the cases she visits, and reports daily on their condition to her superintendent, and where night nursing is considered necessary, and the staff not sufficiently large enough to allow of its being done by them, the superintendent arranges for outside help. A district nurse often feels the anxiety of leaving a critical case to the care of friends, and finds great difficulty in making them understand the necessity for following out her directions, which she requires to give over and over again, and very plainly too. She is much more her own mistress, so to speak, than a hospital nurse, for after she has finished her rounds and done the best she can for each patient, and left them with directions to their friends, she can, with leave of course, spend her evenings where she chooses.

"I cannot better conclude my short sketch," Dorothy went on, "than by saying (which I do without hesitation) that this branch of our nursing also requires special training and special qualifications on the part of the nurse.

"In one sense nursing may be said to be the same everywhere, but the nursing of the poor in their own homes opens one's eyes to pitiful sights of misery and wretchedness which can but dimly be guessed at even by those who work within our hospitals. Great tact is needed to help without either offending or pauperising, and to teach them, above all things, to help themselves. As in private nursing a district nurse has not things to hand as in a hospital, she must learn to be self-reliant and make the most of what she has. She has to be out in all weathers, going often from a stifling room out into a cold wintry night; she must go amongst the rough and ignorant, and not seldom, alas! come in contact with the drunkard. She needs strength of body and courage of mind, but above all things a warm sympathetic heart if she is really to go her daily round, not as a fine lady or a highly trained nurse, but as a woman, a friend and helper, a truly ministering angel going with a bright smile and kindly word of cheer to make the sick man or woman more comfortable, possibly to tidy up the place, or wash and tend a child, leaving a ray of sunshine behind her in the miserably dark alley, making those whom she visits realise that sympathising loving hearts still beat in this dull cold world. Such a district nurse may be, aye, and often is the poor man's friend and counsellor; I feel just to long, as has already been expressed," she added, "that nurses would, in reality, be what they profess to be, and do their work for very love of the work's sake."

A good deal of interesting talk followed, and then Miss Summers began her account of work amongst children. She had been trained at a children's hospital before going to St. Margaret's, but during her three years there decided that children were her special work, and after having been head nurse in a large children's hospital for some years, she was given the post of matron.

"The routine work in a children's hospital," she began, "differs so little from any general hospital that I need not enter upon it, indeed I feel that a very few words will suffice for all I have to say about this branch of our work. No one who has not patience and love of children ought ever to be taken as a child's nurse. Everyone knows how any young woman who is considered too young to enter a general hospital is told to apply at a children's hospital, where youth is seldom considered the least drawback.

"I am inclined to think that this branch of our work is sometimes left too much to the young. Children require those who love them to look after them; a sick child clings so fondly to its nurse, if loved, with just the trusting confidence which only a child can give. They want mothering, do these little sick ones, and the nurse wants experience to rightly fit her for this responsible post."

Nurse Heath was then asked to give some account of village work.

"Having heard such a full account of district work in towns," she began, "I need only add a word or two, to show how village work differs from it. In the first place there is seldom more than one nurse employed in a village, so of necessity it is a somewhat lonely life, missing much of the home element. Then instead of being under a superintendent, who is herself thoroughly acquainted with our work in all its details, we are generally under the supervision of some lady, which makes the life very different in different places. Having no strict rules as to hours, one is sorely tempted when much sickness is about to neglect proper rest. The work of course remains the same, and the village nurse has generally many friends, and is often trusted with the family secrets and made the *confidante* of many a lonely heart."

Miss Price thanked them all for their interesting accounts, adding a few earnest words of encouragement to each to go bravely on with what she had begun. "The nursing world is almost overstocked," she said, "as the heads of departments in all branches of our profession would tell you; the applications are far, far beyond the demand, and though it is well that so many women are willing to take up the work, yet it is far more important what kind of women they are. I must confess to a

fear I have that the work may be made so easy and so pleasant that the thoughtless and the gay may take it up. So many champions have lately arisen on behalf of nurses that an unsatisfactory probationer or nurse can soon gain the ear of some kind friend, who, without any intimate knowledge of facts, comes to the rescue, and by kindly meant interference often does harm to our cause.

"We have all met and worked with those who by taking up the name of nurse have brought dishonour on our profession. And no nurse can have worked long in any hospital without feeling at some time or other that praise and blame by doctors and matrons is often most unfairly given through utter ignorance of the characters of their nurses. Those of us who are heads, are in some measure responsible for this state of things; a more direct personal supervision is required in many instances between the superintendent and the workers. In some cases it is a mere want of honesty, which dare not say to the woman who comes to be trained, 'you are unfitted for the work,' and not many heads can plead the excuse of the superintendent of the army-nursing who cannot say this to her nurses, but must take whoever is given her; but her position is, I imagine, a perfectly unique one. But," she added, with much earnestness, "I would say to all in authority, 'let the heads be what they profess to be.' The very name of matron or superintendent would imply one who was wedded to her work, one who had taken upon herself the obligation to direct and manage in a seemly manner those under her.

"Let it not be mere earthly direction. Let the lives of the heads of our hospitals and nursing-homes set forth a living example which the juniors may do well to imitate. Then, and not till then, need we expect to see much change for the better amongst our nurses. Only in such a way can we make our lives sublime. Only by high aims and lofty purposes can we lift ourselves and others up above the narrowness of mere earthly striving. Only by aiming at the very highest, even though seeming failure crown our efforts, can we attain anything worthy the name of success. So only may we, in the words of the poet—

"'Lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days;
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.'"

"Well, we have had a delightful visit," said Hope, as they left London. "What a vast amount of good such a woman as Miss Price can do in the world. No one could live with her and not be influenced by her. She makes nothing short of the very highest seem worth aiming at; not one of us, I am sure, but will go back to work again with fresh zeal."

"I knew you would like her," replied Constance, warmly. "I always feel her very failures are higher than many men's successes."

Shortly after their return to work Hope was laid up for some time, and as months went by and she did not quite regain her usual strength, she and Constance decided to give up their work and start their home-life together. The home-life which had for so long been talked about and looked forward to, but much as a castle in the air.

"Giving up work does seem indeed like getting old," said Hope; "no wonder many people drag on at their daily routine because they cannot summon up courage to break the chain which holds them to the past."

"Yes," said Constance, cheerfully, "it will be rather a tug, but, after all, it is only like taking another step; once give up our wards, lay aside our uniforms, and in taking up the fresh life we shall find fresh work awaiting us elsewhere."

"Well," said Hope, "it will be comparatively easy for us doing it together, and knowing, too, that we have sufficient to live on. Alone it would indeed be dreary, and with no money impossible."

"Oh!" said Constance, "if we had had no money we simply could not have given up yet, unless we had both been members of the Royal National Pension Fund," she added with a mischievous smile.

The day of departure came at last, the packing was finished, and Hope and Constance were already feeling that it would be a great relief when the last good-bye was said and they were gone. Their work was already handed over to others, and very soon their places would be filled, and nothing but a memory of them would remain.

"Off at last," said Hope, as they drove away; "well, I am thankful it is all over. Everyone was most kind, but good-byes are always trying."

"Yes," said Constance, "but it has not been so bad as I expected, and now I feel already as if we were going to have a real good time. We will think no more about hospitals, and rules and regulations may go to the wind; I can hardly believe," she added, "that we are about to start our home-life together."

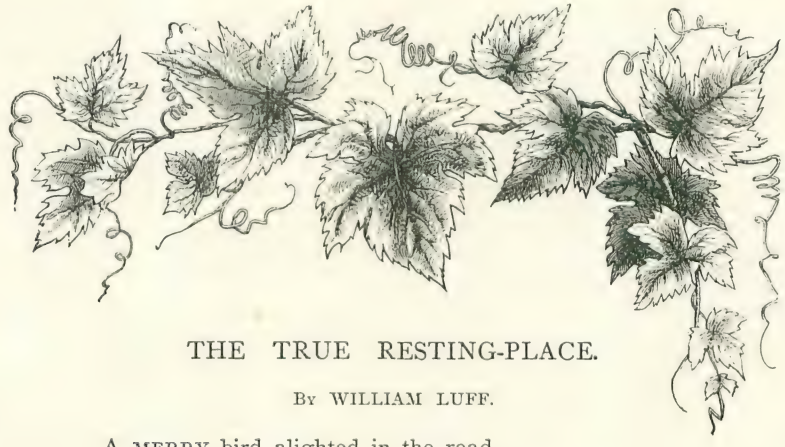
Hope smiled as she looked at Constance, and thought how much brighter and more cheerful she had become of late years, not realising that her own sunshiny spirit had imparted its brightness to her.

"How long will it be," she said, "before you sigh for work again?"

"Never, I think," replied Constance, with some warmth.

"Ah! well," said Hope, "we shall see."

(To be concluded.)



THE TRUE RESTING-PLACE.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

A MERRY bird alighted in the road,
And picked a little grain from out the dust;
But o'er the way the heavy farmer strode,
And the poor bird flew off, as birdies must.
It was no place for her
Where she might stay with confidence and trust.

A butterfly alighted on a flower, a restless thing,
For though the flower was fair, she stayed not there;
And had she rested long her flitting wing,
The sweets had failed, the flower-stem soon been bare.
There was no rest for her,
No safe abiding city anywhere.

A little beam alighted on a leaf,
That sparkled for a moment in the wood;
Then the tree trembled, and in falling grief
The sunbeam fell, and fell in restless mood:
There was no rest for her
On all the leaves, although she brought but good.

A ransomed soul sought resting in the world,
And tried to pick a grain from its rough way;
Tried to alight upon the bloom that held
The honeyed sweetmeats of the summer's day;
Tried, like the heavenly beam,
Upon the restless leaves of earth to stay.

Oh! ransomed one, if thou would'st find a rest,
Thou need'st not leave, that will not fail, nor move,
Thou must away unto thy Saviour's breast;
There is full resting in His heart of love,
Fly, little sunbeam, fly,
And find thy resting in thy home above.

THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY.



My friends call me an old-fashioned girl, some of them say eccentric. I know they mean commonplace, but that troubles me not; what does trouble me are the ways and doings of my up-to-date friends, those who pride themselves upon being anything but commonplace.

I will show you what I mean.

Perhaps it is because I grew up in an out-of-date place where the air blew fresh and sweet straight from the heavens, where everything around us was true and genuine, because my sweet mother and I were the closest of friends and companions, she teaching me to reverence my own sex as well as to respect the other, that I can no more revolt against her ideas and desires than I could rebel against the God who made me.

Because also in this quiet seed-time of my life I acquired what has been well-called the habit of "thinking-back," I have been able to keep myself together and avoid being carried along with the stream, since like many another country girl I have entered the busiest throng of busy bread-winners. It is not of the bread-winning girls that I am going to speak, however, so much as of those who belong to the leisured class, yet as one imitates another so much, the defects of the latter will often be found in an exaggerated degree among the former.

My occupation has given me a back-seat view of much in life which I could not otherwise have obtained a glimpse of; and a back seat is of all seats the most enjoyable if one can so far forget one's own existence as to be thoroughly interested in other people. From my quiet corner I have been able to watch the girls of our period, to judge them critically, to admire them immensely, and to be profoundly ashamed of them at times.

I have heard people talk a great deal about the "Coming Woman," and I have watched her "come," but I also think that I shall yet see her go. I will tell you why.

She is a very great talker, for one thing; can talk of and express an opinion upon every subject that is brought up, from the abolition of the House of Lords, and her own desirable elevation to power, down to (and it is a very low drop) the latest scandal in court, but I notice that she does very little.

I have attended meetings (always in the back seat) where women of all grades spoke their minds freely on behalf of suffrage and civic rights, or where they urged the removal of the drink traffic at one fell swoop. I have heard them argue strongly and forcibly, yes, and well to, in the cause of right and humanity, and then for an imaginary slight—a petty quibble of words—display such childish wrath and indignation, that instead of leaving the subject upon a higher plane and the standard raised aloft, they have trailed it through mire and made a laughing-stock of themselves. Glad was I then to be so commonplace and ordinary that no one credited me with "opinions."

I do not say that women should not raise their voice against wrong and oppression—on the contrary, let every tongue speak while injustice of any kind is practised. There is something very inspiriting in a mighty gathering when one purpose animates all, but when after hours of speech the questions remain unaltered, the situation unimproved, one cannot help wondering who, in the meantime, has been doing the duties which these would-be reformers have left undone, who has been filling their vacated posts?

Union is a great force and there is great strength in numbers, but greater still is the quiet power of leavening which each individual woman and girl possesses in herself. More potent for good, productive of incalculable evil if wrongly used, rarely without effect in one way or the other, is the influence of every woman's life.

Liberty of thought, and speech, and action, is claimed as their just right by the girls and women of to-day, and a freedom which earlier generations would have thought impossible is theirs by appropriation; how are they using it?

By lowering the standard wage and willingly working under conditions which a man would not accept, they are ousting the rightful bread-winner from his post and replacing his more reliable if less brilliant work by their own incomplete and inaccurate productions. "Every door shall open unto us," they cry, and fit or unfit they crowd into every niche; but how many are capable of retaining the posts thus gained?

And when they fail—as fail they often do—whom do they blame? Their own folly of conceit, lack of training, mental and physical incapacity? Not at all.

"It was only fit for a man to do," they say in disgust, as though man's strength of body and endurance of will had not been his special endowment from his Maker.

There is an area which is sacred to us as women; in one sense it is a limited one, in another—paradoxical as it may sound—it is vast, defined only by the bounds of the great world itself; cultivated and carefully tended it will yield a wealth of delight, and duties both absorbing and enjoyable: left alone or neglected it will torment us by growing rank and festering weeds whose unwholesome seeds will be carried beyond our reach, working mischief we can never undo.

When, as women and girls, in our own homes or in other people's homes, and in our own special vocation as home makers and keepers we have done everything that is to be done, then, but not until then, are we at liberty to go abroad and seek our rights and meddle in affairs we are not asked to interfere with.

It may seem a hard thing to say, but worse than their treatment of men is the attitude which some women take towards one another. Quick to see a fault, they are still quicker to allege an unkindly motive to the unfortunate actor; and a generous belief in the good intent of even a faulty worker, which a man is mostly willing to allow, seems foreign to the nature of women—that is of the women who strive. Among those to whom striving and struggling is not a necessity of life there is at least an outward attempt at generosity and forgivingness.

But the girls belonging to this latter class will err most grievously in another direction.

Perfect physically, full of the abounding joy in life which health and true carelessness brings, beautiful in face and figure and proudly watched over by loving guardians, they are apt, in their very exuberance of life and spirit, to ride over and push to one side the feelings of those who humbly wait upon them. The *employé* who serves them at the counter, the servant who waits upon them at home, are but the hirelings, paid in money for their services, therefore why should they expect consideration? Why indeed, save that they are of the same human flesh and blood, creatures of heart and mind and feeling, to whom a kind word or action is grateful as cool water to dry lips!

The girl who has means to procure a garment when she will is the last one to allow time for its proper fashioning; she may command, knowing that for the sake of further hoped-for orders her commands will be certainly executed, and little she recks of the cost!

The master-tradesman recoups himself for his extra trouble by an extra charge, but what money can restore to the overstrained, exhausted worker, the health and vitality which have been poured out in unappreciated effort?

Hurry has ruined many constitutions, as worry has worn others into early graves; where the latter is often unavoidable from reasons beyond the sufferer's control, the first-named is the more a sin in that it is always preventible and never excusable. To order a dress at so short a notice as to necessitate the worker giving twenty-four hours as her day's labour, or a bouquet which, in the matching of its delicate shades, involves a search over miles of ground and toil in the hours which ought to be given to sleep, is surely a sin, although the author of it may be utterly unconscious of its consequences.

What then of the dumb animals and innocent birds which have been tortured for her adorning? When told that in order to obtain the graceful curl which Fashion proclaims to be the *cachet* of what is choicest and most admirable in style, the feathers are torn from the living body of the bird, she is horrified and perhaps participates no more in giving countenance to such robberies, but Fashion has then got beyond her control, and those who follow her leading at all costs will have acquired a taste for what she is willing to discard, and so the mischief done by the ball which she has set rolling is beyond her power to arrest.

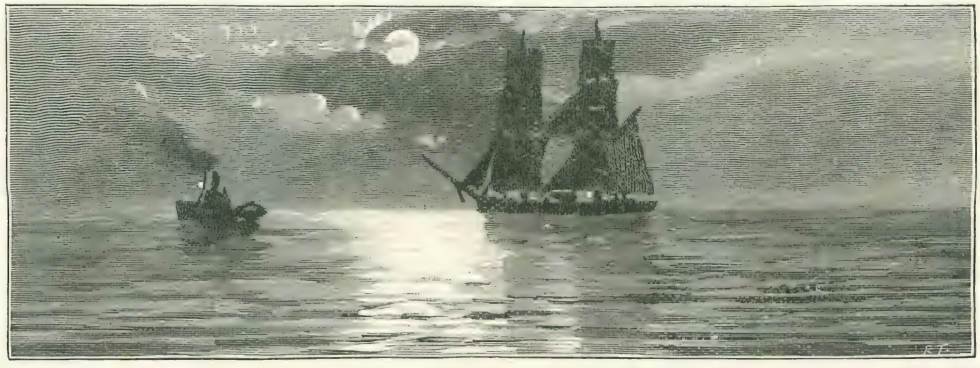
The smartly-severe tailor-made dress, the stiff-fronted shirt and its masculine tie, and the untrimmed sailor hat have unwittingly brought distress, even ruin, to hundreds of workers in those trades which depend upon the fancy of the moment for their existence. Take lace for example, one of the most beautiful fabrics which a woman can wear; from the silk-spinner and the manufacturer down through all the many hands which these employ, scanty work and scantier pay because of bad trade has crushed the heart out of not a few.

Girls do not think when they clothe themselves in what suits them at the moment how many precious human lives are made happy

or wretched by their thoughtless act. For those who have it in their power to dress well and prettily, it becomes one of their duties so to do, bringing thought, common sense, and artistic knowledge to bear on the subject; there are a vast number of women and girls to whom dress in this sense is a practical impossibility; they must perforce clothe themselves in what will best endure the strain of daily wear and tear, for them the plain, severely-cut garment is right and proper indeed.

Perhaps what has most grieved me, however, among the girls whom from my back seat I have been watching, is their lack of a right appreciation of their own worth, springing doubtless from the same want of thought which makes them inflict injury upon others, but which will work quite as great harm—if less seen—upon themselves. They cannot see that the lamented decline of chivalry in men is the result of their own assertion; that want of tact has brought them into ridicule, and that by taking away from men their natural position of protector, they have robbed themselves—and their sex—of that which makes its truest, finest link with what is best and noblest on either side. The girl who can most truly be said to "hold her own" in our times, the one who wins the most lasting respect, is the one who realises that in womanliness lies her strength, although womanliness and weakness—once thought synonymous—have no longer the same affinity, nor does it follow that to be truly a woman she must be a dependent.

There is a better type still to be than has yet been—such is the firm belief which possesses my old-fashioned and simple mind—the coming woman whom we shall desire to remain with us will be strong to will as to do, to do as to will, gentle because thoughtful, modest because self-controlled, and, above all, freed from the burden of affectations and shams. LUCY H. YATES.



A ROSE-COLOURED THREAD.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following Wednesday afternoon Hester North left Brussels in the company of Mr. Ewen and his son, *en route* for London.

Those last two days had passed in a strange trance-like fashion, the hours slipping away without leaving any distinct remembrance of the events which they brought in their train, the sights on which her eye rested making but the most fleeting of mental impressions. Hester could never remember much more of those two days than the fact that she had been utterly, unbrokenly happy. Not for one moment did she find herself alone in Gerald Ewen's company but that was not necessary, hardly even desirable; this sweet new feeling of shyness, and overpowering self-consciousness, made the presence of outsiders necessary to her comfort. And if for a moment a chilly doubt intruded, one glance at Gerald's face with its answering message of half-proud, half-embarrassed tenderness, was enough to satisfy her that that wonderful experience had been no dream, but a most blissfully real, matter of fact.

Mabel kissed her friend effusively, and expressed a very genuine sorrow at parting.

"It has been delightful to see you enjoying yourself for once, darling," she cried lovingly. "I wish you were coming along to Paris with us; but you have your lessons, and it would be dull for you with nothing but shopping all day long. But when I am married——"

Mrs. Ewen for her part bade her daughter's friend good-bye much more cordially than she had welcomed her. She was a taking little thing, this Hester North, and if it had not been so absolutely impossible, she would have been afraid once or twice that Gerald was really,—really seriously *épris!* Dear Gerald, he was so ridiculously impressionable! Yes, it was quite as well that the two young people were not to spend any more time in each other's company. Yet she kissed the girl kindly enough, presented her with a dainty golden bangle, and said a few pleasant, regretful words which earned for her a life-long gratitude, and then the train steamed out of the big gloomy station, and the visit to Brussels was a thing of the past.

Yes, but there still remained another twenty-four hours—twenty-four hours of happiness! Hester was determined not to allow herself to lose one moment in useless repining. There would be time for that,—oh, too much time in the weeks and months which were to follow. She smiled across the carriage at Mr. Ewen with flushed, eager face, and he shook his head in response, and set to work to tease her in the ponderous fashion affected by old gentlemen in their intercourse with young girls, as to the young fellow in London who would be so delighted to see her on her return, the happy meetings which would take place between them, and the coming wedding to which she must be so sure to send him an invitation.

Gerald, for his part, frowned and fidgeted in his corner, and took an early opportunity of escaping to a smoking carriage, where he remained until Antwerp was reached, and the travellers spent the necessary hours of waiting over a long *table d'hote* dinner, and then drove down to the quay, and stepped once more on board the Harwich boat.

All this time Gerald had remained so mute and preoccupied, that a more vigilant father than his own might have been excused the utter absence of suspicion with which Mr. Ewen shook hands with the two young people, and left them to their own resources.

"Well, I'm off to my berth! You two going to sit up for a little to admire the moonlight? Wrap up then, and don't catch cold. When you come to my time of life you will have discovered that all the moonlight in the world is not to be compared to a comfortable sleep. Don't be too late, and tire yourselves out for to-morrow."

Gerald murmured a few incoherent words in reply, and turned back to his companion, drawing his eyebrows together, and curling his lips in a slow, indulgent smile.

"The poor old governor! Isn't it a nuisance, though, to think that we shall have to grow old, as he says, and get to care more for rest and comfort than anything else? I should like to feel to-night that things would never change——"

Hester breathed a sigh of acquiescence, and crossing her arms upon the bulwarks gazed dreamily out to sea. She and Gerald were not the only people that were sitting up to admire the moonlight; but standing as they did in an angle of the deck, the different couples who were promenading slowly to and fro, passed at a distance of some few yards, and thus left much the same feeling of solitude among numbers, which they had before experienced in the crowded city.

It was the first time that they had been alone together, and each was thrillingly aware of the fact, while the self-consciousness of the last few days was intensified a hundred times by the peaceful beauty of the scene, the remembrance of the coming parting.

Hester stood absorbed and motionless, the pale beams lighting up the small, delicate profile, the tender lips, the deep earnest eyes.

Gerald gave a hasty stride up and down, shaking back his head and passing his hand over his eyes with the movement of one resolutely awaking from sleep. He hummed an air beneath his breath, and even forced himself to make a commonplace remark in the most ordinary and casual of tones.

Hester had no thought beyond the present—no remembrance of anything but the fact that Gerald was by her side, that they were together, and that his eyes were repeating the same sweet tale which had made her so unspeakably happy on Sunday night. The night air fanned her cheeks and lifted the loose little curls that lay upon her forehead.

The water, cleft by the swift passage of the ship, babbled deliciously against the hidden planks; the stillness was broken only by the faint throbbing sound of the engines. Sea, air and sky all seemed to her excited fancy to be filled with that quick throbbing note, or stay, was it only her own heart, her foolish heart which beat so fast against her side? She turned her head with restless movement, and her lips quivered. "It is like a dream!" she murmured beneath her breath.

They stood side by side in the moonlight in blissful, contented silence. Gerald's arm held the slight figure close to his side, his hand caressed hers, now with gentle stroking movements, as a mother with her child, now interlacing his fingers in hers, and bending them this way, and that, as he would, with a masculine delight in her weakness and his own strength. When they parted for the night at the head of the companion-way, he framed her face in both his hands, and pressed a long and reverent kiss upon her forehead.

Hester knelt down beside her bed that night, laid her head upon the arms stretched out on the white coverlet, and poured out her soul in an ecstasy of thanksgiving. It seemed, indeed, as if she had nothing more for which to wish. Let the future bring what it might, nothing could take away the remembrance of that hour, that perfect hour. She knew now what it was to live; she could never sink back into the former trance of apathy and indifference.

The morning light, however, brought new reflections, for the youthful heart is ever hungry for fresh experiences; nor is the memory of past blessedness the most efficacious remedy for present pain. The expression of resolutely repressed suffering, pinching the little face and robbing it of all its soft transient beauty, as Hester bade the two men good-bye outside the London station, smote Gerald Ewen like a blow. How miserable the poor child looked! And he himself?—he was far from happy. He had never expected the parting to cut him up like this. He turned and strode hastily back. The neat little trunk was already placed on the top of the cab; the driver was leisurely gathering up the reins; Hester, leaning back against the dusty blue cushions, was gazing before her with blank, unseeing eyes, and quivering, child-like lips.

"Hester," cried Gerald impetuously, "don't look like that! It is only good-bye for a short time, dear. See! I have to run up to London in October, I will come and see you then! It is only four months, and they will quickly pass. In four months we shall see each other again. Look up now, and smile at me before I go; I don't want my last remembrance to be so sorrowful."

Nevertheless, a moment later, when the dark eyes were turned upon him with their shining answer of love and confidence, the young man almost found it in his heart to regret the impulse which had prompted the hasty words. "For how is it all to end?" asked Gerald Ewen of himself. "How is it all to end?"

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR months had passed by. The uncertain summer, with its days of scorching heat, its rapid, inconsequent chills, its deluges of rain and hail, was a thing of the past; autumn, itself, or all that was lovely or desirable in autumn, was rapidly disappearing. The bare trees in the parks, the chilly wind which came rushing across the open spaces and sent the leaves swirling far and near; the feeble sunshine, and the short-houred day, all told the same sad tale,—winter was close at hand, and soon the great city would be wrapped in its veil of fog and darkness.

Inside the houses, however, the first crackling fires of the season were making a centre of comfort, and renewing in many a mind the yearly wonder how it had been possible to live through so many months without this bright and cheery influence. Hester North's little sitting-room looked unusually comfortable in spite of the dull yellow light which came in at the window, for the handful of coal in the grate burned with a steady flame, the hearth was daintily swept, and the little mistress herself as she stood beside her easel, studying the effect of her latest effort, made a picture upon which the eye could not fail to rest with pleasure.

Hester had developed in a marvellous manner during the last few months. The face which had once been thin and pallid had lost its sharp outline, and become smooth and rounded; there was a flush upon the cheeks which gave a new beauty to the dark brown eyes; she held herself more erect, and walked with a quicker lighter tread. Happiness, that kindliest of physicians, had been at work, the rose-coloured thread was lighting up the dull grey path of duty.

And yet those months had many a time seemed wearily long in passing. How the days had crawled! How endless had seemed the time from one week's end to another! How often—the wish being father to the thought—she had sprung ahead in her reckoning, only to be checked by the indisputable testimony of the calendar. Wicked calendar! It had offended many a time, but now—fully restored to favour—it was vouchsafed a place of honour on the mantelpiece, and every morning as the duster passed lightly over its surface, received a special little pat of approval from the hands of its mistress. Did not the antique red and black capitals by which it was surmounted, spell out the magic word "October," and had not every thought, every hope, every day-dream of the last four months begun and ended with that one word?

Thirty-one days—thirty-one! On which of them should she see Gerald again. Thirteen mornings had already passed, on each of which she had awakened with the thought in her heart—"To-day—it may be to-day!" Thirteen nights on which she had fallen asleep rejoicing that the meeting was not over, but had still to come. Hester's absorption in this one expectation had bred a new habit of forgetfulness and absence of mind during the last few months which were strange to one of her methodical disposition. She was constantly losing count of the hours, omitting to post her letters, turning up too late for her appointments, or upon her arrival discovering that she had left some necessary article at home. "You seem lost in dreams nowadays Hester!" her old school-mistress said one day, upon the discovery of an omission of a more serious nature than usual, but she uttered no more cutting words of protest, for she too had noted the transformation in the girl's appearance. She only gave a short, strangled sigh as she walked away. She had been young herself once upon a time. It seemed a pity that the child need ever awake.

As for Hester herself, so far from grieving over her own short-comings, she laughed over them with an absolute triumph of rejoicing. To think that she, Hester North,—was so happy—absolutely so happy, that half-a-dozen times a day she forgot what she was about, and made the most absurd mistakes through sheer absence of mind,—why it was delicious! On the morning on which we see her again, Hester had awakened with a strong conviction that something was about to happen. The longed-for meeting would take place, she would receive a letter from Gerald—yes, she felt certain of it! These strong convictions did not come for nothing; the very air was full of promise! She put on her prettiest gown, brought out her little treasures of household ornamentation—the table-cloth which Mabel had given her, the antimacassars and photograph frames, with which her pupils had presented her upon her last birthday, and made the little room look its brightest. She looked at the clock half-a-dozen times an hour, and whenever the sound of footsteps approached the door, put down her pencil and clasped her hands together in breathless anticipation.

The hours stole on, however, and no summons sounded on the tiny brass knocker. The old church clock clanged out a solitary note; a cloud drifted across the yellow sunshine; and Hester shivered as if with sudden cold, and put up both hands to brush the hair back from her forehead.

It was one o'clock and Gerald had not come! A passion of dumb, incredulous misery took possession of her. Hitherto when the day had passed, and he had not appeared, the disappointment had been easily solaced by the remembrance that the pleasure was still to come; to-day, in some inexplicable manner it seemed as if hope had suddenly died away. The time had come—the appointed time, and had passed without fulfilling its promise; it was over, there was no looking forward any more. Yet Gerald was not to blame! It would have been adding the bitterest touch to the disappointment to have laid it at his door. It must surely have been her own fault, Hester reasoned with herself, and with the thought came a sudden darting fear.

She ran to the door, threw it apart, and flew breathlessly down the wide stone staircase, passing landing after landing, until the entrance hall itself was reached, and she stood before the large wooden board, in the various partitions of which were pasted paper lables, bearing the names of the different lady inmates of the dwelling, with the number of their suite of apartments. Underneath the names were little wooden boxes for the reception of callers' cards, and in the intervening spaces were slipped small squares of white-enamelled metal, labelled on one side "Out," on the other "In"—a thoughtful arrangement, by means of which intending visitors were saved many a useless tramp up stairs.

Hester North, who received as a rule about half-a-dozen visitors in the course of the year, had never been very mindful of the position of her own card, when coming in or out. As often as not it remained stationary for days at a time, proclaiming her present or absent, just as,—in the last moment of recollection,—she herself had turned it.

The fear which had seized her now, was, lest in the hurry of a late return the night before, and the eager desire to see if any letter had arrived to herald Gerald's coming, she should have again forgotten to turn the label; lest Gerald might have come, and believing her to be absent, have gone away again without seeing her.

Her breath was coming quick and fast when she reached the last of the long flight of stairs. She ran forward, gave just one swift, fearful glance, and then stood still with her hand pressed tightly over her heart. Her fears had been but too well grounded, for the card had not been turned, and from the little wooden box protruded the corner of a card. Somebody had called indeed. If it should have been Gerald! Oh, but it could not, it could not have been he. After all the months of waiting; after all the longing, and looking forward,—it would be too, too cruel! There were others, who came from time to time to pay her a visit, why should it not have been one of them? Why leap to a hasty conclusion that it must needs have been Gerald Ewen beyond all others?

It took but a moment for these thoughts to pass through her mind, yet it seemed a very age to Hester before she summoned up reso-

lution to stretch out her hand, and lifting the card from the box, to hold it up before her eyes.

Small and narrow; a gentleman's card at the first glance. The ornamental typeing whirled and danced before her eyes; she could distinguish nothing but an inky blurr, then suddenly all became clear; the letters stared her in the face, each line standing out from the other with terrible distinctness. The letters spelt the name of Gerald Ewen!

Hester North stood quite still, the little slip of pasteboard clasped between her fingers. The rapid beating of the heart died away to slow, heavy throbs, her eyes grew blank and abstracted, she gazed at the printed words as if she scarce understood their meaning. All at once however a movement of the trembling hands revealed the presence of some pencilled markings on the other side of the card, and with a joyful leap of the heart, hope sprang up once more. Gerald was coming again—he had written to appoint a meeting! the disappointment was only for the time,—she had been over-ready to make herself miserable.

"So sorry!" he had written—yes of course he would be sorry too. He loved her; it was his loss as well as hers—"So sorry to have missed you. Would try to call again, but have no time. Leave for home to-night."

Hester put out both arms, and groping her way to the staircase sat down on the lowest step, and leant her head against the balustrades.

Oh it was cruel—it was cruel, to have been so near, so near as this, and yet to have missed everything! To have been beneath the same roof, but a few yards apart,—within sound of his voice, almost within touch of his hand and never to have seen him. If she had happened to have looked out of the window, if she had come downstairs a little earlier, if—oh those terrible, heart-breaking ifs, how quickly they sprung up, those ifs which made all the difference between blessedness and despair! By how short a time had she missed him? How long was it since he had written those lines? Where was Gerald now? Oh, terrible thought! perhaps but a few short paces from the door; lost in the busy crowd, borne every moment farther and farther from her side. And now her artistic nature created a new means of torture. She began to picture herself the very scene which had been enacted within the entrance hall; she saw the tall figure pushing open the swing door-way and walking slowly forward; she saw the glance, half amused, half contemptuous, which he cast around; the contraction of the handsome eyebrows as he bent forward to search for her name among the lists of the lady occupants; the cloud of disappointment which brought the wrinkles into his forehead as he discovered her supposed absence; the graceful gesture with which he stood at ease pencilling those few words at the back of the card. Her eye, trained to note and remember every detail, reproduced it all with cruel accuracy. It was Gerald to the life, even to the momentary hesitation on the door-step, the whirl of the light cane as he stepped out once more into the busy street. The wave of bitter unavailing longing swelled within her heart. Oh, was it possible that people could live and be as miserable as this! She drew her shoulders together with a long shuddering movement; the feeling of intense physical weakness which invariably accompanies a severe mental shock took away all remembrance of time or place. She closed her eyes and shrank back still further into the corner.

Ten minutes passed by, and then from above sounded the clatter of descending footsteps. The occupant of suite nineteen, a brisk little Irishwoman, pale-faced and slender—as alas! were most of the inmates of the Ladies' Dwelling—but bearing a look of indomitable courage in her well-poised head and shining hazel eyes, came running down with a brisk and business-like air, which was emphasised by the very legal appearance of the roll of papers which she carried under her arm.

The little Irishwoman had recently purchased a share in a type-writing business in the City, and was going to make it succeed or know the reason why. Down she came then, neat and trim in her well-fitting coat, her tiny feet making sharp defiant clicks upon the stairs,—a brave little toiler going forth with undaunted heart to face the battle of life.

She was talking to herself in a rapid undertone even as she came, and while she spoke she moved her head from side to side, and the hazel eyes dilated, and the red lips twitched with triumphant satisfaction. She was rehearsing what she was about to say in an interview with an unsatisfactory client, and to judge by appearances one would have had every confidence in saying that she would get the best of the argument.

So absorbed was she indeed in her own affairs, that it was not until she had reached the last step of all that she became aware of the presence of the crouching figure in the corner, and her start of consternation was in consequence all the more severe.

"Dear me!" cried the little Irishwoman, "Why, it's Miss North! How in the world——" Then she put down her bundle of papers, laid her hand on Hester's shoulder, and bent over her with a look of genuine concern. "Why, what has happened? You have no hat on; you have not been out? Are you ill, dear? Have you," with a brilliant inspiration, "had a fall? Oh, these terrible stairs; how far have you fallen, you poor child?"

Hester straightened herself wearily and put up both hands to her head. Her eyes had a strange far-off expression as she returned the new-comer's glance; she turned her head from side to side as if surprised to find herself in such a strange position; finally a spasm of remembrance contracted her forehead, and with a painful effort of will she roused herself to answer.

"Did I fall? I don't remember! It was a long, long way. What is it they call it—from the clouds? Yes, that was it,—I fell from the clouds! I think I was dreaming——"

The little Irishwoman's face resumed an expression of quiet determination. She put both arms round the girl and drew her to her feet with a display of muscular ability which one would not have expected from so diminutive a creature.

"Now you are coming straight up-stairs with me!" she said firmly, "and I am going to see you settled comfortably on the sofa before I leave. You must not attempt to do anything at all until you have had a good long rest."

Well, we have different ideas nowadays from those which were in vogue in the days of our grandparents, and it would be folly to deny that a bustling business life possesses attractions of its own, but if one could have seen the tender manner in which the little Irishwoman helped the girl up those toilsome flight of stairs, the quiet soothing touches with which she laid her down, and flitted about the room—lowering a blind, moving a chair which obstructed the view of the fire, and placing the screen in such a position as to shut out the draught from the door, one could not have suppressed a feeling that this clever, warm-hearted creature had been intended by Providence for a better fate than a type-writing business, and a home in a ladies' dwelling.

Ten minutes later she was off again on her way to the City, and was muttering to herself more vehemently than ever. As she had wrapped the warm coverings over the girl's motionless figure, she had noticed the piece of pasteboard clasped so tightly in the chilly fingers, and had been quick to draw her own conclusions.

"Drat the men!" cried the little Irishwoman to herself, "they are at the bottom of everything! I am glad I am going to have a row with one of them this afternoon. He can take it on account for this other man!"

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

HINDOO WOMEN.—To Hindoo women belong the entire management of their household, the care of their children, the superintendence over the menial servants, the distribution of alms and charities. To them are generally entrusted the money, jewels, and other valuables of the family; to them belong the care of procuring provisions and providing for all expenses; it is they also who are charged, almost to the exclusion of their husbands, with the most important affairs of procuring wives for their sons, and husbands for their daughters, and in doing so they display a nicety of attention and wisdom which are certainly not surpassed in any other country; while in the management of the domestic business they in general show a shrewdness, savingness, and foresight which would do honour to the best household in Europe.

THE INQUIRER.—If we are satisfied with what has been found out, we shall find out nothing more. They who have gone before us are not our masters but our guides. Truth is open to all, and has not yet been taken possession of, but many discoveries will be left for future ages.—*Seneca.*

THE BEST EXERCISE.—To keep girls' complexions and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength, and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficial in result than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver.

COMMON SENSE.—The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.

John Stuart Mill.

GETTING AND GIVING.—Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. Their thought is that there is happiness in getting and in possessing; but what satisfaction there is in this is not to be compared to the happiness in giving.

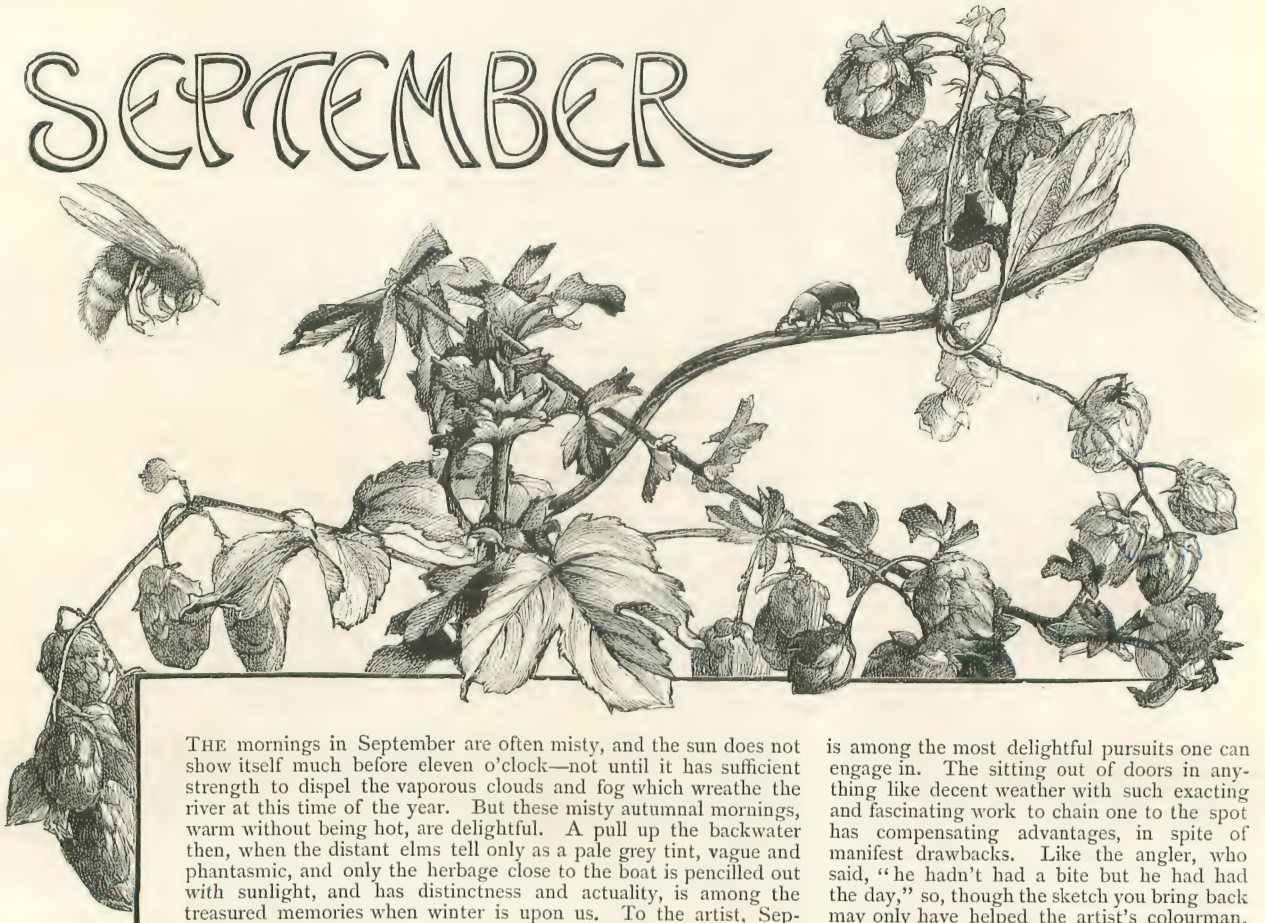
AT PEACE.—Do you desire to be almost always amiable and good-humoured? Then be at peace with God and with yourself.

LOST AND FOUND.—A janitor of a school-building seeing the words, "Find the greatest common divisor," on the blackboard, exclaimed in good faith, "Well, is that thing lost again!"

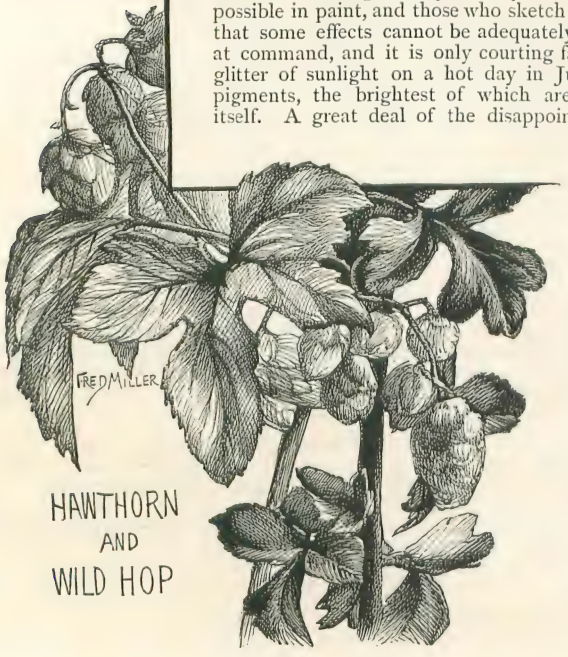
MORAL BRAVERY.—The girl who has the courage to say she has been in the wrong is not a coward.

NOTES BY AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

SEPTEMBER



THE mornings in September are often misty, and the sun does not show itself much before eleven o'clock—not until it has sufficient strength to dispel the vaporous clouds and fog which wreathe the river at this time of the year. But these misty autumnal mornings, warm without being hot, are delightful. A pull up the backwater then, when the distant elms tell only as a pale grey tint, vague and phantasmic, and only the herbage close to the boat is pencilled out with sunlight, and has distinctness and actuality, is among the treasured memories when winter is upon us. To the artist, September is a much more paintable month than July, for in midsummer the glare of the sun makes the full green of the trees somewhat black, and the intense light cannot be rendered in paint. The softer light and more subdued colouring of fields and trees as the foliage slowly fades, yield effects which are much more possible in paint, and those who sketch from nature might remember that some effects cannot be adequately rendered with the materials at command, and it is only courting failure to attempt such. The glitter of sunlight on a hot day in July cannot be realised with pigments, the brightest of which are dull compared to sunlight itself. A great deal of the disappointment the young landscape painter experiences is due to an unwise selection of material and an unpropitious moment when there is either no effect—*i.e.* no concentration of effect which can be grasped mentally before an attempt is made to commit the same to paper or canvas, or one that, as I have just said, is impossible. From September onwards are the best months in which to sketch, for as the trees change colour, they declare their individuality, an oak colouring quite differently to an elm, and a willow different again from either of them. Sketching from nature, disappointing and tantalising as it is, seeing that one's fingers come so far short of what one realises in the mind's eye, is among the most delightful pursuits one can engage in. The sitting out of doors in anything like decent weather with such exacting and fascinating work to chain one to the spot has compensating advantages, in spite of manifest drawbacks. Like the angler, who said, "he hadn't had a bite but he had had the day," so, though the sketch you bring back may only have helped the artist's colourman, yet you have sharpened your perception, gathered experience, and had an excuse for sitting out of doors. I spent the whole of one September working at some figwort, thistles and dock which grew by the backwater in a Thames village, and though the actual result, so far as work went, was inadequate to the time I spent upon the canvas, it was very enjoyable in every other respect, for like so many autumns, the unsettled weather of August cleared up, and September and October were beautiful. Walking home in the twilight with the white mist rising off the river and lying in long bands over the fields, and that mysteriousness over everything as the light fades out of the sky, making you feel that the whole world is peopled by yourself, rounded off the days spent in trying to catch some of those fleeting beauties which inspire one to begin and disappoint one in the doing, I remarked then how very distinctly mushrooms can be seen in the evening. The white glistening surface can be detected fifty or sixty yards away. In one of the meadows I had to cross there were several "fairy rings," as they are called. The grass in these rings is much richer in colour than in the surrounding meadow, and the fungi grow in these rings, some of which are quite a circle as though struck with compasses. Other fungi, such as puff-balls grow in circles besides the agaric, but there is no mistaking a mushroom if its points have once been mastered. Some fungi are very gorgeous in colour—orange, scarlet and yellow, and in some of the recesses in Epping Forest many of the rarer kinds are to be found, and the society which



HAWTHORN AND WILD HOP



makes this lower plant-life a special study make Epping Forest a happy hunting-ground. In the marshland of Norfolk, mushrooms grow to an immense size, and I have heard of them being found weighing 5 or 6 lbs. each, while puff-balls as large as a bushel measure are not infrequently met with.

I frequently went into Norfolk in September, when I lived in London, to visit a friend, who was both an excellent naturalist and sportsman. September is a great holiday-time for country men, as partridges are killed from the first. I daresay, had I been brought up in the country, I should have been keen after sport, but not having handled a gun at the time when one ought to have got one's hand in I used to content myself with going with the party to enjoy the day's outing and the exercise, for one covers a good many miles in this way, and it is rough tiring work going over "the ploughs" (the land that has been ploughed and is lying fallow), and jumping hedges and ditches. Nature, as we know, adapts her creatures to their environment and makes the colour of birds and beasts to nearly match their habitat. But the force of this abstract law is only realised when you are told that a covey of birds is lying on a fallow within a few yards of one. My eyes not having been trained to see such objects as partridges and hares were as good as non-existent on such occasions, and I remember causing an old keeper much amusement by not being able to see a hare that had squatted in a furrow within twenty yards of me. In fact, I at first doubted whether my sporting friend could see "birds" two fields off, for look as I would there was nothing perceptible to my deficiently trained eyes.

How ignorant townsmen must appear to a countryman! But then they would miss a good deal that we have been trained to see. You should have seen the astonishment on the faces of some old women who were weeding in a field, when to settle a dispute I had with some fellows I went up and asked them what was growing in the field. But the Londoner was equally amused and astonished at the old countryman saying, as he stood in Oxford Street, "Let's bide in this doorway awhile until the crowd goes by, for the sight o' so many folks bothers ye." The old chap did not realise that the crowd, as he termed the people, would go on until quite late at night.

In most seasons in the southern counties harvest is over by the first week in September, but this is not always the case, and the further north you go the later is the ingathering; so that in the more exposed parts of Derbyshire corn is sometimes out until November. In 1892 we had a good deal of rain during the latter part of July and through August, and though a good deal of corn was cut and shocked the rain prevented it being carted. The result was that the wheat sprouted badly, for the showers were followed by hot sunshine, and this caused the kernels to send out a tap root several inches long. This sprouting spoils the corn, and I am told that bread made from flour of sprouted wheat will not rise, but is "clung" when baked. A wet harvest is a very trying time for everyone. Even the on-looker like myself cannot help feeling for those whose livelihood depends upon the produce of the land, and to see a bountiful harvest spoiling in the fields is one of the most depressing experiences I know. Farmers are accused of being chronic grumblers. I notice that all people having much to do with the soil are a serious, almost mournful race, as though they were always looking out upon nature when she is in an unkind mood, and had to put up with weather that was the reverse of what they desired. The wit and gaiety and humorous light-heartedness one finds in London among the same grade of workers is quite absent in the country.

At our village concerts I have heard villagers sing comic songs in the style of funeral dirges. Those unacquainted with the song would never guess that it was comic. Mournful songs relating to the deaths of soldiers and sailors, or flowers from mother's grave are those generally given and most appreciated by the audience.

If there is a month in the year when there is a pause it is September, for with the gathering in of harvest the anxieties attending the year are over. Nothing now can make a bad crop good or spoil a good one that is gathered. There is a feverish unrest in the early year—anticipation and expectation—the weather playing an important part in the drama. The gardener has an unpropitious spring to try him, and late frosts to nip his tender seedlings and make his life both anxious and disappointing. The farmer looks about his crops, and gets weather, apparently, never quite to his liking. Haymaking is a trying time, and at harvest he is always on the stretch. But by September he knows where







he is, and for good or ill can rest awhile and contemplate his past labours. The weather, now that so much less depends upon it, appears to be more calm and settled, in tune with his feelings. The sun may be warm, but it does not burn as it does in midsummer; and the colouring of all nature is becoming subdued and suggestive of rest rather than excitement.

It is too early yet to begin sowing wheat, and the roots are not yet ready for pitting. A good many pleasure fairs take place towards Michaelmas. There was a time when servants of all kinds were hired for the year at Michaelmas, and these fairs were known as "statute" or "hiring fairs." Men seeking fresh places—and women too, for that matter—went to the fairs, and the farmers attending made their selection and settled the labour question for the following year. The permanent hands on a farm, such as carters or horsemen, foggers and shepherds, are still engaged by the year, and I know farmers and labourers attend Wallingford and Abingdon fairs to hire and be hired. But fairs are no longer what they were, and it will not be many years before most of them will drop out. Much of the romance of life goes with the growing matter-of-factness and unsentimental character of people. Harvest-homes were universal at one time. The "orkey load," as it was called, supposed to be the last load of corn taken to the farm, was the occasion of much mirth and hilarity, and the farmer gave his men and women a supper to celebrate the completion of harvest. I am sorry to say that this custom has almost dropped out, gone with much else that decorated life and its labours.

Even gleaning is now largely discontinued, and in 1892, owing to the wet, scarcely a handful was "leased." At one time the church-bell used to ring to announce that all could go into the fields which were ready. Wheat was then worth double what it is now, and bread, instead of being fourpence halfpenny a loaf, was ninepence and tenpence. Pure wheat bread was at one time a great treat to villagers, as they used bread made of tail wheat (the indifferent kernels which come out at the end or tail of the machine) or wheat mixed with barley. I am sorry to say that in this village, except to compete at the annual flower show, there is not a cottager makes her own bread. Yet home-made bread is not only cheaper, but has more heart in it.

Steam-thrashing machines have quite superseded thrashing with a flail, except in the case of a few beans and peas, and in September you hear all around the continuous mournful hum of the "drum," revolving at a very high rate of speed, beating out the kernels. I question whether the younger men on a farm could swing a flail without knocking their heads or legs. Women are employed in thrashing, generally on the machine, untying the bands around the sheaves of wheat or barley, or if the corn has been cut with a self-binder, cutting the string that holds the sheaves together. Women are employed, too, in hoeing, "scutching" (getting couch grass), and bird-keeping. In the next village a most extraordinary woman lives who does bird-keeping and other work on a farm. She is a most inhuman-looking object, quite a Caliban in fact, and the first time I saw her on Whittenham clumps with a gun over her shoulder, and her weather-beaten witch-like face, her appearance was most startling. Had she not had an apology for a dress on, and a shapeless weather-beaten bonnet or hat, you would not have known that "Kezzy" was of the gentler sex, so entirely absent was anything approaching gentleness in her appearance. Many quite old women still earn their living working on the land, and I photographed two old dames taking their lunch while sitting on a horse-harrow, one of whom was eighty-three and the other seventy-nine. In the winter some of these old women go into the Union; but so strong is their love of liberty, and so great their dislike to the "House," that as soon as



the winter has turned they come out to earn a few shillings a week weeding, picking stones, or swede cleaning for the sheep. These women must have had out-of-the-way constitutions, for this latter job is a rough hard one, and they are exposed to the inclement weather of the early year.

Towards the end of the month blackberries and hazel nuts are ripe. In Norfolk there must have been tons of this fruit left to decay, for in following the guns when out partridge-shooting I used to come across quantities of blackberries, delicious when quite ripe. We always make some blackberry jam, and most popular it is with our friends owing to its novelty. The jelly is even finer, as the seeds, which are somewhat dry, are taken out. Crab-apples make good jelly, but few people trouble to use them. Sloes again are to be had by the bushel in favourable seasons, yet few people trouble to get them. Old-fashioned people used to make a wine from sloes which resembles port in colour, and it was said to be good for diarrhœa, just as cowslip wine was reckoned good for fevers. Mrs. Primrose in the *Vicar of Wakefield* was proud to offer her guests some of her home-made gooseberry wine.

By the end of the month swallows are getting ready to go, while the fly-catcher, so common in gardens in the summer, has left us. The house-martin is the last of the swallow tribe to leave us. The corncrake, which keeps up that continuous grating noise day and night in the spring, leaves towards the end of September, and considering the shortness of its wings and its disinclination to fly, make it all the more wonderful that it can migrate. It must ever be a source of wonder how small birds like golden-crested wrens can travel immense distances in journeying from their winter to their summer quarters.

The berries are a great feature towards the end of the month. The wild service-tree, for instance, is most beautiful with its purplish green leaves and bright berries. The wild hop, too, as it climbs over the hedges is a feature wherever it is found.

A garden ought to be majestic in September, as the taller-growing perennials are now in bloom, such as sunflowers, asters and Michaelmas daisies, hollyhocks, phloxes, gaillardias, and dahlias. Among the annuals, zinnias, asters, sweet peas and phlox are the most noticeable; but many plants that flower earlier in the season can be kept blooming if only the seed-pods are carefully kept picked as soon as they form, for nothing so exhausts a plant as allowing it to seed. By this simple device I have had a row of sweet peas over six feet high in September, and yielding blooms until cut off by the frost. Then, too, nasturtiums, canariensis, convolvulus and other climbing annuals have gone on growing like Jack's magic bean until they lose themselves in the shrubs they have made their mainstay; and this wealthy profusion and negligent abundance which characterises gardens in September makes them to some eyes more beautiful at this time of the year than at any other, for all plants have by this time asserted themselves, and have got out of leading-strings to a liberty which at first we would not allow them to enjoy, because we would train them in the way we thought they ought to go.

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"GOD'S MILL GRINDS SLOW, BUT SURE."

WHEN Dr. Herbert went to the rectory, the morning after his interview with his uncle, he found the rector ill in bed. He attended him daily, and while ministering to his disease, artfully tried to discover whether he knew anything of Mara's marriage; but as the subject only irritated the old gentleman, he was obliged to give it up. When he asked his uncle to let him and the clerk or Tudor search the registers, he met with such an angry refusal that he believed the rector must know something of the marriage.

"I don't suspect anything wrong, but I strongly suspect a secret marriage," he said; "Gerwyn had many friends among the curates—I wonder whether one of them might have performed the ceremony."

"How can I remember twenty years ago, when I don't know what happened yesterday?"

"I will come to-morrow, and we will have a look at the registers, uncle. They will refresh your memory; we won't be hard upon you, and you will be doing a righteous deed."

"Don't go away, nephew—you have made me quite ill."

"You would be better, sir, if you did justice to the living and the dead."

"Nonsense. Surely Margaret Vaughan must know whether she is married or not."

"Perhaps she has faithfully promised not to tell. It would be generous to absolve her. It will be worse for her to bear the shame than you the penalty."

"What penalty? It is not my fault if I have a bad memory and get imposed upon. Poor young things! The foundling, too. Well, nephew, I will try to remember; come to-morrow. But you must not be hard upon me—you are so severe, Llewellen."

The morrow came, and therewith Dr. Herbert. Mr. Traherne had been nerving himself to the work before him, and therefore made no further difficulties. They set out together for the church. This was situated on the top of a hill, and the walk to it was always tedious, and Mr. Traherne was compelled to stop frequently.

"That beacon in the old tower was a grand idea of yours, uncle. It has saved many a ship," said Dr. Herbert.

"So I have done something well! I don't think I originated the idea."

"Everyone says you did, uncle, and hundreds of sailors have blessed you for it."

"Then if I have saved few souls, I have saved some lives. The only thing I never forget is the beacon. I look out for it every night, and if it is not alight I send off to Matthias. A city set on a hill must not be hid. I am better now. We will go on."

They reached the church at last. It was an old dilapidated building, moss-eaten without, worm-eaten within. It commanded a grand prospect of sea and land, and the beacon placed by Mr. Traherne in its high tower was seen at night for miles. The indefatigable Tudor had set on foot subscriptions not only for repairing this, the parish church, but for building a more central one in the town. He was warmly assisted in this by Mr. Glyn and others.

When Llewellen got into the vestry and saw the heap of mouldy registers, he made an ugly face.

"Now, uncle, you must help me," he said.

"I know nothing about it. I will fetch Matthias."

Before Dr. Herbert could remonstrate, the rector was hurrying towards a small house near the church, in which dwelt the clerk. He soon returned with him.

"Matt knows the registers by heart. He always searches them for me," said Mr. Traherne.

"But you empowered me to look through them," said the doctor.

"As you like—as you like. Register of birth, Matthias. Baptised at the workhouse. What year, Llewellen?"

Dr. Herbert named the exact date, which he had ascertained from Mr. Roderick.

The clerk was a shrewd man, who had held office nearly as long as the rector, and was in all his secrets. Llewellen would gladly have done without him.

"My uncle wishes to see the registers for those two years," he said, glancing at Mr. Traherne, whose back was visible through the vestry.

"Old gentleman will never find them, sir. He's off already."

"Old gentleman! You are older than he, Matthias."

"Age don't go by years, but by health and understanding. Master's old—I'm young. Birth, death, or marriage—lay my hand on any one of 'em. Know 'em all by heart."

"Have you attended all the funerals and marriages, Matthias?"

"Never missed for four and thirty year. If I was struck blind to-morrow, could say all the responses by heart."

"Suppose a secret marriage now, would you have been present?"

"Can't say, sir."

"There must have been marriages without consent in this church, Matthias."

"To be sure, doctor. I've seen more than you 'ould think. Married unbeknown myself. Had a good wife and fifteen children, as you know, sir."

"Well, Matthias, if you would help me to find out what I want, you would be doing a good deed."

"What do you want, sir?"

"I want to prove the marriage of a member of my family, who was, I strongly suspect, married here. Did you ever assist at the marriage of my brother Gerwyn?"

"If master read the service, I surely did. You had better ask him," said the clerk doggedly. "But who says Master Gerwyn was married?"

"I do, and beg you to turn to the year I named. If you will do this, you will save time—if not, I must search myself."

The clerk fumbled and trembled a little. The doctor looked warily over his shoulder.

"Hold! I see the word Gerwyn!" said the latter, laying his hand on the clerk's arm and arresting his hand.

"Gerwyn Ivor Herbert—Margaret Vaughan. Poor fellow! His own hand, bold and manly. Hers almost illegible. Thank God for this."

The doctor, unable to restrain his emotion, sat down and covered his face with his hand.

"Indeed, it was not my fault," said the clerk humbly.

"It could not be, but you were an abettor. Tell me about this marriage, Matthias."

Dr. Herbert spoke sternly. He thought of the shame, the scandal, the long concealment, Mara's misery, his uncle's cowardice.

"It was quite regular," began the clerk, humbly at first, but rising in voice and manner with the occasion. "Both in the parish—married by license. How Master Gerwyn managed his reverence I don't know, but he did; and as for me, he could always turn me round his finger. I felt for 'em, and thought their parents had better let 'em marry in the regular way. Miss Marget looked as pale as a corpse, and did tremble shocking; but Master Gerwyn was as bold as a lion, and said out the responses like a man. When Miss Marget did cry, he did kiss her and comfort her. She spoke up very brave, too, only she was frightened. Master Gerwyn and I took care that his reverence didn't miss a line, and he went right through the service on to amazement."

"A very apt conclusion in this case," said the doctor. "Was there any promise of secrecy?"

"Dear, yes, sir. I never did see master so eager. He said it was as much as his gown was worth if it was known. That everybody 'ould be pointing the finger at him, and that it 'ould be his death. Master Gerwyn said he 'ould swear never to tell till his uncle gave him permission, and that when he came home from sea they 'ould be married again. He said Miss Marget was afraid of her father, or he shouldn't be making a secret of the proudest day of his life. Then she promised not to tell till Master Gerwyn came home, and his reverence gave them leave. Indeed, she said she never could tell, because her father would never forgive her."

"Do you remember whether Gerwyn was staying at home at this time?" asked Dr. Herbert.

"No, sir. He had gone away to Liverpool, or somewhere, and came back on the sly. I noticed that; and also that Miss Marget—I beg your pardon, sir—Mrs. Gerwyn, left home that same day."

"They managed it well!" said the doctor.

"I think Master Gerwyn managed it, sir. Poor Mrs. Gerwyn was too frightened to manage anything."

"Poor Gerwyn! Poor Mara! Will you draw out a certificate of the marriage, and of the baptism of the foundling. I will go to my uncle."

The doctor found Mr. Traherne walking up and down the churchyard path in great agitation.

"Well, uncle, I know it all!" said the doctor.

"You do—you do! Then pray don't make it public, and don't be hard upon me, Llewellen. I was very ill with influenza, as you remember. I was in bed, mourning Gerwyn's departure, when all of a sudden he appeared. He said he was come back on purpose to marry Margaret Vaughan, and I must perform the ceremony. I resisted, but it was no good. I never could refuse dear Gerwyn anything, and I never saw a young fellow so desperately in love. I remembered my own early disappointment, and thought how different I should have been if I had married. In short he cajoled me into promising to marry him. He did not leave me much time for consideration. He came the next morning before daybreak, roused me out of my bed, brought me up here more asleep than awake, then went off to meet Margaret. He must have had something to do to persuade her to the step to judge from her manner. Poor children! Bad as my memory is, I remember that scene well enough—his proud hilarity—her shy terror, and how he encouraged her with tender speeches and loving acts. God help them!"

"You may, indeed, pray for Mara, uncle. She needs help. We will do what we can for her by placing her in her right position. Will you come in and sign the certificates?"

"What certificates? Oh, I remember! I declare I feel better since this secret has been off my mind. It certainly affected my memory."

They went into the vestry, and the rector signed the certificates. The doctor took them off at once to Tyrmynydd.

"Good news, Mr. Vaughan! Good news, Nanno! Here they are, sir!" he exclaimed, when he arrived there.

He put the certificates into Mr. Vaughan's hand.

Mariana rose and went to her father, who was turning over the papers, as if he did not understand what they meant.

"You are glad—you are thankful, dear father?"

"Yes, truly thankful!—but is it possible that this signature can be correct? Your uncle! Mr. Traherne? Is it still a cruel jest, Dr. Herbert?"

"It is quite correct," said the doctor.

"A pillar of the Church!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughan lifting up his eyes. He was almost sarcastic.

Dr. Herbert told the story as shortly and clearly as he could. Mr. Vaughan was sitting at a desk on which lay an open book. He kept his hand on the page, as if to mark the controversial spot at which he had left off, and fixed his eyes on the doctor, who felt their cold influence steal into him, to the injury of his tale. When he had finished there was a pause. At last Mr. Vaughan spoke.

"And a daughter of mine, brought up in the fear of the Lord, has been guilty of all this! I must believe it, but it is indeed hard of belief."

"I am thankful to believe it, Mr. Vaughan."

"Certainly. Hers scarcely seems the worst part of the concealment. He who married them is most to blame. The Reverend Gerwyn Traherne."

"Now, Mr. Vaughan, I am ready to make this marriage and our relationship public at once," said Dr. Herbert. "The sooner this is done, and Mara back amongst us, the better."

"And now the advertisements for—for—Ivor can be forcible and public," said Mr. Vaughan. "I will see to them myself. Did the Reverend Gerwyn Traherne know what became of those sheep of his flock, after he so readily tied them together! Were it not so late in the day I would take proceedings against him," said Mr. Vaughan.

"I fear he knew only that they left him together," said the doctor. "Doubtless Mara will now tell the whole truth."

But Mara was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"GOD ARMS THE HARMLESS."

WE left Mara on the way to Merthyr Tydvil, the principal seat of the Glamorganshire ironworks. She travelled about half her journey by coach, and enjoyed the scenery and invigorating air in spite of maternal anxiety. Nothing tends more to revive depressed spirits than a drive on the top of a coach behind four good horses—a drive now become almost out of the reach of most people. The coach met the train in the afternoon, and after many changes of platform, and short omnibus drives, Mara reached her destination.

To tell how she went from mine to mine, shaft to shaft, master to master, miner to miner, would be to lengthen, needlessly, her history; suffice it to say that neither her own exertions, nor those of the police were of any avail.

She heard from Mariana that her father and Dr. Herbert, as well as the workhouse authorities, had caused advertisements to be inserted in many newspapers, and inquiries to be made, but without result. Mariana entreated her to come home in vain.

At last she fancied that she had found a clue to the labyrinth, and went to London.

A few weeks after her disappearance she wrote to Mariana. She gave no address, but said she was quite well, and had discovered, she believed, traces of Ivor. She prayed her father to forgive her, and promised to return soon. Two or three similar letters succeeded this one, all from London

Poor Mariana was sorely tried. Mr. Vaughan grew morose and irritable, and his health threatened again to give way.

Mara had little realised all the trouble she would bring upon herself and her

friends by her long concealment. Herberts and Glyns were almost as anxious as her own father and sister, and Mariana had their constant sympathy. But Mr. Vaughan avoided every member of the Captain's family, the doctor alone excepted.

Autumn and winter passed away, and still no Mara. Mariana had received, perhaps, half-a-dozen letters during this period, and Mr. Vaughan one. They were very short, and all without address. Mara had said in one of the first that she purposely withheld the address, because she did not wish to be followed. In every letter she had either heard of Ivor, or was on his track. Their tone was sad, but not hopeless, and Mariana would have been comparatively at ease could she only have answered these letters.

During all this period, advertisements were in many papers, descriptive of George and Ivor; and placards were posted about at many mines. Neither trouble nor expense was spared by the relations he had left behind, but Ivor was lost to those who would so gladly have befriended him.

Thus many months passed, when one evening in June a tall travel-worn woman, with a large veil closely drawn over her face, alighted from the coach at the Glyn Arms. No one recognised the once beautiful Margaret Vaughan, but she it was. She hurried out of the town, and took the road to the Little Mountain; that road which she had taken when she laid her infant in Shanno's path.

Then it was autumn, now it is summer; then she was wandering on the hill, watching the fate of her child, now she is hastening, forlorn and childless, up the same hill to the cottage whither that infant was taken.

Poor Mara! she has paid bitterly for her folly. She has drunk to the dregs the aloes of her deception. How changed she is. How pale, thin, and haggard! She has indeed

"Let concealment like a worm i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek."

As she advances up the lonely hill she slackens her pace, and throws up her veil. She glances from side to side with a smile on her worn lips. She is glad to see the hedgerows again. She stops to look at a grand foxglove, with its hundred purple bells, that towers amid a garden of ferns. She is about to gather it, but starts back, muttering—

"Poor flower! Let it live out its little life. A few years ago I held up my head as proudly as a foxglove. Ah! what a bower of wild roses! wreaths long enough for a bridal arch. Gerwyn used to say we would have an arch all roses! How very sweet they are. How could my darling leave these beauties for the darkness and dreariness of the mines? I must gather you, dear bud, for you are like him! and you bright rose, for you are what I was! Flower and bud, mother and child, together once more; and you, wandering honeysuckle, for you are like Gerwyn. Sweet, wild, and thornless, for he never willingly planted a thorn. Gerwyn, Mara, and Ivor! You shall live and die together on my poor breast."

There was something very soft and touching in Mara's voice, as she murmured these disjointed sentences; and still more touching was the expression, half wild, half wearied, of her large dark eyes. If her mind had not given way, it was sadly shaken, and would require gentle treatment to keep it in its seat.

She walked slowly, pausing now and again, and talking to herself.

"How beautiful it is! Summer on the mountains! sunset on the hill-sides! Ferns, foxgloves, moss, rock-work, all turned to gold."

She paused, scenting the air, as if attracted by a perfume. It was a bed of wild thyme. She stooped over it, examining the delicate flowers, and touching gently the pensive harebell that grew in its midst.

"That is Nanno! sweet Nanno! Ah, here is the pink heather! Gerwyn! Gerwyn! you used to call me your mountain heather. Oh! I have loved you—if you are near me you know it. You know that I laid our child down here for love of you, and now he, too, is gone. But this pure air gives me hope and faith. He will come back again—you will come back. God is good, and I am humbler and more patient than I was; He has brought me low, and knows that I repent of all my misdeeds. I will kneel down here, just where I laid my baby, and tell Him so again."

Poor Mara knelt down by the roadside, near the spot where she had placed Ivor years before. She clasped her hands and craved forgiveness. Then she asked that her husband and child might be restored to her. Very simple were her words—very childlike her manner. Sorrow had bowed the proud spirit, and the unbending mind was broken.

She rose and hurried to Shanno's cottage.

Happily the good woman was alone. She did not recognise her, and glanced suspiciously at the worn and shabby clothes that must once have been good.

"Don't you know me, Shanno? Don't you remember your little Margaret?" cried Mara.

"Miss Marget *fach*, is it you?" said the good woman, opening wide her arms to receive the poor wanderer. Mara fell upon her neck and wept.

"I have not found him, Shanno," she sobbed. "Ivor is gone! lost! lost!"

"He will be found, come you. Sit you down, dear. Miss Vaughan was here 'esterday; she will be so glad—she will jump for joy."

"Dear Nanno. Was she so sorry, Shanno? What does father say? I am afraid of him."

"He do pray and advertise, and advertise and pray, they are saying. You know, now you are Mrs. Gerwyn Herbert, all the world's alive and anxious, and they do call Ivor Master Ivor!"

"Who found it out, Shanno?" asked Mara, eagerly.

"The dear doctor; he did get the 'tificate from Mr. Traherne, and did mak the old gentleman tell all the treuth; so now you are a married lady, out and out."

Mara began to sob. Shanno went out and sent one of the children to fetch Mariana.

"Sit you in granny's big chair," she said, when she came back; and gently led Mara to the bee-hive chair, whence old Mally had denounced her years ago.

For Mally slept with her fathers, and the big chair had descended to her son, Sam's father, now a hale man of eighty, and her representative at the cottage.

Mara seemed lost in thought for a time; then, rousing herself, looked at Shanno, with a gleam of the old fire in her eyes.

"Then everyone knows how Gerwyn and I loved one another, and why I laid my baby by the wayside. God bless you, Shanno, for taking him in. Do they think I was very wicked?"

"They think you were fullish and should have told at once; but they know master."

"He was very strict, but I think he loves me, Shanno. I feared him so! I fear him still—I cannot see him again. May I sleep in this big chair to-night? I am afraid to go home—alone—without my child."

Shanno took off the old bonnet and shawl, made some tea, busied herself to cheer Mara, not unsuccessfully. She saw that her gown was worn out, that she had neither collar nor cuffs, that her stockings and shoes had holes in them.

"Yes—I am ashamed to be so untidy," sighed Mara, "but I could not work. I had no friends—and I roved about all day in search of Ivor. You are so kind, dear Shanno."

"Dear heart, everybody will be kind."

"Do you think so?"

Shanno saw Mariana coming, and ran out to meet her.

"'Tis Miss Marget—I don't think she's quite right in her mind," she whispered.

"She is come—thank God!" said the agitated Mariana, going into the cottage. "Mara darling, I am so glad—so glad."

This was all poor Nanno could say, as she took the trembling Mara to her arms.

"How kind you are, dear Nanno," sobbed Mara.

"Kind! If you knew how we have longed for you!"

"Father?"

"Yes, father. Darling, you are ill—you must come home. Shanno will help us."

"I cannot see father to-night, I am afraid."

"You need not—father is at chapel. I will manage it all; come at once."

They hurried on poor Mara's clothes, and took her home. Slowly, very slowly, for she was so tired she could scarcely move. But Mariana cared less for the weariness than for the half unconscious gaze that constantly met her anxious glance.

"The servants are in the hay-field; we will get her quietly upstairs," said Mariana, when they reached the house: and she and Shanno supported the fainting Mara to Nanno's room, and got her into bed.

"Thank you, dear Nanno; it is nice

to be here," she said. "But what will father say?"

"He will be glad you are come home, darling."

She seemed about to fall asleep, like a weary child, when she started up frightened.

"I have not said my prayers, Nanno."

"Think a little prayer, and sleep, dearest," said Nanno, stooping down to kiss her.

"Forgive me my trespasses, and bring back my husband and child," was Mara's little prayer, and she slept.

Poor Mariana! she wept as she looked at the pale worn face, and marked threads of silver in the black hair. Her own silent sorrows seemed to pass away before the more absorbing ones of her sister. She feared, too, the effect her sudden return might have on her father, whose fits were intimately connected with her.

This trial began at supper.

"Mara is come back, dear father," she said, as composedly as she could.

"Mara come back! when? how?" said Mr. Vaughan, "where is she?"

Mariana told him all she knew.

"You think her mind is affected, Nanno—what will become of her?"

"I will take care of her, dear father; if I may."

Mariana perceived signs of nervous agitation in Mr. Vaughan.

"If you will let me tend her quietly for a day or two, I think she will be better. She must have gone through much suffering," she said.

"I dread to see her again, Nanno."

"You had better not for a time. It will be well to avoid all excitement for you both."

"Perhaps so. This is a sore trial to me. It is worse since everyone has known it. They rejoice at my tribulation, Nanno."

"We will not care now she has come back, father. We have all our griefs, but hers are heaviest."

"She has her deserts—but I will forbear."

Mr. Vaughan checked the hard words that were springing to his lips.

The heat was great—the window was open, and the scent of new-mown hay came in with the night breeze. Purple shadows were creeping over the hills, and the dark green sea slept in the distance.

Father and daughter were silent, thinking of the weary wanderer upstairs, her husband and child.

"Has she spoken of the boy?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"She has not found him. Father, you do not eat. You will be ill again."

"Pain and trouble return with your sister. We have many trials, Nanno. She and Edwin and the boy are all sore burdens too grievous to be borne."

"Mara is penitent—Edwin has done his Master's work—Ivor will be cared for, father," said Mariana, with trembling voice; "you will be good to Mara, dear father."

"I will try; I should like to look on her before I sleep."

"On no account," began Mariana.

"It will be best," said her father.

It was useless to combat Mr. Vaughan, so Mariana preceded him to her sister's room. In the dim light Mr. Vaughan stood and gazed on his child, and Mariana watched him in great fear. She saw that he turned pale and trembled. He waved his hands over the bed, stooped and touched her forehead with his lips, then hastily left the room, and went into his own.

The following day Mariana with her father's permission, sent for Dr. Herbert. It need scarcely be told that Mara was very ill. The doctor was seriously alarmed about her bodily and mental condition. The long struggle she had gone through, first to conceal her marriage and the birth of her child, and secondly in the loss of Ivor, had been too much for her, and her fruitless, foolish journey to London, and subsequent wanderings about that great wilderness, finished the work of prostration.

Mariana had again many weeks of anxious nursing, and very little comfort at the end of them. When the absolute danger was over, Mara fell into an apathy so engrossing, that nothing anyone could do or say could rouse her. She seemed quite indifferent to all outward events, and even the dreaded interview with her father appeared to afford her neither fear nor pleasure. He was by far the most troubled of the two. She received him almost as if he were indifferent to her, and the stern man would have given all he possessed to have seen the fire of passion in her face, instead of calm despair, or to have heard the old hasty tone of her voice, instead of its languid apathy.

"Are you in much pain, my child?" he asked kindly.

"No, father."

"Will you not try to get up and let me drive you out?"

"I am not well—I cannot."

"You have been long in bed."

"Have I?"

"You must try to rouse yourself for poor Nanno's sake—for mine."

"Must I? How?"

"Well—hem! you are not so very weak, my dear."

"I don't know. I have no heart."

"We will help you. Will you come into the hay-fields—or down to the sea-shore?"

Mara shuddered.

"The scent of the hay makes me ill; the sound of the sea makes me sad. Let me be—let me be."

"You forget that you owe something to your father and sister, and Dr. Herbert, and—and all his family, my dear."

"Only to Gerwyn, and he is dead."

"This is wrong, Mara. God will not pardon you if you give way thus."

"He will. He knows I cannot help it. I have lost all! all!"

"Don't you care for us, child? We have suffered much for you."

"You? I don't know. I cannot talk, Nanno. I am so weary—so weary."

"Darling!" said the ready Mariana. "Father wishes to be so good and kind to you."

"Does he? Then say I cannot rouse."

This state of things went on for weeks. It is strange that Mr. Vaughan, who could not bear disobedience, entreaties, or any of the common shows of human passion, was entirely subdued by this. He saw that his daughter was simply passive and could not help herself. Her case baffled all Dr. Herbert's skill, and her deep despair overturned all his own ideas of filial duty. He would sit with her, talk to her, try to engage her attention—even try to win her affection—and if she sometimes said—"You are very kind," was satisfied. Those who knew him well, looked on and wondered, no one more so than Dr. Herbert. But he preserved all his bitterness against the Herberts, and none of them dared to approach him. One day he said to Mara—

"Have you lost all your love for me, my dear?"

"Love! I have none now," was the absent reply.

"Did you ever love me, Mara?"

"You—I don't know. Must I tell the truth?"

"You need not say at all if you cannot do so with a good will," said Mr. Vaughan aggrieved.

"I don't think I can," said Mara absently.

"And yet I loved you. Oh, this is painful and strange!"

"My loves are gone. Gerwyn and Ivor. They are pretty names. Oh! I am so weary."

This was the burden of her speech. She was always weary—weary of life, it would seem.

"If anything would come to rouse her," the good doctor would say twenty times a day.

Even pretty Mrs. Rhys was interested, and forgot the workhouse, and as to Angharad, she tormented Mr. Glyn to death about her.

"Couldn't they send her grapes, peaches, jellies, anything?" she said.

"Vaughan will none of us, Harrie," he replied. "We should only be adding fuel to the fire. He hates us as warmly as piety can venture to hate."

"I have a happy thought. I will send Emily!" cried Mrs. Glyn. "Poor Mara will be glad to see her. I will not ask Llewellen—he says 'no' to everything."

Accordingly Emily was despatched to Tyrmynydd, bearing a note from her mistress and a basket of the choicest fruit.

(*To be continued.*)



USEFUL HINTS.

Italian Recipes.

It is often the case that John Bull, while diverting himself on the Continent, sighs longingly for the substantial joints and plain dishes of his native land; but, on the other hand, it sometimes happens that those who have spent some time in Italy feel, even after their return to the roasts and boiled of their own country, a desire for the appetising plates of the "Sunny South."

Maccaroni, for instance, is an unknown quantity to the average British cook, as far as the correct manner of its preparation goes, and usually only appears at our tables accompanied by cheese and bread crumbs. In Italy, it forms the foundation for numerous dainty plates, both sweet and savoury, affording scope for endless variety.

With regard to the boiling, maccaroni must never be put into cold water, but into that which is already boiling, otherwise it will inevitably be tough. Maccaroni boiled till tender and garnished with chickens' livers, and a little grated parmesan cheese, makes a very piquant dish, also maccaroni and tomato sauce, maccaroni and anchovies, etc., etc. Several changes can be rung on the same theme.

Many people prefer to make their own maccaroni instead of buying it, and certainly it is far more wholesome and nutritious when prepared at home. The following is a good recipe for what the Italians call,

Pasta di Casa.—Place about a pound and a half of flour (according to the quantity of maccaroni you wish to make) on a pastry board, making a hole in the centre of the flour. Take three eggs, whites and yolks, and add to flour. Beat with a knife, mixing in sufficient flour to make a paste. Knead well with the hands until the dough is of a good consistency, and then roll out as thin as possible, wrapping it round the roller, and spreading it out to its full length with the palms of the hands. It should be quite transparent. If not to be used at once, cover it with a cloth, but if required immediately, fold it up and cut out in ring-shape and put into boiling water till tender. The rings may be cut any size according to whether the maccaroni is required for sweets, timboles, or for garnishing soups.

Another very nice dish is "Gnocchi," which can be prepared in three different ways and is very popular in Italy.

Gnocchi di Patati.—Boil ten potatoes, and use with two eggs for a large dish, and five potatoes and one egg for a smaller quantity. Mash potatoes finely with a little salt, and beat the eggs with them in a basin. Flour a board, adding a little also to the potatoes, and roll out not too thinly. Cut into small pieces, the shape of miniature sausages, and throw them into boiling water. When they rise to the top they are done, and must be taken out immediately, or they will become tough. Let the water boil up again before putting in the next batch. Serve with either gravy, or tomato sauce, and grated cheese according to taste.

Gnocchi di Semolina.—Boil four ounces of semolina with a little over half a pint of milk until it is tender. About ten minutes is usually sufficient. Put it on a dish, and when cool cut it into small three-cornered pieces, and place them in a baking-dish. Strew over them grated parmesan cheese and little pieces of butter, and bake in a moderate oven till it is of a pale brown colour.

This recipe can be also used as a sweet, prepared in the same manner as the above, with the addition of a little sugar and lemon, or vanilla flavouring to the milk and semolina. While it is cooling, beat the whites of three or four eggs to a stiff froth, and put them over the semolina and place in a moderate oven until the eggs are faintly coloured.

Dolce forte is a very favourite way of dressing tongue in Italy, and the following method deserves a trial.

Cut about three and a half pounds of tongue into slices and put it into boiling water. Fry some onions, and place them in a saucepan, adding a mixture composed of the following ingredients. About half a teacup, or a little more, of vinegar, several raisins, a few prunes, if possible some of the seeds of the fir-cone, a little celery, an olive or two, a few capers, some finely shred candied peel, pepper and salt to taste, and a little grated chocolate. A little gravy may be added if wished. Pour this over the tongue and boil till tender.

Calf's head can also be done in this manner; also boiled fish.

A very favourite and palatable sweet dish in Italy is that called "panna montata," or "whipped cream," which is prepared as follows.

Boil about a pound and a half of chestnuts or more according to the quantity required. Peel and pound them very finely, adding a little white powdered sugar. Place them in a glass dish. Whip two pints, or a little more, of cream, till it is firm and stiff, and place over the chestnuts. Serve with it ice wafers. In Italy, whipped cream is sold ready prepared and sweetened, consequently this dish is extremely easy to make. Its excellence, however, will quite repay any extra trouble which its preparation may involve in England.

Vera.

Fancy Flower-Pots.

Amongst the thousand and one trifles that decorate our homes flower-pots play a rather prominent part just now. Many persons are quite content to see and use the "art" flower-pots that are sold by the hundred. Others would prefer to possess something newer. It is to the latter class these few remarks are addressed. No doubt to many of them the pots will have an added charm, when it is understood that the decoration will be the work of their own clever fingers.

Pots do not require much artistic skill to make them look well; but this class of ornamentation needs rather a very dainty touch and a pretty taste and fancy, two virtues all our girls possess.

The first we will take under our notice—the Egypto-Etruscan pot—requires only a nominal outlay; a cheap brush costing about twopence, a finer and smaller at fourpence, a pennyworth of size, and a sixpenny bottle of artist's black complete the outfit. The twopenny brush should be soaked in water at least twelve hours before using, to swell the wood and so prevent the bristles from coming out. Select the smoothest pot and saucer that you can, then take it to the sink and give it a good scrubbing, letting the water run on it while so doing. Then with a piece of broken flower-pot rub every part outside, occasionally wetting the pot to make the work easier. When this is done give the pot a rinse, and let it drain until next day. This preliminary process makes the pot one tone of colour all over, and gives it a smoothness akin to terra-cotta. The next day you can proceed to draw the designs on in white chalk. These can be copied from pictures, but it should be borne in mind that the subjects should be strictly of the Egyptian or Etruscan type. Those girls who cannot draw an outline correctly may lay a sheet of tissue paper over the picture in a book, and then lay a sheet of blue carbonised paper on the pot with the tissue paper on top. Then with a sharp-pointed pencil go over the outline on the tissue paper, and you will have the clear outline. Next melt a little of the size in a jar and go over the surface inside the outlines with the cheap brush. Give at least three coats, allowing each one two hours to dry. Then give one or two coats of the artist's black. It may now be considered finished unless you like to give the whole pot and saucer three coats of size and one of copal varnish afterwards. This is not really necessary, but it is an advantage, as dust and fingermarks can be sponged off more readily. As it is rather a difficult matter to keep a round pot steady while painting, it is advisable to place it on its side, with a book at each side to prevent its moving; bring it nearly to the edge of the table, and rest the hand on a mahl stick.

Collectors of postage stamps often get quite a number, which, though they may have no real intrinsic value, are too good or interesting to dispose of. These make very uncommon flower-pots. After the pot has been sized two or three times, draw two or three designs on it with chalk—a partly-opened fan, a Maltese cross, and a miniature Cleopatra's needle are all suitable. For the ground it is best to only employ one kind of stamp. The lowest value French stamps look well for this; paste these all over the pot except where the designs are. These should be of a rarer kind, and each article be of different colours. When thoroughly dry, give a coat of size and at least three coatings of copal varnish. Chintz is now in favour again, and there should be no difficulty in getting the required pattern for an Indian toille pot. But first to prepare the pot. Give two coats of size—this is to prevent the porous surface absorbing too much paint—next give it two or three coats of enamel, either Indian red or egg-shell blue; when each coat is dry, get a piece of chintz of the old willow pattern design, not printed in blue but in gay colours. Cut the pagodas, etc., out with a very sharp pair of scissors, and gum them on the pot as fancy dictates; then, when dry, give three coats of copal varnish.

Japanese flower-pots look extremely quaint, and can be treated in a variety of ways. Perhaps the easiest one is to give the pots two or three coats of size and two or three coats of artist's black—more if the surface is not a deep black—then get three or four sprays of maidenhair fern; iron on the wrong side with a warm iron. When quite dry gum on the wrong side and press them carefully on the pot. Wind a strip of calico round the pot, like a bandage, to keep the fronds in position while drying. They should be dry in about four hours. Then paint over the fronds and stems with gold paint, and give a few coats of varnish afterwards until the surface is quite glossy. Other ferns or small-leaved foliage may be also used. With regard to varnish, the worker may put as many coats on the pots as he or she pleases—the more there are put on the glossier the surface will be; but each coat must be allowed to thoroughly dry before putting on another. As an instance of this, I may state that the glossy, shining surfaces of carriages and broughams is obtained by putting on as many as twenty coats of varnish in some cases. These pots should not have the plants put directly into them, as with the frequent watering there would be the danger of the surface peeling; therefore they should only be used as the outside cover.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

R. G. M.—Write to the Secretary for Girton College, Miss Kensington, 122, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W., for all particulars. The expenses at Girton are said to be £105 per annum for women over eighteen years of age.

E. T.—1. Either of the examinations you mention would answer.—2. We should employ a lady "coach"—it will save your daughter much trouble in her preparation.

CHRISTIAN WORKER.—Being so very young, it would be better for you to be trained under the auspices of one of the societies which are engaged in mission work. The address of the Zenana Medical Mission is Miss Hamilton, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.; Mission Training Home, C. W. Union, Mrs. Meredith, 143, Clapham Road, S.W.; the Zenana Medical College, 58, St. George's Road, S.W., Dr. Griffiths.

GYM.—The Hampstead Physical Training College, 1, Broadhurst Gardens, Finchley Road, N.W., Principal, Madame Osterberg.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GWENDOLINE.—Either through a registry office or advertisement, but great caution must be exercised in taking such situations abroad.

DOROTHY BRUCE must advertise in a New Zealand paper.

CHARLIE'S DARLING.—1. Marriages between first cousins are quite legal, but not advisable.—2. We do not know whether your next query is applicable to yourself or not; if it is, pray be careful to take no steps without your parents' full approval.

AN IRISH GIRL.—1. September 3rd, 1880, was a Friday.—2. Kathleen, Nora, Aileen, Bridget.

MAGGIE had better wait until after her marriage to mark her linen. The old-fashioned way of marking house-linen with the name of both husband and wife, thus, "J. W. and E. M. Smith," was an excellent one.

A MERE WEED.—June 14th, 1873, was a Saturday.

ETHEL MAUD.—Maud is a contraction, or, perhaps, a synonym, of Matilda; the other form was Maudlin, probably disused on account of its signification. We think Maud without the final "e" is the most correct way of writing it.

CONNIE.—On a visiting-card for an unmarried lady who has ceased to have her name printed on her mother's card, the name is always preceded by "Miss." The Christian name is used when the person is not the daughter of the eldest son, and has not a right to the name.

SPEEDWELL.—Tell one of your married sisters all about the circumstances you name, and take her advice. You do not say how old you are. Of course the sisters who have brought you up and taken care of you for six years are also entitled to some consideration (if kind to you), but you might confide in the married sister first. There is nothing "wrong" in the marriage of first cousins, though often inexpedient, on various grounds.

A L.—We cannot enter into any explanation of the serious question of what is called "bi-metallism," as it would take up too much space. In the early years of the present century, it is said, there were thirty-three tons of silver to one of gold in circulation in the United Kingdom. Our first English shilling was struck A.D. 1503, and our first large copper coins in 1620, to supersede the private leaden tokens. According to Herodotus, Crœsus was the first sovereign who coined gold. The first laws promulgated in this country against counterfeiting were by Henry I., 1108.

WINTON.—Your invalids seem to have too much nervous sensibility, if so restless; the nerves seem very far from "gone." Were the weather suitable, to place him or her in a sheltered place in a garden and let them be out of doors as much as possible, would be a good plan. Should you have no garden, park, or field near you, get a wheel-chair and take them out for a drive daily, and put some castors on their arm-chair, and move them to different places in the room, and to windows where they can look out and see some movement outside.

NEMO is too young to correspond with young men. She should give her whole attention to the learning of a trade, or fitting herself for a situation in domestic service, or in a shop, so as to relieve her parents (when properly qualified to perform paying work) of the expense of keeping her, or to assist them in useful work at home, or in money earned.

AVE (N. Zealand).—The yellow in the white part of the eye (unless in a negro or mulatto) usually arises from bilious derangement. But not knowing anything about you personally, it is impossible to speak otherwise than in very general terms.



J. S. complains of having "a very ugly Roman nose," and inquires how she may "improve this disfigurement." We do not know how she can change the shape of the bone, excepting by tumbling down and breaking the bridge. This might transform it into a "snub." We do not think any doctor, even a quack, would level the bone for you. Remember who gave you a nose, and do not presume to complain. One of our readers told us she wore a hair-pin on her nose at night to reduce the width of the end! Do not emulate her silliness.

IN DESPAIR.—The whole of your symptoms point to some small liver derangement. Any doctor would advise you of the simplest way to treat it. Your diet needs attention.

G. DALTON.—If you pay a fee to the Heralds' College for an inquiry as to whether you have a coat-of-arms belonging to your family, they will inform you on the subject. But you will have to say who is the head and representative of your father's family; and if you have any old "family tree" (or genealogy) let them see it. But we recommend you, in the first instance, to inquire the amount of the fee due for an answer.

E. STOKES.—1. The 22nd September, 1870, was a Thursday.—2. Your writing is bad, and, fortunately, not formed. There is no "e" in the adverb "truly."

S. C.—When introduced to a stranger, if a special friend or relative of the person who introduces you, you may say, "I am glad to make your acquaintance," not "I am very pleased," for that is bad grammar, if you say "very," it must be followed by "much." Under other circumstances it is not necessary to say anything—bow and smile, and certainly do no more if to a man.

JANET.—In reference to the tartan, as being worn in ancient times by the Scotch, we believe it was not so; and that no Scottish prince wore it in Holyrood except the "Chevalier," before George IV.; and it is a fact worth noting that it does not appear in the old family portraits; but shoulder-plaids were worn—not "tartans"—and the clans were distinguished by their badges, worn in their bonnets. We take the authority of a contemporary.

BIBLE READER.—With respect to the Divine decree, condemning the serpent (under whose form Satan beguiled Eve) to the degradation of lying with its body on the ground and in the dust, your observation is a natural one, that it never could have carried itself otherwise. But the recent investigations of naturalists have brought to light the curious and remarkable fact that pythons and boa-constrictors, of the family of *boïdæ*, retain vestiges of the three bones of the pelvis, embedded among the muscles. Although now of no functional importance, these rudiments are indicative of the descent of snakes from reptiles furnished with limbs taking the form of pairs of claw-like spurs, situated on the lower surface of the body—four-legged reptiles, more or less nearly resembling and akin to lizards. If we only knew more, we should find abundant proof of the absolute truth and reliability of the statements made in the Scriptures, and all that may seem perplexing, capable of full explanation.

A. E. A. S.—The trifling things you name are non-essential, and there are many such. There are also the "weightier matters" which should not be set aside for them, and truly "the love of God," which our divine Master has named amongst them, includes the love of your fellow-Christians, and more especially of your parents. You do wrong when you "offend their consciences," in the thing you allow yourself (though good in itself). It is not hypocrisy to abstain from wounding or scandalising them.

U. M. D. P.—1. September 20th, 1870, fell on a Tuesday.—2. There will be a total eclipse of the sun on September 29th, visible in India, not at Greenwich. The last total eclipse visible in London was on May 22nd, 1724. The greatest mentioned in the annals of astronomy was on August 17th, 1868, visible in India.

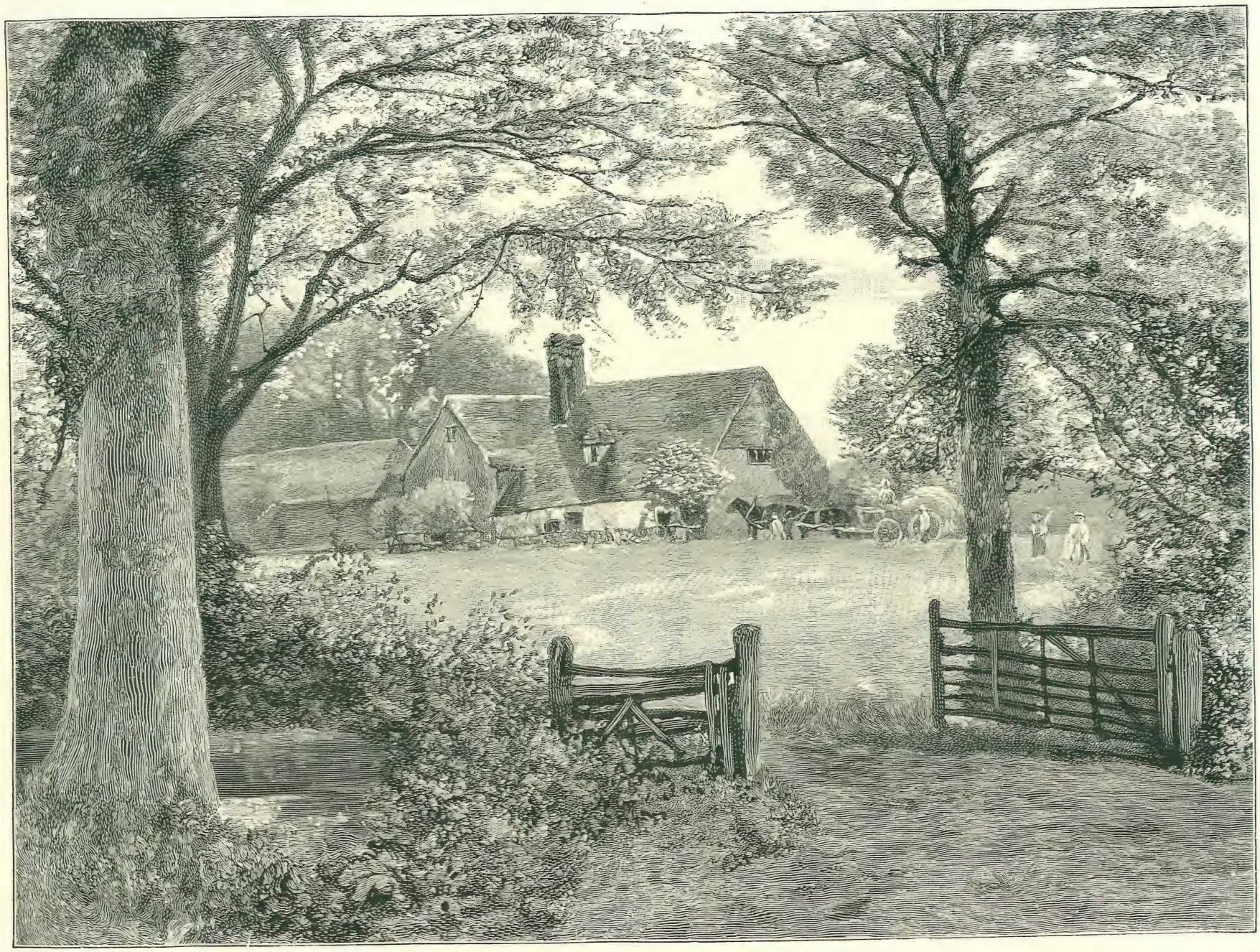
TWO SISTERS (N. Wales) very kindly write for the sole purpose of thanking us for our magazine, and for the help afforded by our answers to correspondents. We return them our very warmest acknowledgments.

HELIOTROPE.—See the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the hands and feet. Your question is unsuitable for our correspondence columns.

JENNY WREN.—You are a little too much inclined to make flourishes, and the capitals of your words are not pretty.

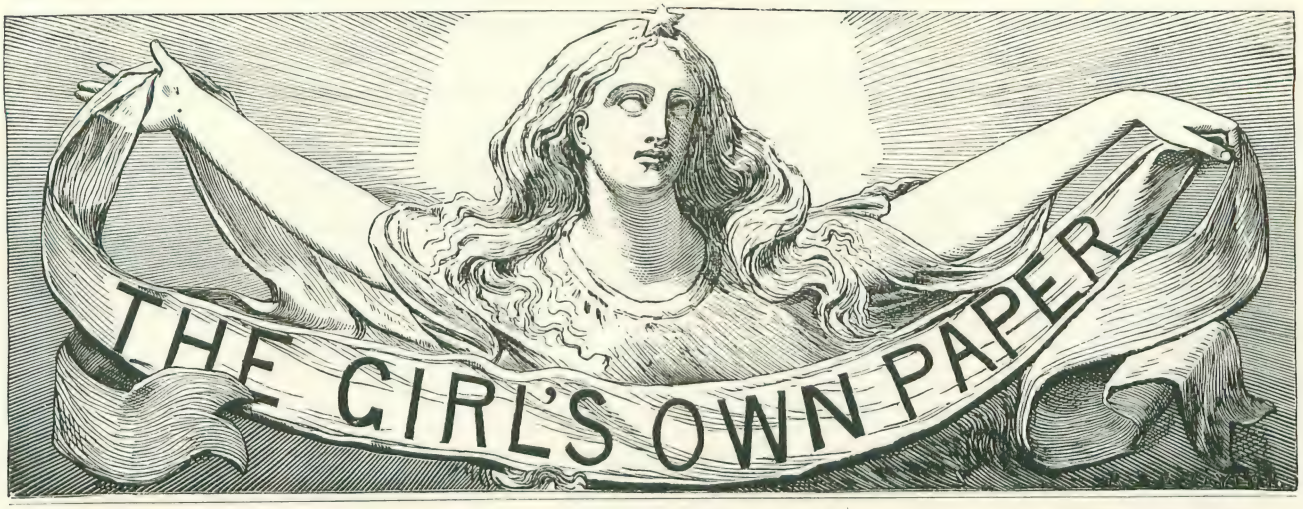
PAULINA C. VINCENT.—We are unable to offer you any space in our columns as our staff of writers is very full, and we can only employ experienced writers. We regret our inability to oblige you.

IGNORAMUS KATIE.—1. You will find all you require in any peerage. A peeress is addressed as "Lady So-and-so" or "My Lady" (servants say "your Ladyship"). The "my" is clipped and pronounced "me" or "M'Lady."—2. The name "Schumann" as if written "Shoo-man."



A DROWSY AFTERNOON.

From the Painting by EDMUND EVANS.



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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



LACE-COVERED BODICE AND GARÇON DE CAFÉ JACKET.

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ART-STUDENT LIFE IN THE FORTIES.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIENDS.



HEN E——, the young artist, recovered from the illness mentioned in the last chapter, it was to receive a further recognition of her powers from her Sovereign, to whom, by desire, her pictures were sent, and a letter from Miss Skirrett, conveying a gracious message from the Queen, was a great joy to her and to the home. But another happiness was on the way. Her sister had become acquainted with Mendelssohn, and his society and the wonderful life and animation he inspired (especially to E——, when his kindness and encouragement to her sister became more and more a home delight) was a great stimulus. He was at home in all art matters, and praised and sympathised with her drawings, as he did with the mother in political and literary questions and with the sister in music. Her sister remembers, as if it were yesterday, coming home tired and dull with over-fatigue and seeing a remarkably lovely and brilliant face on the landing above. "It's Mendelssohn," she felt; and truly the great master was come to lunch, and to talk over art affairs, and to hear her sister's music, and tell her to go to Leipsic to teach at his great music conservatorium.

From that time until he left England (alas! for the last time) the air was full of the inspiration of his coming or of his letters. He sent the sisters special admissions to his "Elijah," and next day, when he found they had lost their seats through the delay of some friends and had stood in the densely-crowded room, his face, so rapid in its changing expression, frowned: "What," he said, "was there not *one* gentleman there?"

Moscheles took the elder sister to the first rehearsal, which was at the Hanover Square Rooms in London, for the "Elijah," which was to be done at the coming Birmingham Festival. There were few people in the room, and the orchestra were waiting for parts. Mendelssohn was reading, with enthusiastic delight, some home letters—they must have been intensely funny, apparently—but then, like other great geniuses, he could enjoy a joke so thoroughly. He told them he had been kept laughing for three days at the exquisite skit in *Punch* of the "Antigone" rehearsal; in fact, it came over him as he spoke, with a fresh burst of enjoyment. They sent him some beautiful flowers before one of his concerts, and received a few lines, which made them so happy in the thought that they had given him, to whom they owed so much, a minute's pleasure. His animation was something wonderful. Passing along the corridor at the back of the orchestra to reach him, a crowd of surging figures, a world of agitated hats, and a confused roar of voices, made them pause and hesitate at the commotion; but Mendelssohn was in the midst of a mass of people like a ship in a storm, and they waited patiently for the welcome he always gave, and the appointment he was to put down in that precious little pocket-book. As a conductor, he was most delightful. Indeed, he told them he found English orchestras more easy to rule and more sympathetic; but then it was such a comfort to be ruled by him, and he kept the orchestra all alive. If there was a false note, he would call out, "Mr. So-and-So" (giving the full name, to the amusement of the rest), "A flat, if you please;" or else he would fly up to the top of the orchestra, two or three seats at a time, be lost in the transit, and come up radiant at the top; and we could see heads bobbing up over the desks till the thing was cleared, and he would come flying down and at his desk again before we could breathe. Once, when the soprani had been watching him and forgetting their parts, he leaned, with folded arms, over his desk, and shaking his head at them, said smilingly (he had a slight lisp), "Oh, ladith, ladith! why do you let uth alone in thith way?"

His playing was not like this person's or that, but the effect it made on us was to make the whole study ridiculous; for he, still young, the greatest in the world of composition, the finest living player on the organ, after having done all this and much more, attacks the piano in his spare moments, and not only showers difficulty upon difficulty, but does it without either effort or apparent thought and impromptu. There was no two years' study, as with Thalberg's *Mosé*, to prepare these tremendous effusions for the public ear; but the cadences he played—smiling most blandly, quite lovingly, at Mr. Lucas, the Conductor, all the while—were four or five times brought almost, but not quite, to a close, bewildering the orchestra, all prepared to come in. The Conductor's bâton flashed up, the violin-bows all sprung to life, and Mendelssohn went off on another track; the orchestra subsided, the poor Conductor struggled between bewilderment and his keen sense of the humour of the thing; while at every passage those beautiful new harmonies struck him as ever richer and better. We saw this, and still Mendelssohn went on as sweetly as ever, half-smiling and half-laughing, as he shook his head at Mr. Lucas's perplexed face. Then he came and sat down before us, talking with bright, animated looks to some ladies in front, till he began reading his letters, and we wondered what there could be in one (which we thought must be his wife's) which could being such bright sunshine into his face. There was such keen enjoyment and affection in it, and his attitude of careless lounging was yet expressive of much evident capability for intense exertion.

So also, when he played the G Concerto of Beethoven at the Philharmonic, he launched into the most glorious improvisations, taking up the various motivi, transmuting them into gold of his own, and coming at last to the expected close, up went the Conductor's bâton, up went all the violin-bows all ready, but he gently shook his head, and, smiling, went off into another key; subsidence of the orchestra, the Conductor's bâton returned to the desk. Another half-close—excitement—uprising of the orchestra, all ready. Again another departure, by richer harmonies, into another key. Perplexed orchestra, and Conductor quite beside himself with wonder and delight. At last the close came, and a storm of applause burst out from the whole room, orchestra, Conductor, and the happy listeners, wild with the beauty of a feat the Philharmonic audience could appreciate. As our young student said, "It was glorious! his finger so firm, and light, and loose, so unlike most pianists. His hands' work is in their creation of this most wonderful of music, and there is no show on the surface of any exertion—no apparent effort—it reminded us of Landseer's touch, which is neither a thing to be concealed, nor, as it were, to exist, but which without effort creates Art; or, still more, like the handwriting on the wall, where the Divine message was written, and the hand invisible. What we noticed most was the extraordinary union of musical enthusiasm and musician-like control over both his enthusiasm and his instrument, and the wonderful ease and dignity with which it was done. There was no hovering or crouching over an unlucky piano, like a bird of prey, and striking the keys as if with hammers, but it seemed to him as easy and unconscious as breathing—almost a breathing of music—unconnected with any technical mechanism. His fingers bewitched the music into life, instead of executing it."

We must give another extract from the same reminiscences, of a day when Mendelssohn was expected. He had fixed the hour, but as the young musician was hurrying home a sharp shower made her take and keep shelter, for she had, unluckily, no umbrella, and was dressed so carefully that she could not afford to get wet through, then came rushing home in what she knew was good time. "Oh, so happy that Mendelssohn was coming, so longing to see and speak to him again, anxious about the curtains coming home, for without curtains the pretty little room was quite another thing. Hoorah! the curtains were up. E—— home, and nearly dressed, fortunately! for, while I was proceeding quietly enough at quarter to twelve, rat-tat—'Doctor Mendelssohn,' and in he was ushered; down she rushed, and in a state of dismay not to be paralleled in Grecian history, I rushed through twenty stages of dressing all at once, and found E—— and mother quite happy and intimate. His manner was very polite, but my feelings! No lunch laid! He apologised for coming before his time! but he came as soon as he could, and that was such a pleasant sign.

"After chatting a little he asked me to play, and I was stupid and nervous, and spoilt my first Impromptu. Then he told me of a fault in it which I must see to, but so very kindly; and then I played my second Impromptu better, and then sang my 'Nimmer altert,' which he did not seem to take to, and then my 'Brim, blim,' which he liked better; and then I sung the 'Lebewohl,' which he really took quite a fancy to, and asked, quite as a favour, if I would dedicate it to him, and seemed so very, very pleased. I showed him my attempt at scoring the 'Nimmer altert,' and then he came to the table, and we got so cosily talking over the matter. I told him what I had been doing, and asked him if it was right, and he spoke so warmly and kindly, and told me, with the genius which Heaven had given me, I must get on—any means would be available—but with all or any I should get on. Oh, he spoke so very kindly and earnestly, and I told him how in my holidays I longed to go to Leipsic and study under him at the Conservatorium, and he laughed me out of countenance, and told me if I went there it must be to teach, not to learn. He said I did not want a regular master—I knew what they would have to tell me—I wanted experience and practice, and I ought to score for an hour every day to get accustomed to it, and then take what I did to someone—Lucas, Potter (both my past masters), Benedict, etc., who thoroughly understood what they were about, and get their advice. They would sometimes tell me what I should disagree with, but mostly right. But it would not do to go on entirely alone; I was so in love with my own plan, that he said that if I came over to Leipsic he would do what he could for me with the greatest pleasure, and said it so heartily. He was so different as we got more intimate, so very kind, and encouraged me so earnestly, and told me Henry Chorley had told him that I had played his trio. 'Wunderschön, Vortrefflich'—was not that glorious from him, who knew Chorley, the most difficult of critics, although so kind and generous? Why, my two friends have morally surrounded

him, or rather our best friend, Herr Pischek, has, for I believe he quite won him for me at Stuttgardt (he and Madame Pischek, who call us their English children), and this is the first consequence. I told him about Herr Pischek's idea of an opera, too, and he quite agreed with it; he said I wanted perhaps a few months score-writing first, but he said it was quite right, and I should be quite right, and was so pleased when I told him Herr Freiligrath was thinking of the libretto. 'Ah!' he said, 'then if he did it it would be done in the very best way,' and seemed so pleased that we knew him.

"Then he made a desperate attempt to go, and we persuaded him, and in a few minutes I was sitting at the piano again, and we sang the canon 'Love having once flown,' and he was so very pleased, quite taken with it, and asked for it, 'if he might be so favoured,' for he said he should wish to show it to some friends of his in Germany; and then—no, it was some time after, while lunch was coming up—I sang 'Come again,' and he liked that too; but we enjoyed—really enjoyed—his society so much. He is so very quiet and clever, so lively and yet so very indulgent. When I told him about my concert difficulties he quite reassured me about Herr Pischek being wanted at Stuttgardt for the Czar's visit, which is expected shortly, for he said the Czar would most likely go there when he was least expected, and stay so short a time that it would not be worth while for the King of Wurtemburg to send for Herr Pischek. He seemed sorry to go, and begged us not to be angry, as he went on account of another engagement. After some time he really went, and we went down to Covent Garden for some flowers for him, and to the House of Lords for tickets for him to see it; and he was so kind, and promised us tickets for the 'Elijah' to-morrow with Staudigl.

"Thursday night we went to wish Mendelssohn good-bye, for he was to go on the 8th; and as I mentioned at the Ancients that I might see him I had a couple of messages for him, and the Thursday morning E—— and I went, and he was not at home, but we waited, and while she and I were reading, to beguile the time, in that room strewed with papers, parcels of presents for the children, MS. scores, expecting his knock, in he came. He had been with people on business, but brightened up in no time, and grew quite pleased when I told him we could not bear to let him go without saying good-bye, and gave him the copies of the two songs he had asked for. He was very, very kind, and gave me the autograph I wanted for Miss R——, and said he trusted to be six months in England next year, and would bring Madame Mendelssohn to us. So he saw us out to the door, and we went off so joyfully."

Friends!—what friends Heaven gave those two young students! Through Mr. Moscheles and Mr. Henry Chorley, Mendelssohn; by another introduction, Herr and Madame Pischek. He was the greatest and most charming of German singers; and she, so feminine and tender, so devoted to her husband's friends, that where he was loved and appreciated she took an equal share, and gave, as he did, the name of *liebe Kinder*, "dear children," to these two. It was he who insisted on the young musician giving a concert and on singing her songs; and it was she who said so tenderly one day, when the young girl had rushed down to Bath to get their advice, and had excused herself from a lovely country excursion there on a Sunday, saying, "indeed, she could not but go to church," "Ach, mein liebes kind, Sie haben recht; vergessen Sie das nie" ("Ah, dear child, you are right; never forget that").

Herr Pischek—someone will ask—what of him? So fleeting is the memory of a great singer when he has passed away from the bright career of his art! A composer lives, or may live, as long as the world stands, in his works; but the genius which kindled the dead music into living fire, and enriched all it touched, is scarcely to be appreciated by those who only by hearsay judge of its perfection. A few words from the great critic of the *Athenæum* of May, 1846, may help to show what he was whose energy and goodness came to the help of these children. This gentleman, "Königlicher Hof und Kammer Sänger" to the King of Wurtemburg, appeared, unheralded by any previous announcements, at a morning concert in May, 1846, and the *Athenæum* of May 10th says:—

"The freshest and most taking thing of the morning performance was a Rhine-song by Herr Pischek, the newly-arrived baritone, whose superb voice, enthusiasm, and excellent musical feeling may make Herr Staudigl look to his laurels. A more glowing, genial strain, full of the poetry of one of the most poetical districts of Europe, is not in our recollection; and the saying, if not the singing, of it must have commanded an encore from even a colder audience than usually assembles at a morning concert."

"*Athenæum on May 17th.*—Though we are little disposed in general towards German singing, owing to some experience of its roughness, nasality, and indifference to the delicacies of the vocal art, we have been excited by the new-comer to the old thrill and the old glow, so rarely experienced in this our leaden age, that we sometimes fear the heaviness may exist in our own hearts, when it is really chargeable on the mediocrities, who assail instead of enchanting the public. But there is no mistrusting the effect produced by Herr Pischek. His voice is a baritone of the finest quality, capped by a falsetto of some three or four notes, but so strong and pure, that the discrepancy between the two voices is felt far less than is customary. Then both seem to be under much closer discipline than the Germans think generally needful to apply. Herr Pischek's sostenuto is perfect in every gradation of tone. But the attribute which distinguishes him from recent arrivals, is separate from either voice or execution, or that thoughtful good sense without which neither the one nor the other can claim an instant's attention. He has genius, a feeling for what is passionate and picturesque, such as has not stirred us for many days, a gift it may be difficult to define, but impossible to dispute.

"A rather dull song from the *Faust* of Spohr, 'Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe,' is given by him with so much graceful tenderness as to sound sweet, fresh and natural. A somewhat flimsy ballad of Lindpaintner, 'Die Fahnenwacht,' is delivered with so much troubadour animation as to call up images of the tent and the leaguer and the castle hall, and to make the triste and weary sights and sounds of a concert-room vanish like so many shows and echoes of Fata Morgana.

"We cannot close this without doing honour to Herr Pischek's singing of Agamemnon's second scene from Glück's *Iphigenia*, as one of the noblest pieces of declamation and pathos within the compass of our recollections. The other rarity at this ancient concert was the encore commanded by the 'Adelaide' of Herr Pischek—such a delivery of the most impassioned love-song in the world is not within our recollection. This great artist is alone among Germans for the exquisite smoothness and delicacy to which he can subdue his voice when the occasion requires it, and, here is the pity, little less solitary among Europeans for the deep and fervent poetical feeling he throws into his recitation and conception of whatever music is entrusted to him. It was a bold thing in Herr Pischek to venture on Esser's setting of Uhland's beautiful ballad, 'Des Sänger's Fluch,' sixteen verses of recitation, especially since the rich and varied meaning of the poem hardly admits of any such musical colouring as would bring it within the sphere of regular and attractive composition. But never was boldness better hazarded, never an audience more riveted, never poetical declamation more perfect.

"Is there one of our young singers in these exhausted days, who will strike out a new path by taking the picturesque into his care, remembering always that the higher the aim, the more needful becomes a deep and wide basis of musical and technical skill?"

Years afterwards when Herr Pischek died at Stuttgardt, the preacher at his funeral said: "Truly a kingly singer, although no king, but masterly in splendour of tone and power over the hearts of his hearers, most highly treasured throughout Germany and beyond its boundaries, he had made for himself a memory of honour and affection. He retired in the perfection and greatness of his powers to devote himself to his home, to the education and career of his children, his charities and his God. First in all works of public and private usefulness, after his retirement he would still come forward to help the orphan and the starving with his popularity and his exquisite talent. Two of the strongest traits in him indicate the whole nature of the man—a singer and a Christian. Only a few hours before his death, he sang with fullest and clearest voice, and when he was dying, the cross of his Saviour was upon his heart. The service of his art and the service of his God was to him one service, and to that he gave himself with the holiest and truest devotion. They say the heart makes the theologian; I might say the heart made Pischek the artist which he became."

It may be easier to imagine than to exaggerate the influence which such a character and such genius should and did exert over the two young students. The enthusiasm and the glory of his singing her songs, was an inspiration to the young musician, and the sisters shared equally the affection and esteem, which made their quiet home one to the great singer and his wife who would come to enjoy the quiet and rest of that little cosy room, where they could feel secure in not being lionised, only loved, for like the sisters, they disliked the whirl and restlessness of much society, and subsided into perfect happiness in the quiet home, talking of their children and the Stuttgardt doings with mother and sisters, and the one friend who could always be trusted to report their safe arrival after they had travelled home, and sometimes their doings abroad.

One time he told them how when an expected visit from the Czar at Stuttgardt made it impossible for him to promise his presence and assistance at the Bonn festival, Herr Pischek unexpectedly arrived at Bonn, and finding all programmes made up and parts filled, cheerfully said: "Well, let me help the basses," and he quietly took a part, and sang at the back of the chorus singers. Another time, when he had sung before the king one of our young musician's sacred songs, "Benedictus," the king said with surprise, "You say that this is the composition of a young girl?"

"Mit respect, Ihre Durchlaucht, ja" ("With respect, your Highness, yes") was his answer, and it was afterwards often sung by him before the Kings of Wurtemburg and Bavaria in their private chapels, as well as at home with her other songs.

He wished her to write an opera of which he would take the chief part, and see to its being brought out at the Stuttgardt Theatre; the poet Freiligrath would have rendered the beautiful play she chose into German. But insuperable home duties made the plan impossible, though

the kindness and zeal which prompted the proposal could never be forgotten.

Then Heaven gave them another friend in the queen of English singers of that time, who took up the fairy godmother's wand of loving protection and kindness to the sisters. Through her they paid a long visit to Italy, where the artist delighted in the glory of art and nature, and drew lovely water-colours from the inspiring scenes, and no less inspiring kindness and bright intellectual society of her family. Reverence for the noble lady (still living, to the happiness of her home, and to all who love her) must limit what one may be allowed to say of her, who added the dignity of the gentlewoman to the lustre of a noble name and the utmost culture of an exquisite voice and style. One may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to an incident remembered particularly well by her who relates it. It occurred at one concert where Madame Clara Novello had promised to sing, on the condition that both her songs were in the first part, as it was necessary for her to escape early to take the train, so as to get to Manchester that evening, and to rest before singing (as Her Majesty had desired) "God save the Queen," at the opening of the great exhibition there. One song was by our young student, who accompanied her own song. They were called and prepared to appear, when an eminent tenor (also engaged at Manchester) slipped up the stairs and actually began his song to their amazement and distress. Of course in a few minutes he came down and vanished; his carriage was at the door; his wife was ready at the station with luggage, tickets, etc., and they were gone. Our noble songstress had in vain appealed; her song now came, and with all speed they drove to Euston, only to hear the scream of the departing train, and spend the night before such an important day in hard travelling in a later train. But this was not the end; the lady's revenge was to come, and it was worthy of her. The next day crossing the bridge at Manchester, towards the private entrance reserved for the singers, her carriage and that of the tenor, who in such an unmanly way had inflicted this fatigue on her, were blocked up close together; he heard a sweet voice calling his wife and asking if she had remembered to get the pass for their carriage to come through the private gate.

"No," they both exclaimed horrified, "we quite forgot it!"

"I thought you might," said the same kind voice. "Here it is; I got it for you."

Great applause at the home when this was told. "Just like her," they all said.

That was not the only time when she managed to help one who had been so ungenerous. It happened at the Gloucester Festival, when the aforesaid tenor disappointed his audience (not for the first time), and they were not in the temper to put up with any excuse. The people became so furious that neither conductor, nor manager, nor living creature (in a coat) could get a hearing. At last they suggested this gracious lady's trying to calm the storm. She came forward and waited—the excitement gradually gave way to the wish to hear her—a pretty and pleading speech came suggesting that this was, she knew, a case of real illness, that they must all needs know what real suffering illness was—ending with a plea for being allowed to sing anything they desired to make up for his absence; and friendliness and good humour came back. She certainly "drew an angel down of peace and goodwill."

Her brother once told the sisters what had curiously happened when this same lady, quite a little girl, had made her first appearance at the Philharmonic, and was then engaged to go down and sing at the York Festival. She and her mother were comfortably seated at the rehearsal, when the conductor coming down to her mother, said, "Now, madam, will you kindly come; we are quite ready." "Oh," she smilingly said, "it is not I, it is my little girl who is to sing." "What, this child?" he said, somewhat haughtily, but the little maiden followed up the orchestra, and took her place quietly in front, with her music. The music began. "Faster," she said, "*this* is the time." "No," said the conductor, annoyed at the idea of such a small dictator. "I beg your pardon," the child answered, holding her own, "I sang it to this time at the Philharmonic in London last week," beating time with her little roll of music. "Oh," said the conductor, "then perhaps you had better conduct it yourself." "Perhaps I had," in a pretty, gentle voice, said the little lady, and proceeded to beat time firmly for the orchestra. Didn't they cheer her!

These scattered remembrances of student days have needs left many events untold—many dear and valued friends unnamed, which belong entirely to the quiet homelife; but it is something to have had an opportunity of expressing the deep and fervent gratitude felt to the Giver of all good things, for the precious friends one has been free to name. The little students' story is told. The early bridge of sighs was past—they had by God's goodness escaped the rocks and shoals around them, and weathered the storms by which they might have been wrecked.

They were spared to each other for a long life, spared to inherit the blessing of father and mother in their home—spared to see that home blessed with peace and content—still, as at first, preferring its quiet shade and protection, to the outer struggles and rivalries of a too busy world. They realised Sheridan Knowles's beautiful lines.

"Let him who thinks
The world is worth his home, exchange home for it.
A little time, he'll find he has lost a world;
Not found one."

This is written not without an earnest hope that some little student, hemmed in with difficulties, it may be with loneliness or privation, or even, as some are, with both, may feel and sympathise with those who have suffered and striven before them—and finding like them the truth and strength of the promises which bind our prayers and our hopes to the throne above, take courage to go on cheerfully in the battle of life.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than the world dreams of."

There are students who learn from the promises given us to bring the sunshine of faith on all their work, and who find that in little things, as in the greatest trials which can shake our poor humanity, there is refuge and peace enough to quell all storms, because He, our most gracious master, who quelled the tempest on the Sea of Galilee, will be, as He promised, with His children "to the end of the world."

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QUESTIONS.

101. Which was the second nomad tribe descended from Abraham? Where do you find it first mentioned? Name some great event in which the Midianites appeared, and what influence did they exercise over the Israelites? What is the meaning of "the curtains of Midian?" and where are they mentioned?

102. Give the meaning of the word Mizpeh or Mizpah. What places of this name are mentioned in the Old Testament, and for what were they respectively remarkable?

103. What miracles are mentioned in the 1st Book of Samuel?

104. Name four neighbouring sovereigns contemporary with Saul.

105. Under what circumstances was Saul elected king, and why was he afterwards rejected? What do you gather from the Scripture narrative of the manner of his life as king?

106. Give the finest instance of friendship recorded in the Old Testament.

107. Relate the military exploits of Jonathan? And the manner of his death. Give a sketch of his character.

108. What instance have we in Scripture of a rash and headstrong vow besides that of Saul, that cost a human life? Relate them both.

109. What was the house and lineage of David? Where was he born? Of what place was he first the king, and for how long?

110. Relate what is mentioned of the Wilderness of Ziph and of Paran in the 1st Book of Samuel: what is the difference between the Wilderness of Sin and that of Zin? and for what events were they respectively celebrated?

MY LIFE.

My life has been a charméd one:
I do not know the day
That sunshine has not shined upon
And lighted up the way—
From youth to manhood's prime anon
His smile has been my stay!

E'en sorrow's crown—unanswered love—
That seemed my faith to sway,
And in its miseries interwove
The golden light with grey,
Were under-currents that but strove
In vain to hide His ray.

In love divine He led aright,
As no one could gainsay—
Could I from my life's history cite
How He did grief allay,
And how He changed the darkest night
To steady, sunlit day.

Yes, life for me is full of charm.
Oh, how I would that they
Who need for bruiséd heart a balm
Just looking up would say,
"Lord, let me lean upon Thy arm
For ever and for aye!"

A ROSE-COLOURED THREAD.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH.

CHAPTER V.

Hester North lay stretched upon the sofa, a silent, motionless figure, while the church clock chimed one hour after another, and the shadows gathered even deeper and deeper in the little room. The fire had long since died out, and not all her careful coverings could keep the cold from penetrating to a frame weakened by mental suffering and long hours of unbroken fast. She shivered, and her teeth rattled against each other with audible chatterings; yet there was something almost welcome in the physical discomfort which for the time being blunted the edge of that other terrible pain. At last, however, she rose and crossed the floor with cramped and stiffened limbs. The darkness and loneliness were becoming insupportably oppressive, the cheery crackle of the fire would at least make some sound in the silent room. She groped her way to the kitchen, and coming back with a bundle of sticks went down upon her knees and plied the bellows until the flickering flame sprang up bright and strong. She lighted the solitary lamp, and moved about in a mechanical manner, making preparations for the simple evening meal; filling the kettle with water, clearing the table of its books and ornaments, spreading out the white cloth, the blue and white china tea-things. She was surprised to find that it was still possible to attend to all these petty details, surprised that she was not more miserable, that the principal, nay, the only feeling of which she was conscious, was one of absolute apathy and indifference. The agonising keenness of emotion of the previous hours was a thing of the past.

"If it is always like this," she sighed to herself, "if it is always like this, I can bear it. It is like being dead—but then it is sometimes so terrible to be alive!"

When the water began to boil in the kettle she made the tea, and drawing the table close to the fire ate and drank with a certain weary enjoyment. The gentle pervading warmth, and the refreshing drink, gradually wrought their work of restoration. Indomitable hope raised her head and began to whisper that all might not yet be over.

"Perhaps in spring," murmured Hester gently to herself, "in spring——!" and then stopped short with a start and a sigh, for the brass knocker had fallen with a sharp rat-tat upon the outer door, and she roused herself to answer the summons with a gesture of languid impatience. The little Irishwoman, no doubt, calling upon her return to see how her patient was getting on. "Very kind of her, but it would be kinder still if she would only stay away!" sighed the patient ungratefully; but when the door was opened, it was not the little Irishwoman nor any of the other lady inmates who stood upon the threshold.

The solitary lamp which lit up the passage revealed the figure of a man leaning up against the door-post, a man who straightened himself, and lifted his cap from his head in respectful manner as he was confronted by the girl's slight figure. A porter, or public official of some description evidently, for there was a glimpse of gold lettering upon his cap, and his clothes were ornamented with large brass buttons.

"It must be a mistake. He has come to the wrong door. He cannot possibly have any message for me," Hester reflected as she stood regarding the stranger with dumb inquiry. It appeared, however, that there was no mistake.

"There is a Miss North who lives here, I believe, miss. Can you tell me where I can find her? Ah, you are Miss North! Beg pardon, I'm sure." If it had not been so absurdly unlikely, Hester would have imagined that a strange expression came into the man's eyes at that moment, an expression of pity, of surprise, at finding her so young and girlish. There was a moment's pause before he continued,

"I have been sent from the hospital—there has been an accident. Gentleman run over in the street—a Mr. Ewen—severe internal injuries. The doctors are afraid that he can't last very long. Your address was found in his pocket—the only private address in town—and they thought you might wish—he might perhaps be glad——"

He stopped short, and they stood gazing at each other; the girl all white and rigid, frozen into a motionless image of despair, the man, despite his long apprenticeship to scenes of suffering, unmistakably concerned and sympathetic. There was a long silence. The porter shuffled upon his feet, wrinkled his forehead, and finally suggested in slow, tentative tones,

"There is a four-wheeler at the door. If you would put on your hat and jacket——"

Hester turned away in the direction of the bedroom without another word. Her cloak hung in the wardrobe; she took it down, and, in mechanical fashion, gave it the usual careful little shake before fastening it round her throat. She lifted the white silk handkerchief which covered the hat in the handbox, passed it lightly over the straw crown, and carefully stuck the points of the long hammer-headed pins through the old holes so as to avoid making fresh marks in the velvet trimming. Then she was ready. The porter was waiting outside the door, and, after an inquiring glance at the girl's face, led the way slowly downstairs.

Each time in the descent that they reached a lower floor and rounded on to another flight of stairs, he turned his head to repeat that glance, and each time the steady gaze of Hester's dark eyes carried reassurement, despite the deadly pallor of her face. No, she was not going to faint, she had never felt further from fainting in her life; on the contrary every sense seemed nervously on the alert, and she discovered a dozen little details which had previously escaped her notice in that short passage from her room to the street. Miss Rawston had hung a new curtain behind the small-paned window in her door; a yellow silk curtain—last time it had been a red one! Miss Rawston was always buying new curtains. Hester wondered dreamily what she did with the old ones, and felt a languid satisfaction in her own perspicuity when the solution of cushion covers suggested itself. There were only two of the strange-shaped glass bottles, "To be used in case of fire," in the rack outside Miss Evan's door instead of the orthodox three. What could possibly have happened to that missing bottle? When they reached the entrance hall she sent a curious glance across at the label beneath her own name, forgetful whether in the agitation of the morning she had remembered to turn it or not. Evidently not—"Out" as before! Well, it did not matter—it would never matter any more.

A few minutes later they had reached the hospital, and she was being led up the ward between the rows of small white beds. There were pictures upon the walls; the fireplaces

at either end were heaped high with glowing coals; upon the table in the centre of the floor stood tall branching palms, and glass vases full of freshly-cut chrysanthemums. Everything had been done to give an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the scene, nevertheless the prevailing impression could not be otherwise than profoundly painful.

At the extreme end of the ward a screen sheltered one bed from view. That was the bed for which she was bound; Hester knew it, and knew also the significance of that kindly barrier.

There were two people standing behind its shelter, when her guide beckoned her forward, a doctor looking down at the patient with grave, observant eyes, and a nurse bending over the bed, moistening his lips with some cool, reviving fluid. Both looked round at Hester's approach, and the same expression of surprise and pity for her youth and inexperience which she had encountered once before that afternoon flitted across their faces as they did so. Some one was lying upon the bed, but it might have been any one of the unhappy sufferers in the ward instead of Gerald Ewen, so far as any likeness to the handsome *débonnaire* young fellow of a few short hours before could be discerned. A livid face, a head swathed in bandages, through which the tell-tale scarlet stains were slowly oozing; parched, fevered lips which fell back from the gums—was that Gerald? A passion of bitter self-remorseful agony swept over the girl's heart at the sight. How could such things happen? happen to the dearest object which the wide world held, in the same city, within a short mile's distance, and yet leave the friend, the lover, the bride all unconscious and unsuspecting?

At the very moment when the cruel wheels had been grinding the life out of that stalwart frame, she herself had been lying prostrate upon her couch imagining that her heart was broken, her life ruined, because forsooth! a meeting had been postponed, a joy delayed a little longer! While she had been counting herself an object of pity, because the fire had died out and left her chilled and trembling, the curious, indifferent crowd were jostling together to obtain a glimpse at Gerald's mangled body; the drive along the stony streets was acting as a still further torture to his broken limbs. The doctor laid his hand upon the pulse and shook his head in a significant manner. The nurse, after one scrutinising glance at Hester's face, stepped back from her place and whispered a few words in her ear.

"If you have anything to say, he is still conscious, but it will not be for long. Only be careful, be quiet!"

Hester fell down on her knees beside the bedside, and bent her face low down over that of the dying man.

"Gerald! Gerald!"

The sunken eyes opened, and for one moment, only one, a faint light of recognition shone through the gathering films of death. It was the faintest of gleams, but the effort had been too much for the waning strength, a spasm of acutest anguish passed over his face, he raised himself in the bed in a convulsive struggle for breath, then fell back against the pillows, the poor, bandaged head rolling heavily to the side.

A long way off a voice was speaking out of the mist and the darkness—

"It is all over. Take her away! We can do no more for him now."

* * * *

When Hester North reached the door of her own room once more, the little Irishwoman was standing on the threshold, and holding out loving arms of welcome. Bad news travels quickly, and there was not an inmate of the Ladies' Dwelling who did not know by this time that little Miss North had been called out to a friend's death-bed, and that that friend had been a young and handsome man. "And she has been looking so bright and bonnie lately! Poor little thing!" her fellow-tenants had sighed with unanimous commiseration, over the evening dinner.

A cheery fire was crackling in the grate in the little parlour. Hester walked in to the middle of the floor and stood looking around, turning her head from side to side to examine one corner of the room after another, with an expression upon her drawn, white face which made the tears start into the little Irishwoman's eyes. It was the look which a convict might cast around the well-known cell in the first bitter moment of re-entrance, after a bright, brief spell of liberty. Words were weak and useless. The little Irishwoman drew the girl on to a seat, wrapped her arms tightly round her, and rested her cheek against the icy forehead. The close human contact was the best comfort for the time being, but by-and-by, when the sobbing breaths had grown quieter, she said in slow, tender accents, speaking rather as one who gives than one who asks for information—

"God has taken him away—is it not so? And it is all so new and startling, that you can only feel the pain, you cannot see the mercy."

Hester caught her breath in quick, indignant disclaimer.

"There is no mercy! How can you say it! This morning—only this morning he was well and strong—oh, so strong!—so full of life, so careless, and happy and unsuspecting——"

"And you loved him?" said the other softly. "You loved him, and he loved you? You were engaged to each other?"

"Not yet, but we should have been. He came only this morning. Ah yes! we loved each other, dearly, dearly! He was so good; so good and tender always——"

The little Irishwoman drew back and gazed into the girl's face with intent and shining eyes.

"Then be thankful!" she said slowly, and her voice had swelled to a full, rich note, which gave to the words a solemn and impressive significance. "Be thankful! God has been very good to you; He has given you His most precious gift, and He has given it to you for ever. Ah, dear child, do you not see? What power has death to take this love from you? It is yours, it is in your heart; to the last day of your life, the joy of it will remain with you, will beautify your path. There is no bitterness in a sorrow which comes to us straight from the hand of God. There are many, oh so many troubles which are worse than death!"

"No, it is not true! There is nothing so terrible!" cried Hester in passionate denial; "Separation—loneliness—what can be worse than these? and I have been so lonely all my life. Never to see him, never to hear him speak; to live on, and on, and to know that he will never come, to have nothing to wait for, nothing to hope——"

"But if he loved you, he will be nearer to you in the spirit world than he ever was when he was here. He will be yours to all eternity. No one can take him from you!"

"But if he had only lived!" cried Hester again, her young eager soul crying out for the tangible presence, the dear, silent voice, "If he had lived, ah, if he had only lived!"

"Life is sad, dear heart," said the little Irishwoman, "and there are many changes. Be thankful! Your love can know no change!"

* * * *

But Hester North never knew in how gracious a manner the dark-robed angel had dealt with her, in snatching away what had seemed to be the crowning joy and blessedness of her life. There was a letter which was carefully preserved in Mabel Robson's desk—a letter which possessed a special value as being the last which the strong young hand of the writer had ever penned.

"I went to call upon Hester North this morning, and found her out," Gerald had written. "Good thing for me, too! I never came so near making a fool of myself in my life as I did with that child. Such a taking little Mouse as it was, with the quaintest, prettiest ways! When she looked up at a fellow with those pitiful, brown eyes, it was really the most difficult thing in the world to keep one's balance. If she had been at home it might have been awkward, for I fancy I went a bit too far that last evening. However, it's over now, and I need never call again. I met such a handsome girl at the Métropole."

Gerald's sister shed many a tear in private over the large, loosely-written sheet, but in spite of many eager entreaties, she never allowed Hester North to see that letter.

"He had been very, very fond of you, Mouse, I know that!" she explained, kissing the little trembling creature upon the forehead, "but there are some things mentioned here which were private. It would not be right to show it to you!" And Hester sighed and wept in secret over the merciful reserve which preserved to her a life's illusion.

And so to the end of Hester North's life, the rose-coloured thread lighted up the path of duty with its wonderful transforming power. True it had faded somewhat from its first fresh and glowing beauty, but the strands had not broken, and as time passed away and the knots and tangles which had at first seemed so hopeless gradually smoothed themselves out, the line ran on fair and unbroken. As the little Irishwoman had prophesied, her faithful loyalty to a true-hearted love brought with it its own ennobling, spiritualising reward. Not for anything which the world could have offered her would Hester have been without that brief, bright experience. Her love had brought her bitter pain, but as the years rolled slowly by the pain mercifully died away, while the joy and the sweetness remained. Young girls, radiant in their newly-found happiness, would sometimes catch with surprise an expression of shining exultation in the eyes of the quiet, little old maid. "I, too," Hester was saying to herself at such moments as these, "I have known it all, I have loved, I have been loved too!"

On her way home through the silent streets she could almost feel again the presence of the strong young figure by her side; in the light of the lamp-posts she could see the handsome face, the smiling eyes, the tender, lingering smile.

Blessed ignorance! How many of those who have received their heart's desire, and in so doing found bitterness unto their souls, might envy Hester her happy dream, her peaceful, tender memories!

[THE END.]

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART X.

How to study Botany.

Do not read text-books, only consult them, this is their real use to you; try to look and think for yourself. Go into the fields, along the lanes, if you cannot do this, into any small back garden, or any waste bit of ground, and examine with a small pocket lens (price 3s. 6d.), if you have one, if not, with finger and naked eye, any insignificant weed or wild flower you see; then ask yourself the question of what use is this or that part, ponder over it, and then go to the text-book and see what that has to say.

This observing and questioning once begun will grow; you will want to know how all manner of things move, why has this leaf and flower its colour, shape and smell. Why is the seed like this. What use is it to the plant itself. And then you will begin to inquire what part in the Grand Scheme does the plant fulfil, its relation and use to insect, bird, animal, and man. More and more you will yearn to know. And the effort to respond to this yearning will bring to you a strength, an interest, a joy which will bubble and flow like a clear stream of pure running mountain water. You will gradually begin to build for yourself a fair and orderly world, in which no harmful thing can have any abiding part. You will begin to understand that there is no dividing-line amidst the different branches of science, but that they are all parts one of another, and that to comprehend any one intelligently it is necessary to know something of them all; physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, man in muscle, and soil growth, all parts of a beautiful whole all dependent one upon another, no useless part, all equally necessary in their time and place. All balanced by the Giver of life, with such exactitude, that to alter one hair in the scales would be to strike the balance to its upsetting and to bring over this fair world chaos and hideous night.

Seeds Distributed by Shooting.

In the hedgerows and ditches, and along the banks of the English lanes, so infinitely varied in their peaceful beauty, what wonderful and diverse operations and designs are taking place to secure the distribution of the ripened seed; winged seeds of suitable shapes for the wind to carry and let drop here and there in cleared space. Fruits of different shapes, colours and tastes, for the birds to swallow, and to let drop undigested through their bodies the hard seeds which were contained within. Seeds that hook themselves to the passer-by, so that perchance they may be conveyed to a bit of ground not overcrowded.

The wild geranium, Herb. Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*), that grows here and there so abundantly, when its pink petals have fallen and the seeds within its seed-case are ripe, by a simple mechanism shoots its seeds with a jerk some little distance. This little plant on Sir John Lubbock's billiard table shot them a distance of twenty feet. The wild vetch and violet also shoot their seeds.

The pods of the common broom, that grows principally on commons, and waste places, at the sight of whose yellow flowers the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, fell on his knees, and from an overflowing heart thanked God for having been permitted to see such loveliness, open with a pop, that at times can be distinctly heard, and throw their ripened seeds some distance. The capsule of the common



Seeds of Poppy, shaken out by the wind.

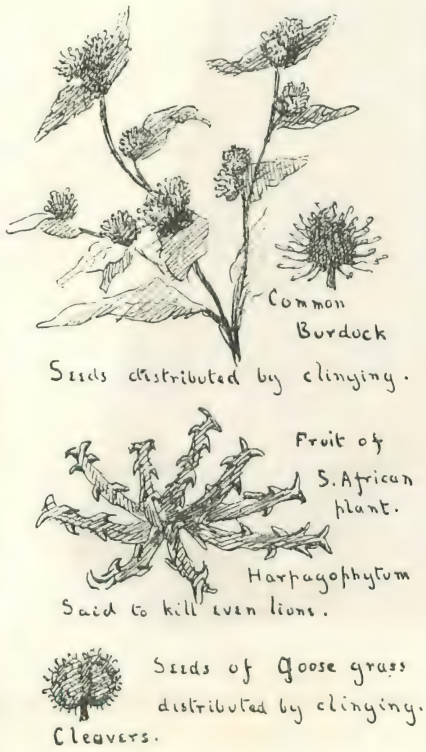
poppy has little doors in the top, and when it is agitated by the wind, the seeds are ejected one by one through these small apertures; the little doors are protected from rain by an overhanging root, and are said to close themselves in wet weather.

In hot countries the squirting cucumber, when ripe, becomes so gorged with liquid, that at the slightest touch it will burst and send the seeds into one's face.

Seeds Distributed by Clinging.

In the autumn, a dry, bristly, roundish thing about the size of a large marble (the bur of the burdock) or the smaller fruit of the cleavers perhaps gets attached to our clothes or entangled in the long hair of our dog, and can only be got rid of with some difficulty.

The burdock, cleavers, agrimony, beer parsley, and enchanter's nightshade, so common to our lanes, by means of hooks cling to any passer-by who may chance to knock against them, using this method of distributing their seed.



Seeds by adhering to the wool of sheep have been conveyed in the fleece to other countries, and a new and vigorous growth has resulted therefrom. In all the English plants I have named the hooks are so arranged as to provide for the removal of the seed, and although beautifully formed are small, but in some foreign species they are truly formidable. If the fruits of the martynia, found in Louisiana, get hold of an animal they are most difficult to remove. The fruit of the harpagophytum, a South American species, rolls about over the dry plains, and has been known, it is said, to attach itself to the skin of a lion, and the poor lordly brute in trying to tear it out of his flesh has got it into his mouth, and so perished miserably.

A kind of grass grows in Australia, in which the mass of inflorescence forms a large round head, and is thus driven for miles over the dry sands till it comes to a damp place, when it expands and soon strikes root. A small annual with rounded pods is met with in the sandy places in Egypt, Syria and Arabia, which when dry curls itself up into a ball or round cushion and is then driven by the wind till it finds a damp place, when it uncurls, the pods open, and the seeds drop out.

Comparatively little is at present known on the subject of seeds, they still hold back many of their secrets. Those only will be able to unravel more of their hidden mysteries who come to the quest with well-stored heads, pure and unprejudiced minds, and a supreme passion for truth.

The Death-tick—A Love Song.

The sick room is very still in the middle of the night; the frame of the patient, worn with hard battling, just retains its flickering life; the watcher is doing all that knowledge and a great human love can do to assist the heavy struggle. When tick, tick, sounds with startling clearness through the quiet room it is a signal to the superstitious watcher that the struggling and nursing are of little use, and that the precious life so mysteriously wrapped up in the battered body must go forth to other scenes unknown to human experience and knowledge.

So powerful is the exercise of mind over matter, especially when holding together thus delicately, that a fall of hope in watcher or patient may effectually prevent recovery and hasten death.

How appalling to contemplate, the misery that superstition, arising from ignorance of the simplest laws of this world, has caused us poor men and women.

The dreaded death-tick is oftenest heard in old houses, and is made by insects which have their habitation in wood, and cause the noise by striking the wooden walls of their burrows with their hard head or jaws. It is supposed to be a love call, for when one insect has made four or five taps in quick succession it pauses, and is immediately answered by another from a different quarter. Mr. Smith, a naturalist, kept some of these insects in a box, and by knocking a table close to the box with a lead pencil five or six times got them to answer his summons. This they did by raising themselves on their front legs, and bobbing their heads up and down rapidly they tapped with their jaws the bottom of the box. The number of taps on each occasion was either four or five, usually the latter.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I SHALL begin my monthly chronicle on the changes in clothing by a most interesting and wonderful quotation from an evening contemporary. It announces nothing less than the discovery of a method of treating materials, which will supersede the product of the silk-worms' labours; and perhaps will enable us all to "walk" blithely in "silk attire."

"Science is constantly seeking to emulate nature in that wonderful provision which prevents waste, and schemes are continually being devised for the purpose of utilising and turning to profit what hitherto had been regarded as useless, and cast away as so much rubbish. One of the most ingenious of recent inventions which tends in this direction is that devised by Dr. Friedrich Lehner of Zurich, who, by chemical and mechanical means, practically supersedes the silkworm, and spins from such raw material as cotton waste, jute waste, or wood pulp, a thread which even the expert eye can hardly distinguish from that obtained off the natural cocoon. Recently, a number of gentlemen interested in the silk trade and in textile manufactures, journeyed from London (under the guidance of Mr. W. A. Lawton) and from Manchester to Bradford, where the process was seen in operation, and numerous pieces of silk woven in various designs and dyed in different colours were inspected. The process is easily explainable, and the machinery involved is extremely simple, the method adopted by the silkworm being followed as closely as possible. When the emulsion has been made, it is run into tubes, at the end of which are fitted what are termed 'artificial silkworms.' The liquid drops in a continuous stream through a very fine hole, and passes through water, which cools it and converts it into a strand; this is caught up and passed over a guide where the strands composing the one thread of yarn meet, and the thread is then carried over what nearly resembles an ordinary spinning frame, to the flyer and bobbin. Commencing in a liquid state, the chemically digested material is thus turned out a thread of even diameter, and of unbroken and unlimited length. The noticeable feature is the remarkable gloss obtained when the cellulose has been thus transformed, and some of the woven articles exhibited with their weft of artificial and the warp of real silk were not to be distinguished either in touch or appearance from genuine silk goods, while tassels and trimmings for upholstery purposes looked wonderfully well, and it is said to be in this latter direction that the new material will find most favour. A company, with a capital of £108,000, is being formed to acquire Dr. Lehner's patents and to work the process. The directorate is to include several influential men engaged in the silk industry, so that evidently the artificial article is regarded with favour by those concerned in the trade. According to Mr. W. Townend, manager of the Bradford Conditioning House, who has made an official report, the relative strength of the artificial compared with Italian silk of the same counts (4010 yards to the ounce) is as 68 to 100, the stretching quality before breaking as 73 to 100, and he further says that the gloss and lustre is equal to the best silk, and that in its denitrated state it is perfectly safe for storing in quantity."

I am sure you will all agree that this is a wonderful thing to have discovered, and one is only sorry that an Englishman, or woman, was not the lucky person to find it out.

The July sales have been more attractive than usual this year, perhaps owing to the fact that the season's sales were so bad, owing to the unseasonable and chilly weather; and no departments have been so much crowded as those which contain the stock of blouses of all hues and materials. On these there has been a perfect rush, and on the first days of the sales the counters were crowded—certainly two deep—and, apparently, every woman who does not patronize a blouse, wears a front. The favourite material for these just now is a cream-coloured embroidered muslin, with a collar, in folds, of course, of velvet; or sometimes lately I have seen satin. This waistcoat-front is drawn in at the edge with a draw-string, and so requires little trouble in putting it on and arranging it. Nothing more softly becoming was ever invented, I think; and the muslin looks pretty, and suitable to be worn with all materials even with tweed, and serge, and very well indeed with holland.

Just lately I have noticed a tendency to fancy the short "*Garçon de Café* jackets" which so much resemble the "Eton," save that the bodice is cut in two pieces, only the back and the front—this jacket is shown in our illustration. The sleeves remain quite as full as ever; and every bit of trimming is bunched up at the shoulders and neck, the skirt remaining quite plain and undecorated, and cut in, what may be called a moderate "Bell-shape." It is very generally stiffened at the bottom, so as to set out round the feet.



PIERROT COLLAR AND CROSSOVER-BODICE.

The newest skirts are decidedly longer; in fact, they drag on the ground at least three inches; so that women have soon got tired of the comfortable short skirt, which was the correct thing in the early spring. The idea is that the short skirt is unbecoming, and makes people look short and stumpy. I only hope we shall, nevertheless, return to them when winter is once more upon us; for either fastening up the skirt, or holding it up, is a perfectly detestable thing in cold weather and muddy streets, and no method of fastening them up seems to be becoming to the figure.

It is delightful to see the reappearance of Tussore silk as a warm weather material. Nothing wears so well, nor bears washing, and remodelling so happily; and then it mixes with either lace or silk; and there is a softness about the tint that makes it becoming to adults as well as young girls. For boys' blouses it answers quite as well as for girls' overalls and frocks. But I prefer it as an entire gown, more than when it is only used as a blouse.

Everybody donned their best gowns to go to the royal garden-party at Clarence House, on the occasion of the first entertainment given by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, since they ascended the Grand Ducal throne of Saxe Coburg, and as everyone royal, and others celebrated in any way, and of any kind of rank, formed part of the 2000 guests, of course there was much to be remarked in the way of dress, *moiré* and satin, diversified with some of the pretty *chéné* flowered silks, or *moiré* brocades were the handsome gowns worn. But there was a great deal of that more useful and humbler material, *crépon*, which has been the stand-by gown of all who wanted to look nice, and yet to spend little on their dress. The Princess of Wales wore a black *crépon* trimmed with heliotrope, and had a pretty little jet bonnet with a wreath of violets in it. Every colour of *crépon* was to be seen: pale blue with lace, maize with satin and lace, brown over petunia silk; and several gowns of the new satin-striped *crépon* which is so pretty. One dress was of green and white-striped *crépon*, and with this a mauve sash and a broad-brimmed hat was worn, the latter trimmed with green tulle and mauve flowers. The second great state ball, given at Buckingham Palace, is said to have been attended by a greater number of royal, Oriental and distinguished personages than any given during the last twenty years, and a very distinct effort was made to wear silks and materials of English make only. This is an effort in which many of the best-known people in English society are interested; and in which I think every woman and girl should lend her aid, by inquiring for English-made materials and English-made goods of all kinds.

I do not know if any masculine eyes ever gaze on this column, but at any rate I think it well to mention that the ever-favourite *moiré* has been adopted by gentlemen for their neckties, the most generally worn being black for the morning and white for the afternoon. I also notice that shirt-fronts of the brightest pink are much seen; with them are worn white collars and white *moiré* ties, or with black, blue, or deep-red ties of the same material. I think, while I am on the subject of attire, that we have all hailed with delight the return of the habit, in its ancient glory, to fashion, and the consequent disappearance from the Row of the untidy-looking riders in jackets that did not match the skirts, and all kinds of other horrors, including sailor-hats. I noticed some really smart-looking riders in well-fitted habits the other day, and most of them seemed to have adopted the "safety skirt," which entails great care in the selection of boots, as the petticoats are made so short that these are much shown. There is nothing so funny as the appearance of these "safety skirts" when they are off—they are only half a skirt, after all.

The Queen has, as she usually does, given very handsome orders to the manufacturers of Irish poplin for the *trousseau* of Princess Alix of Hesse. Some of these are interwoven with real gold threads, to form the pattern of the brocading; and a green brocade, with a design of ostrich feathers skilfully shaded, was much admired by all who saw them. Much of the *trousseau* of the Princess is being got in England, and especially the tailor-made gowns.

One of the new trimmings for hats that has appeared recently is the beefeater style of putting black or white lace on the crown. The hat is of fine straw and is wide-brimmed; cover the crown with a large circular piece of guipure lace, pleat it on just below the crown so that it will form a flat, wide, soft crown, in imitation of the well-known beefeater of old days. An upright spray of flowers, or an up-standing bow of ribbon, is used to push up this lace crown on one side, and a bow of ribbon rests on the brim, with a similar bow underneath, near the hair. Guipure insertion is used underneath the brim, and is also seen on either white or hats of sunburnt-straw.



FICHU CAPE OF LACE.

Our illustration shows one of the Pierrot, or French clown's collar, which have been just seen in London in the early part of the season; they are made of chiffon, and if made in muslin or net would be very pretty for girls. The fichu cape of lace is a very useful little novelty of the same sort, and forms a dressy little addition to the toilette, which will turn a plain gown into an afternoon and garden-party dress, with no trouble and little expense. The lace-covered bodice is also very easily composed out of an old silk bodice, either black or coloured, the lace being stretched over the bodice plain, and fastened on the shoulder and under the arm. The sleeves may match the dress or be of a fancy silk, as most approved. The little *garçon de café* jacket is a French novelty, and is very pretty and simple. We have selected for our pattern a round golf cape, made of reversible cloth in either one piece or with a join at the back, as the cloth selected will allow. Some of these are made with a hood, or the last in have a small round cape and a simple round collar. Two and a half to three yards of cloth, if it be fifty-four inches wide, would be needed for this cape.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the



GOLF CAPE. (*Paper pattern.*)

dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets and Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter underwear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess underdress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt, bell skirt, *moiré* blouse, new French capes, winter or summer knickerbockers, bib-front, and waistcoat.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. Notice change of address; loss may result from oversight of this fact.



"INTO THE LIGHT."

SKETCH FROM VILLAGE LIFE.

By ADA M. TROTTER, Author of "My Lady Marjorie," etc.

It was sunset. There had been a storm, and even now rain-drops flashed and sparkled on the leaves, and showers caught by the wind besprinkled the grass-blades of the orchard. At this hour the village folk, seeking distraction, strolled idly forth, sometimes to watch a wrestling bout on the green, or a cricket-match between the youths of two villages, or to listen to a rare dish of gossip served up by the town-crier. This evening, however, there was something new; the crowd gathered round the Prie Dieu, on the steps of which an earnest man stood preaching. Men, women, and children listened open-mouthed, scarce comprehending what were these tidings borne to them by the rude speaker. Soon lapsing into indifference they strolled away, only a few remained; and those were too dull to follow the fervent words about heaven and the Christ. Just then the soft footfall of the farmer's cows was heard in the distance, and from behind the lazy animals came familiar sounds—the inarticulate cries of a half-dumb lad, who seemed scarce as intelligent as the beautiful collie at his heels. The preacher paused.

"It's only Georgie the idiot," said a woman, roughly.

The cows passed in at the open gate, and the lad with open mouth and staring eyes stood close and closer to the preacher, who was still trying to uplift his hearers to a heavenly horizon, where the streets were thronged with angelic hosts singing Alleluias to the Christ. Suddenly a hoarse chuckle broke the thread of his discourse, a smile radiant as sunshine for a moment illuminated the vacant face of the pale lad. Had he heard with understanding ears? Ere the slow-witted preacher had resolved this question, a mutter of thunder broke the silence, and the child ran away. Clouds gathered, wind rushed onwards with the heavy thunder-clouds; the last rift of sunshine disappeared; the village lay shrouded in gloom. To Georgie this was an hour of agony; his terror of the elements consumed him, but the farmer's wife, always kind, sought the child as he crouched in the loft, and drew him to his corner of the settle. As he sat there, muttering to himself, the farmer's daughter, who had just returned from a cathedral town some ten miles distant, talked eagerly of the "heavenly music" she had heard. Georgie absorbed it all.

Outside there was storm, wind and thunder with the patter of rain-drops; spring-blossoms strewed the meadows. Inside the house a dull brain had gained a great light; the buds of an eternal spring began to blossom. Heaven where the angels lived, where the lame could walk and the dumb could speak, was near; he, Georgie could find it.

Next morning he was missing. His beloved cows were driven to pasture by another, less tender hand. And Georgie! Where was he?

Somehow he had reached the city, had found the cathedral; it was the hour of evensong, and the child crept into the shadowy aisles. He made for the gorgeous flames of crimson and purple that slanted from the coloured windows to the floor, and stood in the ambient atmosphere breathing fast with intense delight. The white-robed angels were singing. Yes! it was all right. This was heaven, here in the purple and gold, and presently when the angels had finished singing, he would be able to speak. The organ thrilled the grand old building with superb harmony, ending with a crash like thunder. Then the procession formed, and the angels went away, and the gold and glory faded from about the disappointed child, only the grey stones lay underfoot, and the shadowy aisles grew dark, as the crimson flames died with the setting sun.

Georgie came home next evening from the meadows with the cows. In vain did the kind farmer's wife question him. She saw sorrow and disappointment in the child's eyes, but not even to her could he voice his grief. Time passed on. In early morning Georgie might be seen driving his quiet charges to the Severn side, and in the evenings he reappeared with them. His friend watched him uneasily, the child was growing thin and weak; what ailed the poor half-witted creature?

The preacher, merely a rough collier, came often; he preached from the cross, and then talked with the children, who played hide-and-seek in the niches once filled with effigies of the saints. He it was who reached out and caught the glimmer of reason in the sorrowful face of poor Georgie. Week by week he taught the patient listener until the autumn, and then he saw the child no more.

"Georgie is very ill, I fear," said the farmer's wife.

"I thought I heard him calling the cows?" said her husband.

"Yes, but in his sleep. I have been with him all night."

"The doctor says he is altogether diseased, mind and body," said the son.

"Not in mind; that is growing clear," said the farmer's wife; "he talks about the angels and heaven."

A few more days and the good woman went about her work weeping. Georgie was dead. The village-bell tolled out his thirteen years of life, rang a short requiem, and was silent. Then one autumn day, when the sunbeams slanted on the ripened fruit which lay heaped up in the orchards, the village folk gathered together to lay little Georgie into his last rest.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the vicar, and the clods of earth fell upon the coffin.

Ah! no! Life and joy and brightness, an awakening of a soul in the bliss of heaven.

THE WARDS OF ST. MARGARET'S.

By SISTER JOAN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESTING.

"I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power,
And knowledge, but by year and hour,
In reverence and in charity."

Tennyson.

CONSTANCE fully meant at the time what she said, when she expressed her desire to give up all work; believing that she could not possibly wish for it again.

Little wonder perhaps if, after nearly thirty years of hospital routine with its strict rules and monotonous regularity, she thought that to come and go as she pleased, to be bound by no rules, to be in fact her own mistress would be happiness indeed. But Hope knew her better, and was well aware that however pleasant such a life might seem for a time, Constance was not the sort of woman to find real happiness in the mere enjoyment of life unless it served to help or benefit some one.

They had left behind them the old life and had spent a real holiday of pleasure for some weeks, when one morning Constance remarked that she thought it was about time for them to be settling down.

"Sighing for work already?" said Hope gaily.

"No, not exactly that," replied Constance with a smile, "but visiting and idling about is not quite the kind of life we had looked forward to."

And so it happened that before another month had passed away, these two had established themselves in a picturesque cottage in a little country village in Devonshire. Village it would perhaps hardly be called, consisting as it did of a few straggling houses, standing back some way from the road-side almost enveloped in green, or peeping out here and there from between gaps in the high hedges which bounded the narrow lanes. Vegetation was luxuriant, and in these narrow lanes in the red sandy soil grew ferns and flowers in wild profusion.

It was in very truth a picturesque little cottage they had taken, with its thatched roof and pleasant out-look. The windows with their old-fashioned panes of glass were here and there completely hidden from view by climbing roses, whose petals kissed the panes as if asking admittance, and in spite of refusal poured their fragrance through the house. Over the little porch at the door the clematis twined so thickly as to make quite a shelter for anyone waiting there, and it served too as a favourite hiding-place for the children who often came on long visits to Rose Cottage in the summer-time. It was rightly named; almost every variety of rose might be found within the garden, and it was little cause for wonder that Hope, who had almost a passionate love for roses, should have felt at first sight that this was just the cottage for them. Here country and sea were combined, and the whole atmosphere savoured of comfort and rest. "Do you not think you are over-doing yourself?" Hope said to Constance one day as she expressed her intention of walking some distance to see a sick child. "You are busy from morning till night. You could hardly get through more work even if you were in a hospital again. Talk about resting as you proposed, and banishing work! ah! well," she said with a loving smile, "I knew how it would be."

"You knew indeed," put in Constance gaily; "why, Hope, you do just as much yourself, and remember it was you who began it. I must quote you your favourite lines," she went on—

"'Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere,'

And I think," she added, "we are fitting into ours, and finding it a very happy sphere too. Shall you ever forget that morning, when old Abraham called to ask you to go back with him and see his wife; how shyly he came, and said he had been told as how we'd been nurses. Then came poor Mrs. Tilly in terrible trouble about her child. Then the doctor used to ask us to look in at one or another, and little by little the work grew, till we might almost call ourselves the village nurses."

Yes, it was quite true, Hope and Constance had entered heartily into the work which came to hand, it was only natural that they should be sought for where there was sickness; natural too, that they should render willing help in work which was so familiar to them. But their village nursing formed but one side of their bright useful lives.

Many were the working women not so well off as themselves, whom Hope and Constance welcomed as guests to their home, who returned not only rested and refreshed but often strengthened and encouraged to take up again with fresh vigour the daily duties of life.

Many too were the nephews and nieces who rejoiced with the real joy of childhood, when an invitation came to them from Rose Cottage, knowing well the pleasures which were in store. How they talked together beforehand in the early spring days of the nests with their tiny eggs which they would see, of the hens they would feed, and the young ducklings they would watch taking their first swim. Of the flowers they would pick with their own hands without check or hindrance, of the games, and the frolic, and the fun, and not least by any means of aunt Hope's delightful stories. Oh, what a place was Rose Cottage; the children dreamed of it by night and talked of it by day as a very palace of delight.

There was an old beech tree in one corner of the garden, and on a little rustic seat well shaded by its branches and partially hidden from view, Hope and Constance spent many a pleasant hour. Sometimes telling stories to the children, or watching them as they romped and played about, at other times reading together or chatting over days that were past. Shadows now and again crossed their threshold, as one break after another came in the family circles, and old fellow-workers and companions passed away out of sight.

The world often speaks slightingly of old maids. Ah! well, every one in turn grows old, all are human, and some may be crotchety; but were the old maids one and all to vanish, methinks there would soon be a hue and a cry; for many a corner would be bereft of sunshine, many a sad heart would sigh for the friend and helper, many a home would be left desolate and dreary without the busy form and kind face of the old maiden aunt.

Women who have fought their way through the world, not only for self-support, but in order to benefit those around them; who have loved as fondly and as deeply as many of the truest wives; who have suffered and learned by suffering how to sympathise as they have trodden the paths of life, whose hearts have not narrowed into selfishness, but grown and expanded in love towards the whole family of man. Such women may well think lightly of the criticism of the world. They can afford to smile back on those who commiserate what they term their lonely lot. And so we bid Hope and Constance farewell, knowing that whatever time may have in store for them, they, with many another quiet worker will not have lived in vain, but their example and their influence will still live on in the lives of others.

[THE END.]

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DOCTOR HERBERT'S wish that some event should occur that would rouse Mara was curiously accomplished. One day that Mara was lying in her apathy, heedless of her father who was reading to her—heedless of all external things—Shanno burst into her room exclaiming—

"Shonny's come home! Shonny's come home! Master, my boy's alive! Miss Marget—Mrs. Gerwyn—Shonny wasn't drowned, and he says Master Gerwyn wasn't either."

In a moment Mara was up in bed crying wildly—"Say it again! say it again?"

"My Shonny's alive, Miss *fach!* He did come back just now. I run like mad to tell you—I can't stay. Come you 'rectly minute and see for yourself."

Off ran Shanno as quickly as she came.

"Miss Vaughan! Miss Vaughan!" she cried in the passage. "Go you to Mrs. Gerwyn. My Shonny's come home. I want Billo."

Out she rushed into the kitchen with the same words.

"Nancy! Polly! send Billo home. Shonny's come back. Send him 'rectly minute to see his brother."

This was how Shanno rushed through the house rousing all its inhabitants, and rushed out of it again and across the downs like mad.

Mariana found Mara excited beyond all bounds.

"Bring my clothes. I will dress—I will go. If Shonny's come home,

Gerwyn will come. Quick, Nanno! Father, I am quite well. Thank God! thank God!"

Mr. Vaughan was excited too. He went out and took the way to Sam's house.

Meanwhile Mara dressed herself, impatient of every hindrance. Mariana trembled and rejoiced by turns, as she saw the flush of delirium replace the pallor of her sister's face, and strength succeed the weakness of her body. She secretly ordered the coburg, their one covered conveyance, to be got ready, and delayed Mara as much as she could that she might prevent her trying to walk. When Billo heard where the carriage was to go, he quickened his usually measured movements, and it was at the door before Mara was ready.

"Perhaps Gerwyn is there, Nanno! Let me fly. I feel that I have wings. Never mind the bonnet. I am ready. Let us go."

Mariana wrapped a cloak about her, and Mara was at the front door before her sister was out of the bedroom. She was quite beside herself. Billo said to himself when he saw her—

"Here's the real ghose, seure enough."

They got into the carriage. Billo mounted the front seat to drive, and Mara told him to make haste—haste. He was nothing loth, and they came up with Mr. Vaughan in no time. Billo drew in.

"Will you get up, father?" said Mariana from behind. "I ordered the coburg for fear of Mara."

"No, go on. It may do her good."

They went on and quickly overtook Shanno, who accepted the invitation for a drive, and was soon by Billo's side. Mara overwhelmed her with questions, but all she knew as yet was that her son was at home, and that Gerwyn was not drowned.

They soon reached the hut and saw Shonny. He was in the act of eating barley bread and hard cheese, apparently with good appetite, surrounded by grandfather, father, brothers and sisters. His grandfather had just expressed a wish that his mother had been alive to see that day, and Shonny was replying—

"Granny's gone to Davy's locker. Well! she was over a hundred, and one can't live for ever. I should like to a' seen her again."

"Where is he? where is he?" cried Mara, as she stood breathless in the middle of the room.

"Here I be, miss," said Shonny, rising and holding out his black hand.

Mara grasped it in both hers.

"Where is he? where did you leave him? Mr. Gerwyn—my husband?"

This was all Mara could say, as she sank, nearly fainting, into the bee-hive chair. She waved off Mariana, and fixing her eyes on the bronzed and ragged Shonny, tried to utter another, "Where?"

"All right, miss," said Shonny, letting fall a hunch of bread in affright. "I don't know nothing of 'en," he added in a whisper to his mother.

"Where?" again ejaculated Mara, a sudden flush suffusing her pale face. "Is he alive?"

"To be sure, as much as I am, I should say."

"When did you see him last?"

"In Africay."

"Where's Africay?" interrupted young Toom.

"Where's brother? I'm Billo!" here burst in upon the audience, and Billo entered, he having got some one to hold his horse.

"Dear me! you're bigger than me!" cried Shonny hugging Billo, at which Shanno both laughed and cried.

"Why you're all hair, and you've got earrings!" cried Billo. "You're like a black. Is it brother Shonny, mother!"

"So he is saying, but I'm not knowing my own first-born," laughed Shanno.

"You flogged me for eating all the cheese, do you remember, mother? and then gave me a big apple because I roared."

"Shonny's Shonny seure enough," said Shanno uplifting her hands.

"Where did you last see my husband?" asked Mara, who had never turned her eyes from Shonny's face.

"Let him finish eating first, darling, and then he will tell us all," said Mariana. "Toom *bach*, run to the house and say I told you to bring some bread and meat, and Polly must send it."

"Thank you, miss. Then I'll wait, make so bold," said Shonny. "This barley bread is tougher than sea biscuit."

Mara rose from her chair, went to Shonny, put her hand on his shoulder, and said—

"Tell me all,"

"Miss Marget, you may be making your mind as easy as a dolphin's back. Master Gerwyn's as sure alive as I am."

"But you both fell into the sea. How do you know?"

"We were cast together on the coast of Southern Africay, after buffeting about a day and a night on the ugliest sea I ever was out in."

"But you went down with the mast!" said Mariana.

"By no means. We got upon a rock, and managed to make a raft, and by good luck stuck to it till we got amongst the niggers more dead than alive. Master Gerwyn say, 'Cheer up, Shonny, whilst there's life there hope,' and he make signs to the blackies that we was very hungry, and somehow he come over them as he did over everybody, and they give us some meat and drink, and let us dry ourselves by the fire they cooked the meat at. Then the niggers began to quarrel about us. I 'spected to be killed and eaten before I could say my prayers. But Master Gerwyn says, 'Never say die, Shonny! Let's dance the sailor's hornpipe!' So we began to dance like mad, and Master Gerwyn, he whistle like a bird. The niggers never see such beautiful dancing before, and seure enough they come and dance too. Master Gerwyn he snap his fingers, and sing and whistle, and I holloa out a Welsh psalm——"

"Oh Shonny! for shame! to them heathen!" said Shanno.

"And they whoop and holloa and caper. 'Twould 'a done your hearts good to see us. And they like Welsh music, I can tell 'ee. I most think I heard one of 'em say 'beautiful.'"

Mariana laughed, and Shonny was delighted.

"Go on! go on!" said Mara impatiently.

"When the ball was over, the blackies quarrel again. 'It's about us,' says Master Gerwyn. 'If they part us, Shonny, and if you get home first, give my love to everybody,' specially to Miss Mara, and tell you her'—but maybe I oughtn't to say it in public."

"Say on!" shrieked Mara, frightening everybody.

"'Tell you her to make the secret known and not to wait for me; and that I'll see her, alive or dead—in my body if I live; in the spirit if I die.' Them's his words. I learnt 'em off by heart."

"Then he lives! he lives;" cried Mara. "What next? Go on!"

Poor Shonny was frightened, but obeyed.

"Master Gerwyn was right. The black savages were quarrelling over us, but they settled the matter by parting us. One lot took Master Gerwyn, the other lot took me. 'Hurray for old Cymry! and God save the Queen!' says Master Gerwyn, waving his hand. 'Keep up your courage, Shonny, and we'll meet again.' I waves mine back till he was out of sight, and that was the last I see of him, the bravest, nicest young gentleman that ever lived."

Poor Mara began to sob, and Shanno to wipe her eyes with her apron, at which the small Shannos howled.

"He's as sure alive as I'm alive!" said Shonny. "He's one as 'ould make himself useful, and the niggers knows what's what. They weren't cannibals, so they 'ouldn't care to eat him."

"But how did you escape?" sobbed Mara. "What did they do to you?"

"They made me work like a beast o' burden, which isn't much more than some of 'em do themselves. But dear me, I'm so handsome, that the chief's daughter took a fancy to me, and so I got better treated. She was a well growed 'ooman, I can tell 'ee, but her nose was flattish. After all, there isn't so much difference between one 'ooman and another—black's black, and white's white: that's all."

Mariana and Mara both started at this. What if Gerwyn or Edwin should be fancied by a chief's daughter? or put to death because they could not return her affection?

"Where is she? Did you bring your wife home!" asked Billo.

"Not 'sactly. The Turks took care of that. They came slave-hunting, and carried off as many as they could catch. They caught me and not Mrs. Shonny, so we was parted, you see, Billo."

"I'm seure I'm thankful if you don't mind, Shonny," said Shanno. "I 'ouldn't like a black daughter-in-law."

"Not all covered with feathers and beads, quite handsome?" asked Shonny, winking significantly at Mariana, who enjoyed the joke, in spite of her fears for Edwin. "Well! The Turks are bigger brutes than the niggers, for they treat them worse than the niggers treat us.

But they respects the English, and are afeared of 'em. So when they had drove us, tied by cords, men, women and children, some hundred miles, and were going to pack me into the hold of the ship with four or five hundred black cattle——"

"Black cattle!" interrupted Sam. "Have they Welsh cows by there?"

"Oh, father, you are simple! I mean the niggers. They take precious care of their cows, and 'ouldn't no more pack 'em as they do the blacks, than they 'ould pack themselves. I hates the Turks. When the sneaking brutes was going to pack me up wi' the blacks, I hollors out the words 'Welsh! English! Scotch! Irish! British sailor! England!' and talks first Welsh and then English as loud as I could, and they cocks their ears, they do. They looks at me and sees I weren't a nigger, and then I bellows as if I had a bull in my chest, 'Queen Victoria!' shakes my fist at 'em and cries again, 'Queen Victoria!' They looks at me as mild as milk-and-water, goes to fetch an interpreter, who comes and talks something like English. Says I, 'They'd better take care how they harm an Englishman. The British lion 'll soon come down upon 'em, and I'm a British sailor!' And sure enough they talk a lot of their gibberish, and then they take me on deck. 'Tis grand to be a Britisher!

"'Twas well for them that they had me. I showed 'em how to manage their tackle, and help on their old lugger, and we got safe to Turkey somehow, where they wouldn't 'a got but for me. All the time I was wishing that a British man-o'-war 'ould be sending a few broadsides into 'em, and carry 'em off, Turks and niggers together. Oh, the sight it was when the blacks were brought on shore! It anear killed me, and I'm pretty tough."

"Here's Toom back with the vittles!" cried little Mally. "My! there's a basketful!"

Out rushed the young ones to meet Toom.

"Did you never see Gerwyn again?" asked Mara of Shonny.

"Never, miss, but I shall, and you too."

Toom came in, saying:

"Jackey did bring the basket. Master did meet me, and ask me where I was going, and did turn back and send Jackey, and tell him to come along, and drive home the ladies, and Billo might have a holiday."

"There's kind master is!" said Shanno.

Shonny and Billo soon unpacked the basket, and displayed a piece of beef, a loaf of bread, and two bottles of home-made wine.

"That's the tackle!" exclaimed Shonny. "We'll drink his honour's health."

"And we will go home now, and have another talk with Shonny to-morrow," said Mariana. "Mara! they would like to be without spectators, I think."

"If only you'll come when I'm not so hungry, I'll talk of Master Gerwyn as long as you like," said Shonny. "Now I'm like a shark."

Mariana drew Mara away, and Jackey drove them home. They were excited enough, but not so excited as the party they left behind them.

"Let Shonny have granny's chair! Owl in a ivy bush!" grinned Billo.

"Much obliged, prefers a three-legger!" said Shonny. "Now, mother, go ahead!"

Shanno carved vigorously. Knives and forks were at a discount, but she had a brace of them, of which Shonny had one. He also had more than half of the round table. Mugs, tea-cups, and the one blue wine-glass, were taken from the cupboard—plates, whole and cracked, from the dresser.

"All here!" said Sam. "Father, thank God, and say grace."

Old Tom asked a blessing reverently, and offered up a thanksgiving for the return of his grandson, adding:

"If mother was but here! Let's see, Sam, Shanno, Toom *bach*, Billo, Betto, Shanno *fach*, Davy, Mally *fach*, Margery, Sam *bach*, and Nancy. All at home, eleven in all."

"Here's a corkscrew, mother!" said Shonny, taking a large clasp-knife of many blades and curious implements from his pocket. "I worked my passage home, and cap'en give it to me as a keep-sake. I'll draw the cork."

Very soon this goodly family of twelve were all seated, some on the settle, others on stools, the little ones on logs of wood, old Toom in the big chair, all with plates in their laps, or hunches of bread and meat in their hands, and glasses beside them.

"There's kind the master is!" was the burden of their speech.

Meanwhile "the master" was waiting anxiously for his daughters' return. He had not gone, as he at first intended, to the cottage, for he could not face the man who had been with Gerwyn, on whom he still looked as his greatest foe. When he saw Mara he began to understand what love was, and hope could do. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed, her movements quickened; she was all excitement and perturbation.

"He is alive, father, I shall see him again," were her first words.

Then she told Mr. Vaughan all that Shonny had said, ending by his declaration that "Master Gerwyn come over the niggers as he come over everybody."

Mr. Vaughan listened with his old stern gravity. Now that Mara was herself again, he, also, was himself again.

But Mara was not herself. She was excited instead of passive.

In her excitement she told Mariana the whole story of her love. There was not much that had not already evolved, bit by bit; but what there was, she no longer attempted to conceal. Gerwyn and she had been engaged when almost children. He was eighteen, she sixteen, when they swore eternal fidelity. He went to sea, she to school for a year, and when they returned the vows were renewed. "Love until death," Mara said, was promised and would be performed. Before he was twenty Gerwyn told his father that he meant to marry Mara. The Captain laughed, and said he wished he might get her. For his part, he did not like Methodists, but he loved Mara, and had no objection to her as daughter-in-law, provided Mr. Vaughan gave his consent. Gerwyn, who was as fearless as a lion in general, feared Mr. Vaughan, and Mara shrank from the disclosure. She knew her father's opinion of Gerwyn, his intentions for herself, his hatred of the church and her members. Gerwyn extracted a solemn promise from her that she would marry him whether her father consented or not. "And I made it over the Bible, Nanno," she said, trembling. "Was it very wicked?" Mariana was not theologian enough to determine.

Gerwyn went at last boldly to Tyrmynydd, demanded an interview with Mr. Vaughan, asked for the hand of his daughter, and was coldly and decidedly refused—refused, if not with insult, with a cutting irony that was worse. He went in wrath to Mara, who was waiting for him, and said he should claim her promise at no very distant period. In vain she resisted—love and Gerwyn's irresistible manner prevailed—she said she would marry him privately.

When Gerwyn told his family that he had been positively rejected by Mr. Vaughan, he set them all aflame. The Captain levelled every epithet he could command at his old acquaintance, and vowed he would be as stiff as he was. The rest of the family were equally indignant, and took up Gerwyn's cause as hotly as if he had been a man of thirty, instead of nineteen and a half.

Some months passed, during which Gerwyn matured his plans, and met Mara whenever he could. Opposition increased their passion, and, as Mara expressed it, "They felt they must die if separated." The uncertainty, and the heavy weight of conscious deceit, told on her health and spirits, and Mr. Vaughan informed her that he intended to let her pay a visit to her friend, Phebe Morris, in whom he placed implicit faith, and whose father was his intimate friend. This she made known to Gerwyn. He, impetuous and hot-headed, determined to leave about the same time, and told his father that he would go to Liverpool, and there get a ship, as he was tired of Arymor, and wretched about Mara. His father doted on him, and let him do as he liked, thinking absence might cure his youthful passion. At the same time he resolved to "have it out," as he expressed it, with Mr. Vaughan, after Gerwyn had left.

Gerwyn went away, professedly to Liverpool, a few days before Mara was to leave for Carnarvonshire, where her friend Mrs. Morris lived. But, in reality, he was not far from Arymor. Shanno, who was in the secret of their love, managed private meetings for them at her hut, pitying, woman-like, their youth, and believing in their approaching separation.

Mara told her story, thus far, with tolerable calmness, but at this point she grew much excited.

"But oh! Gerwyn loved me so dearly, and was so miserable, that I had no self-command left. Gerwyn wanted me to run away with him, but I would not do this, I was afraid. Then he wanted me to marry him and go to Plâs, but

this I could not do. I knew they would take me in, but I could not bear the thought of dependence. Afterwards, when he found that his father was as much against us as mine, he said we would marry and brave them all. Oh! if I had but consented, I should have spared myself and everyone else the misery I have entailed; but a terrible fear of father had hold of me. I could not openly resist his will. Besides, he said such things of Gerwyn! said he was godless, wild, and an unfit husband for his daughter; and he so young! no one could bring anything wicked or cruel against him; but we all knew that he was full of mischief and frolic.

"When the day of my departure was fixed, Gerwyn arranged the marriage. He saw me overnight and made me promise to meet him the following morning. He had already extracted the promise from his uncle. He was in uproarious spirits. I never shall forget him. And oh! how loving and beautiful he was. I see his beaming eyes—feel his lips on mine—hear his words of devotion at this moment. And so we parted. The next day we met before the dawn. He came to fetch me. I left you all in bed, and fled like a culprit from the house. I did not know you then, dearest Nanno. I did not even know father as I do now. Poor father! I think he loves me, and is sorry for me now.

"Gerwyn half carried me across the hill to the church. It was chilly, and the mists were on the hills. It was not a wedding morning—no flowers—no birds—no bells! Yet I was wildly happy with Gerwyn. I forgot all but him. Mr. Traherne and the clerk were at the church. Gerwyn made me laugh at his uncle, swathed in coats and caps. But the old man was very kind, and took his jests in good part. It was a strange, wild, solemn ceremony. It has been on my mind ever since, and I am afraid I sinned in the presence of the Most High. Not in word, but deed. I meant every word I said after the clergyman, and would have been true to my husband, as I have been, to death. But no blessing could follow such deceit—that I knew.

"At the last—just as we were made one for ever—day broke, and the sunshine burst in upon us. 'A good sign! A happy omen, my darling wife!' cried Gerwyn, as he took me in his arms. I was sobbing aloud, and the rector was blessing us, and wishing us well, and calling me his niece, Margaret Herbert. Perhaps the sign may yet be fulfilled.

"But I never saw a man so slavishly afraid. He made us both solemnly promise not to let our marriage be known without his consent, and on his account, Gerwyn made me promise not to tell until his return from abroad. This seemed easy at the time, for Gerwyn was to be home in five or six months. So, you see, I dared not tell, but Mr. Traherne might have revealed the facts had he chosen. I more than once asked him to do so, but he said matters had better remain as they were. Indeed I scarcely knew whether I could brook the disclosure alone or not.

"Gerwyn brought me home. We parted to meet again. Oh what a parting! I crept back to bed, undiscovered. I wondered, when we rose, that you did not read my secret in my eyes—for I knew they sparkled with a new, strange light.

"Soon after breakfast father and you saw me off by coach. I felt like a criminal when I wished you good-bye, but every unhappy and reproachful thought vanished soon. Gerwyn was by my side, and I was happy. He went with me all the way. We had a glorious day, a happy wedding journey.

"When we reached Carnarvon, Mr, Morris and Phebe met me, and took me to their little country parsonage. Gerwyn went to an inn in the town. I confided all to Phebe at once, with Gerwyn's consent, and under solemn promise of secrecy. She was greatly distressed and annoyed, but promised to help us. She had always said she would stand by me in any difficulty, and she did so now.

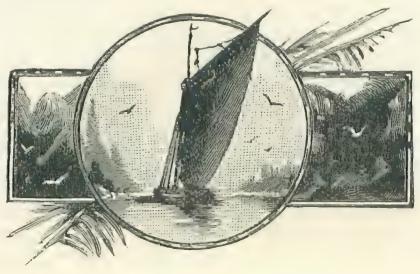
"Gerwyn went to Liverpool and took a lodging. He wrote to me, and told me to come to him. Phebe made some excuse to her husband—told him that I was going to visit friends—and I went. Nanno, the month I spent with my darling at Liverpool was one of perfect happiness. It was brief, but unsullied. Still, I was obliged to act innumerable lies. All my letters home were enclosed to Phebe, and posted by her. You will not wonder that they were short and unsatisfactory. I could not put into writing the deceit I acted.

"One month—only one month, and then!"

When Mara arrived at the period of her separation from Gerwyn, she could no longer tell her tale. Mariana was obliged to draw it from her at intervals, and interrupted by sobs.

It was briefly as follows:—

Gerwyn sailed for Africa, accompanied by Shonny, and Mara returned to her friend Phebe. She remained with her two months, during which period she received a letter from Gerwyn, enclosed to Phebe. It was during this time that Captain Herbert went on his fruitless mission to Mr. Vaughan, and that they quarrelled.



Mara was summoned home, where she remained a little while, but the state of her health and spirits was such that her father became not only angry but alarmed. She petitioned to be allowed to return to Phebe, and assured her father that she would struggle to overcome her feelings and to be a dutiful daughter if he would spare her a few months more. He accordingly made arrangements with Phebe for Mara to board with her until she recovered.

She went again to the North, and in due course of time to Liverpool, into the lodging she had occupied with Gerwyn. The mistress of the house was respectable and kind, and treated her with due consideration as the wife of the frank and winning young sailor who had left her in such anguish some time before. At Liverpool Ivor was born, and here Mara began to realise keenly the difficulty of her position. Phebe went to see her, and gave her such advice as she could, but Mara did not follow it. Phebe wished her to leave her child behind her, with some respectable woman, until Gerwyn returned and the marriage was made public, but this she would not do. She resolved to take him to Shanno, and ask her to nurse him.

She wrote to Mariana to the effect that she was much better, and would return home shortly, forbearing to name any particular day. She had spent all her money, together with what Gerwyn had left, and was obliged to borrow of Phebe.

To avoid discovery, she made a long and circuitous journey home, arriving, as we have seen, on the Little Mountain on a Saturday evening. Here her courage failed her. She peeped into Shanno's cottage and saw that she was not at home. She knew that she would soon be returning from market. If she gave her the child herself, Shanno's questions would either draw forth the real truth, or instil into the good woman's breast horrible suspicions. She waited long, crouched behind a hedge until she saw her, Sam, and Billo in the distance, and then suddenly resolved, in a fit of terror, to lay her baby on their path. She took it for granted that Shanno would adopt him, and when with her, she could see him constantly and pay for his maintenance. The workhouse did not enter her mind. She thought she might claim him in a month or two when her marriage was public—she scarcely knew what she thought. She acted from the mad impulse of the moment, and had paid the penalty of it by fourteen years of deceit and misery.

The history of those fourteen years we already know.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE POEM: SUNSET AT ENGLEBERG.

SOLUTION.

Sunset A ten GLEBERG
above-B-*low*-A *round*-A-BOUT
THE wreath-*in*-GM IST FLITS *in*-AND-OUT
AWAY-*beyond*-THE pilgrim S S-~~*h*~~*igh* T
on-TILL-ITST rack ISLO*s*-T-*in* L ~~*h*~~*igh*-T
down-DOWN AGA-*in*-cloud ANGELS COME
AND-*o'er*-THE mountains light LYROAM
THE B rooks R UN-*on*-ING old N F-*low*
caught FROM THE sunset S magi C G-*low*
AND-*near*-AND *far*-THE abbey chime
TELL*s*-*through*-THE veil OF EVENTIME
till FROM THE H eight*s* THE rose ~~b~~ fl ush GO*s*
AND pale LY SH *in*-E-T HE-*distant* snowS

Lily WAT-S-*on*.

SUNSET AT ENGLEBERG.

Above, below, around about,
The wreathing mist flits in and out,
Away, beyond the pilgrim's sight,
On till its track is lost in light.
Down, down again cloud angels come,
And o'er the mountains lightly roam;
The brooks run on in golden flow
Caught from the sunset's magic glow;
And near and far the abbey chime
Tells through the veil of eventime,
Till from the heights the rose flush goes,
And palely shine the distant snows.

LILY WATSON.

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

Grace Eleanor Baker, 37, St. Martin's Terrace, Hastings.
Ger. Farrington, Pebble Lodge, Holywood.
Mrs. Robertson, Bank of Scotland, Blairgowrie, N.B.
May Robson, Netherwood, Inverness, N.B.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Hannah E. Powell, Dugdale Terrace, Portrack Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.
Ellen Rothery Smith, 11a, Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Very Highly Commended.

N. Campbell.	William C. Marsom.
William A. Dobleyn.	T. Owen-Turner.
Edith E. Farrington.	Bessie Palmer.
Enid Farrington.	Thomas Satchell.
M. E. Hancock.	Edmund Snell.
Mrs. La Touche.	Annie Stevens.

Highly Commended.

Mrs. Acheson.	Mabel Oxley.
Charlotte Archdall.	Mr. C. H. Wreford.
Mrs. Alice L. Bird.	Mary C. Pullen.
E. Clarke.	Annie Robinson.
Edith R. Clegg.	Maud L. M. Russell.
Miss Dobbyn.	Mabel Edith Siggers.
Alice M. Hills.	C. Ellen Smith.
Mrs. C. A. Holloway.	Alice B. Thomas.
Rose A. Hooppell.	Margaret A. Todd.

Honourable Mention.

J. A. Bee.	Mrs. Hollingsworth.
Charlotte M. Berry.	Elizabeth A. Lord.
Evelyn M. Blott.	R. E. Lownsbrough.
Walter W. Bryant.	Miss McAllister.
A. Cappie.	Ethel McMaster.
M. T. Child.	Henry C. Marshall.
Bessie Coulson.	Mr. W. J. Maxton.
R. A. Cuthbert.	A. Maud Mayhew.
Jessie F. Dulley.	Mary Merrall.
Mrs. E. B. B. George.	M. E. Mitchell.
Henry Hayward.	E. A. Nelson.
Ellen Hicks.	Lilian T. Payne.
A. Phillips.	Lily Scott.
Mr. H. Scott.	E. Maude Shaw.

John Tatt.

REPORT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

In face of the weather, to say nothing of the holiday feeling which is abroad, it is really most inconsiderate of you to insist upon having a report this month. However, I am much too limp to contest this, or any other point with you, and after all perhaps the expectations of your readers ought to be taken into account, so a report you shall have—albeit a very short one.

To begin with, the various titles introduced me to several places which are as yet uncreated or undiscovered. On the other hand, several competitors not only identified the mountain village but corrected with ill-disguised triumph the spelling of its name from Engleberg to Engelberg.

The first line rejoiced me greatly, it was so bewilderingly simple. The majority of your inventive friends persisted in evolving an "and" out of nothing but an "a" as follows:

"Above, below and round about."

One romantic reading:—

"Over the bay ere a star is about,"

pleased me because it evinced such a calm disregard of anything to be found in the puzzle. And as a matter of interest, Ahigh, below etc., given by several solvers, also deserves to be mentioned. Ahoy! as a nautical expression, much affected by writers for little boys, is familiar to me, but from what department of science or art does "ahigh" hail, and what does it mean? Lines 2, 3, and 4 were simple enough, excepting for the "pilgrim," who was often vulgarly mistaken for a "tourist," but line 5 was correctly solved by only two competitors. Of the large number who gave "Lo! down," or "Low down," surely many must have been dissatisfied with their interpretation. The word "down" was certainly not low enough to be *low*. Still, so many failed to observe any difference in the level at all that "low" (or lo!) has not been accounted a full mistake.

Lines 9 and 10 were also too difficult for the majority, and as an alternative to the former I have accepted,

"And twice the far cathedral chime,"

because it apprehends one of the main points and gives a fair substitute for the other.

In line 10 "Tells *in* the vale" could not be considered equal with "Tells *through* the vale," for an obvious reason.

The last two lines gave no general difficulty.

Writing under protest like this you can hardly expect me to say many kind things about the work. Not one solution was perfect and most of them were much more defective than usual. These are stern facts and cannot be glossed over. The reason is quite another matter, and I have no hesitation in attributing it to the difficulty of the puzzle, and not to the incapacity of the solvers. Considering the numerous pitfalls I was amazed at the number of papers sent in, and at the degree of accuracy reached by nearly all. Twelve months ago what a different spectacle the various solutions would have presented!

In thanking our correspondents for their kindly words of appreciation I should like to refer particularly to one lady, aged seventy-six, whose solution, while not quite good enough for mention, was decidedly above the average; also to a gentleman who "tackles an Egyptian papyrus with far greater ease than the last page of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

After such a verdict who will be ashamed of trying again?

There, dear Mr. Taskmaster, nothing but my great respect for you and your work would have induced me to write even so much at this time. With gleeful self-satisfaction I shall now put myself out of your reach for some time to come. Good-bye.

Your faithful servant,

THE EXAMINER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. JULIA BAGS.—There are five syllables in "vet-erinary"—it is pronounced as "vet-er-in-air-ee," the first accentuated the most.

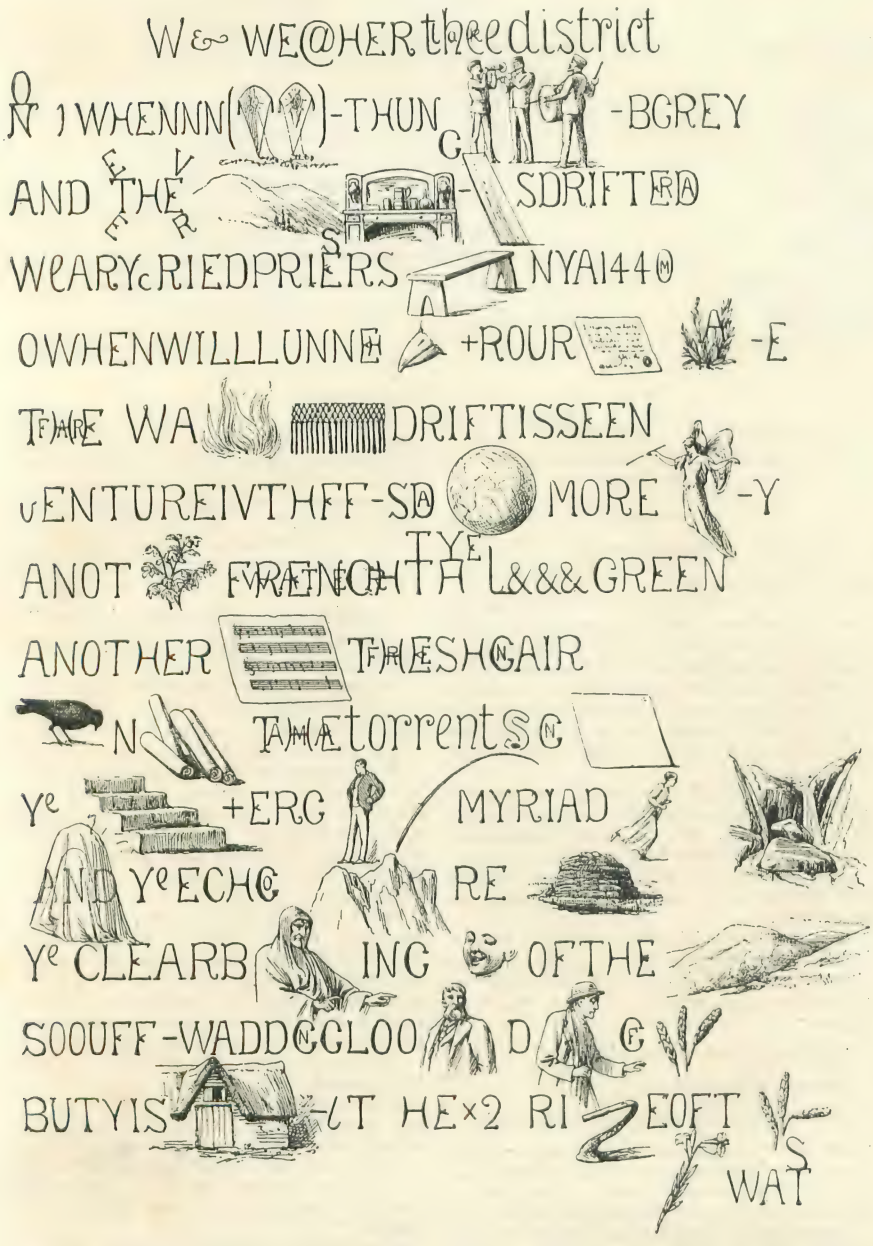
LILAC may be sure there is something wrong, when her lover will not notice her when she is in company with others, and evidently wishes to pretend that he does not know her.

TRIS.—1. May 6th, 1881, was a Friday. — 2. You should make your up-strokes fine and the down-strokes comparatively heavy. You reverse the right style of caligraphy taught by our copper-plate copy-books.

OLIVE can stiffen the lace with a little gum-arabic and water, applied carefully with a sponge on the wrong side.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—May 1st, 1860, was a Tuesday.

OUR PUZZLE POEM.



*** FIVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. If more than five competitors send in perfect solutions the money will be equally divided between them.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.

3. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be September 25, 1894; from abroad, November 15, 1894.

4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

READER OF THE "G. O. P."—You could not do better than join the "Odd Minutes Society"—Secretary, Miss Janette Powel, Luetons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. No subscription is required from working members. Send stamped envelope for the rules, etc. The work contributed is for the poor of East London. There are many Scripture-reading and Prayer Unions. "The Bible Guild," in connection with the "Christian Women's Education Union"—Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Waller, 16, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N., and "The Bible Learners' Union"—Hon. Secretary, Miss Brine, The Ferns, 131, Malpas Road, Brockley, S.E. Lists of texts are given for learning. Another for the same purpose is the "Scripture-Learning Society"—Secretary, Miss G. Jukes, 14, Paul Street, Tiverton, Devon; also "The Christian Progress Scripture-Reading and Prayer Union"—Secretary, the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent. Write to them all for information and select for yourself.

ERNESTINE.—1. There would have been no harm in allowing a gentleman friend to accompany you to a concert, but not alone. You should have had a lady friend with you.—2. How can we decide such a question for you? whether he be a friend or a "sweetheart," you should know best yourself. If you permit him the privileges of one betrothed to you, of course he must be the latter, or you have grievously lowered yourself. You should have refused them, if not actually engaged. Your father should speak to him, and have a clear understanding as to his intentions and means of supporting you. This should have been done before matters had gone so far.

GRATTON COTTAGE.—Considering your age, we think your little poem gives promise of better to come. But you must study the best specimens of composition, and be very careful not to confound the different metres, nor make breaks as in blank-verse when writing (as in the present case) in Heroics. The uniform fall of the beat or emphasis is also a matter of great importance; also try to employ rhymes as little worn-out with continual use as possible. "As I list, my soul" should not be made a new break, but should run on to complete the line. "Heaven," like "shower," "flower," "bower," and "fire," counts only as one syllable; and "contagious" as three only; thus, the line containing the latter, and "heaven," halts for lack of one foot.

TOTTIE could be a housekeeper only—when she knows her business, of course. The age is not of so much matter: thirty is a very usual age.

A CONSTANT PEMBROKE SUBSCRIBER.—You can aid yourself by making a rule that one helping only is all you will take at table.

MAB.—Inattention is frequently the cause of a bad memory and difficulty in learning by heart.

EDITH W.—The prices paid for some books of great value run into more than four figures; far the highest sum paid during the present century, or indeed at any other time, was £10,000, handed over by the German Government in exchange for the Missal formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII., along with the *Bulla* conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title "Defender of the Faith." Charles II. gave the Missal to the Duke of Hamilton, by whose descendant it was sold as above stated some few years ago. At Sir John Thorold's sale some time back a copy of the *Mazarine Bible*, printed by Gutenburg and Füst, about 1450, brought £3900. At the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1812, a copy of *The Decameron* of Boccaccio, printed by Valdarfer, of Venice, in 1471, sold for £2260; and Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, the first book printed in the English language, for £1060 10s.

HARRIET W.—The sentence is Spanish, and is as follows:—"The wife of Proveeder was occupied in the supervision of her slaves, when the Sênora Fetnah came in." It is a quotation from the *Arabian Nights*, and explains the picture.

KETTLE, we fear, will never make her fortune as a poet, and had better cling to plain prose, and write that perfectly,

THROGMORTON.—Sir Nicholas Throgmorton took part in Wyatt's rebellion, 1513–1571. He was a banker, and the street of that name in the city of London is named after him.

MORITZ.—As a rule it is not well to accept gifts, even of flowers, from any man whose attentions are not to be encouraged. We do not understand your other question. If, being rich, you "love a poor man who loves you," it would be a reproach to him to say "you hated money-marriages," and so let him think he wanted you for your money, and would be no evidence of love on your part.

A LOVER OF NATURE.—1. Leave off wearing stays and wear a flannel bodice in their place, and in all probability the annoyance will cease.—2. The bodice of your dress can be kept free from wrinkles by a few slight steels.—3. Cold baths would prove no cure. Your writing is good.

"VELYS."—We do not "tell characters" by the handwriting offered for our opinion.

IRENE had better tell her father of the circumstance.



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THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.



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"WHAT SHALL I WRITE?"

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"GOD IS AT THE END WHEN WE THINK HE IS FARTHEST OFF."

MARA'S apathy now changed to a great restlessness. Immediately after breakfast the next morning she went down to the seashore to watch for Gerwyn. Mariana missed her and was frightened. She returned, however, safely and in time for dinner, her face flushed by exercise, and symptoms of returning health in her step. But her eyes had not lost their perplexed and wandering look.

When they were seated at table, she said hurriedly,

"Rock Cottage is vacant. I went into it to-day. Father, may I go and live there and watch for Gerwyn and Ivor?"

"Mara, what next?" said Mr. Vaughan.

"It is close to the sea. I should see all the ships. I should be ready when they came. I should have a home prepared for them, and a cheerful welcome. Oh, father, I will be so good! I will come and see you and dear Nanno every day, if you will let me."

So in due course Rock Cottage was prepared for Mara. It was a dreary little house about half a mile from Arymor. It was situated above the beach, and had rock on one side, sandy turf on the other, sea in front, and mountain behind. There was a small garden at the back, sloping up the hill, and a few flower-beds adorned the entrance, enclosed within a green paling. A high loose wall of boulders and pebbles tried to keep out the sea, but giant waves not unfrequently overleapt it, and watered the turf within. The cottage contained two small parlours and a kitchen on the ground floor, and five bedrooms above, one of which had been converted into a sitting-room.

On the morning of the day that Mara was to take possession, Mrs. Glyn, Mariana, and Emily came early to the cottage. They were engaged in putting the finishing touches to the rooms when Mara arrived. They had made them look cheerful by adding books, ornaments, and flowers, and Mrs. Glyn and Mariana were struck with Emily's happy alacrity.

When Mara came she was quite overpowered. She sat down on a couch in her pretty little sitting-room and burst into tears.

"I am very thankful, very grateful," was all she could say.

Angharad kissed her tenderly. Emily—who to fill an old vow came as maid to Mara, knelt down and took her hand, whispering—

"It is all so pretty, that when Ivor comes home he will be quite happy here. He can play music to the sea, and we can sit in the bay window and watch for the ship that brings Mr. Gerwyn back, and then we shall be joyful."

When they were gone, Mara said—

"How good you are to me, my dearest child. You leave such a home and such prospects to come here."

"I shall be so happy," said Emily, kissing the hand she held. "The house is lovely; Mrs. Glyn has quite furnished this room. See how the carpet matches the curtains! Wild roses and heath."

"Heath," cried Mara. "Heather was my name once."

"And the paper matches too! She sent to London for it on purpose," continued Emily. "And look! couch and chairs match the curtains; and these flowers were the very best in the conservatory. Oh! she is so good!"

"She is indeed!" said Mara, glancing round with some interest on the really pretty room, and then going to look out of the bay window. She sat down and began to watch for vessels.

Emily again knelt at her feet.

"We shall be very happy here," she said.

"I can be happy nowhere without my husband and child," said Mara, turning her bewildered eyes on Emily. "The one a slave in Africa, the other lost!"

"They will all three come back," said Emily.

"What three?"

"Mr. Gerwyn, Ivor, and George."

Emily blushed as she mentioned George."

"Ah, yes! Poor George! He will come with Ivor; but he ought not to have decoyed him away."

"Perhaps he thought he could do better for him than anyone else. George was always proud of himself. Will you try to be happy, dear Mrs. Gerwyn?"

"I will try; but they are so long in coming! And I dream of my husband in the broiling sun, lashed on to labour by taskmasters! Oh, Emily, I cannot bear it!"

"Perhaps he is on his way home! and everyone is so kind," said Emily.

"That is only seeming. The Herberts hate and despise me. Assumed kindness is worse than unkindness. They blame me for all in their hearts. I might have peace alone with you, but I dread them, oh, so much! Hark! I am sure I hear Mrs. Herbert. Hide me, Emily, I cannot see her!"

"Dear governess, dear mistress, you must."

Emily found it difficult to get over the old title of governess for the new.

There was a loud knock at the door. Emily opened it, and Mrs. Herbert appeared.

"I must see my daughter-in-law alone," she said to Emily; then bustled up to Mara.

Poor Mara was coiled up in the window-seat, dreading the meeting, and looking pale and frightened.

"Now, my dear, let me give you a kiss, and wish you joy in your new house," said Mrs. Herbert, impressing on Mara's reluctant lips a smack so lusty that it might have been heard at the far end of the room. "Cheer up, my dear, and look on the bright side of things. Whilst there's life there's hope. Gerwyn was our darling—our Benjamin—we love you for his sake as well as your own—though you were wrong to be so secret, but we forgive you. I incline to love you better than my other daughters-in-law, because you're all Welsh, but the Captain says 'No partiality.' I hope we shall soon find my grandson, Ivor, though I don't approve of the workhouse—but let bygones be bygones. I have brought you our dear Gerwyn's portrait, taken in childhood, just to show you, my dear, that it is yours by right, and that we look upon you as part of ourselves."

Mrs. Herbert took from a bag a small, ill-drawn picture of a boy, with black curly hair, round red cheeks, staring dark eyes, crimson lips, a blue frock, and a whip in his hand. She offered it Mara, who covered her eyes with her hand, and said, "I know it—I would rather not have it, thank you; I like to think of him as he was—he was never like that."

"You don't like that sweet picture!" said Mrs. Herbert, uplifting her chubby hands. "I'm sorry for you, my dear, but I'll keep it thankfully myself. Now, wake up and be cheerful."

"I cannot be cheerful, Mrs. Herbert, while Gerwyn is a slave, and Ivor lost to me."

"Call me mother, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Mother!" repeated Mara, "I never called anyone mother—and my own child never called me mother."

"You never knew one, poor dear! but remember that you have one now. And here comes a new father."

Captain Herbert came in, and in his turn embraced Mara. She had always loved him, and she returned his embrace with some warmth.

During the course of the evening Mr. Vaughan came. He looked rather coldly on the ornamental portion of the house, thinking it unnecessarily smart, but he said nothing. After this Mara and he were alone together, and she made a great effort to speak openly to him. Her wandering manner still chained his tongue, for he could not reprove or advise, where he feared reason was at fault. But when she drew her chair near his, took his hand timidly, and said meekly, "Dear father, I have been very wayward; I am very sorry: I will try to be good," the stern nature relapsed, and he said, almost gently, "Mara, we will strive to be good together." Then he recollected himself, and added, "acknowledging that there is none good but One."

When Mr. Vaughan and Mariana were gone, Mara drew almost a sigh of relief.

"Alone once more! Now I may think of Gerwyn and Ivor, and watch for them," she said, and seated herself in the window to gaze upon the sea.

A fitful gleam from the uncertain moon fell upon the troubled waters, and seemed to shadow forth Mara's restless life. Emily came to her, and gradually drew her attention from her sorrows to the possible prospect of future happiness; and so ended the first day of their new life in Rock Cottage.

Mara's life was very different from what she either intended or expected. By degrees her mind recovered its tone, and inactivity became insupportable. She sat watching the sea and the ships, until she thought she should go mad. Not even Emily could comfort her. Yet she had not the courage to break through this monotonous life. Her relations came and went, rousing her for a time. The children made inroads upon her, but her fitful temper sometimes frightened them. She grew very irritable, and went through every phase of disposition and indisposition, before she settled into the calm she had hoped to obtain.

Happily Emily was one of those soft, mild doves that have no temper, and she bore with Mara's humours as placidly as if she were as amiable as herself. Mariana, too, was always gentle and patient. Mara said they were a reproach to her, and set herself to imitate them: but she was of different temper, and failed. Still she was happiest with these two, for they, like herself, loved to watch the ships, thinking the one of Edwin Morris, the other of George.

Betty True Blue nearly took up her abode at the cottage. She was a good auxiliary, for she was cheerful, amusing, and insisted on doing the principal work of the house. She, too, waited for the return of her dear Ivor.

An event once more came to give Mara the impetus she needed.

One evening, when she, Mariana and Emily were sitting in their favourite window, watching, waiting, working, by fits and starts, Betty burst into the room, exclaiming—

"Here is a parcel as big as a haystack come by Merthyr van. The man is say that nothing to pay, and was tell me to give it to Miss Marget Vaughan. I was say there is no such person, but he wink quite impudent, roll it into the passage, and off like a casual. On my deet it was too big to get up the staircase. Come you down and see."

They all went downstairs, and found a package, looking like a bale of goods, that filled the passage. It was directed, "Miss Margaret Vaughan, Tyrmynydd, Arymor."

They rolled it into the sitting-room, and cut open the well-sewn canvas. A letter fell out, also directed to Mara. She opened it, and read as follows:—

"Miss Margaret Vaughan is respectfully requested to distribute the warm clothing sent herewith amongst the aged poor of Arymor, giving the preference to the inmates of the workhouse. Also the tea, sugar, tobacco and snuff wholly amongst the poor of the union, and the books, pictures, toys and sweetmeats amongst the children of the same. Mr. Glyn is humbly asked to acknowledge this gift in the *Times*.

There was a small sealed envelope within this letter, on which was written "Private." This contained two gold lockets, each enshrining locks of dark hair. On one was engraven the word "Ivor," on the other the letter "G."

"For dearest governess," and "For Emily," was neatly printed on the paper that enfolded them.

When Mara was quite alone, she opened this little parcel, fell on her knees, thanked God for the new hope, and took courage.

As the women unfolded one thing after another of the bale of goods, their exclamations of delight may be imagined.

And certainly the poor people of Arymor were made happy and excited by George's wonderful gifts. Mara and Emily respected his desire of secrecy, and hugged their lockets, without telling from whom they came; so speculations were many and various. Mr. Glyn and Mara, aided by Harrie, and Herberts, young and old, made a successful distribution of the presents. Betty True Blue had all she desired, and on unfolding the clothes an especial piece of blue print was discovered, labelled, "A gown for Betty True Blue."

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick received Mara civilly, but were at first suspicious of her interference. Her manner, was, however, so much softened, and her face so sad, that they soon let her come and go as she liked; and Mrs. Roderick would even occasionally ask her to supply her place. Now that she had nothing to conceal, she grew more gentle, and even when irritable was never unkind.

She wandered much alone on the seashore, and made acquaintance with the fishermen, sailors, and their families. When she met with cases of great poverty or distress, she made them known to Captain Herbert or Mr. Glyn, and frequently had the happiness of being the bearer of relief sent by them. She went constantly to her old home, and a sure, if silent affection gradually sprung up between her father and herself.

Thus more years slipped by. No important changes took place—the lost were not found, but they were longed for and watched for still. It was during these watchings that Mara discovered how deeply Mariana mourned for Edwin, almost as deeply as Mara mourned for Gerwyn, if less overtly. As time sped on, hope declined in the anxious breasts of the watchers in the bay window, as they sat gazing across the sea. Nevertheless, the star, if hidden, still shone behind the distant clouds.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"EAST, WEST, HOME IS BEST."

WE again pass over six or seven years, and the "hope that keeps alive despair" had nearly died out in the hearts of the watchers. But with years happen to all of us those sudden events which we pine for but scarcely expect, and which, when they come, gather a whole life into one hour. And are we not always expecting some change to come with the ever-turning wheel of life and fortune?

So was Arymor. But change was "lang a comin'" to that primitive little town. Railways were within ten miles of it, fortune, fashion and "fastness" were approaching but had not reached it, "sensation" was hovering in the distance, "slang" was halting between English and Welsh; but as we found the place some twenty years ago, so we find it in the year eighteen hundred and sixty, a year memorable to many of its inhabitants.

On the morning of the ninth of July of that summer there was an unusual stir on the pier. Sailors roamed about expectant, and idlers came and went to see if the large vessel due from Bristol had arrived. It was one of those glorious days on which life is happiness, and one feels free and vigorous as air. Breezes blew, waves leaped, and hearts bounded in concert.

The vessel came in, breasting the waves gallantly like a living creature, amid the cheers of the populace. It was afternoon; everything looked bright and cheerful. Bustle and stir on deck, bustle and stir on the pier. Wives expecting husbands, children looking for fathers, mothers for sons.

Laughter, tears, hand-shakings, greetings prevailed on all sides, for many of the crew were Arymor people, and had been long absent. Captain Herbert, who had a share in the vessel, was amongst the crowd, talking cheerfully to the sailors and congratulating them on their happy return.

"We owe a good deal to yon stranger, sir," said the mate, pointing to a man who stood at a little distance. "She sprung a leak, and he worked like a Trojan, he did. And he saved the life of the young man next to him, who got aboard at Cardiff, and tumbled right into the water as he did so. The other man jumped in after him, and hauled him up as neat as Neptune."

Captain Herbert glanced in the direction indicated by the mate, and saw two strangers. They were worth looking at, and he, accordingly, looked well at them.

The elder of the pair was a man of about forty. He was dressed in a sailor's suit of blue flannel; below his brawny throat appeared a portion of a red shirt, and he wore a scarlet cap. He was bronzed beyond the usual bronzing of the sea, and face, neck, and arms were brown as an Egyptian's. He was strangely handsome. As he leant against the pier, and glanced from one to the other of the crowd, his eyes sparkled like stars in the swarthy night of his face. His features were as regular as if moulded on a Greek model, and in figure he had the ease and grace of an Achilles. The word toil seemed imprinted on his brow, but in the clustering black hair that surmounted it there were few of those silver threads that are spun by labour and sorrow. His countenance had so much of light and shade that one moment he looked middle-aged, the next young—now care-worn and sad, anon light-hearted and joyous. One observer might have declared him a man who had experienced great sufferings and vicissitudes, another might have said that he had never known care. But consider him as you would, you must have felt curiosity and interest

concerning him. You must have asked how a man with such a bearing and countenance could be dressed in the coarse garb of a common sailor.

His companion was quite of a different stamp. He, too, was tall, dark, and good-looking, but he had the air of a well-to-do young man of the present day. He had an honest but shrewd face, and looked about him as if he feared neither fraud nor flattery. He carried himself fearlessly, as if he could lay hold of fortune, and secure the coy dame whether she would or no. He was well-dressed, according to the easy and comfortable fashion of the day, in a loose suit of light grey cloth, white collar turned down over a blue neckerchief, and broad wide-awake. He had a thick black beard, and very white teeth, carried a walking-stick large enough to be useful in one hand, and held a neat carpet-bag in the other. While he talked incessantly, and looked about him at the same time, the elder man either answered at random or did not speak at all, his piercing black eyes wandering far and near.

As soon as the crowd made a little way, they walked quickly together down the pier.

"I wish you would let me do something for you in return for saving my life," said the younger man. "Will you come and dine with me at the Glyn Arms? Do you want money? I have enough for us both."

"Thank you, my friend," said the sailor, aroused from the contemplation of Captain Herbert's white head, "I cannot be with you. I have business here."

"I am come for a holiday," said the young man. "I shall stay two or three days. When you have finished your business, will you come and stop at the Glyn Arms with me? I want to show my gratitude."

"You owe me none. I have saved men's lives before now who would have tomahawked me the next hour," said the sailor.

"But they weren't Englishmen. A true-born Briton is grateful if he is nothing else," said the young man.

"It is years since I have had to do with true-born Britons. I hope I may find your words come true. Do you know any of these people?"

"That white-headed old gentleman coming towards us is Captain Herbert."

"Come on—come on! I don't want to be spoken to," said the sailor.

"Halt, man—stop!" cried Captain Herbert, hastening after him.

He stopped and turned round.

"You have done us good service, I hear, and saved this man's life. I want to give you thanks and payment," said the Captain.

"I need none," said the sailor in a husky voice. "Shake hands with me."

The Captain held out his hand, the man wrung it and hurried on.

"Well done, friend! Your grip is like iron," said the Captain looking after him.

The sailor threaded the crowd, followed by his friend. When he reached Dr. Herbert's house he paused and looked into one of the windows, at which stood a group of children and their mother. Perceiving the sailor and catching his eye, two of the boys nodded familiarly, as if to say, "You will know us again," and he returned the salutation with a smile. Then he hurried on.

His companion checked him and said—

"I think you would rather be alone. I will leave you and go to the Glyn Arms, where you will find me. I'll order beds and dinner for two."

"No, no, mate—I am uncertain—I may not stay," said the sailor.

"Then take some money, either as gift or loan," said the other, holding a well-stocked purse towards him.

"Thank you. Not now. To-morrow, perhaps. To-day I would be alone. Good-bye."

He did not stay to shake hands or to hear the oft-repeated, "Remember the Glyn Arms—Mr. and Mrs. Jolly," but hastened on to the end of the pier. He turned the corner and stood a moment to look at the grass-grown square, with its pigs, donkeys, dirty children and old barrels. Then he cut across it, went through the principal street, past the shops, market-place, Glyn Arms, new church and school-house, and finally got out of the town. He paused again.

"Why can I not ask? Why dare I not? I must!" he said. "Why did I not ask on board—on the pier? Poor, nervous fool!"

A boy passed him whistling a Welsh air.

"Boy!" he said with the voice of one accustomed to command.

"The boy turned, expecting to see a gentleman, but finding only a sailor, who might be a beggar, went on whistling.

"Stop, boy. Is—is—Miss Margaret Vaughan here—at home—at the workhouse," said the sailor.

"There don't be no such person. You'd better mind your own business," said the boy.

"Is she dead?" cried the sailor, seizing the boy's arm.

"I don't know nothing about her. What is it to you? Let me go!"

"Tell me directly, what you know of Miss Margaret Vaughan," said the sailor, shaking the boy.

"I don't know no such person. There isn't no Miss Marget Vaughan—only Miss Mariana. Let me go, or I'll holler murder."

The sailor let the boy go, and stood still. He looked very pale, and muttered to himself,

"What if she be dead—or—or worse—married! What if after all, this should be the end! But I must know the worst."

He turned, and took the road to the workhouse, walking like a drunken man, sometimes with rapid strides, then almost staggering, and still talking to himself.

"If she is dead—dead! impossible! all hope in this world is over. If she is married! false to me! impossible likewise. I will go back again to Africa. Nobody will miss me; nobody cares for me, nobody remembers me. My father looks hale and happy. Llewellen has wife and children to love him—all are bright but me! Me, the exile—captive—scapegoat—solitary wretch. Mara! my Mara! my love! my wife! my all! married! It cannot be! it must not, dare not, shall not be. She so full of love for me. I for her! And I have thought of her alone during twenty long years of misery. Is this the end? is this the end?"

He reached the workhouse, rang the bell violently, and demanded admittance. The old porter came.

"I am a sailor from foreign parts. I want a night's lodging," he said.

"You must get an order from the relieving officer," said the porter.

"I am too weary. I am ill and sick at heart."

"He is only just gone away. Run after him, and you will catch him."

"Go for me, in pity, and let me in."

The porter was a good-natured old man, and followed the relieving officer.

The sailor, or Gerwyn, as we may as well call him, received the order, and was admitted into the house. He stood in the passage as if in a strange dream. He could not ask the question he longed to ask, lest the answer should kill him then and there.

"Am I a man?" he muttered, while the porter went to call Mr. Roderick. "I who have borne so much, can I not bear this?"

Mr. Roderick came, and beckoned him to the casual ward. He followed.

"You must take off your clothes, and put on these. You must be washed, you must," began the master.

"Not yet, not yet. Is she——"

"At once, my man. I've no time to lose. 'Tis the law of the land. Beggars mustn't be choosers."

"Tell me first, if Miss—tell me, I implore you, if Margaret Vaughan is here."

"Humph! Who are you, I wonder?" said the little master, looking keenly into the face of the agitated sailor.

Poor Gerwyn tried to recover himself.

"No one, sir. Less than no one. But I would see Miss Margaret Vaughan."

"You cannot see her."

"Why?"

"Because there's no such person."

"But I was told she was schoolmistress here."

"So she was, but she isn't now. Make haste and strip."

"Why is there no Miss Margaret Vaughan? Why did she leave you? Is she—is she—dead?"

Gerwyn's voice was so hollow, that Mr. Roderick looked at him again. But he suspected nothing beyond a tramp's trick. He burst out laughing.

"I see it all! You want to get money out of her. She isn't dead, my man, but she's married!"

Gerwyn staggered as if he were shot. His little presence of mind forsook him, and he sank down on a bench. But making a great effort, he recovered himself, and standing up again, faced Mr. Roderick. He was resolved not to betray himself, so said as calmly as he could:—

"Miss Vaughan was kind to me once. I wanted to see her. Where does she live?"

He could not summon courage to ask whom she married.

There was something about Gerwyn Herbert that commanded attention even from a Roderick. The master looked at him, suddenly fancied he had seen him before, wondered who he could be, and answered civilly,

"On the beach, at Rock Cottage."

"Then I will go. Good-morning."

"Stop! stop! You must have your discharge. If you were going so soon, what did you come for?"

While Mr. Roderick was writing, Gerwyn was gazing on the bare walls.

"Did she live here?" he thought. "In this prison? For my sake, for our child's."

The sudden recollection of his child made Gerwyn's heart beat fast, but he dared not ask about him then. He took his discharge and went out. A hope crossed his mind that Mr. Roderick and the boy had deceived him, so when the old porter said, "You haven't troubled us long, my man," he whispered huskily—

"Is Miss Margaret Vaughan really married?"

"Yes," was the reply. "'Twas a sad day for us when she went away."

Gerwyn could ask no more. He staggered through the workhouse gate, and up the road, until he came to a heap of stones. He sat down, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. Great tears oozed through his fingers, and his muscular frame quivered with emotion. His hands folded on his knees, his head resting on them, he sat and thought, and thought. All his sad, eventful life rose before him. Mara was in every scene. How passionately he loved her. How well he remembered her looks, words, gestures. As if they had parted yesterday, instead of twenty long years ago. And during all those miserable years he had never been so wretched as now, for he had believed she loved him then—but now she was another's! Whose? He must know this—see her once—and leave her for ever. And their child, where was he? He would learn all, and go!

How long he sat on those cold stones he could not tell, but he was aroused from his misery by one of the two policemen who paraded Arymor, and who shook his shoulder somewhat roughly, and said:—

"You had better be moving on, my man."

Gerwyn started up, his last thought on his lips.

"There was a foundling at the workhouse called Ivor, can you tell me anything about him?" he asked.

The policeman, who, like Mr. Roderick, had been used to the tricks of tramps, answered by a question.

"Can you tell me anything about him? If you can, there's a good sum of money ready for you."

"No, no. I never saw him in my life. Where is he?"

"Nobody knows. He ran away, and doesn't seem likely to come back. You don't look as if you belonged to your clothes. You had better move on."

Poor Gerwyn! Whatever his faults, the two strokes he had just received were punishment enough. Perhaps he suffered in that brief space as keenly as man could suffer. Such spark of energy as he brought home with him died out with hope, and left him prostrate, mind and body.

He was of a most excitable temperament, and his exuberant vivacity had hitherto sustained him through years of strange adventure; but now he seemed to have reached the term of all, and he believed that he must yield to fate, and die. Certainly fate was playing unnecessary pranks with him at that time.

He turned from the main road and went up a path that led to the old castle. When he reached it he climbed a flight of broken steps, leading to the parapet, and sat down on the ruined battlements, where he had sat when a boy. From this spot he commanded the whole of Arymor.

He saw his old home, where he had passed his joyous, too unrestrained youth, and Rock Cottage at a distance beyond. He glanced over the familiar scenes with an aching heart, and resolved to destroy the peace of no individual within the smiling town. If Mara was married he would bring no fresh grief upon her by breaking in on her happiness, if she was happy. This he must find out. He must discover who had supplanted him. He would watch near her gate until the man passed it, and then—he did not know what horrible demon might take possession of him. But he would not harm the wretch for her sake. He would see them together. If they were happy he would leave them for ever—if she were unhappy, he would claim her as his wife, declare their secret marriage, and discover if she loved him as he loved her. He would roam the world in search of his child. His child! How strange it seemed—and she another's! He could scarcely bestow a thought on his parents, brothers, sister, for these all-absorbing sorrows. And yet he loved them dearly—had never forgotten them if they had forgotten him.

He sat pondering these things until the evening breezes began to fan his hot cheek, and he saw the sun sinking towards the west. He rose sad and weary and descended the ruined staircase, falling like himself, he thought. He walked as fast as he was able towards his home. Here he paused, and tears filled his eyes. They relieved his aching heart. He longed to go and seek comfort from those loving friends within, but the recollection of Mara restrained him. A clergyman came through the gate, looked at him keenly, and said, "Good-evening," as he passed. He had not voice to return the greeting, but panted to throw himself into his brother's arms.

As he went by the house he saw several children at play on the lawn, and in the verandah an old lady watching them. His mother! He stretched out his hands towards her, and would have rushed to her side, but for Mara. He hurried on, but his legs trembled and his heart beat so that he could scarcely support himself.

A little farther on he met the young man whose life he had saved, and who was seeking him.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said. "You look ill and exhausted. You have eaten nothing since morning. Come with me to the Glyn Arms. I will take no refusal."

The young man took Gerwyn's arm, and tried to lead him towards the town.

"Not now—not now," said Gerwyn, disengaging himself. "I have more to do. By-and-by I may be thankful for something to eat."

He hastened on, leaving his friend perplexed and distressed to watch him stumble down the beach.

Arrived there, Gerwyn avoided the path to the cottage, and kept to the boulders and pebbles, getting on he scarcely knew how. When he had accomplished a weary quarter of a mile he stood beneath the cottage which he believed to contain what he had loved best in the world nearly all his life. Like Mara's, his was a constant nature, and he thought he had known Mara well enough to feel sure that she would never change were he alive or dead.

Seeing no one in or about the cottage he sat down on a heap of stones beneath, and watched the bay window that looked down upon the beach. The tide was coming in, and for a moment he thought he would let it creep over him, and cover him for ever in its restless waters. Then he asked forgiveness for the ungrateful wish; he who had been miraculously preserved in so many dangers. Preserved for what? he said. For sorrow and repentance, was the mental answer. He was too ill at ease to sit and wait, and he felt so sick and faint from anxiety and want of food, that he feared to sink down exhausted. He rose and scrambled up the beach to the cottage gate. He stood awhile, uncertain what to do. At last he opened the wicket, and went into the little garden, in which grew such flowers as would flourish so near the sea. The front door was open, and he walked into the passage. He glanced right and left into the little sitting-rooms—both were empty. He paused. In one room he saw a basket full of work, books, and other traces of female occupancy; in the other a table laid for tea. There were two cups and saucers, two plates prepared, he supposed, for Mara and him who had usurped his throne in her heart. But he looked in vain for any article of masculine dress, work or amusement. All was strictly feminine. He gazed into these rooms—hesitated whether he should venture farther—but delicacy prevailed over anxious longing, and he left the house. He walked round it, but saw no one. Again he returned to the beach.

(To be continued.)



THE GIRL'S OWN ART OF THINKING;

OR,

HOW EVERY GIRL SHOULD MANAGE HER MIND.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

PART IV.

When Paley, the famous author of *Natural Theology*, left home to complete his education, his father said to a friend, "My son is now gone to college. He'll turn out a great man—very great indeed—I am certain of it, for he has by far the clearest head I ever met in my life."

This clear head enabled him in after life to be of real service to the cause of religion, and to distinguish himself beyond most of his contemporaries as an investigator of truth.

Now, girls, if we have clear heads—whether natural or won by diligence—we may, in our own spheres, come to be as useful as Paley was in his, and like him earn the good reputation of spreading light wherever we go.

The end of all thinking, with us as it was with Paley, ought to be the discovery of truth. Truth in everything that concerns us—that is what we must strive to know.

By those who are still young, many things of course have to be taken on trust, but when we grow up it is our duty to try to form a correct judgment on our own account. Our understandings must be sharpened so as to see clearly into facts, and fairly and quickly decide on their merits. This perfected mental machinery will enable us to conduct ourselves rightly in the most responsible situations, and will come in equally handy in the most simple business of daily life.

One of the difficult things of the world is to form a correct opinion, in other words to arrive at the truth regarding matters that are in any way disputed. There are two sides to every question, and sometimes not two only but a dozen sides, and something weighty to be said for each.

Even when we have looked at the matter in every way, there will occasionally remain an element of doubt, and in that case the only wise course is to take refuge in suspended judgment. The honest mind will never pronounce that as true and certain about which a shadow of doubt still clings.

On this subject of the pursuit of truth we extract a few aphorisms from the writings of Archbishop Whately, which might well be committed to memory and often repeated:—

"What is truth? is the question to which all other questions should be postponed."

"There is no safe side but the side of truth."

"All people wish to have truth on their side; but few to be on the side of truth."

"It is the characteristic of truth to bear discussion."

"We miss truth more often from our indifference about it, than from intellectual incapacity."

"The pursuit of *religious* truth is the noblest, as it is the most important pursuit in which any human being can be engaged."

"As anyone may bring herself to believe almost anything that she is inclined to believe, it makes all the difference whether we *begin* or *end* with the enquiry, What is truth?"

"An aversion to doubt—a dislike of having the judgment kept in suspense, combined with indolence in investigation, induces the great mass of mankind to *make up their minds* on a variety of points, not one of which they have been enabled thoroughly to examine."

"If the question, What is true? be asked only in the second place, it is likely to receive a very different answer from what it would if it had been asked in the first place."

"All errors spring up in the neighbourhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from being in its vicinity."

Attention to these wise observations will carry us over many a hill of difficulty, and keep us from falling into many a mistake. It will secure to us, too, a happiness greater perhaps than can be enjoyed in any other way. "It is a pleasure," says the poet, "to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below, so always," adds Lord Bacon, "that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride."

There are many enemies lying in wait to prevent our thinking rightly. Some of these are outside of ourselves—unfortunate surroundings, may be, in which it is difficult to think at all without considering whether we do it rightly or wrongly. But the chief enemies reside in our own hearts and are to be found in our evil passions, inclinations and whimsicalities.

The control of the passions is absolutely necessary if the mind is to be healthy and able to carry on its work in a proper manner. They have been well called, the gales of the mind, and no satisfactory and prosperous mental voyages are to be performed over stormy seas.

Can anyone think wisely when she is angry? The thing is impossible. Her mind is in a state of fever and under the influence of what is rightly described by the poet as:

"A passion whose tempestuous sway,
Tears up each virtue planted in the heart,
And shakes to ruin proud philosophy."

Envy and jealousy are equally fatal. So is pride, especially pride in the superior quality of one's own intellect. So too are fear and anxiety, labouring under which no one can succeed in thinking any more than in eating a good dinner. She who would have a healthy mind will say, like Sir Thomas Barnard, "I shall add to my list as the eighth deadly sin, that of anxiety of mind, and resolve not to be pining and miserable."

To be happy and contented is a favourable condition for all mental work. The saying of Solomon "that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," applies to the intellect as well as to the body. Where cheerfulness is, no room exists for envy, strife uncharitableness, and such-like foes to correct judgment. The devil, says Luther, hates nothing so much as a good laugh, every joyful thought being a knock-down blow to the business of the father of lies.

Another great enemy to correct thinking exists in the shape of our prejudices. On this subject, we shall quote some wise words by Dr. Watts:—

"Be not frightened or provoked at opinions different from your own. Some persons are so confident they are in the right that they will not come within the hearing of any notions but their own. They mark out for themselves a little province in the intellectual world, where they fancy that the light shines, while all the rest is darkness. They never venture into the ocean of knowledge, nor survey the riches of other minds, which are as solid and as useful, and, perhaps, are finer gold than what they ever possessed. Let not men imagine there is no certain truth, but in the sciences which they study and amongst that party in which they were born uneducated.

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'er it grows,
Reject the prickles, but secure the rose."

All sensible people do this, their only object being correct opinions; they have no special attachment to any notions merely because they are their own. A friend once told Sir Isaac Newton that a French philosopher had expressed his dissent from some opinions of Sir Isaac's.

"Depend upon it," said Newton, "that his observations will receive my most careful attention."

Dr. Rawley in his life of Lord Bacon says: "In his conversations, he condemned no man's observation, but would light his torch at every man's candle."

Suppose we have intelligently made up our minds on any question, got the better of the obstacles we have mentioned, and arrived at what appears to us the truth, it is both natural and becoming that we should wish to communicate it to others. On this subject a good deal might be said.

It is a difficult thing to do without ruffling people's feathers. There is often too much the air about it of, Here am I, light-spreader, come to enlighten all you dwellers in darkness. A gentle manner and a silver tongue are needed if one does not want to raise a tempest or be shown the door.

The fact is, girls, we must cultivate a good manner as well as good matter. Our accents must be those of modesty, and not sound as if we thought ourselves infallible thinkers and important persons to boot. We have all met with people who lay down the law with an air as if they were going to jump down their neighbours' throats. Now this is very objectionable to those who are well-bred and have any common-sense. Let gentleness be the rule; it's a woman's virtue.

The same quiet and well-balanced mind should show itself in our listening to the opinions of others, and most of all in arguing with others to ascertain whether their opinions or ours are right.

Respect the thoughts of others as you would respect their persons. They have as much right to think as you, and as good a claim to honesty in their endeavours to find out the truth. The proverb should never be forgotten, "So many men, so many minds." "No person," says Goethe, "really understands another, and no two receive the same impression even from the very same words."

Be pleasant. If you remember nothing else of these articles than this, you will not have read them in vain. What a world of ill-feeling, of misery, of backbiting these two words may save us from. It has been wisely observed that the deepest thinkers are ever the most tolerant, and that those who refuse the drudgery of thought and think with the heart rather than the head are the most fiercely dogmatic in tone.

We were speaking of these topics the other day when Alice said, "I listen to what everybody has to say, but always end in sticking to my own opinions." It would have been wiser had she said, "I listen, and consider, and change my own opinions if necessary." We ought to be ready listeners if for no other reason than this that our friends may know more of the subject than we, and have better means of judging of it. Discussion is always valuable, for she who knows only her own side of any matter knows little of that.

But whilst discussion is valuable, argument is, as a general rule, not to be encouraged. Some people have a mania for it, and in consequence make themselves sad plagues wherever they go. If they would argue solely for the purpose of finding out the truth it would be all very well, but they argue for victory, and that being so a trifle sets their tempers in a flame. Wrangling and discord are plentiful enough in the world without being introduced to our friendly meetings by the fireside.

If people start arguing, listen to them with patience, even if positive you are right and they wrong. It is a consolation in such circumstances to reflect that "you will as soon scour the spots out of the sun as ignorance out of man." The worst plan in argument, and not to be recommended in any case, is that of the man who after a hot discussion with another, knocked him down and walked away.

Arguments are often unsatisfactory, and in proof and to brighten up a sober subject we may repeat this tale. During a recent discussion on the subject of vaccination, when its supporters and opponents had fairly exhausted their arguments, one of the company who had not hitherto spoken, volunteered his opinion that far from being a benefit to the human race, the precaution was both dangerous and unnecessary.

"I will give you a proof," he said, "the son of a friend of mine, as healthy a little fellow as you would wish to see, was vaccinated by the advice of an idiotic medical man, who attended the family, and what was the consequence? He died two days after the operation."

Here the speaker paused for a moment, evidently gratified by the impression he had made on his hearers. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the poor lad who was as active as a squirrel, was in the act of climbing a tree, when a branch giving way, he lost his hold and was killed by the fall. Don't talk to me of vaccination after that."

Thinking is not solely an intellectual business to be pursued without reference to physical conditions. If we were disembodied spirits, we might think hard all day long and all night too for that matter and come to no harm by the exertion. But as things are we must manage differently.

Our bodily frames must be attended to, and the physical basis on which everything rests be never lost sight of; otherwise, in feeding the lamp of knowledge we are pretty sure to exhaust the lamp of life. Body and mind are so closely linked together that to over-exert the one means weakness for the other. The only wise course is to live so that both, by the blessing of God, may be maintained in health.

"If in gaining knowledge," says Lock, "we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful) we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which people of stronger constitution can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbours of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. She that sinks her ship by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give her owner but an ill account of her voyage."

Girls who wish to have sound constitutions must not push the labour of thinking to an extreme, and on the other hand, those who wish to be sound intellectually must be careful how they use their bodies.

As a leading point they must look to what they eat and drink.

"Sir," said Bentley to one of his pupils who had a liking for malt liquor, "if you drink ale you will think ale." And so we might say to girls, if you eat pastry you will think pastry. If you choose to swallow what is indigestible you will in intellect grow to be stupid.

Thinkers should never give the stomach too much to do. Let us bear in mind what Abernethy the famous surgeon says in one of his lectures: "I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies and general stupidity of the human race! it is their gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous diseases, irritation, and dullness of intellect."

Then we must have plenty of sleep. "There is no rule," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure the brain withers."

Those who think most, that is to say who do most brain work, require most sleep, and for them time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to both mind and body.

There must be rational amusement, too. Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the Order that, after an application to study for two hours the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. In this they followed the advice of Seneca, who in closing his treatise on *The Tranquillity of the Soul*, insists that a continuity of labour deadens it, and that the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements.

The practice of all successful thinkers who have retained their health has been to have a reasonable amount of relaxation. The great Greek philosoper Socrates, if tradition speaks truly, was partial to the exercise of riding on a wooden horse, for which one of his pupils used to laugh at him. Cardinal de Richelieu refreshed his mind by taking violent exercise. He was once discovered jumping with a servant to try who could reach the highest part of a wall. Samuel Clarke, the celebrated theologian, found amusement in the intervals of writing his profound works in schoolboy-like pranks of leaping over tables and chairs. This was not understood by some of his friends who had not perhaps grasped the meaning of the proverb that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." On one occasion a pedantic fellow came along just as Dr. Clarke was taking his exercise. "Now we must leave off," says the theologian, "for here comes a fool!"

There is no doubt about it, the mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return the better to thinking. Enthusiasm in intellectual work is all very well, but if we would succeed the exertion of the intellect must not be overdone.

So little is the close connection of the mind with the bodily system generally understood, even among educated people, that instances are constantly occurring of the nervous system being ruined by excessive application of mind without the sufferer in the least suspecting the cause.

A striking example of this has been given by an American writer:—"I once knew," he says, "a young Christian who resolved that he would pass the whole day in prayer. But very soon he became exhausted and weary. He however persevered through the whole day with the exception of a few necessary interruptions; and when night came he felt a deadness and exhaustion of feeling, which he unhappily mistook for spiritual desertion.

"No one at all acquainted with the laws under which God has placed the functions of the human body could ever have expected His blessing to attend so flagrant a violation of His designs, or have felt surprised at the apparent desertion increasing in exact proportion to the excess of the bodily fatigue."

In what we have now said we have done no more than indicate some of the chief points to be observed by those who would excel in the art of thinking. A great deal more might be thought out and written down, but prudence makes us call a halt, for the fatal gift of tediousness belongs to those who say everything that can be said, and pour out a subject to the last drop.

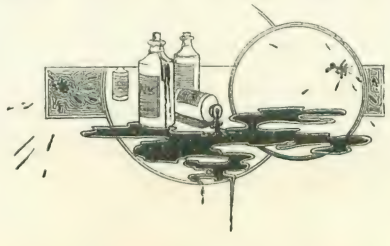
We shall not however lay the pen down till just one topic more has been touched upon. It is as important as the last word in a lady's letter, and that, as everybody knows, is of more moment than all the rest.

We may puzzle our brains over the value of thinking for the sake of thought alone, but it needs no abilities out of the common to see that thought is of most consequence when it leads to action. Behind every one of our deeds there is a thought. We can influence nothing, win nothing, arrest nothing, construct nothing without a mental operation first of all. Every step in the process must rest on thinking.

How important then to have our thoughts right. If they be faulty so will be our actions, and if they be just and true our deeds will be equally praiseworthy. We do not say that it will not happen sometimes that our thoughts will be better than our actions, and at others that our actions will rise superior to our thoughts, but the tendency is for them to become all of a piece.

Think well then, girls, that you may act well, and show to others that you manage your lives rightly because you have learned first of all rightly to manage your own minds.

[THE END.]





ONLY.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

ONLY a pair of light blue eyes,
And a pair of tiny feet,
Only the love that never dies
Where earth and heaven meet.

Only a little prattling tongue,
Only a laugh or a cry,
Only a song, for ever sung,
With a tear in every eye.

Bright Summer comes, and in its train
The fairest flowers of Love;
One little flower is lost to earth,
And now it blooms above!

Only a green mound on the hill,
Only the cold, cold clay;
Only the place is vacant still,
Only the world is gay!

Only a pair of light blue eyes,
And a pair of tiny feet;
Only the love that never dies
Where earth and heaven meet.

A MODERN MISTAKE.

A STORY TOLD IN LETTERS.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

Mona Smith to Florence Howard.

The Lawn, Summerhayes,
March 5, 1891.

MY DEAREST FLORENCE,

I have not written to you for an age, because nothing interesting ever happens in my life; and if nothing interesting ever happens there can be nothing interesting for a truthful person, like myself, to relate. Q. E. D., *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as we used to say at dear old Stoneycroft Hall, where I am sure half the girls thought their Euclid problems were lessons in drawing, on the one hand, and exercises in the memory of unmeaning gibberish on the other. Don't you recollect how carefully they used to trace the figures with compasses, but how they were completely put out when Mr. Willis altered the letters on the blackboard, so as to tell if they understood what they were about? I can see his air of pathetic melancholy now. Oh, how stupid girls can be when they like!

You know I was always rather good at Euclid, so you must forgive me this little outburst, especially when you read what is coming. For, after all, what was the use of my having a "mathematical head?" What was the good of my taking the prizes and being the show pupil, and all that sort of thing? How I did work! and how I felt as if I had really attained a step towards the goal of my ambition when I came home laden with books, and compliments, and first-class honours in the senior Oxbridge local, and all the rest of it.

My dear child, I was a goose. It has all come to nothing. Here I am at home with everything "cut short off," as the boys say. I have given up study, and my life goes on anyhow. I might as well have been the veriest dunce.

You remember how I used to rebel at my name being Smith? I used to hate being ticketed "common-place," and to envy you, and to reflect (all to myself, of course,) on the incongruity that there was between my name and my glorious achievements. Now, I can assure you, Smith seems the most suitable name possible for me. I am glad I am nothing else; I am the most ordinary girl that ever lived the life of a "young lady at home:" "Miss Smith" down to the ground.

It does me good to scribble on like this, sheet after sheet, and I do hope you won't mind it. You see, I have nobody else to talk to. Mother, dear kind soul! has not a suspicion of my being discontented. Sometimes she says "Mona, love, I think you really should take a tonic," and then I have to swallow a wineglassful of orange quinine wine every morning at eleven, which, fortunately, I do not much object to (if I did I shouldn't take it). As for father, he is too busy down at the Works and over his "money-market" articles and business fusses, and all those dreadful uninteresting things, to think or care how I look.

Oh dear! I am afraid I am growing very bitter, but I can't help it. Perhaps it is the effect of the orange quinine wine!

The children are decidedly troublesome. Lucy is much too pert, for she is only sixteen. Imagine her telling Wilson (our head-nurse) that she hoped I should marry and settle soon, because she wanted to take her proper place in the family as the eldest daughter! The boys are very tempestuous, as usual, when they are not at school. Only the little girls are nice.

As to Miss Lucy's suggestion, of course I shall never marry. All that is over and done with. You know why. I feel quite old, though I am only twenty-two, when I remember that story.

I think the day I hate most of all is the day mother "sees about" her caps. We have the table covered with band-boxes at a regular date, and all the stores of lace, velvet, and ribbon are had out, and then (you know I have a gift for millinery) I am supposed to twist and turn these about, and to feel the deepest interest in their respective merits. Oh dear! I do get so tired of the endless discussions about ribbon *versus* velvet, wide *versus* narrow, white lace *versus* cream, and all the rest of it. Dear mother is quite happy, speculating for an hour as to whether this piece of lace will stand cleaning just once more; whether black or coloured ribbon suits her best, and so forth. I cannot help thinking—is it worth the absorption of two minds for the best part of a day? Mother looks nice in anything to us, and when one has come to the "cap" stage, it really cannot signify much



MONA.

what one wears, so long as it is fresh and unsoiled. But I would not say so for the world.

The other days are not much better. Sometimes I practice, sometimes I haven't opportunity. I don't do much in housekeeping, because mother likes to keep that in her own hands. So I go out into the town and do a little shopping, and pay calls, or stay at home and entertain callers. I did try teaching the younger ones something, but mother thought it was too great a tie, and I hadn't patience either. There is a local literary society, in which we chiefly make ourselves ridiculous, and a local choral society that gives a concert now and again, of which the less said the better.

So my life goes on. At the end of every day I think, "What was the good of it all?" I have no work in life of my own. Mother says, "Enjoy yourself, my dear, while you can." If she calls this enjoyment——!

Now, dearest Florence, I have grumbled more to you than I have to a soul. You will hardly understand me, because you live near London, which in itself means such a world of interest. But you used to be a sympathetic friend in the old days, and I think you will bear with me. Write soon to

Your loving
MONA.

Florence Howard to Mona Smith.

Grove Lane, Hampstead, N.W.
March 7, 1891.

MY DEAREST MONA,

I was very much pained to read your letter, and I hope you will not mind my replying to you quite frankly. I know I am not so clever as you are, but you used not to be angry with me when I spoke my mind to you at Stoneycroft sometimes.

I can, of course, see that you are very unhappy and discontented at home, but I cannot think that you have any right to be so. You have a father and mother who are, you always own, kindness itself, a good home in a pleasant country town, and nearly everything you ought to want.

Surely the boy and girl affair of which you speak is not to spoil your whole life! He was unworthy of you, and I would be too proud to fret about it were I you. In fact, you did tell me you had put it out of your mind altogether, as you ought to do.

Dearest Mona, how can you write so disrespectfully and hardly of your mother? Ought you not to find it a pleasure to help her who has done so much for you? I should have thought you would only be too glad to try and please her by making caps or anything else she might wish. I think it is just as important she should be becomingly dressed, as that you should be. My life is very much of the kind you describe, though I do live near London. I am busy in the house, in parish work, or in visiting or seeing people for mother all day long, and I am as happy as possible.

What I should advise you to do is to tell your mother just how you feel, and ask her to help you to conquer these bad and wicked feelings, for, dear Mona, they really must come from nothing but selfishness, and need to be fought against with all your might. Surely we ought not to think of self only! I am afraid you will be vexed with me for writing so frankly, but indeed I cannot help it.

Your affectionate friend,
FLORENCE HOWARD.

Mona to Florence.

The Lawn, Summerhayes.
March 15, 1891.

You dear little thing! I can fancy your prim grieved mouth pursed up as you wrote the last letter to your naughty discontented friend who had troubled you with such an outburst.

I think I must have painted myself blacker than I really am. My mother has not the faintest idea of my mental condition. And I would not, selfish though you think me, trouble her sweet gentle soul for the world. You see, if I followed your advice and told her all, it would make her very miserable. Besides, it would do no good. She could not understand. She has no conception, bless her! of the wild impulses of ambition and restlessness that will come scurrying through one's brain. She married rather later than most girls; then she never reads anything but religious biographies, so she does not know what women are attempting, and doing too, nowadays. She thinks and sometimes says,

> "The daily round, the common task,
> Would furnish all we ought to ask,
> Room to deny ourselves——"

Well, I don't think that is all we ought to ask from life. If it were, why not be an anchorite at once? What is the good of capacities that are never to be developed, tastes that are never to be encouraged? If the opportunity for self-denial is all that anyone ought to ask for, I think the monastic discipline of the Middle Ages was in the right of it.

Mother does love to deny herself for us, and she believes heart and soul in the doctrine, only she is not very consistent, for she would be miserable if she saw any of her children denying themselves anything she fancied good for their happiness.

You have not caught my meaning about the reference to the past. I have got over it, and should be ashamed of myself if I hadn't. Only I shall never marry. That's all.

I haven't quite made myself understood about the "cap" theory, either. It was only an illustration.

If mother really needed my help I would give it in that or anything else most willingly, but Wilson would do the caps quite as well as I do. Only she fancies (dear mother) that millinery is "such a nice interest for a young girl." And all through the day there is not one thing that really needs doing by me more than by anyone else. Here am I, a full-grown woman, with nothing to occupy my time and energy; both are frittered away. And what's more, I do not see how to help it. And mother is so firmly convinced that "home is the woman's sphere," she would never understand me if I talked to her as I am doing to you, but as I have said already, would be grieved and scandalised. You are both, but then you are rather used to it, are you not, you dear little Puritan? I think it is so much worse to bear this sort of unrest in the spring-time when Nature is all astir. The contrast with one's dried-up life is so awful.

Your rebellious
MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Hampstead,
March 31, 1891.

MY DEAREST MONA,

I was never very clever at arguing, and I hardly know what to say in reply to your second letter. I am quite sure, however, the best good of life often comes to us through self-denial, as your mother says. People who think only of their own pleasure get so horribly selfish.

If you cannot talk freely to your mother for fear of grieving her, I really do not know what you are to do. If I could not confide in mine I should be at a loss indeed.

You seem to have been reading and thinking about the modern ideas for girls more than I have, although you are the country mouse and I am the town mouse.

There is a Mrs. Winterbourne, of whom you may have heard, who gives lectures sometimes about what is called "The Woman Question." Mother and she were at school together, and are still great friends. I always had rather a prejudice against her till I knew her well. I was quite surprised to find her very gentle and charming, although she does speak in public. She is not a bit extreme in her views, but she seems to have thought a great deal over all the questions that affect women and girls. Did you read her paper on "Middle-Class Education for Girls" in *The Nineteenth Century*? I wish you could hear her lecture, just once. I am sure you would be interested.

Your loving
FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
April 10, 1891.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

Your Mrs. Winterbourne is actually coming here next week to give a lecture to our Literary Society entitled, "Women of the Past and Women of the Future." I am quite excited and curious to hear what she has to say after your happening to mention her. People in this town are so old-fashioned they are, some of them, much scandalised at a woman lecturing in public. Even dear mother shakes her head and says, "it was not so when she was a girl." But I shall be there, of course. As I am neither a woman of the past nor a woman of the future, it cannot be very personal.

I do wonder what she will think of a Summerhayes audience!

Yours ever,
MONA.

(*To be continued.*)

ON TAKING ADVICE.

PART II.

To Whom We should go for It.



E have seen that God has been pleased to bind His people together as children of one great family, and as members of one body; that the good that is in one is for the blessing and comfort of the rest, and that the knowledge and wisdom and experience of the aged are for the guidance and help and blessing of the young and inexperienced.

When, therefore, a young girl resolves to stand alone, and acts entirely upon her own unaided judgment, she is going contrary to the ways of God, and cannot expect His blessing. She cannot expect to be guided in the path of safety; and though in some few things she may act wisely, yet in many important ones she will, doubtless, go wrong. She renders herself unlovable, too, and cuts herself off from the sympathy of others.

We all know some people that would never ask anyone else's opinion, or seek counsel from anyone; but we feel we could not love them very much. For we generally find that they esteem themselves too highly, to the depreciation of others. They think that they have got all the wisdom in the world, and that, therefore, the judgment of others would by no means compare with their own, and is not worth the asking for. And there is about them a flavouring of self-will and obstinacy, with a strong admixture of pride, which it is painful to see in anyone, but especially in the young. But when a girl seeks advice, she gives the best of all proofs that she is conscious of her own inexperience and need of guidance. She shows that humility of spirit, and that deference towards others, which are distinguishing features in the character of the true Christian woman. She draws out the sympathy of others, and makes herself beloved. She shows herself a true young gentlewoman, and walking in the lowly ways of God, may confidently expect His blessing and guidance; and, like the blessed Master in the days of His youth, she will increase in wisdom as she grows in stature, and in favour with God and man.

But it must be always borne in mind, that great care should be exercised as to whom we should go for advice; and it will be well, therefore, for all the young deeply to consider the story of Rehoboam, which is related in the Holy Scriptures for their instruction and warning.

Rehoboam was the son of Solomon, and succeeded his father on the throne of Israel.

The twelve tribes of Israel had, up to this time, been united as one, and might have remained so, but for the folly of Rehoboam in going for advice to those from whom he could not reasonably expect anything but evil counsel.

His father, Solomon, had laid burdens upon the people far too heavy for them to go on bearing. He had levied taxes from them so great, that, while he had rolled in wealth, his subjects had become impoverished; and, though they had borne the cruel oppression while King Solomon, in whom they gloried, had lived, yet, when he was gone, and another came on the throne, they determined to suffer it no longer.

They, therefore, sent a deputation to wait upon the new king Rehoboam, to set their grievances before him, and to ask him to remove them, promising that if he would do so, they would serve him as faithfully as they had served his father and grandfather before him.

It was a most important step which Rehoboam was called upon to take. If he removed the burdens of the people, the state income would be greatly reduced; and if he did not, there might be a rebellion. And, conscious of his own inexperience and need of counsel, the new king wisely took three days to consider the matter, and to advise with his lords.

Naturally he went first to the aged men, who, for forty years, had been the counsellors of his father. For Solomon had known well that even he, with all his wisdom, must not stand alone; and white-bearded men had stood before him.

"What counsel give ye me to return answer to this people?" Rehoboam asked these aged and experienced men. And they advised him to listen to the people, and to remove their burdens, and so, for ever, to bind his subjects closely to him and his house.

But the young king did not like to lose so great a portion of the riches which had been his father's. And, forsaking the counsel of the aged men, he went to the young men, who, from childhood, had been his companions, and had grown up together with him.

But they were as inexperienced and unwise as himself, and he could not, therefore, justly expect to receive from them counsel according to the mind of God. And he did not receive such counsel. The young men did not care about the welfare of the kingdom. They wished only to retain the king's favour; and in their folly and inexperience they could not foresee, as the aged men did, what would be the terrible result of continuing so grievously to oppress the people.

So they advised the king to answer the deputation from the people:—"My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. For, whereas my father put a heavy yoke upon you, I will put more to your yoke. My father chastised you with whips; but I will chastise you with scorpions." And, because this rash counsel pleased Rehoboam, he followed it.

But the consequence was a rebellion. Ten of the twelve tribes revolted against the house of David: so that, not only was the kingdom of Israel divided against itself, but Rehoboam, receiving taxes from only two tribes instead of from twelve, was left a far poorer and less powerful king than he would have been, if he had removed the too heavy burdens of the people, and so secured the allegiance of all Israel.

When the disaster came he saw the folly of having followed the advice of the young men instead of that of the aged and experienced counsellors of his father. But the evil was done, and could never be repaired.

This story plainly points its own moral. It says to the young, You all need counsel; but mind to whom you go for it. In matters of importance and even in small ones, go, not to the young and inexperienced, who know no better, and can see no further, than yourselves. Go to those whose years have taught them discretion. Go to the wise, the learned, and the experienced. Go to those who do not wish merely to please any foolish fancy or whim that you may have, but to those who have your real good at heart, and who wish only to lead you in the right way. Go to those who can point out to you the pitfalls and dangers of the path which you would take, and who can warn you as to what the end of it must inevitably be. Go to those who, instead of leading you into puddles and bogs and marshes, will guide your feet into the way of peace. Go not to those who will flatter, or, in any way, deal unfaithfully with you, but to those who are faithful enough to wound you, if wounds be necessary, or to give you gentle reproof, if such be needed. Remember that "faithful are the wounds of a friend;" and that flattery must always be far from the lips of those who seek your welfare. Above all, go to the God-fearing friend in whom dwells "The Spirit of wisdom and understanding," and "the Spirit of counsel." The counsel which you need is that which your Lord and Master would give you if He were here in person; and that counsel it is impossible to get from frivolous, worldly-minded people, however aged they may be, or however experienced in the ways of the world. You can only get the wisdom and counsel of God from good Christian people, from those who are themselves walking in the path of righteousness, and who drink from the Fount, from which all must draw their stores of heavenly wisdom.

If you know such people, you are blessed. Cling to them. Seek counsel from them; and, having obtained it, ponder it well. Ask the "Father of Lights" to illumine it with His Spirit to show you that it is really from Him, and to guide your judgment.

In this way, and in this way alone, will you be able, in true humility, to take counsel from those capable of giving it: and yet, at the same time, you will form your own opinion, and act upon it, and so not lose your self-reliance, or your sense of responsibility. You will find as you go along how many dangers you are preserved from, and what heavenly bessings will follow you on your way. And, in the course of years you yourselves will become so wise and experienced in the ways of wisdom that you will be able, in your turn, to take your younger sisters under your sheltering wing, and to give them the counsel which you yourselves found so precious in your youthful days.

But there is still another point about which we should be careful when seeking advice.

If we would seek really good counsel, that which is from the Lord, we must not only go to those in whom "the spirit of counsel" dwells, but we must make up our minds when we have received it to follow it as we see it to be right, whether it be contrary to our inclinations or not.

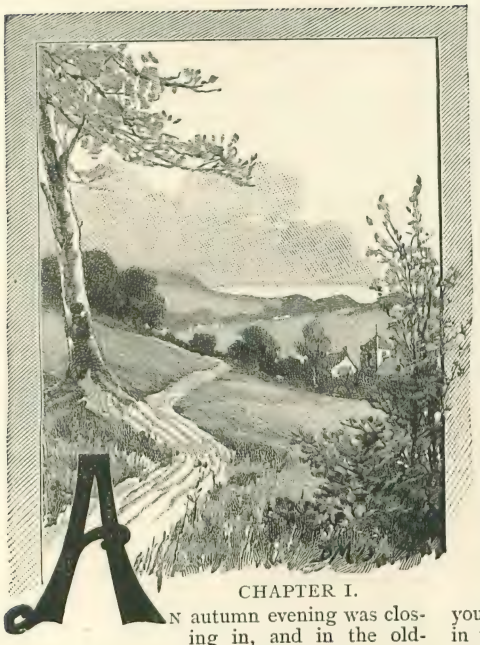
Rehoboam, in the first instance, acted wisely in going to the aged counsellors of his father instead of to the young men, his companions. But he erred in this. He knew well that the advice which he received from these white-bearded men was right. He felt that in his inmost spirit. It did not, however, agree with his inclinations, but rather was directly opposed to his desires. And therefore he threw it aside, and went for advice to those whom he knew to be like-minded with himself. But it was to his own hurt, and to the deep injury of the kingdom over which he had been called to rule. For it led to the splitting up of the kingdom of Israel into two kingdoms with separate interests; when the purpose of God was that His people Israel should be one before Him.

And the story of Rehoboam's failure is written for our learning. It is recorded to show us that we must not only go for counsel to those who are competent to give it, but that we must act honestly both with them and with ourselves; and that, having received from them the advice which commends itself to our judgment, we should follow it, however painful to our feelings or humiliating to our pride it may be to do so.

And it is therefore well, before going to anyone for counsel to look up to the Father above and to ask Him to give us not only the right judgment in all things, the eye to perceive that the advice is from Him, but also the firm resolve to follow it, whatever the immediate consequences may be. And, thus acknowledging Him in all our ways, we may look for the sure fulfilment of the promise, "He shall direct thy paths."

ROSE WHITETHORN'S STORY.

By LOUISA MENZIES.



CHAPTER I.

An autumn evening was closing in, and in the old-fashioned parlour of a modest family residence, which stood rather solitary on the edge of a tract of moorland, there sat a woman no longer young, but bearing traces of great beauty, and so sweet and sad in expression that even a stranger could not but regard her with interest. She sat alone in the parlour looking into the fire, which the chilliness of the evening had probably suggested; the womanly work in which she had been engaged till the light failed lay on the table, her black dress seemed to account for the sadness of her countenance and for the tears that from time to time rolled down her cheeks.

When the twilight had deepened into night, there came a guest at the door, apparently not unlooked-for and not unfrequent, for he was admitted at once. The greeting that passed between them was familiar and affectionate, and they called each other by their Christian names.

The servant, unbidden, brought a lamp, by whose modest light the friends sat to talk. The new-comer was a man hardly past the prime of life, but of a robust figure; his hair plentifully besprinkled with grey, and his features dignified by the composure and gentleness which is rarely seen except in persons who have had much trouble or who have been purified by some inward and lasting sorrow.

"You sent for me Rose?" he said.

"Yes, I sent for you," she replied, then after a long pause and in a voice of profound sorrow she continued: "The time is come when I can tell you the secret history of my life, and show you the reason of many things that must have seemed inexplicable to you."

"Speak of nothing that will give you pain; I have loved you too well and trusted you too long to make it necessary. Years ago it would perhaps have been otherwise. I will not say but that there was a time when I was bitter against you and would have gladly found reason to blame you, but the whole course of your devoted life rebuked me. I know, dear, that you were right, and now that age is creeping on both of us, it is but little virtue to trust you for the few years that are to be lived on this mortal earth."

"Were it needful, Edward," replied the lady, "I would try you to the end, but I feel that it is as much my duty now to speak as it has been hitherto to be silent. By the command of him who was yesterday laid in his grave I call you to share my secret. It is, as I reckon it, rather more than five-and-forty years since your father came to Hurstburn; my father, as you know, was born in the town, and he and my mother had lived here in this house ever since they were married; it had belonged to my mother's family for three generations, and had been given her as a wedding-present, and though it may seem to many people lonely, perhaps even desolate, standing as it does on the verge of the moor, where little in the way of flowers will grow, I need not tell you that to me it is the dearest spot on earth, the only place that is 'home' to me. When I sit here alone and wander in thought back into the past, and in the past I live more and more as years go on, I seem to see my mother moving about the house or sitting as she used to do in the afternoon, yonder by the window with her sewing. Though I was but five years old when she died, and for many years hardly seemed able to recall her, the thought of her has come back to me so strongly that I almost feel as though she were with me, young and fair as the dead who are called away in the flush of their beauty, always seen with my brother Willie in her arms, who lies beside her in the churchyard."

"I doubt, Rose, whether it will be well for you to live here alone. Even we, who mingle actively with the world, think often of the dead, so that it would sometimes seem as if we lived more in their world than in our own, but you have lived too solitary a life. I remember when first we came to Hurstburn you and your father were living here alone; it was hearing my mother pitying the loneliness of your life that first turned my thoughts to you. You were a slight girl then, and my mother's words put it into the hearts of Ellen and Kate to try and make friends with you; the kind little souls knew how desolate either of them would have been without any companion of their own age. They would gladly have made you as light-hearted as themselves, but that would never have been, they were of different stuff from you."

"O do but think how differently we had grown up; they constantly cared for by a dear mother, companions to each other and to you, while I, solitary, motherless, at once the care and solace of my father's life, grew up as I could, like a wild cornel with many an awkward twist, nervous and shy while I seemed only resolute and self-contained in a degree that ill became my age. Your sisters never knew with what a yearning love I regarded them, alas! how could they?"

"Why, then, did you shrink from their friendship? Much was to be conceded to your natural shyness, but that seemed to have been overcome; the foundations of a true and sisterly affection seemed to have been laid, and there had sprung up a sympathy between you and me which all the sad years that followed could not destroy. Why, at a time when we stood in such sore need of comfort did you break away from us, and when you did come you were so anxious to get away."

"Wait until I tell you what I have to tell, you will then know only too well." She stopped and looked stedfastly into the fire, while the fingers of the hands that lay in her lap were tightly clasped as if in pain. Her companion regarded her with anxious interest, but said nothing; and at length she resumed of her own accord—

"Yes, it must be nearly five-and-forty years since you came to live at Hurstburn; my father had been long the recognised doctor of the town, and for many miles round his skill and industry were universally acknowledged, and after my mother's death his only comfort seemed to be in constant and devoted attention to his work. He was, as you know, a man whose very appearance commanded respect, but very few knew that he was himself more nervous and sensitive than the most nervous of his patients: cheerful as he appeared, he was subject to fits of depression most painful to himself, most distressing to those who loved him. I, his only companion, early learnt to know and dread the signs of them, and to use what little art I had to divert them. It is, I suppose, one of the hardest trials of all of us that the future looks so uncertain, often so dark. Why cannot we, who possess reason, the crowning gift of the Creator, rise to the rapture of the bird who pours out all his little heart in song, contented with the simple fact that the sun shines and the earth is fair?"

"Children sometimes seem to have such joy," said Dr. Browning, "but the crowning sentence of the Psalter: 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord,' can scarcely be accomplished until death itself is swallowed up in victory. How little do we know of each other's inner life. I always looked up to your father as a man of steady temper and well-balanced mind."

"So, no doubt, he seemed to most people, but in truth he was remarkably diffident of himself and of his fortune. Evils, which if they had happened would have been trifling, and which often did not happen at all, dismayed him in anticipation, the shadows that they cast before them being altogether out of proportion to their real magnitude. You must understand this phase of my father's character that you may be able to appreciate the effect of Dr. Browning's coming to Hurstburn on his mind. Lively, bustling and eager, he was just the man with whom my father could have little in common, his showy qualities, ready speech and fine person, which so quickly won the hearts of the people of Hurstburn were a constant irritation to him; unconsciously he interfered with him at every turn; he was not a man openly to express his annoyance; he found the quietly garnered experience of years slighted and set aside by what he unhappily came to regard as the experimentalism of an empiric. Had my mother been alive, or had I had the sense to enter into his feelings instead of being occupied by my own, his irritation might have found vent in words; but except for an occasional exclamation of impatience, when Dr. Browning's name was mentioned, or a look of disgust, which I thought little of at the time, there was no sign of his inward vexation: only he grew silent, and when returned from his rounds he no longer enlivened our supper with incidents from his daily work, but after a few attempts at conversation he sunk into silence, while his heavy sighs and uneasy movements showed that for some cause or other his mind was troubled; sometimes he would fix his eyes on me with a profound tenderness; and when I bade him 'Good-night,' his hand would linger on my shoulder, and more than once he expressed anxiety for the future which lay before me in the event of his death, magnifying the evils of dependence, and figuring it to himself as a crime that he had been able to make but slender provision for me. He never mentioned Dr. Browning's name or alluded in any way to the fact that he had been superseded by him, but I knew too well the cause of his depression; for the people who came about the house left wonderful tales of the new

doctor's wonderful cures, of this neighbour and that who had gone to him, magnifying their own steadiness by the defection of others; and there were cases which my father had painfully conducted to a happy conclusion, in which the praise and profit were snatched from him by his younger rival."

"If it were so, Rose," said Dr. Browning, "my father, I am sure, was not aware of the circumstances; he always entertained a deep respect for Dr. Whitethorn."

"I know it, Edward, I am sure of it, but it is no wonder that Dr. Browning—all whose feelings found ready and immediate expression—should not have understood a person so self-contained and so sensitive as my father. Matters went on thus for more than three years; your mother's kindness had won my heart, and my father was too just to interpose any objection to my intimacy with your sisters, and I think he almost regarded it as a triumph that you seemed to prefer the quiet evenings here to the lively enjoyment at home, and I am sure that he was pleased that you listened to his conversation with deference."

"Those evenings were the happiest hours of my life," said Dr. Browning, "all seemed full of promise, your father so cordial, you so fair and so sympathetic. I could find it in my heart to wish that I had never lived beyond those days."

"How often has the same wish risen in my heart! but we must look onward not backward. Meanwhile the memory of those happy hours has been a treasure to both of us, without which we should have been less able to bear the burden of our sorrow. It was on the twenty-fourth of October—I have too much reason to remember the day—that my father went to a dinner at Merrington. I did not sit up for him, but I heard him return about midnight; the boy was waiting up to take the horse and put up the gig, for my father, as was usual with him on such occasions, had driven over. When we met at breakfast he looked pale and worn and scarcely answered the questions I put to him. The meal was hardly ended when John Fielding, the shepherd, and Mott, the poor old man who used to do odd jobs about the place—you remember him—came quickly up the garden, and hastily passing through the surgery, tapped eagerly at the dining-room door.

"I bade them come in, for my father looked like one turned to stone and said nothing.

"'Oh, doctor,' said Fielding pulling off his cap, 'there is such a dreadful accident; poor Dr. Browning—they are bringing him here. Mott and I came on to tell you; and let missie here get out of the way.'

"At these words a shiver passed over my father's face, and he looked at me in helpless despair.

"'What has happened?' exclaimed I terror-stricken and bewildered as much by my father's look as by the man's words, and instinctively anxious to draw attention from him to myself.

"Then he told me that it was just the poor doctor. He never got home last night, but Mrs. Browning had not been so anxious as most folk would have been, thinking he might have gone off to some case, but some lads who were gathering cresses by the river had found the poor gentleman lying at the bottom of a quarry pit, where he must have been lying for hours, they said. The lads lost no time in giving the alarm, and some half-dozen men were quickly gathered together. They were going to take him home, but some of the men thought there might be still a spark of life in him, and that it would be best to bring him up to Dr. Whitethorn, who could recover him if anyone could. Fielding's narrative gave me time to collect my thoughts; the natural grief and horror with which I heard of the accident were merged in the agony of a conviction that my father, who still sat motionless and with an ashy paleness on his face, was in some way aware, or even guilty of Dr. Browning's death.

"The whole misery of the time, the instantaneous withering of all that made life pleasant, I did not feel at the moment; I knew nothing but the supplicatory look of my father, and the necessity of acting for him, of saving him from these people. I told them that the proper place to take the body was to the inn, but it was too late. The men who carried it on a rude stretcher, with the cloak he had worn thrown over him, and hiding all but his long waving hair, were already at the door waiting directions."

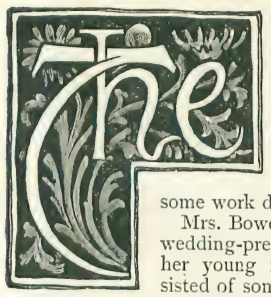
(*To be concluded.*)

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART VIII.

HOW TO MAKE UP TABLE LINEN, AND MORE ABOUT A LOST ART.



promised talk over scientific laundry-work as a profession for our couple of million unemployed females took place one morning after some work done at the tub.

Mrs. Bowen was making a wedding-present for two of her young friends. It consisted of some beautiful Irish napery embroidered in the corners.

In working those elaborate initials one of the table-cloths became a little soiled and dingy.

Miss Bond therefore undertook to have it made up "like new" by the appointed day.

Accordingly, for twelve hours, that oak-leaf damask was soaked in clear soft water. Then it was well rubbed in the same liquid and quite soft was the dim film that had gathered on its satiny face.

Then the cloth was rubbed with soap in a hot tub.

"As hot as your hands can bear it," was the spinster's direction.

Then rinsed in warm water and boiled for half-an-hour. A little borax had previously been dissolved in the pot and of course some shred soap.

"Never use metal for lifting from the boiler," said Miss Bond, looking about for a wooden stick. "Iron-mould might follow. Now we will lay the hot linen in cold water and finish by rinsing in slightly blue liquid. Be careful to wring tightly and evenly, Bridget, to prevent streakiness. Thank you. That will do."

In her zeal the good-natured cook volunteered to carry out the linen and hang it on the line, pinning each corner firmly. Miss Bond rushed to the rescue.

"The corners are more liable to tear than the straight edge of the material, Bridget," she explained eagerly. "We will allow three or four inches from the selvedge—so. Then let sunshine do its bleaching work. Take it down, please, before it is too dry and I will finish it to-morrow."

The next morning, accordingly, thin boiled starch having been added to the linen, Miss Bond ironed it with a very hot iron.

"It is a question of taste whether we starch our table-cloths or not," said the lady as she rubbed her steel-faced heaters on a board covered with powdered bath-brick. "There is something for and something against the practice. If starched, all spots and stains are more easily removed. The starch prevents them taking such a hold on the fabric. On the other hand, starched table-linen wears out more quickly. Stiffening causes the threads to crack in the folds. I personally always use a little. I think the linen keeps longer clean with it."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Bowen was sprinkling the napery with hot water poured through a fine rose sieve.

Miss Bond took it from her hands, and after folding a table-napkin in three, backwards and forwards like a screen (not over and over), she began smoothing with a very hot iron.

"Right side first," she explained. "The pressure of the iron will polish and raise a nice gloss there. If you began on the wrong side that would be glossy and the right side dull. Begin at the edge. Now, Mrs. B., we will air this for a few moments and it will tell no secrets to your bride."

"How could you manage if the table-cloth was a very large one, Annette. Turning would crush it dreadfully."

"Oh! then I should iron only on the right side." Miss Bond was divesting herself of apron and cuffs. "Folding it selvedge to selvedge, I should iron half at a time. Fold middle to selvedge and iron again. Thus we would have four creases instead of three, and this is preferred by many people."

Mrs. Bowen thanked her friend warmly and led the way upstairs.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," she said, laughingly, sinking into an easy chair. "Our muttons at present being laundry-work as a profession. Would you really advise ladies to take this up, Annette?"

"I advise nothing," answered Miss Bond, severely. She did not approve of frivolity. The subject was far too serious a one to be taken in hand lightly. "I only hinted that perhaps some of our unemployed women might undertake something of the kind. Amongst us there has been a revival of many things. Matters moral. Matters culinary. Matters æsthetic. Matters economic."

Miss Bond paused for want of breath. Then continued rapidly, "All schemes for the amelioration of the condition of impecunious spinsters" (Annette dearly loved long words), "have one weak point. They demand, generally, expatriation and exile."

Mrs. Bowen was listening humbly. Miss Bond was on the war-path.

"To be sure," she here assented sympathetically, "bee-keeping in America, for instance!"

"Yes! and fruit culture in California. Poultry farming in New Zealand. Ranching in Kansas. Orange cultivation in Florida. Such panaceas have, by turns, been all recommended for the present distress. Now mine is a homely scheme requiring no capital. Very little education. Not even 'a cast iron back with a hinge in it as doth gardening!'"

They both laughed a little. Miss Bond was coming down from her heights.

"Could not the unemployed spinsters organise a co-operative laundry here?"

suggested Mrs. Bowen. "I would send all our wash, Annette."

"Thanks. To start it I should want, say, twelve young ladies; an empty house near a plentiful supply of cold water; a paddock surrounded; some proper machinery; tubs, hot pipes, boilers, and a £5 note from each working member as a loan, to be repaid speedily from the profits of the concern. Then I would start a laundry without a shadow of doubt as to its ultimate success."

"Who would be your clients?" murmured Mrs. Bowen. "The upper ten keep their own laundry maids."

"The curate's wife, my dear. The mother of the bank clerk. The struggling governess. The family of our underpaid doctor. All those, *in globo*, who send out their clothes by the dozen (so pathetically different a thing to paying by the piece) would gladly come to us."

"You would do the work well, I am sure, Annette," gushed little Mrs. Bowen.

"We would do it as well as it can be done." Miss Bond was emphatic. "We would charge as little as we possibly could, leaving a fair margin of profit to repay us for the loss of time and our outlay in utensils. I have no hesitation in saying such an institution is a social want. Will not some energetic spinster arise and join me in supplying it?

"We would thus rid our bachelors from the whips of incompetence and avarice that at present rule their intercourse with Mrs. Jones. Our babies, even, would welcome emancipation from the iron-like substances in which members of that sisterhood would array them.

"'Ladies as is ladies shouldn't meddle with such things,' I believe your particular Mrs. Brown once said to you, Mrs. B. We answer now, 'Ladies as is ladies will gladly deliver themselves from the agony of frayed collars, the ignominy of crumpled cuffs, the danger of infection from half-washed garments.'"

Mrs. Bowen was laughing.

"You speak like a book, my dear Annette,"

"Do you think so, Bella?" Miss Bond murmured absently. She was revolving something further. It burst out as follows—

"This whole question is a more serious one than you suppose. Look through the most scientific thesis on sanitary matters ever given the world—viz., the purification laws of Moses, sometimes Prince-regent of On, and you will learn something of the importance of properly washing clothes. Moses knew then, or rather God knew"—Miss Bond spoke reverently—"all about the spores and bacillæ and germs in general that attend dirt as a sequelae. I should be quite contented if I could introduce into every house, and street, and parish, in the kingdom a state of cleanliness equal to that enjoined to the ancient Hebrews."

Mrs. Bowen gasped. This shower of knowledge and theory, and logic and enthusiasm was too much for her.

"Speaks like a book," she murmured, "without a cover—page 44—opposite the picture of boy with a swallow-tail coat."

And Miss Bond ran away.

WITH ONE HAND OR TWO.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS AND AMBIDEXTERITY.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.

I PROMISED my readers that the second part of my little treatise on the subject above-named should be of a practical character, but I am not thereby precluded from adding a few more facts connected with the question; and would first recall to their remembrance a remarkable incident in the history of ancient Rome. A distinguished Italian family, bearing the name *Scævola*, or "left-handed," inherited this patronymic as the descendants of the famous Caius Martius, surnamed Cordus, one of three hundred Roman youths, who had banded together to deliver their country from Porsenna, King of Etruria, then engaged in the siege of Rome. But the lot falling on him to penetrate into the tent of the King, he made a mistake, and, entering another, stabbed his secretary instead. On being brought before Porsenna to make confession, he thrust his right hand into the fire on the altar, and held it there, without flinching or change of countenance, to show that no torture could make him divulge the secrets of the plot. Amazed at his indomitable fortitude, the King ordered his release, and he was sent away in safety. But in commemoration of his heroic act, and his having but the left hand, from thenceforth he was surnamed *Scævola*, or "left-handed," which became the surname of his descendants. A few names of very celebrated men occur to me, who were called "left-handed," but were far more deserving of being reputed as "ambidextrous." First on my brief list is a very distinguished man, indeed—a writer, painter, sculptor, architect, physician, and athlete—the Florentine Leonardo da Vinci, whose remarkable career came to an end on May 2nd, 1519. A celebrated contemporary of his, Hans Holbein, the Swiss painter and wood engraver, who outlived him, however, some twenty-four years, was likewise noted for his use of the left hand. The Italian painter Amico Aspertini, who survived the latter for about nine years, Ludovico Cangiàgo, and "Mozzo, of Antwerp," were all ambidextrous.

To be simply left-handed is by no means desirable. In acting with your fellow-men or women it must interfere with concerted work in a very extensive degree, and must prove specially obstructive in the prosecution of machine-labour; as well as in military duties, shoulder to shoulder with right-handed men, and interfering with the use of right-handed arms.

There are certain acts, as I have said, that even the ambidextrous must allocate to the right hand exclusively, and there should likewise be a means of according a special position of distinction. Thus the reservation of the dexter side for persons to whom a place of precedence is due, is a rule of which all must see the necessity. We follow the custom of the ancient Greeks in passing wine round to our guests from right to left, "following the course of the sun" (as it is popularly said), and to send it round in the opposite way would be a breach of etiquette and an outrage on general feeling.

The Romans—to whose superstitions I have already alluded, regarded it as an evil omen to cross the threshold of a house with the left foot preceding its more honourable fellow; and so strong was the feeling that, it is said, a boy was stationed at the door to see that visitors conformed to the rule. Thus, the order "Right foot foremost" finds its origin in a very ancient custom. Again, to shake hands with the left hand could never be accepted as a seemly mode of salutation, being opposed to world-wide and time-honoured traditions; as likewise the giving of a benediction with the left hand. You may remember how, when the patriarch Jacob blessed his grandsons, Joseph placed his eldest son to his father's right hand, according to the natural precedence of the first-born; and that, although Jacob's sight was dim, he knew, as a divinely-inspired prophet, to which son the special blessing was to descend; and he therefore crossed his hands, that in pronouncing it he should lay his right hand on that specially-elected son, and this in spite of the remonstrance of Joseph, who supposed he had made a mistake.

Before concluding my very brief list of exceptions to the indiscriminate use of both hands, I must name one more, in which special employment may be relegated to each. When having to carry a rug, or parcels, in entering a train, steamboat, or carriage, or in going up and downstairs, a standing rule given me by a Naval officer, as being essentially a sailor's rule, was to "carry everything in one hand, by preference the left (being generally the least handy, and the weakest), and to leave your right hand perfectly free, as your protector." It must "hold firmly to rope, bannister, rail, or holdfast before you take one step in advance, up or down, in or out, if not walking on level ground." So long as the right hand and arm are stronger than their fellows, this rule should be kept without fail; and in any case, both hands should never be encumbered, one or other should be free to assist others, if not yourself.

But while granting that certain exceptions must necessarily be made in the exclusive employment of the right hand, I am specially anxious to represent the great loss and inconvenience we experience in depriving ourselves of one hand (more or less) by employing it merely to wait upon the other in a very subordinate way. Nor is it to be regarded as merely an inconvenience and loss of double practical service, but in a still more serious light. The unequal strain in carrying a child, throwing out the shoulder-blade in the effort to keep a fair balance of weight, and the tendency to throw the body on one side in writing, or map- and design-drawing, the danger of curvature of the spine is imminent. All this kind of one-sided action is destructive of health and beauty of form, and results in loss of power to follow many bread-winning vocations. You have all heard of "writers' cramp," otherwise known as "scriveners' palsy;" how many have been laid up by it unable to follow a profession on which their subsistence depended. Violinists, telegraphists, stenographers, type-setters, dancers, cigar-makers, engravers, painters, and many others are victims to this complaint, and to the baneful habit of employing the right hand to

the exclusion of the untrained left. I could scarcely say too much in reprobation of the practice of carrying a child habitually on the same arm as soon as old enough to sit upright. While still a very young infant, in a reclining position, it is better, perhaps, that our one-handed nurses should devote the left arm to its use as a cradle. But the grievous injury to a young girl's spine and shoulder induced by the perpetual unequal strain on one side, is indeed a very grave matter. An under-nurse, or cheap child's maid, bending down on one side, and obliged to throw the hip out to assist in its support, is a very sad sight; her own maturity and her stature not yet attained, and her own bones little harder than gristle! But, oh! how still more deplorable a sight is presented to us when we see a child of from five to ten or twelve, needing the watchful care and protection of a nurse herself, burdened with the weight of a baby unable to walk as yet, but a back-breaking weight for even a grown woman to carry for long. I see them, day by day, swaying and staggering along all on one side!

Enough of this cruel evil. I have said sufficient to give my readers food for reflection, and may revert to the question of "writers' cramp."

People have tried to cure the effect, leaving the cause unrepaired, by employing cork-handled pens, or at least handles of double or treble the circumference of a quill pen. Had they practised writing with the idle hand, they would have struck at the root of the evil.

That some strenuous effort should be made to train the left hand, and increase its usefulness, appears to be most sensible, and a desirable step in advance in these days of extensive reformation in so many respects. To accomplish this, the work should be commenced at a very early period of a child's life. In writing, and in artistic employment of every description, the two hands should be used in regular rotation. One day the exercises, copies, sums, and map-tracing, and all the plain-sewing and fancy work, should be performed by one hand; and on the next by the other, of which the valuable results must be apparent without detailed explanations. An injury to the right hand is a serious drawback to work if the left be unable to write freely or serve its owner with equal expertness as the other; and not injury alone, but a whitlow, or, still worse, a touch of paralysis, might render the sufferer almost helpless, not to speak of the loss of an arm or hand in battle, or in the pursuit of a dangerous avocation.

I should rejoice to think that what I have said had turned the attention of mothers and school principals to this much-overlooked but very important question, in the early training of their children. Here and there, and perhaps more extensively than I am now myself aware of, it has been a subject of practical notice. The Swedes are already in advance of us, for they train their students to fence with both hands, and the promotion of ambidexterity is studied in many of their schools for athletic training. The subject has been ventilated in the United States also, and with much earnestness, by the late James T. Fields, of the Iowa Agricultural College, and Purdue University. The great inconvenience occasioned by one-handedness, the physical one-sided strain and injury, and the incompleteness of the work accomplished in many common details of domestic economy, were fully discussed in an essay of his in a book entitled *Brushwood*. In the use of a broom, a sickle, flail, or, above all, a scythe, this one-sided strain and incompleteness are only self-evident.

De Quincey says, "Ignorant I was of the human frame and of its powers as regarded speech, force, and ambidexterity;" and there are comparatively very few who could not make the same confession of ignorance. How long is this deplorable state of things to continue?—this apathy in reference to an evil of which most people must have a painful personal experience? Let me suggest to mothers and nursery governesses to utilise a child's games, with a view to the training of the left hand. Battledore and shuttlecock, for instance—a very beneficial recreation—keeping, as it does, an upright position and the head well raised—is one of those indoor methods of taking exercise so much needed in rainy and inclement weather. The battledore should be alternately used in each hand, and so bring all the muscles of the arms, shoulders, and sides of the body into use. There is no reason why some of the outdoor pastimes should not be thus utilised, so as to benefit, instead of injure the frame. Here and there we meet with isolated examples of persons who have foreseen the advantages which must accrue in after-life to those who are practically double-handed. Only the other day I read in a contemporary magazine of a lady who was operated upon by a trained ambidextrous dentist, who was such, very fortunately for both himself and his patients, having met with an accident to the right hand, which had thus been disabled for weeks. I once had a nurse, an old family servant, who was erroneously called "left-handed;" but on reflection I now recognise the fact that she had the full use of both hands. As a matter of general custom, she taught us to employ the right hand to the neglect of the left, but she herself could do plain sewing of first-class excellence with the left hand; and I suppose it was quite inadvertently that I contracted the habit of doing a few things myself with the left hand, as, for instance, in threading a needle.

The original cause of one-handedness is a moot point. Scientific men have propounded each his own impression after careful investigations—Dr. Boyd, Sir Daniel Wilson, and Dr. Ogle amongst them. Some say that it is the right side of the brain that governs locomotion; Dr. Ogle, that the monkey and the parrot prefer using the right limb to the left, and that the excessive weight of the viscera on the right side of the human body shifts the centre of gravity to that side of the centre; which may, he says, supply a reasonable solution of the question. Sir Daniel Wilson considers that right or left-handedness finds its general source in the preponderant development of one or other hemisphere of the brain; but that eminent men differ as to the greater weight of the left, than of the right cerebral hemisphere. Dr. Boyd examined five hundred brains of human subjects, and found the left in excess of the right, thus "affecting the opposite side." We recommend those who desire to pursue this investigation any further to read Dr. Wilson's interesting work on "Left-handedness," to which I am indebted for some of my notes. But while the special character and weight of the brain on one side of the head may differ from that of the other, and so regulate the action of the right side of the body and its members, we cannot overlook the fact that, as Dr. Ogle observes, the brute creation in some, if not many instances, prefer the use of the right claw or paw; and moreover, that in some there is a striking difference in the development of the right as compared with the left, notably so in the lobster and the crab.

Before concluding this little article, it may be well to anticipate an observation, which will not be uttered within my hearing. It has reference to the writing of certain Oriental languages from left to right. It is true that, with the exception of the Ethiopic, nearly all the Semitic languages, from the most remote ages, have been inscribed from right to left. But this habit had nothing to do with the use of the left hand, and would in no way interfere with the use of both hands alike.

THE END.

VARIETIES.

What is Disappointment?

Teacher: "Will someone explain what is meant by disappointment?"

Small Boy: "I kin, ma'am."

Teacher: "Well, Tommy?"

Small Boy: "It's when the fish wriggles off the hook when you're sure you've got him."

"Short and Sweet." — "Short and sweet!" shamelessly remarked the grocer as he tied up thirteen ounces of sugar and marked it "one pound."

Apologies are Useless.—"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologise to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em, and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologising and I've found there is nothing you can say to a man that will satisfy him."

Advice.

Don't complain about the weather,
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather,
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain about "the sermon,"
And show your lack of wit,
For like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain about your neighbours,
For in your neighbour's view,
His neighbour is not faultless—
That neighbour being you.

For Students.—Could the young men and the young women now in the schools and colleges of this country know how little time they will have for study when their real life-work has commenced, how earnestly they would improve their schooldays.

Spread the Glad Tidings.—The first words spoken at the open grave of Christ were "Go tell," and every disciple ought to be found doing it.

Answer to Double Acrostic II. (p. 703).

1. L ichfiel D (*a*)
2. O rmol U
3. V illare T (*b*)
4. E y r Y

Love. Duty.

(*a*) Field of the Dead Bodies. Tradition records that during the persecution under Diocletian, in the fourth century, one thousand Christians were put to death in a place still called "Christian Field," near the city.

(*b*) Guillaume de Villaret achieved the conquest of the island of Rhodes in 1310, and it remained in the possession of the Knights-Hospitallers until 1522.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

"PETER AUGUSTINE."—The guitar would be very suitable. To play well is by no means easy, but to play an ordinary song-accompaniment could be accomplished without great difficulty. The concertina is a nice instrument. A few lessons to begin with would be essential as regards both instruments.

THE PARISH FASHION-PLATE.—1. If music be one of the necessary qualifications of the higher grade for which you are preparing, you cannot begin your studies too soon.—2. September 24th, 1877, was a Saturday.

FLORENCE EDINGER.—Mrs. H. Rowson conducts a society for the circulation of pianoforte pieces and songs: subscriptions, 5s. per annum; half-term members, 2s. 6d.; address, 33, Aldridge Road Villas, Westbourne Park, London, W.

ST. IVES.—*Andante, Grazio con moto*, means "moving easily, with a graceful expression": *con moto* signifies "keeping up a lively movement" (not dragging).

A CORNISH LASSIE (1) should stand on the right side of the person playing when turning over the music.—2. The "h" is not pronounced in heir and heiress, nor in hour, hostler, and humour; but pronounce it in hospital, humble, house, hedge, hat, horse, etc.

MANDOLINE must advertise for scholars; but we scarcely think she can possibly be advanced enough to teach others.

ROSIE must wait till she come to London, and go to one of the large music publishers.

A CONSTANT CLAPHAM READER may learn the piano at any age; the only drawback being, that the hands become somewhat stiff and awkward.

G. G.—The words of the song you name are, we believe, by Thomas Haynes Bayly. But no doubt you could make the matter certain by going to a music publisher, and asking for a list of his songs.

AWAITING A REPLY. You had better obtain instruction from your master as to the use of the metronome.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SARNIA wishes to know how much of an income of £400 per annum would be needed for food, but does not say how many there are in family. As a rough estimate, we think about 10s. a week should suffice for each person, where the living is on a plain scale.

LEZA.—The elastic stocking could be cleaned by the new "dry process" at any good cleaner's.

ROCK ROSE can stiffen a fancy straw with a little gum-arabic and water, and the white wing could be cleansed with flour. Yes, they could be used for the hat, with lace and ribbon.

AN ALIEN.—We fear we can say but little more than has already been said in our columns. Apartments would probably be had in the north or west of London.

OWN LAUNDRESS must use boiled starch for coloured fabrics, and must not starch too heavily.

L. M. J. and FLEUR DE LYS.—Chamois leather vests are washed with a little warm water and borax, the leather being rubbed with a little soap jelly, then soaked in tepid water, and rinsed well in a little borax and water; then place in a thick towel, and wring all the water out, dry slowly, and pull the leather out till soft again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGARET.—Your sister's verses are very incorrect in metre; and in the last two stanzas she has "kicked over the traces" altogether, and run quite wild.

VULCAN.—Yes, it is true that fire is extinguished by the action of the sun's rays. They rarefy the air, and cause it to flow more slowly to the fire. Even that amount which reaches it affords less nourishment, because rarefied air contains less oxygen than the same quantity of condensed air. From experiments by Dr. McKeener, we find that the quantity of wax taper consumed in broad sunshine, in the open air, is less than that consumed in a darkened room, in the same time, in the proportion of 10 to 11.

CARRIE.—The most ancient of our cathedrals (in its earliest form) is that of Winchester. It is even said to have been built in 177, by the British sovereign, King Lucius, on the site of a great pagan temple. Another was built A.D. 313, and a third in 871. The present cathedral, regarded in its various parts, shows, at least, seven different dates amongst the principal ones. The most ancient parts are of Saxon origin, built in 980, temp. King Ethelwold. Lichfield, Canterbury, Rochester, and Exeter Cathedrals are all very ancient.

DESPAIR.—There is no cure at all for much-decayed teeth save to have them extracted, which you had better have done at once, as they will ruin your digestion. You might use a disinfectant wash, such as Condy's fluid, or even borax and water.

SYLVIA.—A very simple tooth-powder is cuttle-fish powder, one ounce; cream of tartar, half an ounce; orris-root powder, quarter of an ounce; mixed and used in the evening only. You should not use soap to your face oftener than once a day, and if that be too strong, try a handful of oatmeal in a pint of water, which you may keep in a jug and use as you need it.

A. E. A.—We sympathise much with you in your affliction, and regret that we cannot help you in the matter. It seems hard to say that Time is the best healer, nor is it true; but happily for us, by God's mercy, the edge and bitterness of our grief is thereby partially healed. Remember that we have a Divine Comforter.

RUTH, A PERPLEXED ONE, will find all she needs in the articles by "Medicus."

IRIS and MAY and TWO FRIENDS had better be patient; and as they are so young they may be sure it is better to be guided by their guardian and stay quietly where they are.

CIVIL SERVICE.—We think such superstitions beneath contempt. If your choice of a partner for life be a wise one, commit yourself and him and your whole future to God, and pray for His "blessing," that "maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it." But you must "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," whether your lot be one of prosperity, or of sickness and trial: see Jeremiah xvii. 7, 8. Such can cheerfully say, "My times are in Thy hand," for "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Although your handwriting be a little stiff, it is well formed.

PAULINA STUART.—Surely your note is written in jest? You cannot mean to do anything so forward and unmaidenly as what you suggest?

"GINNY."—Your writing is irregular and crooked—that is, you do not keep the words on straight lines and at even distances; and some letters are large, some small, yet most of them are well formed and freely written. But your spelling needs attention. We are glad you value our paper.

PRIMROSE.—The colour of the hair is a lightish brown, of a warm tint. We do not like to receive scraps of hair from our Correspondents, and request them to keep them for their private friends, who can pronounce quite as well, and even better, on their character.

TRUDA.—August 16th, 1873, was a Saturday; February 14th, 1877, was a Wednesday.

A WEE SCOTCH LASSIE.—English penny stamps are not valuable save of certain issues, and the stories that 1000, or 100,000, will get a child into a hospital are all untrue, so far as we know.

ANNIE (St. Andrew's).—We suppose you mean St. Andrew's Ambulance Association, the offices of which are at 103, West Regent Street, Glasgow. You can write and inquire.

MARA.—The name of the song is "Forever and Forever"—the refrain at the end of each verse.

HERSCHELL (South Africa).—We cannot give addresses, and can only suggest that you address to "the care of the Editor of the 'G. O. P.'"

JO.—Every day will bring you nearer to the time when your hair will be long enough to be tied; and, meanwhile, you might tie a ribbon round your head, with a bow at the top.

ALICE H. B.—1. Instead of reading nearly all day in your place behind the desk, could you not learn to knit socks and children's stockings, woollen vests, shawls, and scarves? These, if well done, could be disposed of in some shop, for hand-made articles of wear will always fetch a fair price.—2. The verses are irregular in the length of the lines, in the fall of the beat (or accentuation); and you must see that the terms "Lord" and "God" do not rhyme. You write a very pretty hand, and we wish more of our Correspondents wrote as well.

QUEEN MAB.—You cannot be "christened two surnames"; your "Christian name" is not your family name, nor given at your baptism. If your father had a legally-assumed second surname before your birth—"Hicks-Jones," as you suggest—and you wish to drop one of them (with his approbation) you may do so without paying a fee to the Government. But, remember, if any will have been made in your favour, under the double surname, it may risk your losing the property; or if your baptismal register be required, and you have always signed yourself, on cheques and otherwise, your identification might be endangered.

WINNIE GATESHEAD.—Your query has just been answered. Spring commences on March 20th.

MARY EVANS.—We do not encourage you to send us your story for publication, which you say is so "pretty and original." We do not employ any but experienced writers. Judging from the style of your letter, you would need much study and teaching to write correctly, quite apart from originality. We are sorry to disappoint you. Your writing is not yet formed.

DESICHADO has learnt the secret that occupation is the best cure for grief. Her little sketch is very pretty, and the words are taken from Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream."



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THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CANARY INTO EUROPE.



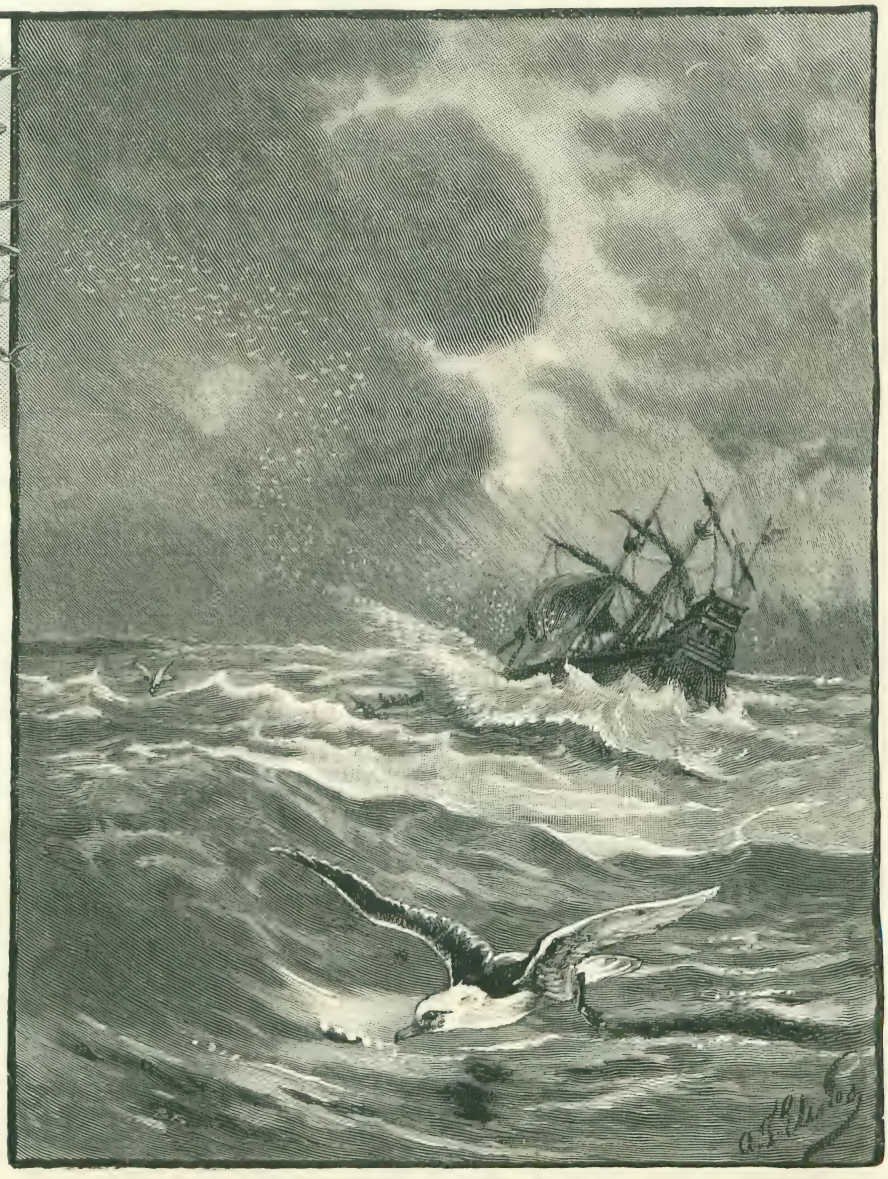
THE introduction of the canary into Europe was attended by an uncommon amount of romance.

A merchant ship, containing a large number of the then marvellous "golden birds," was wrecked off the coast of Italy. The waves were triumphant, and the poor ship, ceasing to struggle against its doom, was settling down to its deep grave, when one of the crew, a mere lad, bethinking him of the imprisoned birds, opened the door of their cage and gave them their liberty. As the ship went down the glad birds rose in the air, fled to the nearest land—the island of Elba—and there took up their abode; the climate being favourable, no doubt they would have speedily increased and multiplied but for two obstructions.

First, the rage that speedily beset the inhabitants for snaring and possessing the curious "golden birds," and the utter ignorance that naturally prevailed as to how they should, when secured, be housed and fed; secondly, the fatal fact that, among the multitude of shipwrecked canaries, there were not more than two or three hens. However, enterprising traders speedily brought more of the birds from the Canary Islands, so they gradually found their way through Europe.

It is believed that the original colour of the canary was not the bright yellow with which its feathers are generally tinted, but a kind of dappled olive green, black, and yellow. By careful management, however, the bird fanciers are able to procure canaries of every tint, as is well-known by our annual shows at the Crystal Palace.

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"THE GLAD BIRDS ROSE IN THE AIR."

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.



CHAPTER XXIX.—*Continued.*

THE tide was nearly in, and Gerwyn was obliged to take his station at the base of the rough wall. He could still see the projecting bay window. Agitation of mind and fatigue of body nearly overcame him—still he stood and watched.

Suddenly a figure appeared in the window. A tall woman took up her station there, stood leaning her elbow against the open window frame, and gazed out upon the sea. A pale face rested on a white hand—dark eyes looked into the distance, as if they would pierce beyond the horizon, and a drooping head projected into the evening air.

"It is she! Mara! Great Father, it is she!" cried Gerwyn from beneath, falling on his knees amongst the huge stones that formed the barrier between sea and cottage.

The waves carried off his cry. Mara neither heard nor saw him. She stood looking for him in the far, far distance, and he so near at hand!

"Mara! my love! my wife!" cried Gerwyn, as he clasped his hands and gazed imploringly upwards.

Mara looked ever towards the far horizon.

"She is looking for me! She is thinking of me!" shrieked Gerwyn to the waves.

Forgetful of his resolve—heedless of all but Mara, he scrambled up the wall of unmortared boulders, leaped from its summit into the flower-garden, ran across the beds into the house, and up the stairs. He opened the first door on the landing-place, the room was untenanted—the second, also empty. He came at last to the little drawing-room. The door was half open, and Mara was in the window, still gazing at the sea. He entered softly, and stood a moment looking at her. How mournfully graceful was the tall figure over which the black dress fell in heavy folds! How strangely pathetic looked the great coils of black hair, contrasting with the delicate white hand! And oh! how utterly forlorn sounded the deep sigh that burst from her breast! just such a sigh as she had uttered every day for more than twenty years!

Gerwyn stood gasping for breath—his hands outspread, his eyes dilated, his face pale as death. He made a step forwards, as if to reach her, uttered a great cry of "Mara!" staggered, and fell heavily on the floor.

Mara heard the cry and fall, and turned round. Seeing a man, she screamed for help, and no one came. She remembered that she had sent Emily for news of the ship that had come into port that afternoon. She advanced tremblingly towards the prostrate figure that had fallen forwards, its head on its arms. The face was hidden, and she saw nothing but the scarlet cap on the floor, and a profusion of black hair.

"What is the matter? Who are you? Get up!" she said; but the figure did not move.

She hastily took some flowers from a vase, and threw the water over the head and neck. Then she hurried downstairs for wine. Returning, she again drew near the motionless form, and, kneeling beside it, raised the head and poured some of the wine down the throat. A strange wild thrill passed through her, as the thin bronze face was turned towards her, and she shrieked—

"Gerwyn! is it—can it be! Gerwyn—my love! my life—is it you? Speak. One word! Husband, is it you?"

The shrill, agonised voice reached the ear of the fainting Gerwyn, and his eyes unclosed for a moment, and closed again.

"It is he! it is he! Gerwyn!" gasped Mara.

She clasped her arms about him, she pressed her lips on his cold face, she tried to raise him, she shrieked his name. He did not revive. She fell on her knees and supplicated heaven in words that must have pierced to that distant sphere; then she rose, and with trembling hand administered more wine.

"My love! my life! you are not come to die! Rouse—wake! It is Mara—your wife—your only love! Gerwyn! husband!"

Thus Mara cried, and the last word reached the deadened senses of him to whom she so passionately appealed. His lips unclosed, and framed the word "Mara."

"I am here, my love. Rouse yourself for my sake. Look at me. It is I——Mara—your wife!"

"Again—say it again—wife!" murmured Gerwyn, making an effort to move.

Mara uplifted the heavy head, placed it against her throbbing heart as she knelt—kissed the cold brow, and said—

"Wife! your wife! Gerwyn! husband!" and then she burst into passionate weeping.

"Only mine!" said Gerwyn, with a heavy sigh.

"Yours for ever and ever!" cried Mara.

Gerwyn was now completely reawakened to consciousness. He half rose with difficulty, supported himself on one knee, and fixed his eyes upon her.

"Mara—are you?" he said, and could ask no more.

"I am Mara—your wife—your love—your own. You are Gerwyn—my—my husband!" sobbed the bewildered woman. "Oh, God, I thank Thee!"

Gerwyn got up, and threw his arms round Mara.

"They told me you were married!" he said, as he held her to his heart, and kissed her again and again.

"To you—to you—oh, Gerwyn!"

She clung to him, now fainting in her turn. He carried her, as best he could, to the couch, and was going to call for help.

"Stay—only you—my life, only you!" she gasped.

He sat down by her, and took her in his arms. Large tears rolled down his bronzed cheeks, his strong frame trembled. Oh! the love, hope, joy, and inexpressible tenderness of that moment!

Neither could speak. Excitement and exhaustion overcame them. Tears—happy tears—took the place of words, and, by degrees, relieved them.

"Is it real—is it true—or is it only a dream?" said Mara, at last.

"Look at me, and remember me, my own, my darling," said Gerwyn. "Twenty years of absence and hardship have not cooled my love—is it so with you?"

"If you could read my heart—but God can—let us thank Him."

Mara fell on her knees at Gerwyn's feet, and joined her hands in childlike simplicity, resting them on his knees. He, too, joined his, reverently, and laid them on her head, bending over her.

Thus they uplifted their united hearts in devout thanksgiving to that Unseen Power who had spared them for that day.

After this, they sat awhile in silence. Strong emotion had overcome them; but joy seldom kills. Such reunions are as rare as they are indescribable, and the passions that rend human hearts cannot be written—they must be imagined. They were together! Gerwyn and Mara, after twenty years of separation! They had been constant as two stars in heaven—they would never part again.

Hand in hand, heart to heart, they sat together for a space, while the sea that had returned its reported dead, murmured without, and evening's shadows fell.

CHAPTER XXX.

"A FAIR FACE IS HALF A FORTUNE."

LET us leave Gerwyn and Mara to their happiness for a little while, and seek out the young man whom Gerwyn left upon the road when he went to Rock Cottage.

He wandered about some time, examining such objects of interest as Arymor possessed. The new church and school-house, built by the indefatigable exertions of Tudor Herbert, seemed especially to attract his attention. Plâs Arymor took up some of his time, so did the distant towers of the old castle, and the windows of its neighbour, the workhouse. He stood gazing awhile at these, then turned suddenly, and walked to the beach. He introduced himself to everybody he came across, and made himself at home with the fishermen who were preparing their boats for fishing.

While he was talking to one of these, he saw a young girl coming towards them, and he immediately went to meet her. As she was about to pass him, he fixed his shrewd black eyes upon her fair face, and said,

"Excuse me, miss, but is this the way to the union?"

"No, sir," said Emily, for she it was.

She was hurrying on, but he, unwilling to let so fair a prize escape, asked again,

"Would you be so good as to show me the way?"

"You must go through the town, sir," said Emily, demurely.

"Oh! I beg pardon for troubling you, but that looks like a new church—may I ask who built it?"

"Mr. Tudor Herbert collected the money, sir. Everybody helped."

"I suppose he is the clergyman?"

"He is Mr. Traherne's curate, sir."

"Is he a very good clergyman?"

"Very, sir."

Emily was moving on, when the stranger checked her again, saying,

"What do they call that wild little cottage yonder?"

"Rock Cottage, sir."

"Who lives there, miss?"

"Mrs. Gerwyn Herbert."

The young man started, and said,

"I didn't know there was a Mrs. Gerwyn Herbert."

This was a strange observation for one who seemed unacquainted with the place, but Emily was not keen enough to perceive it.

"I have a friend who used to know all the Herberts. He told me Mr. Gerwyn was never married, and that he was lost at sea."

"He was married before he went away, sir."

"To whom?"

"To Miss Margaret Vaughan."

The stranger looked astonished and incredulous.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Good evening, sir," said Emily, walking on.

The stranger walked by her side,

"Excuse me, miss, but I know a young lady so like you, that I could almost fancy I was talking to her. Do you know anybody like me?"

"No, sir, I have never seen you before."

She quickened her pace—he quickened his.

"The town is the other way, sir," she said, almost running.

"Never mind. I will take the liberty of walking or running with you. Where are you going?"

"To Rock Cottage, sir."

"What a little way! I wish it was farther. Would you mind telling me your name? I don't mean to be rude, but I want to be your friend."

It was customary at Arymor to call your sweetheart your "friend," so Emily thought the handsome young man very forward, and hurried on without answering.

When she entered Rock Cottage, breathless from her encounter, she ran upstairs. Mara met her on the landing.

"Come into my bedroom, Emily," she said.

They went, and when Emily looked at Mara, she exclaimed—

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

She was astonished and frightened at the change in her mistress. She was like one beside herself, and could scarcely speak. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled through tears. Emily trembled lest that reason, as yet scarcely firm in its seat, should have been again shaken.

Mara threw her arms round the girl's neck, kissed her several times, and then stood before her with clasped hands and head thrown back.

"He is come! he is come! My husband is here!" she exclaimed at last.

Emily now felt sure that she was out of her mind, and taking her hands in hers said—

"Dearest mistress, dear friend, be calm."

"You do not believe me, but it is true, true as the Bible," said Mara triumphantly. "He is come! he is come!"

The marvellous change in Mara's countenance, from intense melancholy to extreme joyousness, carried, in some sort, conviction to Emily's mind. She had never imagined anything so wonderful. The whole face was radiant with happiness. Still she misdoubted the truth, and Mara saw it.

"It is true, quite true. Why do you look so incredulous? The sea has given up its dead, the deserts have returned their captive. Praise God with us, dear Emily. You must not see him to-night. We must be alone, uninterrupted even by you. To-morrow all shall know the glad news, and you shall be the first to see him. Now, go and get tea and supper ready downstairs. Put everything in the house on the table. He is famished, exhausted, worn-out by toil and anxiety. He has told me nothing more yet. I have not asked. It is enough that he is here. He will soon be well now. I cannot leave him longer. Make haste, dear, make haste."

With these words Mara left the bewildered Emily, and returned to the sitting-room. Poor Emily could not believe that Gerwyn was really come back. She crept along the passage, and listened at the door Mara had closed after her. She held her breath while she did so, feeling that she was guilty. But was it not for the sake of her dearest mistress? She heard enough to make her heart beat wildly. Mara was saying—

"I told her she could not see you to-night, Gerwyn, my love. Although she is like my own child, she shall not interrupt us to-night."

A deep voice answered—

"No, my darling. Only you, only you."

Then Emily crept downstairs, fell on her knees, and wept, and thanked God.

She arose and did Mara's bidding. She spread the table in the little dining-room with every eatable that the house afforded. She went out to gather flowers in the dusk. She arranged the table with precision and taste. She boiled fresh eggs, she made tea and coffee, she cut bread and butter. She found cold meat, wine, preserves. What did she not turn out of pantry and cupboard? When all was ready she ran upstairs into Mara's room.

Mara understood the summons. She and Gerwyn went down to the supper prepared for them. Emily's curiosity again overcame her sense of propriety. She peeped out at the door, and saw the back of a roughly-dressed sailor and a head of black hair. She wondered if it were really Gerwyn, or some one else who had come to deceive Mara. But she saw they were hand in hand, and could but admire their tall figures as they went down the little staircase.

Emily stole into the sitting-room, and looked out of the bay-window. She thought of Mara, and rejoiced with her. Then she thought of Ivor, and wondered where he was, now that his parents were again united; then she thought of Gipsy George, then she thought of the handsome stranger, and her heart beat more rapidly than was its custom.

"And yet he was so bold and rude," she muttered, as her eyes wandered down upon the beach.

There he was, looking up at her, and actually beckoning to her.

"So bold and rude!" she repeated, pretending not to see him, and fixing her blue eyes on the purple west.

She again descended to the little parlour, and drawing down the blind, tried to settle to her work; but no sooner did she take it out, than there was a tap at the window. She looked up, and fancied she saw an eye and part of a nose peering through an aperture. She blushed, trembled, and gazed steadily at her work again. She thought she heard a whispered "Emily," but her heart beat so fast that she was not sure.

She got up and went into the passage. The front door was unfortunately open, and before she could shut it her tormentor was there.

"Pray come out," he said, "I do so want to speak to you."

But Emily's prudence prevailed over her inclination, and she turned and ran upstairs without speaking. It was getting very late, and she knew that the doors ought to be shut. Perhaps the man was a robber; but had robbers such a pleasant, hearty voice, and such a fine beard? She crept to the top of the stairs and peeped down. There was no one at the door. She ran down and fastened it, longing all the while to go and talk to the handsome stranger. But of course he would know, now, that she did not mean to have anything to say to him. He did, indeed, seem to understand this fact; for when, after awhile, she went from window to window, peeping through the blinds, she saw him no longer.

When in the passage, she heard the low murmuring of the voices of the lovers like the distant sound of soft waters.

"And I am all alone!" she said, thinking too fondly of that luckless stranger whom she had seen for the first time that very day.

At last she went into her bedroom, and took out of a small box full of cotton wool and lavender the brooch and locket Gipsy George had sent her. She scarcely knew why she did this, but she knew that she had refused to marry two or three young farmers and tradesmen for the sake of George, and that she was now thinking of this handsome stranger.

She felt quite excited by all these new events—she, usually so calm. She could neither work, read, nor sit still. And Gerwyn and Mara would not come out of the parlour. Eleven, twelve, one o'clock struck, and still they talked on. Emily got so tired of wandering about the house, and gazing at the moon, that she thought she would go to bed. But all the tea-things must be washed! What could she do? She lay down on the bed undressed, to rest and wait, as she thought. But she soon fell fast asleep with George's locket in her hand, and dreaming of the good-looking stranger.

She was aroused at daybreak by Mara. The reunited married pair had forgotten time and Emily, and were only awakened to consciousness of either by the first streak of dawn. Mara made Gerwyn lie down on the drawing-room couch while she went to Emily. Neither of the women could sleep, so they washed and re-dressed, and went quietly to work.

While the sun was rising behind the mountains, and the mists were clearing from the sea, they cleaned the house, arranged the breakfast, gathered all the flowers in the little garden for the table, and made the rooms as cheerful and bright as possible. When this was done they put on their best attire to welcome Gerwyn home.

Emily looked at Mara with astonishment. She had never known before how handsome she was.

"How pretty you look, ma'am," she said innocently. "So bright and happy, I don't think you are the same you were yesterday morning."

"I am so glad, Emily. Run quickly up the hill and pick me a bunch of pink heath," said Mara.

Emily obeyed. The hill was close behind the house, so she soon gathered the heath and descended. When she reached the bottom, she met her bearded friend of the previous evening.

"I have caught you," he said triumphantly. "Why wouldn't you come out last night?"

"Good-morning, sir, I am going in to breakfast," said Emily demurely, seeming to pass on, yet tarrying.

"I wish you would ask me, I am very hungry. You look as fresh and pretty as a rose. You needn't be afraid of me, I wouldn't harm a thread of your golden hair."

Mara's voice was heard from the garden crying, "Emily, make haste." Emily hurried off, leaving the handsome stranger to pick up a sprig of heath she had dropped.

"Who were you talking to?" were Mara's first words.

"I don't know, ma'am," was the reply.

At any other time Mara would have inquired further, but now she only thought of her heather blossoms. Emily helped to put them into her dark hair, and when they were tastefully placed, Emily again gazed at Mara and exclaimed,

"There's pretty you look, dear! So young, and a colour like the heath."

"I am so glad," said Mara, looking in the glass.

She had not cared to see her own face for more than twenty years.

She went softly into the little drawing-room where her husband was asleep on the sofa. She stood some time gazing on his dear face, so altered, yet the same. What a face and form it was! Thought had given force to the countenance, labour had hardened the limbs.

He was grander, nobler than when he left her. Yes, it was Gerwyn, strengthened and purified by sorrow. She knelt down beside him noiselessly, and said her simple prayers. Surely she, too, had been beautified if humbled by trial and long concealment.

A heavy sigh burst from her husband's breast, and he muttered the word "Mara." She pressed her lips lightly on his brow.

"Stay, stay, Mara!" he cried, an expression of pain passing over his face.

Then he said some words in an unknown tongue, seemingly of entreaty. Again,

"Mara, don't leave me!"

"Never, dearest, never!" said Mara, rising from her knees and bending over him and kissing him.

He awoke, and a wonderful smile replaced the momentary anguish caused by the dream.

"Is it Mara? Is it my wife?" he said, clasping the bending figure in his arms. "I dreamed they were tearing you from me."

"We will never part again, Gerwyn, my love," said Mara.

Then he got up and gazed upon her.

"How beautiful you look, my Mara. You are scarcely changed since the days when I called you my heather blossom, and put the flower in your hair. I am a poor mate for such a queenly woman."

"And I feared that if you came back you would find me old and ugly," said Mara.

"Even so you would still be my Margaret, my pearl, my all in all!"

Who shall describe the proud beauty of Mara's face at those words from the lips of him she loved better than her life, or who shall paint the bliss of the husband, who, after twenty years of separation, hardship, peril, captivity, slavery, found his wife as true to him, and as fair in his eyes, as when they parted?

As Mara twined her arms round his neck, and kissed his bronzed, sunken cheek, and as he pressed her to his heart, each felt a joy and thankfulness deep and sincere. But even at this moment of supreme happiness a pang shot through their hearts, as from Mara came the words, "If Ivor were but here!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Gwell baw ymhell na mêl yn agos."

"Better dirt from a distance, than honey at home."

When Gerwyn had made himself as presentable as circumstances would permit, he was introduced to Emily. The blushing girl met the tall, eagle-eyed, foreign-looking sailor half in fear.

"She has been a daughter to me, dear Gerwyn," said Mara. "When I lost Ivor and came here to watch for you and him, she, like Ruth, forsook all and followed me."

"Then I will be a father to her, God helping me," said Gerwyn, taking Emily's hand, and kissing her blushing cheek.

Tears came into her blue eyes as she said, "Thank you, sir, I will try to be a good daughter to you and my dear mistress. I am very glad you are come back, and that she is so happy."

After this the three went to breakfast.

"Thank God for all his mercies by land and sea," said Gerwyn, reverently, before they began the meal.

Mara took her proper place at the board, and for the first time since she had been at Rock Cottage, poured out the tea, and acted hostess to her welcome guest. Emily could scarcely help looking at her. Her eyes shone like the morning sun that glanced in at the window; her cheeks glowed like the heather in her black hair. Truly she was made beautiful by happiness. Her stately figure was once more erect, and the pent-up love of a life burst forth each minute in terms of endearment.

Gerwyn sat by her side, and he, too, was supremely happy, but he seemed to rejoice with fear. At one moment he was joyous, the next grave, and his sad experience of life told more on him than on Mara. She alone could have recognised the light-hearted, rollicking youth—hero of Arymor in old days—in the thoughtful man of commanding presence and resolute eyes of the present time. But Mara knew him, and felt that by-and-by the smile that lurked beneath the furrows, like wheat under a ploughed field, would burst out into light and joy. The history she had heard the previous evening, in that long conversation, was sufficient guide to the changed manner, voice, and aspect—it should be hers to make the waste places bloom again. Already an occasional flash of merriment shot through his eyes, and recalled the Gerwyn of the past.

"This is our wedding-breakfast, Mara," he said. "How peaceful it seems, but like a dream. I do not know myself, and have half forgotten my native tongue. Will they know me at home?"

"I did not tell them what you were like in my note, only that you were here," said Mara.

"I almost wish you hadn't written. I should like to have surprised them."

"I was afraid of the effect on your mother of a sudden return, so I wrote to Llewellen, and begged him to prepare her."

"When did the note go?"

"Just before we came to breakfast."

"Then we must not be long, dearest

Mara. I cannot eat. You mustn't be anxious, appetite will come when excess of joy has abated. We have so much to do, and so many to see to-day, that I can think of nothing else."

While they were breakfasting, Emily was glancing from time to time out of the window. The handsome stranger was wandering about in front, apparently watching the sea. Gerwyn saw him, and exclaimed:

"I think that is my friend of yesterday. He asked me to dinner and supper. Perhaps he has had no breakfast."

Gerwyn went to the window.

"May I have him in, Mara? I daresay he was expecting me all the evening, and I never gave him a thought."

Emily smiled serenely, knowing where the young man's thoughts had been.

"Do as you like," said Mara, who did not want a stranger at that moment if Emily did.

Gerwyn went to the door and shouted—

"Here! mate! Come here!"

"He is not changed," said Mara rapturously. "Emily, he is just the same. He used to worry his mother by asking everyone he met to the house, and would have them in."

Emily was watching the young man, who turned and walked quickly to the cottage.

"Is that you? I have been looking for you everywhere," said the stranger to Gerwyn, as they shook hands.

"Yes. Will you come in. I have found a home since I saw you yesterday," said Gerwyn.

The stranger hesitated.

"You are right," said Gerwyn smiling. "You question my authority. Mara, will you come and ask my friend in?"

Mara went to the door. The young man looked at her and coloured.

"Will you come in? Any friend of Mr. Gerwyn Herbert's is welcome here," said Mara.

The stranger started and glanced from one to the other.

"You see you may come in," said Gerwyn, pointing to the parlour-door.

The stranger entered and faced the blushing Emily, who thought him much changed from the bold young man of the previous evening.

"As you are not from these parts, friend," said Gerwyn, "you know nothing of Arymor people. If you did, you would know the Herberts. I am Gerwyn Herbert, who have been lost to my friends for more than twenty years. When I left you yesterday so abruptly, I believed myself a miserable man. You find me the happiest fellow in the world. This is my wife, Mrs. Gerwyn Herbert. Shake hands with her, and then have some breakfast. This is our foster-daughter—I daresay you may shake hands with her, too. I don't forget that you offered me a share of all you have."

The young man was so puzzled and shy, that he even forgot to press Emily's hand, which she almost expected.

"I—I—don't understand," he said, looking from one to the other.

"I scarcely understand myself, still it is all true. What is your name?" said Gerwyn.

"I—I——" stammered the youth.

"Well, never mind your name. Mine was John Piper yesterday, and Owoohana Falamoorna six months ago; now it is Gerwyn Herbert, thank God."

Mara's eyes were fixed on the stranger. She did not quite like his not telling his name.

"I am almost sure I have seen you before," she said, and a vision of many disreputable tramps, with black eyes and beard, presented itself.

"I—I—really don't know," stammered the youth, looking down.

"Never mind. We see him now, dear, and I am sure he is as welcome to your good cheer as he wished to make me to his," said Gerwyn.

"Truly, yes," said Mara; "do have some breakfast."

"I am glad you are so fortunate, and happy," blurted out the young man, colouring all over. "It does my heart good. He saved my life, ma'am; and you——" he added, addressing Mara, and again stopping short.

"How nice he is!" said Emily to herself. "If Gipsy George were like that!"

"You must drink our health," said Gerwyn, "if only in coffee."

They all sat down, and the stranger made a hasty breakfast. Mara could not help looking at him, and he was conscious of it.

"I am hindering you now, sir," he said. "I will call again before I leave Arymor."

He looked at Emily.

"Don't hurry. We must go, but I daresay you may stay as long as you like," said Gerwyn, forgetful of the rules of society.

Mara smiled.

"He will come again, I hope," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am. I wish you health and happiness, and long life, and——" again the stranger paused as he gulped down a cup of coffee.

"And the return of our lost son," added Gerwyn. "Thank you, mate."

The ready tears were in Mara's eyes. The stranger rose and took leave awkwardly. He did not even notice Emily, which troubled her much. His departure was a relief, for his presence had been a restraint.

"Now, darling, we will go," said Gerwyn. "Can you venture to walk with such a shabby fellow as I am? More savage than civilised, too?"

"I will put on my best bonnet, and see how we look," said Mara.

She did so, and the contrast was great; still Gerwyn's air was remarkable, rough as was his dress.

"We will make our first cruise together as man and wife," he said, as they left the cottage arm-in-arm.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

An Eccentric Organist.

The eccentricities of Johann Ludwig Böhner, the famous German organist, were almost beyond belief. On one occasion he announced an organ concert at Oldenburg. The church was filled and everyone full of expectation, when Böhner appeared in the organ-loft and said:—

"It is impossible for Ludwig Böhner to play to such an idiotic audience."

Great Folly.—The mariner who should put to sea without a chart or compass, trusting to his own knowledge, would, without a doubt, on the first stormy night, repent of his folly. How much greater is the folly of those who trust in themselves and neglect to use the lamp of God's truth, or to see the enlightening influences of His spirit.

"Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her, noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless."
J. R. Lowell.

The Poet and the Pedlar.

Pedlar: "One moment, please. You are a poet, I am told."

Scribbler: "Y-e-s, but I er—have—not published very much of my work as yet."

Pedlar: "Exactly; that's why I called."

Scribbler: "Eh? Are you a publisher?"

Pedlar: "No, sir; I am general agent for one of the greatest money-saving inventions of the age."

Scribbler: "Um! I would certainly like to save money."

Pedlar: "Yes, that's it, and I've got the thing to enable you to do it. Its a little rubber stamp with the words "Declined with thanks" upon it. You write your poem, put it in an envelope, slip in a piece of paper with those words on it, address the envelope to yourself, open the envelope, read the slip, throw the whole business in the waste-basket, and there you are. You'll save ten times its cost in postage-stamps every week."

Enthusiasm.—Be not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.

Tough Meat.

Customer: "If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last one, I'll take away my custom."

Butcher: "What was the matter with it?"

Customer: "Why, it was so tough, that when it was cooked I couldn't get my fork even into the gravy."

Thanksgiving.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all the power
Of aiding each other in Life's dark hour,
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand."—*Will Carleton.*

"When she spoke,
Such a becoming diffidence adorn'd
The accents of her voice, as seemed to say
She feared her words might wound that modesty
In whose defence her trembling tongue pronounced them,
In gentle, yet in most persuasive sort."
Beller.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART XI.

The Industries of Animals.

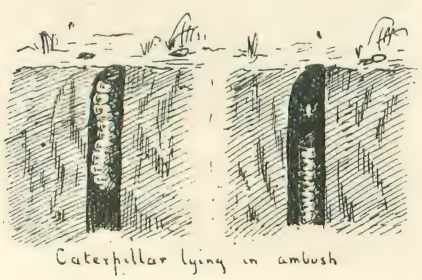
All well-qualified and true observers, who have made a sympathetic study of the ways and doings of any particular branch of lowly life, are struck with the amount of intelligence displayed by its members, little previously anticipated. Dr. Dallinger, an eminent and much respected scientist (whom nobody can accuse of making statements not borne out by facts), after a careful study of the life of spiders, extending over five years, is forced to grant to them a higher degree of intelligence than before such a study he had imagined, and which seems to have overwhelmed him with amazement. The same story reaches me from all sides. The poet and philosopher dreamt that all nature must be bound round by the golden cords of unity, and science, step by step, is proving the truth of their dream.

The manners and customs of the animal kingdom are found to bear a very close parallel to those of primitive man, or those of uncivilised man of the present day. As with primitive man, so with animals, they hunt and fish, store in barns, domesticate certain of their members, harvest, and reap, live in caverns. The fox and rodent dig dwellings in the earth. Certain birds construct their nests by the same method of manufacture as the woollen stuffs of which the wandering tribes make their tents to-day. The ants make vast dwellings of clay. The beavers build huts of wood and mud. As man has done, and still does, animals collect provisions, reduce their fellows to slavery, build admirably arranged houses, know how to make them healthy, and how to defend them against attacks from without, and also they, without doubt, possess the rudiments of ethical laws.

A Caterpillar lying in Ambush.

The most simple method of hunting employed by primitive man, was the ambush, namely, taking advantage of a thicket or some natural hiding-place to bound out on an unsuspecting victim. The Crocodile can make itself like a dead tree floating on the stream, and can disappear without producing the slightest movement of the water, and as noiselessly reappear amongst its intended victims. The Python hangs down like a creeper from a tree, and entwines its horrible body around the unfortunate victim passing below that has not noticed the delusion. A fox constructs a cleverly devised ambush when hunting hares.

The larva of a Tiger Beetle will bore a hole in the ground nearly the width of its body, but of an enormous depth for its size —forty centimetres. By arching its supple body against the sides of the hole, it keeps level with the surface of the ground, and thus closes up the hole. A little insect, say, an ant, comes along with no suspicion of the trap, as it is an exact imitation of the soil, but when the caterpillar feels the ant passing over its head it drops down into its long hole, taking with it the little ant, to have the juices of its body sucked out at leisure. The Ant Lion excavates a conical pit-fall, in which it conceals itself, and seizes any unfortunate ants, and other insects that may happen to fall into it.



Caterpillar lying in ambush

The Baited Ambush.

This hunting by chance ambush is carried to a higher degree of perfection by the prepared ambush. So lowly a thing as a fish conceals itself in the mud, and makes a mobile and supple filament, which is attached to its lower jaw, look like a worm, so that the smaller fish prowling in its neighbourhood mistake it for food and disappears down the mouth of the big fish, before discovering their error.

Another fish, by fringed appendages all over its body, looks like a marine plant, and its general colour being exactly like its surroundings, conceals itself amidst the seaweed. From its head arises three movable filaments, formed by three spines detached from the upper fin. The fish, by agitating these three filaments, gives them the appearance of worms, and thus attracts the fish on which it feeds.

A Fish hunting with Projectiles.

Primitive man obtained his prey from a distance by throwing stones, shooting poisoned darts and arrows, and in later times civilised man does this by means of bullets. Certain creatures likewise secure their prey by projectiles from a distance. Certain fish swimming in the rivers of India live on insects that wander over the leaves of aquatic plants, and to secure them, the Toxotes draw in a few drops of water, and contracting its mouth squirts it over the insect with such unerring aim as to bring it down into the water.



Fish hunting with projectile

Other animals also squirt various liquids, sometimes in attack, but more especially in defence. The Cephalopods emit their ink, which darkens the water, and so allows them to escape. Another fish, the Chelinous of Java, in like manner squirts at a fly, and if it should miss the mark will shoot again till it has succeeded, thus showing that its movements are not of a machine nature. The Chinese preserve these curious fish in jars, and amuse themselves by making them carry on this little exercise. These facts cannot be doubted, as they have been witnessed and described by many trustworthy observers.

Hunting in Co-operation.

I have often watched with much amusement in the country different pairs of dogs having the most rollicking games together; they always put on a most innocent look as much as to say, "See, we are doing no harm, only having a game of fun together," but gradually in their play they would get further and further from their master's call, till away they go on a poaching expedition amongst the rabbits, to return in a few hours thin and hot, bearing a most demoralised and penitent look, fully aware of the flogging that awaited them.

I think this is a lingering instinct in dogs of the habit of hunting in pairs or flocks, which was the rule amongst their remote ancestors. Wolves and wild dogs hunt in bands and in strategy and relays, and by this means capture their prey, which, if hunting alone, they would not have a chance of securing.

Two wolves have been known to approach a flock of sheep; one of them attracts the attention of the guarding dog, who rushes after him with such ardour that he fails to perceive in the meantime the second thief has seized and dragged a sheep into the wood. The sheep-dog finally gives up the pursuit, and returns to his flock. Then the two confederates join each other and share the prey.

Sometimes a male wolf in company with a female, will hunt a deer whose swifter pace would give them no chance unless they adopted a dodge. So they undertake the chase in turns, one rests while the other hunts, and so clever is this arranged, that the hunted deer is always driven close to the concealed and resting wolf. By this system of relays, the strength of the deer is gradually exhausted, and is seized and killed. After which the two knowing rascals share the booty together.

Mr. Tennent tells of a trick which has twice to his knowledge been played on a dog, by two of the small glossy crows of Ceylon. A dog was intent on gnawing a bone; two crows approached, and tried all manner of devices, without success, to draw off the dog. At last one crow approached and dealt the dog a smart tap on the back; this being too much for the dog's control he made after the crow to avenge the insult, and in doing so left the bone unguarded, which the other crow promptly seized in his beak and carried off in triumph. Poor dog, how disgusted and humiliated he must have felt.



Crows hunting in co-operation

ROSE WHITETHORN'S STORY.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER II.

"At the sight of the men my father rose, his hair stood on end, his eyes were strained as at some supernatural sight; he attempted to speak but no sound came from his parched throat. It was necessary to rouse him, and, laying my hand on his and looking in his face, I asked him where they should lay his 'patient' that he might examine him.

"He shivered, and after a strong effort—'Bring him here,' he said, 'lay him by the fire, get a cordial and send for Cooper from Merrington! Will you be afraid to stay, my dear.'

"The misery of his appealing look, and the tenderness with which his voice trembled at the final word, nearly overcame my firmness, but I gathered strength to answer in a voice that shook but little that I would stay.

"So they brought the poor bruised body into our ordinary sitting-room, and laid it here on this hearth where we now sit: many and many a night when the wind outside was howling and the rain driving against the pane, I have seen it lying as it lay then, and he has seen it too—Edward; the poor hands that used to be so active hanging listless, one touching the floor, the outline of the handsome features clearly visible beneath the cloak, and the evening dress but little disordered except where it was stained by the ooze in which it had lain all the night through. I can never forget it, it was always present to him in his dark hours, it was part of his weary penance."

"But you can have no need of penance, Rose, if indeed he may have had. But why remain in this house, why subject yourself to the ever-recurring torture of such memories?"

"I could not leave it while he lived, and the horror of that morning is so burnt into my soul that change of place would make but little difference, and besides, there are sweet memories connected with these old walls which I might miss if I went elsewhere. But to resume, though my father seemed incapable of action on his own part, he mechanically obeyed my directions: happily the men were too stupid or too much horrified at the catastrophe to observe the singularity of his manner. By the time the few restoratives which suggested themselves had been tried, of course without effect, the Rector arrived prompt as ever to give the comfort of his presence to those in trouble. He had, I know, been aware of my father's dislike to Dr. Browning, and not unnaturally attributed the prostration of his faculties to the emotion which a generous mind would naturally feel at the sudden and awful death of a person towards whom it had cherished a perhaps unreasonable dislike. After a few kind words to us, he went to comfort the widow and children, and all that terrible day the body laid where it was first put, and all day long he and I sat side by side, bound by an irresistible fascination.

"At nightfall they brought the coffin and carried him away to his own house; you were with them, Edward; were I to live a thousand years I shall never forget the shame, the torture of seeing you, of hearing you strive to utter as well as your grief would permit, thanks for the shelter given to your poor father. Had you been less overwhelmed with sorrow you must have remarked my father's look of supplication. He suffered more then, I believe, than even at the inquest, where he had to give evidence as the last person who had seen Dr. Browning alive. The formal examination and testimony of the cause of death was given by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Temple of Clovermead, you remember, and both were astonished at the effect of Dr. Browning's tragic death on my father; they came back with him after the inquest, and as they had both come from a distance, and as Mr. Cooper would have to pass close to the spot where the accident had happened, they were naturally anxious to learn as much as possible about Dr. Browning's movements on the fatal night, but they could elicit nothing new from him. The statements he had made at the inquest he repeated again and again without any variation and with no sign of impatience. The two gentlemen took leave early; I thought that their visit would never come to an end, and yet when they prepared to take their leave I would gladly have detained them. At last they were gone; my father came back from seeing them off, heaved a heavy sigh and sunk back in a chair. If the calls of his profession had not forced him into action I cannot tell how we should have got through that terrible week; but Dr. Browning's death threw a great deal of work on his shoulders. It was not until the funeral was over that he told me he intended to keep the practice up for the widow, and asked me if I thought I could go and tell her so.

"A vision of the widowed wife and of the desolate house rose before me, and I could not repress a shudder.

"'My poor child!' groaned my father, turning away with a look of misery that I could not bear, and I called out that I would go, that I would go on the morrow.

"You remember that I came, Edward; how strange and cold I must have seemed to your poor mother, I felt that I scarcely dared speak to her, being overwhelmed with a vague sense of guilt all the more terrible because it was so undefined. That my dear father could wittingly have caused Dr. Browning's death seemed simply impossible; no irritation, I thought, could have so changed his natural disposition, and yet—and yet—what else could it all mean? Sometimes I almost argued myself into the belief that he was labouring under a delusion; it was clear that he had parted from your father nearly a mile from the place where the accident had happened; the two had met at the county dinner at Merrington, and Dr. Browning had asked my father to drive him over in his gig, and had got out at the stile where there was a much shorter way home. My father had offered to drive him but he preferred the foot-way, it was much nearer and the night was fine though dark; his venturing across the quarry-field was matter of surprise to few, though it was generally considered risky in the dark, the face of the precipice only being protected by a slight railing; but it was a way which Dr. Browning familiarly used. It was clear that he had heedlessly swerved from the path and knocked against the railing, which was found to be perfectly rotten, and must have given way with his weight. It was difficult to see how my father could have any blame in the matter when I reasoned by myself, utterly incomprehensible. With such reflections I armed myself when I went to see your mother, but when I stood in your darkened home, all my confidence forsook me, and I stood before her overwhelmed with shame. I stammered out my father's message; she flung her arms about me with many words of thankfulness and blessing. I bore it as well as I could, but you cannot wonder that I shrunk from another such meeting. All other care, all other love was now lost for me in my father. I knew only that I was a daughter, and that he who had been all in all to me now depended on me for such alleviation of his lot as was possible, and he gradually came to lean on me, even to take counsel from me and to yield me unquestioning obedience."

"I well remember the change in you, Rose, and how people remarked it. Dr. Whitethorn's grief, too, surprised everyone, but your sudden gravity and womanliness was even more a general subject of observation, and subsequently Dr. Whitethorn's generosity to my mother."

"He would have kept it secret if he could," said Rose; "undeserved praise is shame to a noble mind, and to my father it was cruel suffering."

"And yet, after all," said Browning, "I cannot believe that he ever had done my father wrong; his sudden death shocked him; he was of a highly nervous temperament, examples of such hallucinations are common in medical practice."

"Hear me to the end, it will not be long now, but one is apt to linger over the past even when it is the saddest. Nothing is altogether evil to those that love their Lord, and I have always the memory of your constant affection. Oh! what a friend you have been to me through good report and evil report!"

"How could I be otherwise? I saw you changed indeed, but none the happier for the change. You avoided me, but it was not to show favour to anyone else; your beauty assumed a severe, at times almost a stern, character; I might mourn for the change, but my love was marred by no fickleness in you. The self-denial of your life was written on your countenance, was illustrated in every act. I should indeed have been unworthy if my heart could have reclined on one less noble than yourself."

"That supreme sorrow was spared us, Edward. God comforts those who find that they have chosen apples of Sodom instead of honest fruit! Hard as my sorrow was to bear, it had not that burden. All the time you were studying, till you had taken your degree, my father worked to keep the practice together; by far the larger half of what he earned was given to your mother, but he never, if he could help it, saw your mother; her letters, overflowing with gratitude, he never touched. I opened them and merely said that she had received his enclosure and thanked him. When your sisters married it was my father who supplied the necessary funds."

"But in both cases the post-mark was London. I went to the bankers when I was in London, but they could not or would not enlighten me as to our unknown friend. Dr. Whitethorn had done so much for us, that it never occurred to any one of us to attribute those sums to him."

"It was not likely that it should, but there was not one of his many acts of reparation which gave him more relief than that. He saw both your sisters on their wedding days and seemed happier for months afterwards."

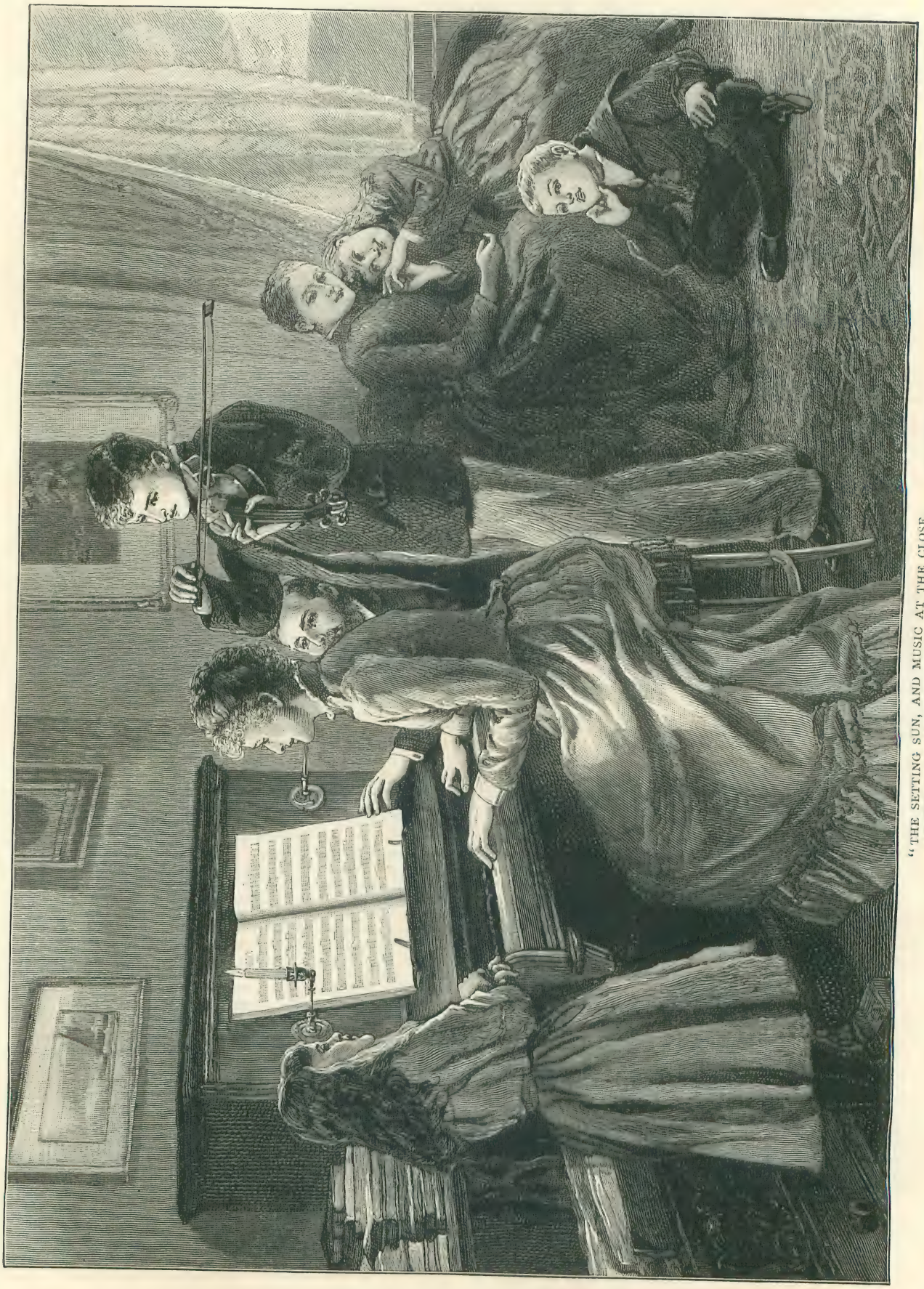
"Did he never wish to see you married, Rose?"

"I think not," said Rose slowly and sadly. "I do not think that he ever separated me from himself, or contemplated the possibility of my leaving him, he could hardly have done without me."

"But tell me, what reason had you for believing that your father had anything to do with the accident. It seems to me thus far that both you and he have conjured up a nightmare and made your lives miserable with it."

"Sometimes in the long years that are gone I have thought so too, for never till he was dying did my father speak to me on the subject. It was a solemn moment, I can scarcely speak of it even to you."

"Do not, dear, do not if it hurts you—I am



"THE SETTING SUN, AND MUSIC AT THE CLOSE,
AS THE LAST TASTE OF SWEETS IS SWEETEST LAST;
WRIT IN REMEMBRANCE MORE THAN THINGS LONG PAST."—*Shakespeare.*

content not to know. You break my heart when you look like that."

"No, I must tell you, I cannot bear the burden of the secret alone, besides, it was his will that you should know it. My poor father! surely—surely there is mercy for him. Forty years of suffering, forty years of reparation must have gone far to blot out the sin of one night. Tell me, Edward, tell me, must not days of toil and nights of torture have availed to atone for the sin of one night—of one hour?"

"Be comforted, poor sister, our Judge is a righteous Judge; trust Him, poor tortured one!"

"After all it was but a sin of omission, it was only what he did not do—can it be unpardonable?"

"Tell me what it was, if indeed there was anything. Your father always seemed to me to deserve my gratitude and esteem: if he yielded to a momentary temptation, many a saint of God has done the same. Remember David, the man after God's own heart, what terrible sins he fell into and yet he did not die."

"It is a wonderful story," said the doctor's daughter in a more composed tone, "and it is written for our instruction. It was three days before he died, the sun had set and I was sitting by his bed in the twilight when the sound of his voice startled me. 'Rose,' he said, 'you have been a dutiful child and you will not lose your reward, though your father dare not bless you; you have borne with me for long, long years, but I cannot die with the weight of my secret on my conscience.' I comforted him as best I could, and he presently resumed, 'You know I would speak to you of the night when the accident happened by which Browning lost his life. It is right that you should know the truth. I have kept the secret so long for your sake, my poor child! had it not been for you, I should have made a clean breast of it long ago if confession can make a breast clean that has given harbourage to the spirit.' I soothed him as best I could, but I fear my words were weak, for my heart sank within me. 'We came together as far as the stile; Browning had driven into Merrington in the morning with Sir Edward Stapleton, but Sir Edward left early and he volunteered to return with me; as I had my gig, I could not refuse to take him, though God forgive me! I would rather have taken the fiend himself for my companion. Browning was in high spirits, and rattled on in a way that was very galling to my moody temper, the wine which had raised his spirits had depressed mine. All the hard thoughts I had ever had of him came back with tenfold bitterness. I fancy people had slighted me at dinner, though I believe it was my own gloom that repulsed them, and as we drove side by side, I could hardly gather grace to mutter brief replies to Browning's brisk talk; he started subjects, too, which were specially annoying to me, boasting of the success of his treatment in cases in which I believed that only a lucky accident had saved his patient. When we came to the stile he bade me stop and said he would walk the rest of the way. I offered no opposition; I felt as though I must have laid hands on him had he sat another moment by my side. He jumped down, and totally unconscious of my irritation gaily wished me "good-night." "I shall be home before you, doctor," he cried; "just five-and-twenty minutes past eleven," he said, going to one of the lamps to look at his watch, for the night was pitch dark. "I shall just run across the quarry-field and down the lane and be snugly between the blankets before you and old Dobbin have jogged home."

"'Those were the last words that mortal ears ever heard him speak—the cry of his dying agony was heard by God alone.'

"He stopped, I dared not give credit to the hope that flashed upon me—here was no treachery, no violence. I held his hand in silence waiting if there were more. It came presently in a whisper, every syllable of which thrilled to my very marrow.

"'I knew that the railing had given way, it had fallen at the point where the footpath skirted the edge of the quarry. I knew that the heedless blockhead was rushing on his death and I never warned him; if he went across the quarry-field in that black night, it was scarcely possible that he should not go straight to his ruin. I knew that the rail was gone and I never warned him!' All through the desolate night the weary moan was repeated from time to time. I gave such comfort as I could; I prayed, I wept, but he passed away in fear and trembling. Forty years of penitence had not availed to weaken the sense of guilt. Oh, Edward, do you think that there may be pardon for him?"

"Alas! what can I say? we must leave it with Him who alone knoweth. Your father was dearer to Him than even to you, it was an awful chastisement that he endured."

"Can you forgive him, Edward, can you not curse his memory?"

"Who am I that I should curse? May the Great Father deliver us from evil! The words that your father did not speak have darkened your life and mine. I cannot tell, even if he had been warned, my father might have persisted in his purpose; speak of it no more, and think of it as little as may be. But few years remain to us, then we, too, shall pass to that wider knowledge which awaits the saints; let us be found faithful, and He who hath cared for us hitherto will care for us to the end."



"ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS."

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

It is not true—not here, at all events
(And how it may be after, who can tell?)
Along the mystic scroll of Father Time,
The edges frayed of still unmended rents,
Torn by the hand of grief, or, deadlier still,
Cut by the sharpened dagger of desire,
Ambition, love, what not—whatever is
To each poor human soul, for good or ill,
The "Be all and the end all" of his hopes,
Yet frustrate; aye, the jagged holes which stare
From out Life's pages, show to all our eyes
That waiting does not mend them. If it did,
Why then, what blessèd comfort should we find
Growing like Mayblooms in our very souls,
And scenting all our lives with odorous thoughts
Of certain bliss to come—not *hopes* of it,
But *sure*—some day. Alas! and still alas!
That in this world not one in ten, perchance
Not one in fifty, ere achieves the goal
On which his heart is set, though he may strive
And wear himself away, and ever weave
A rope, which, like the fabled rope of sand,
Breaks down, instead of holding his fond wish,
Which else it should have brought him. Oh! which else?
Talk not of that, 'tis like the mights, and shoulds,
The oughts, and could-have-beens, that never were,
The cankered buds of many hopeful flowers,
The dreams, which stern reality dispels:
As starving men wake from a fancied feast
To feel their hollow misery the more.
Nay, fight we must, or else like cravens yield,
And hope we must, or heart and soul would fail.
Pandora's box is ever in our hand
The while life lasts, and we may not despair,
Which means defeat; but yet not over sure
Can we be of attaining the one thing—
The "apple of our eye," the very core
Of our soul's longing, that may never come;
And on the years may roll, like the grey sea,
Wave after wave, the same, yet not the same;
And never bring to us our heart's desire.
So, we must in our patience bear our souls,
Nor uselessly ask "Why?" No answer comes;
But in the great Hereafter we shall know.



A MODERN MISTAKE.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.

Extract from a letter of Mrs. Winterbourne to Mrs. Howard.

George Hotel, Summerhayes,
April 21, 1891.

My Dear Friend,

* * * *

My lecture was a greater success than I dared to hope. It was the one you like, worn a little threadbare by this time, I fear, on "Women of the Past and Women of the Future."

In the front row there sat a girl in whom I could not help feeling a great interest from the moment I entered the room. She was tall and graceful in form, with a pale, clearly-cut thoughtful face and big dark eyes—as well as I could see under the picturesque hat, her brow was a good one. She sat with her hands tightly pressed together, and her eyes fixed on me, especially when I spoke of the need of work for every girl, and all that there was to do in the world. I really do not think she took her eyes once from my face. There was something pathetic about the child's look; it made me wish with all my heart that I could help her.

She seemed to love fun, too, for she smiled so brightly now and then at my poor little jokes. I could not help wondering if she were the engineer's daughter, the girl in whom your Florence is interested?

Yours affectionately,
Agatha Winterbourne.

Mona Smith to Mrs. Winterbourne.

The Lawn, Summerhayes,
April 22, 1891.

Dear Madam,

Forgive me if I am intruding on your time. But I felt I must write to you in spite of my being an utter stranger.

I was at your lecture on Monday evening, and I drank in every word of it. I fancied you must have heard something about me. But although I do know friends of yours, the Howards, in town, they are not likely to have mentioned me to you.

Only you seemed just to understand my special needs!

Do forgive me if I write to you about myself. I am the daughter of indulgent parents who give me all I want. I was successful at school, and loved study. But now I find a dreadful blankness in my life. Study is impossible because I have no unbroken time to call my own, and I lose heart. I cannot care about the domestic round that goes on every day. I have no special part in it. My mother prefers to retain the housekeeping in her own hands, and we have good servants.

I am not likely to marry.

I am dreadfully discontented and miserable. I have tried and prayed against it, but I cannot find a way out. Then the thought came, after your lecture, I would write to you.

You will very likely say I ought to confide in my own mother. This is impossible just because she is so sweet she would be made miserable, and she thinks the home routine should be enough for any girl.

My only big brother is away from home, and the others are schoolboys. My sisters have a governess, for mother found it did not do for me to teach them, it interfered sometimes with my going out with her. Besides, I did not like it.

The day goes on in little bits of things; a little reading, a walk, a call, receiving a visitor, shopping, writing a letter, nothing but contemptible trivialities. And at the end it always seems as if I had done nothing at all. Sometimes I feel so wicked and restless, just like a wild creature in a cage! Do you think it would be wise for me to attempt any of the things you mentioned in your lecture? I feel I should like to become a doctor, or a hospital nurse, or to go out as a missionary. I am afraid my parents would be much distressed, but ought that to deter me from taking my own course?

Do please give me your advice. I am afraid you will think I am a very troublesome correspondent. But from what you said I feel sure you are one who loves your own sex, and will not mind helping one of them by a few words of counsel. Yours faithfully,

Mona Smith.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
April 22, 1891.

Oh, Florence, what do you think I have done? I have actually taken my courage in both hands and written to Mrs. Winterbourne. What she will think of me I can't imagine!

Her lecture was so lovely. She spoke of the alterations that have taken place in the ideals of woman's life, and the difficulties that girls feel, and the need for individual development and all the rest of it. And she is so beautiful, with her refined face and her big grey eyes, and her dainty dress of soft black silk and fine lace. I thought women lecturers put on hideous coats and very short skirts, and mannish hats!

Then I remember I have heard her husband died young, and she is educating her children by what she earns. I felt such admiration for her.

When she began, some noisy fellows at the back of the hall shouted, "Speak up!" Her voice was as clear and as audible all over the hall as possible, but they did it on purpose. You know the graceful ways of our Summerhayes youth. I saw her start and colour a little, and a rude laugh followed. Oh, how I longed to be a man and to demolish them! But young Mr. Hamilton, father's clerk, who sat near me, was down the hall in about two strides and had silenced them. I think he threatened to turn them out there and then unless they behaved themselves. They were as quiet as mice after that. I don't know if I have mentioned Mr. Hamilton to you before. It is a pity he is so commonplace, as he would be rather nice if he had any brains above the average.

I am wandering from my subject. Do you think she will write back? What will she say, I wonder? How fortunate you are to know her at home! Oh, what would I have given to ask her to stay with us! But father would never have allowed it. Fancy that splendid woman at a little country inn!

Ever your loving,
Mona.

Mrs. Winterbourne to Mona Smith.

St. John's Wood,
May 1, 1891.

MY DEAR CHILD,

You need not have apologised for writing to me. It is always a pleasure to me to help any girl if I can do so by some poor words of mine.

I have heard of you from your friend Florence Howard, who is one of the sweetest girls I know. She is of a wonderfully serene and placid disposition, and is always contented with what falls to her lot in life. I am not trying to establish uncomfortable comparisons! On the other hand, I know that circumstances alter cases, and I think Florence could hardly enter into yours. I think, also, I see what is making you discontented.

In plain English, you have not enough to do, and you are a young lady of great energy and ambition, accustomed to set all her powers to the pursuit of one object, and never to rest until it is fully attained. Have I read you aright?

It is quite impossible, if you are of this type, for the desultory life you sketch to satisfy you.

But that need not plunge you into the depths of despair. You say you have kind and considerate parents. If you decide on what you would like to take up as a serious pursuit, and ask their leave to follow it, it would doubtless be cheerfully given.

I have met young people now and again who rather enjoy the sense of being unappreciated and a martyr. I dare not suggest that you are one of them!

But you ask me if you should go out as a missionary? Certainly not, I should say. I do not think you have the requisite qualities, to say nothing of necessary discipline or training. There must be the call, distinctly heard, to missionary work before home and friends can be rightly abandoned.

As to the vocation of either a doctor or a hospital nurse, my impression is strongly that you ought not at present to leave home.

If you were one of a group of daughters, my advice would probably be very different. I always urge a girl who cannot find work at home, to go forth in quest of it if possible.

But I gather you are the eldest daughter, the only one at leisure, and that your parents depend on you.

Oh, my dear child, if young people would only look for the duties lying in their very path, and do the work nearest to them! I am certain your father and mother need your service in little ways more than you know. Why go off to missionary work or hospital nursing when you have your own family to whom in a way you can minister as no one else can? I need not go into details; you know what I mean.

Still, you must not neglect the outside suffering world in caring for your own kith and kin. My pet occupation in this way is trying to brighten the lives of the people in the workhouse, who often from no fault of their own have all the gladness taken out of their life. Not far from you there is a large Union, I know. Could not you arrange to visit the children in the schools and the sick in the infirmary? If you take to this idea I will send you some of my own experience and hints, gladly.

But even with all this, your life would not be full enough, you say. Very likely not, with your active brain. Every life, to my mind, should combine two ends, the caring in some way for others, and the development of the individual faculties. Why not specialise? Take up some subject in which you did specially well at school, and devote your energies to it, with your parents' consent, as a serious matter, for several hours daily. Study it with the help of good teachers. Though you live in the country, you are not very far from a university town, and this cannot be a difficulty. Culture, you have heard, means knowing something of everything, and everything of something. Judging by what I hear of the admirable school where you and Florence Howard were trained, you may be supposed to know "something of everything" already; now is the time to get to know "everything of something." I cannot, for want of personal acquaintance with you, dictate what this shall be. But if in music, painting, literature, art of any kind, you have a decided bent, foster it. In time to come it may be an occupation for you to use to some purpose.

Side by side with this self-culture do strive, my dear girl, to do the homely tasks of every day as in God's sight. Remember that no character can be great or noble that cannot efface self in some degree for the sake of others. We must all "lose ourselves to save ourselves" like Sir Galahad. I think girls in the present day are a little bit apt to forget this.

There has of late years been a great change, and in the main a very delightful one, in the training of children. Where formerly there was stern repression, there is now overflowing consideration and tenderness. Parents ask at every turn, what the child likes, what it prefers. There is a danger here; for young people sometimes come to fancy that what they like, and that only, is the rule of life. Duty gets left just a little bit in the background.

Little acts of kindness to parents may seem trivial and meaningless, but when the great separation comes, as come it must, and we look back upon our past life, it will, if it has been well and truly lived—

"... orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein."

There! I think I have sketched out a life that might satisfy you.

Bind these strands into a threefold cord; care for your own; care for the poor and sad; development of the talents God has given you.

And above all "let this mind be in you" the mind of One who "pleased not himself."

I grieve to note from one sentence in your letter, that you have already known trouble and disappointment. Poor child! It will not shadow all your life, although you fancy it will. Believe me,

Your friend,
AGATHA WINTERBOURNE.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
May 3, 1891.

MY DEAR FLORENCE,

I have heard from Mrs. Winterbourne at last! I was dreadfully excited till the letter came, and I smuggled it into my bedroom to read lest mother should wonder what it was all about.

It is kind in parts, but in the main most disappointing.

I cannot help feeling you must have been giving her your version of my character and special needs, for she seems to think I am selfish. This is simply a shame. I am nothing of the kind. However, of course, if she does not choose to try and understand me, I shall not trouble any more about it. She gives me some indefinite advice about studying and paupers. What is the use of that! Half-measures are no good. I have nearly made up my mind to leave home. Lucy was impertinently inquisitive yesterday, and when I gave her just a hint of my perplexities, said "She thought I should feel happier if I were a little kinder to them all." This, from a younger sister is rather too much. I have, as I told you, taken especial pains to hide my dissatisfaction from mother, just because I did not want to make her unhappy. However, I think nothing but a radical change will be of any use.

I have heard that the Home of Rest at Southgate-on-Sea for young women engaged in business, requires a resident lady as superintendent, and I think I shall apply for the post. There is an old housekeeper who has been there from time immemorial, who can be supposed to chaperon me. I may be a trifle young, but I am staid enough, and the fact of my wanting no salary will be a great consideration; in fact I shall very likely pay my own expenses. Anything, anything! to get out of this narrow sphere into the work of the great world! I will let you know when it is settled. You can do as you please about telling Mrs. Winterbourne.

Yours ever,
MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Grove Lane, Hampstead,
May 4, 1891.

MY DEAREST MONA,

I have not said one word to Mrs. Winterbourne about you, only that you were my friend. How could you think I should prejudice her against you? I may write plainly to you, but I never say anything against you behind your back, as you ought to know by this time.

I cannot help feeling very sorry that you are going to leave home. I should have thought that it would have been wiser to try and follow Mrs. Winterbourne's advice, if only for a little while. She said she had noticed you at her lecture and spoke very kindly of you, but said nothing about your letter.

Please let me hear directly your plans are made, for you know I feel the deepest interest in all you do.

Your loving
FLORENCE.

(To be continued.)

JACK: MY FOX TERRIER.

A TRUE RECORD.

By DANIEL DORMER, Author of "A Dream of Queens' Gardens," etc.



YESTERDAY was one of the very sad days of my life, for yesterday my dear dog died.

Even now, though I am sitting by his grave this hot morning, under the shade of a high hedge of hawthorn, I cannot realise that Jack is really dead.

There, just before me, at a corner of one of the lawns of our country garden, is the uneven turf which was taken up yesterday and laid again over the deep earth which hides the stiffened little white body. On the faded disturbed grass stands a lovely pot of pale pink roses, over which a white butterfly is persistently hovering, and at its base lies a cross of white flowers. I will tell you presently why I had no hesitation in choosing that sacred symbol of our sublime faith to mark the spot, though it is only a humble little dog who lies buried there.

Even now I keep expecting to see the daintily-modelled small white fellow, with his pretty ears pricked, one white, one black, and his loving brown eyes expectant, come trotting down the path and over the turf to lie down on the cool, shadowy grass beside me. Even now—and yet my eyes are full of tears, and my heart is heavy with the knowledge that I shall never see my dear daily companion here again!

In the house, before I came here to sit beside his grave, I thought I heard the little whispering whine he used to make outside the door of any room where I, his mistress, was. I even got up mechanically to open the door from long habit of responding to the invariably welcome request for admittance; but before I touched the handle I remembered, and with a pang sat down again.

The pages of the half-filled note-book in which I am writing blows over with a welcome breath of wind this sultry morning, and I see sketch after sketch of my pet. All more or less faulty, yet all too sadly recalling the intent gaze of the big intelligent eyes, the observant droop of the sensitive silky ears which, to my memory, need no recalling.

* * * *

It was on a dark rainy afternoon in winter, four and a half years ago, that Jack arrived—a little leggy, shivering puppy in whom, I now remember with amazement, I felt but mild interest.

Tea was waiting on the basket-table at one end of the room, and the leggy puppy indicated his hunger and his entire lack of embarrassment simultaneously by standing on his hind legs and putting both fore-paws into a plate of bread and butter which stood on one of the little side shelves of the table. Thus was the ice broken between us, and a valuable old china plate was nearly broken with it! For the plate flew up, and the thin slices scattered far and wide over the carpet, while I and my sister laughed and caught up the small miscreant.

Then we gave him some food, and afterwards he lay in my sister's lap by the fire—for he still shivered, fox-terriers being specially sensitive to cold—while we talked. Now and then the talk ran on Jacko, I amusing myself as I frequently did throughout his subsequent life by making up conversation which I playfully attributed to him. He always loved to curl himself up in one's lap, though he scorned the notion of being a lap-dog. Only the day before yesterday, when he was growing mortally ill, with a heavy effort he leapt on to my knee, and sank down there breathing a deep sigh of content. He had a remarkably soothing way of expressing his sense of comfort by these long-drawn sighs of satisfaction.

Beyond the hedge and sloping field which bounds our garden runs a busy railway line. The birds—nightingale, thrush, blackbird, and lark sing day and night in the tall elms there, nothing affrighted by the rushing trains; but the small fox-terrier was terribly alarmed by the snorting iron monster at first, and when, soon after his arrival, we began to walk or sit in the garden, he would play gaily on the grass with his sole canine companion, Rusty, a Yorkshire terrier, until the approach of a train, when he would scurry across to the friendly shelter of our skirts, hiding under them or making frantic efforts to scramble up them on to our knees.

What a contrast Rusty was to Jacko! He, poor fellow, was stolen from us a few months after Jacko came; but how he ill-treated Jack! Many a time the latter had to be rescued from his attack. The poor puppy was never daunted, however. He was always willing to play humbly and happily, if a little boisterously, with his friend, till such time as that friend would suddenly give way to a fit of temper and roll him over and bite him fiercely.

But Jack was soon left to be our sole pet. And how completely he twined himself round our hearts and into our lives! No lover of animals ever saw him without falling in love with him. His lovableness is the characteristic which stands out most in many minds to-day, not least certainly in those who knew him best.

About six months after he came, I had a terrible illness. The wee man was away here, down in the country, while I and the rest of the family were in our London home. I longed very much for the sweet air and quiet of the country, but most of all I longed for my small white dog.

I recovered, and reached this cottage in safety. And every hour of each long day of my slow convalescence I was helped by Jack. He lay on my bed hour after hour, soothing me with his quiet presence, while I stroked his warm, silky ears and white coat. He ate bits of my food; not greedily, but willing to eat anything I had brought up to me, though he would not touch such kind downstairs—even to drinking a cup of tea! simply, as they told me, and I could not but believe, because he loved me so. When I was carried out into the garden, he exhibited great delight, careering at my side and jumping up to me, or still more often dragging at the train of my loose pink gown as I went, tripping over it, stumbling head over heels again and again in his excitement, till once, later, when I could walk, he carried my train to such good purpose, tugging along, that he dragged me off my weak feet! But neither then nor at any other time did he do me one scrap of harm; only good.

He was very fond of my father—gave him a most affectionate good-bye look yesterday—but he loved his mistress more; and if the two went for a walk together, and either turned back alone, Jack evinced a decided preference to stick by me. His companionship was pleasant to my father, though; and consequently I declined to be escorted by Jack, which difference of will proved a fruitful source of struggle between us for a while. But the duty of obedience was insisted on, and in that, as in all other points, Jack learnt to yield and obey, so that he soon made no attempt to follow me when we separated, but went merrily forward, after just one wistful glance. It was indeed this trait of cheerfulness in submission which is one of the *raisons d'être* of this little record.

Another trait was his lovable companionableness. On one occasion when I was very sad he looked up in my face and then jumped unbidden into my arms. If we laughed together Jack got up wagging his stump of a tail vehemently. If we kissed one another he rose and whined and jumped up to us, till he too got patted and caressed.

He had a good deal of mischief in him. He would make dashes after cows or horses when we passed them in the fields, delighting in the chase, utterly fearless of their dangerous heels; though indeed he was so lithe and agile that the danger to him was small. Now and then he would "go for" a collie or retriever, much to the anxiety of the master or mistress who happened to be with him at the time. But he never in all his gentle life attacked a small dog, or even one of his own size, unless the latter set on him; then he responded heartily—though always with the moderation of one acting in self-defence and conscious of his great strength. For no better developed, more athletic dog ever lived. All connoisseurs praised his condition, and his mistress was proud of the beautiful shapely little creature. He was never spoilt at all, or petted over-much; but was well-behaved and courteous. "What a gentleman Jack is!" people exclaimed. He even hunted "Tommy" the stable cat in a well-bred fashion! taking the vicious claw-scratches with imperturbable good-humour indicated by a wagging tail, and making rushes at his antagonist with an open mouth which was always gentle though the blood trickled down the dear doggie's nose. "Tommy! Tommy! Where's Tommy?" I said two days ago, seeking to rouse my pet. He raised his head, and cocked his black ear; but was alas! too weak to stir. His peace-

ableness seemed to be recognised instinctively amongst his own kind. At a furnished house which we took last winter at St. Leonards, Jack occupied a new kennel which I bought for him; or rather I should say he seldom occupied it. For the mistress of the house owned a dog, which was kept by her next-door neighbour during her absence from home; probably the dog resented Jack's occupation of his abode, for he was perpetually invading our precincts, and usually slept in Jack's fine kennel! Yet Jack would turn him out of doors in a twinkling if ordered to do so.

This hospitable tendency of his finally cost him his life. For not many nights ago he harboured a starved puppy, sharing his bones and water and bed with him. In the morning our groom discovered and drove away the small intruder, for he had distemper. But alas! it was too late, the mischief was done; Jack took the infection though he was so old a dog for it, and it paved the way for the fatal inflammation.

He had a pretty way of his own of springing along on a lawn or in the fields, bound after bound he went, scarcely touching the ground between the leaps. It was charming to watch him, reminding those who had seen them of the graceful action of black buck.

He would have made an excellent sporting dog; but was never required for sport, and so remained untrained. He delighted however to "put up" pheasants and partridges, and worked very cleverly for his own amusement. I have seen him run after a covey of young partridges and push them gently with his nose to make them rise, without touching them further, though they were too young and weak to benefit by the very strong hint he gave them of their bounden duty towards sportsmen.

I never taught him any tricks. He learned to beg from seeing Rusty do it. The funny young thing would sit up behind his senior, dangling his puppy legs before him in comical parody of the Yorkshire's finished performance. He learned to pick up pennies because some happened to be dropped near him one day, and he joined in the scramble, as he always joined in everything that looked like play. He learned to put out lighted matches, because a vesta was dropped alight on the carpet and one of us jumped up to put a foot on it to extinguish it: next time it happened Jack was first in putting out the flame, patting it with his paw, and being enormously pleased and excited afterwards with the commendation the feat elicited for him.

Then another endearing little trick of his own origination was to jump on to a sofa which nearly touches the backs of the chairs of those seated on one side of the dining-table in our country cottage, and to put his fore-paws round the neck or on either shoulder of anyone sitting there. After he had once done that, I encouraged its repetition, saying, "up! up!" and patting my shoulder; and he did it again immediately. He needed no further bidding; but whenever subsequently his capital appetite prompted the coaxing suggestion that his meal-time approached he would jump up and caress one in that way.

Every evening after dinner he had his one daily meal. Throughout dinner-time he lay quite still under the table. But when after the family had retired I began to prepare his food, he came out. Then he would stand on his hind legs, resting his paws on my knees up to the elbow—it always seemed like a child resting its elbows there to me—and watch operations with hungry eyes and a wagging tail. Directly the food was ready he thrust an eager handshake upon me, and forthwith enjoyed his dinner heartily. Surely no dog ever ate so fast before! Now and then I used to pull him back from his dish for fun, dragging him by his short snipped tail, when he would pretend to bite my hand with the strong teeth, from between which I never feared even to take a bone, and resume his dinner when released with much wagging, saying, oh so plainly, that he understood the play and liked it.

A tiny Maltese terrier came occasionally to visit us. Then, while the little guest was permitted to perambulate the room begging for scraps, Jack was required to lie quiet under the table as usual till the meal came to an end. And further, Joseph, the little visitor, was given first choice of the dish of food they had in common, Jack's great hungry eyes looking pathetically on. One day, and only one, Jack lost his temper with his friend and fell upon him. He was in earnest that day; but he was forcibly taken off the wee fellow and received instantaneous chastisement. Then he collapsed, thoroughly ashamed, retiring to hide behind his mistress's skirts, leaving the remainder of his food untouched, apparently heart-broken at having been betrayed into violence towards his small visitor. So sensitive were his feelings that he would droop ears and tail at one reproving word.

One peculiarity of his was that he would never eat his food unless I were in the room with him. Over and over again he left it and whined at the door after me when I tried leaving him alone to it. So I used to sit with him. As a rule, as I have said, I prepared his simple meal at our own table after dinner. But if friends were dining with us, this became impracticable; so I gave orders for him to be fed in the kitchen. Not a bit would he touch there, however. Again and again I tried him, but it was useless. So I used to go down myself and do it; and once, when a strange *chef* was in occupation below, and a dinner-party of special dimensions was in progress, I secured his food for him, and while the ladies chatted in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen smoked in the dining-room, I sat on the stairs beside my happy little dog while he enjoyed his food. It was not dignified perhaps; but I am glad I did it. And he quite understood the fun of the situation—kept on leaving off eating to look up in my face wagging his tail vehemently; in which pretty way in greater or less degree he always rendered his thanks for all he had.

At one time, two years ago, he got into bad company, and took to going off out alone. He always came back on these occasions looking guilty—which particular expression in him strongly resembled a rabbit. His ears were laid flat, far back on his head; his eyes were abnormally large and prominent, besides being very mournful, and his tail, of course, was tucked close in between his legs. Dear doggie, what a human creature he was! He never seemed like the generality of dogs at all; his was such a distinct personality. One day this playing truant reached a crisis, and came to an abrupt termination. We missed him in the afternoon, and grew sufficiently anxious towards evening, having searched in field and road and failed to find him. Then late at night we heard two long-drawn dismal wails outside the house-door.

"What's that?" we said. "Can it be?—yes it is, Jack!"

There he sat in a corner of the porch, a dim, white, dejected little object. He was conscious of the enormity of his fault, and had not dared to ask to be let in as he usually did, with a little whining cry or scratch at the door, so he had sat down and howled. No human being ever knew right and wrong more surely.

He had a rooted objection to postmen. One of these usually harmless and useful individuals had thrown stones at the wistful puppy, who, we were told, was always to be seen in the front garden on the look-out when we were all from home. And from that foundation grew a fear and detestation of postmen as a genus. So that when we were spending last winter in a furnished house on the south coast, the innocent wearer of the condemned uniform dare not enter the garden-gate, but on more than one occasion hovered outside, like a restless will-o'-the-wisp, kept at bay by Master Jack (despite his lantern "opened to fright the dog" as he announced), till one of our servants saw him and went to his rescue.

Once, and once only, did he lay hold of a man. My sister took him when she went to be photographed.

"Is your dog dangerous?" asked the photographer.

"Dangerous?" was the amazed answer; "he is the gentlest creature alive." And her hand sought Jack's intelligent head, as he sat close beside her in the nestling way in which he always sat close to those he loved.

Presently the photographer approached his sitter, and laid his hand on her shoulder to move her in order to obtain a better position. When lo! Jack had him by the leg in a moment. He did no damage at all, but gave such a serious warning, that the man rushed off to a chemist frightened and much incensed, though not at all hurt. Apparently Jack could not stand by and see his charge pulled about by a strange man without remonstrance.

He did no great thing, just lived the brief life his Creator gave him—only he lived it so well. For, be sure, there are noble and ignoble dogs, every whit as truly as there are noble and ignoble men and women. And so nobly did Jack take any correction that he soon needed none, and was the happiest dog imaginable.

And so he lived—then drooped, and suffered, and died.

"How he watches you about, miss! just like a child;" said a sympathetic servant, whose heart had also been won by the little favourite.

And the words were very true.

There he lay, stretched helpless on two chairs, with quivering body, each breath drawing heavily through the choked, inflamed lungs, and watched me with his brown eyes. He swallowed nauseous medicine and spoon-food under pathetic protest of jaws locked together with all his remaining strength: bore mustard-poultices and other tortures at my hands, yet the eyes gladdened unmistakably whenever I went near, and perpetually followed my every movement to and fro.

To try and make sleep come to him, I and my sister both left him on that last sad morning of his life. It was oppressively hot, and the door leading to the garden from the room where he lay stood open. After a moment's absence I crept noiselessly back to this doorway. But I soon went right in, for my dear dog was crying, with the sobbing shadow of the little cry he always made when he was trying to get to me and could not.

Two hours after that, when his unexpected end was very near, my sister was sitting with him and I joined her. I knelt down beside him to get my face on a level with him to soothe and comfort him a little. (It was but half-an-hour before his death, though we little knew that.) I talked to him, and touched his ears in the way he loved. Then he began to sob, looking eagerly at me, so that my sister begged me to go away.

"I wish you would leave him, dear," she said; "this cannot be good for him. He is much worse when you are here; he does so try to tell you how ill he is."

For his sake, I went, sadly enough. But, presently, finding him left alone for a few moments I stole back once more. I could not keep away. In an instant I noticed that a marked change had taken place in his breathing. I stood over him.

"He can't last long if he breathes as quick as that, miss, can he?" asks the maid who had crept in after me to see him too.

"No," I replied anxiously, and laid my hand on him.

He looked up right into my face with the most loving look I ever saw; the dear dumb suffering eyes brimmed with devotion, and the breathing quieted down.

"Why, it's different now; it's done him good to have your hand on him, miss, hasn't it?" said the girl in round-eyed wonder.

And it was unquestionably true. Then I knelt down once more and touched his head with my other hand also. Once more he looked me full in the face and tried to lick my hand. Then came a terrible convulsion, and Jack fell down again, dead.

"He is dead—quite dead!" I heard myself sobbing, as though it were another person who spoke. For I am not ashamed to say I cried like a child—or is it not childish, but only womanly to weep most real and bitter tears over so dearly-loved and loving a fellow-creature as Jack was?

I was broken down all that day, and all night, till towards morning, when the birds began to sing, better thoughts came. "How could I best preserve the memory of my good dog?" I wondered. "A little drinking fountain in a thirsty spot for dogs? A gift to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?—Yes," came to my mind in a hesitating fashion. Then arose a vivid remembrance of him; his perfect enjoyment of the happinesses of his short life, his cheerfulness in submitting to the many little disagreeables in his path, his patience in suffering and death—for the utter absence in him of anything like complaining or rebellion had impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I felt reproved for my great misery in his loss. Could I not learn something from his example? I asked myself. Would not some good habit formed in my own daily life in remembrance of my little dog best preserve his memory? And would any others join me in this, I wonder? If I wrote a little record of the innocent life just ended to the "girls" to whom I wrote once before, would any among them help me to honour God through God's humble little creature's life and death?

Is the idea strained and far-fetched? Surely not. Is it not true that he excelled most of us in many points? In his obvious gratefulness for all that was done for him, notwithstanding the discomfort it inflicted; as well as in the delighted appreciation of the good which fell to his lot; in his complete and unhesitating obedience to those in authority over him, though doubtless one was whimsical and irritable in the exercise of it occasionally as far as he could know; above all in the daily lovableness and faithful affection by which he brightened and gladdened the lives of those with whom he lived, I see very deep and valuable lessons which I, at least, have but half learnt.

So I resolved to try; and here and now I ask you, beloved Girl-reader, will you remember Jack's unconscious example? Recall him and renew the effort every time you see a fox-terrier, if you will. In that way Jack will need no other—could have no better—memorial. He will live on thus in the best possible way; even if there be no other life reserved for dogs.



TOM SCOTT,

THE ABBOTSFORD SHEPHERD.

In a letter by Sir Walter Scott, written in August 1827, to Sir Adam Ferguson, he describes a picture by David Wilkie, then recently exhibited and about to be engraved. He tells that all the principal figures were portraits, in the scene of preparation for a merry-making at Kayside, looking towards the Eildon Hills.

The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, represents the proprietor of Abbotsford; and Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight-Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland, stands beside him. Tom Scott, the Abbotsford shepherd, is there, then in his eighty-fourth year. He used to claim credit for three things, unusual among the southern shepherds: 1st, he had never been *fou* in the whole of his life; 2nd, he had never struck a man in anger; and 3rd, though entrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. The other figures are described, including Sir Walter's eldest son, Captain Scott, and the youngest, Charlie, then at Brasenose College, Oxford. The ladies of the family, three of them, are in the picture in various disguises, and also the two favourite dogs, Maida, the staghound, given by the chief of Glengarry, and the little Highland terrier, Ourisk, given by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie.

Then comes the story about old Tom Scott. Thomas was much annoyed in his own esteem, and in the opinion of the neighbours, by the greater reputation of another old shepherd, Andrew Scott, whose boast it was that he had seen the king, George IV., at Edinburgh. But when the newspapers told how the king had seen and admired Wilkie's picture, the time came for Thomas to gain a triumph over Andrew. He walked all the way to Bowden, five miles off, to see his rival. "He had no sooner entered the cottage," says Sir Walter in his letter, from which we quote, "than he called out, 'Andro, man, did ye ance sey (see) the king?' 'In troth, did I, Tam; sit down, and I'll tell you a' about it. I was——' 'Hoot awa', Andro; I've heard a' about it afore; I cam' ower to tell ye, that if you hae seen the king, the king has seen me.' So, with this boast, he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends that 'it had done him much good to settle accounts wi' Andro.'"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNY'S letter and her conduct are little creditable to her. If other undutiful girls wilfully break the fifth commandment, their disgraceful conduct will be no excuse for her when Almighty God requires her to give an account of her own at the day of judgment!—2. Have no secrets from your parents, and do nothing contrary to their expressed wishes.

DAVIDA.—1. From what you say, it seems to us that your hens must have eaten something poisonous. You had better consult some farmer who raises poultry.—2. Buttered toast and melted butter are bad for people subject to indigestion.

BITTER SWEET must not worry herself about the matter. It seems to have been a foolish girl's escapade. When she really finds someone she loves and trusts, she can confess her folly, and till then should try to avoid similar scrapes. Experience is a very hard teacher at times.

AMBITIOUS.—We do not like any of the specimens, for they all lack beauty. Take someone's writing you admire and copy it. History, travels, and biographies are the best books to learn from, and if you live near a free library, you will have no difficulty in getting them. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," Romans xii. 21.

DESPERANDUM might write to the exchange columns of any of the newspapers that have them, or advertise her painted articles, and mention terms, or exchange.

E. L. HILLIER.—If you cannot tell us the date of the number you require, how can we help you to obtain it? To say it appeared in "1883, 1884, 1885, or thereabouts," is too vague. In any case it is to our publisher that you should apply for any publications, or numbers of the same that you require, not to the Editor.

MONA.—It is not desirable for any young girl to make a practice of walking out alone. She should keep near her own home in any case. When wishing to go further, it is well to get a companion or take a maid. Be guided by your mother's judgment.—2. Instead of giving the most of your time to accomplishments, it would be better to commence a course of study — biography, travels, natural history, explorations, archæology and astronomy— for example, Dr. Eadie's *Bible Cyclopædia*, an illustrated work, would be of much interest and service to you. Perhaps your mother would like you to read to her.

LILY.—How do you expect us to tell you whether (not "were") a young man will marry his intended by six words, sent as a specimen of his handwriting? Should anyone tell you they could do not believe them. The writing you enclose is scarcely formed.

VERA.—We are sorry your answer was so long delayed. Your height, for your age, is neither tall nor short, but medium. The writing of the "P.S." is the best.

ELLA S.—You have no business to give your photograph to any married man. Your writing is bad.

ROSES.—We are disgusted at letters inquiring "at what age a girl is free from her parents." Why do you wish to be "free"? Legally, at 21, or else, if they be unable to support you, and they consent to your maintaining yourself while still a minor, you are more or less free; but this is a great misfortune to any girl.

CHUMPER.—You had better show your foot to a doctor. We do not prescribe for such ailments. Wear broad-toed stuff shoes.

WINNIE.—The sun enters Aries on the 20th day of March—not in February—when spring commences. The 21st day of March is called the "Vernal Equinox," and the 21st of September, the "Autumnal Equinox," at which time there is equal day and night.

ALLEGRO.—We are sorry that we are unable to make use of your verses in our paper, but thank you for the offer.

JOYCE HOWARD.—The word "patient" as applied to a sick person is evidently derived from the Latin word, meaning "to suffer." Thus, a patient is a sufferer, and one under medical treatment. We are obliged to you for telling us that you have obtained help from our Answers.

DOLLY.—An application of potato-water, that is, raw potatoes sliced and boiled in water, may be found effectual when applied with a paint-brush to a cat or dog threatened with mange, as it destroys the parasites from which the disease originates. The solanine, which is one of the potato's constituents, is supposed to be insecticidal.

A CONSTANT READER.—Mourning should be worn for an aunt for six months; but it is not needful to wear crape unless you like it, as plain black is much worn at present.

OPAL.—We think staining the floor would probably improve the appearance of the room very much. You must have the floor well scrubbed first, and you will find it easy to obtain a varnish-stain and brush at any good oil-shop.

E. M. F.—The poem is very excellent in tone and in thought; but we fear no one would give you any money for what is rhymed prose only.

WHITE HAT.—The 22nd of December, 1881, was a Thursday.

HUSKY ONE.—Gargling with salt and water every morning is said to strengthen the throat and voice.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—The 12th October, 1876, was a Thursday.

BUNNIE.—1. The 14th December, 1878, was a Monday.—2. So long as your mother permits the presents of flowers, we do not see there can be any harm in accepting them.

MARIE.—To clean marble, make a strong soap ley with quick-lime, to the consistency of milk. Lay it upon the stone for twenty-four hours, and clean afterwards. You may polish further with fine putty powder and olive oil. Of course, in the case of a clock, you will have to treat one side at a time, and lay it down so that the application may not run off.

LONELY ONE.—We do not understand how it is that you "have nothing to do." Could you not assist your mother in household duties, and doing commissions; in taking charge of the house-linen, of hers and your own; in writing her letters and keeping her accounts; in joining a girls' club for useful correspondence, so as to cultivate any art with which you may be acquainted, or for the study of languages? Some religious or charitable union might give you occupation, of which we have given the addresses of so many. Never imagine that you "have nothing to do." It is a Christian duty to work. We are glad that you appreciate our paper.

TINY.—People differ so much in appearance, character, and manner, that some look much younger or much older than others. So you may be quite suitable as a wife for a man younger than yourself, although the disparity be on the wrong side.

KATIE.—The English language has more words than any other in Europe, for, according to Max Müller, we have 100,000 words; and if we counted in the English dialects and of the ancient language from Alfred to Wycliffe, we might double the number. The German language follows next, with 80,000 words; the Italian, with 45,000; the French, with 30,000; and the Spanish, with 20,000. Of course foreign words are being continually engrafted into all these languages.

L. M.—"The royal and ancient game of golf" is of Scottish origin, although the term itself is derived from the Dutch *Kolf*. For the greater cultivation of the art of archery, which constituted the method of warfare in early times, an Act was passed at three several dates to prohibit the playing of this national game, A.D. 1457, ordaining that "golfe be utterly cryet down and nocht usit." And in 1471 and 1491 "pains and penalties" were promulgated to enforce obedience; the Act comprehending other games in its denunciations—"fute ball, golfe, and uther sik unprofitable games"—archery being at the same time substituted for them, "under the paine of fourtie shillinges"—a large sum in those days. Afterwards it resumed its reign, being played by James IV., V., and VI. of Scotland; also by Charles I., Prince Henry, and other royal personages.

SWEET PEA.—1. The meaning of Patrick is "noble" or "patrician."—2. Mungo in British is *Mwyngu*, which means "gently dear."

AN OLD MAID.—1. Your letter is so pleasing that we are sure you must be both good and nice. You might get employment at type-writing by advertisement. You must state that you have a Remington of your own, and can bring it with you. This might be a bait to procure office work: but it is much overstocked, and does not seem to have taken here as in America, where every office has its woman type-writer.—2. To become a dispenser you must have proper training. The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington Road, admits women to their lectures, and the laboratory fees for one year's training, £15. Mrs. Charles Kerr, 9, Bruton Street, Mayfair, prepares pupils for the pharmaceutical examinations.

WINTON.—Keep the door shut, and treat all such small annoyances with good-humoured contempt.

CHERRY must try to dismiss all such anxieties from her mind, and live as a little child, with the utmost trust in God's love and mercy, striving against fear, "for fear hath torment."

WELSH LASSIE.—The sobriquet "Taffy" applied to a Welshman is derived from the specially popular Christian name David, the diminutive of which is "Davy," which in Welsh is rendered "Taffid" or "Taffy."

D. D.—The income of the City of London parochial charities is enormous. People in general have no idea of the annual amount expended in benevolent institutions quite apart from the equally enormous sums expended by private individuals. From the former source the amount thus expended has recently been estimated at upwards of £115,000 per annum. Apart from these there are 1028 trusts possessed by the City guilds or companies, the total yearly income from which amounts to about £185,829. But all this does not include such societies as the Kyrle Society, the private alms-houses, cottage-homes, homes of rest, &c., in reference to which charities none such exist in any part of the globe as much as in the United Kingdom.

ROSE.—It is true that the colour of flowers can be changed by means of watering the plants with certain chemical mixtures. In this way the colour of hydrangea has been changed to blue by mixing iron filings with the soil in which it is grown.

ADELINE.—Ink spots are taken out by pouring boiling water through them, then tighten the part of the material over a basin, and rub in some salts of sorrel, and rinse thoroughly. Salts of sorrel are poisonous, but will not damage textile fabrics.

IGNORANT LASSIE.—1. Perhaps your cat has too much bread-and-milk, and requires a little change of dietary. Give it more meat and less bread-and-milk.—2. No well-bred man would open and retain his wife's letters unless with her full consent. To open another person's letter has been made a criminal act. The fault is, that a young wife often permits such things, and when she is older, and she finds her consent is no longer asked nor required, she deeply resents the liberty. In marriage there is more need for good breeding and politeness than in any other relation of life.

PEARL.—1. We cannot give addresses which you would find in any London directory.—2. Constant colds and sore throats would indicate that you need advice from a doctor.

SEVENTEEN.—The book, like most historical tales, is founded on fact. There is no island of the name, but "Ellan" is probably a Scottish version of "Eilean," which means an island, and there are many of the name.

AGNES, MAGGIE, AN UNHAPPY GIRL, VERA, and others, who ask questions about the skin and complexion, will find full particulars in "Health and the Toilette," by "Medicus," in October 4, 1890. We have declined answering any more of these questions.

VERA.—The chief cause of sunburn seems to lie in a wrong dietary. If you eat meat on a hot summer's day, and exercise in a tight dress and tight shoes, the blood is sent to the head, heat internal meets heat external, and the complexion is ruined for a time. Eat plenty of salad and fruit, fish, little meat, and no stimulants. The cure is, to bathe the face with acid butter-milk before going to bed, or rub with slices of cucumber. Let the soap be non-irritating, and use little of it.

A. V. R.—1. John means the "gracious gift of God." Sydney is used either for boys or girls, and is merely an adaptation of a surname for a Christian name.—2. The royal arms have been supported by the English lion and the Scottish unicorn ever since the year 1603; but prior to the accession of James I. the sinister supporter was a family badge. Edward III., with whom supporters began, had a lion and an eagle. The lion is dexter, *i.e.* to the right hand of the person behind the shield.

TEETOTAL.—If the amount of spirits consumed in the several countries of Europe be considered in proportion to the population, it is estimated that the greatest consumption exists in Denmark. The next in order we find to be Sweden and Norway, and then follow Belgium, Holland, Scotland, Russia, Germany, Ireland, France, and England. After England, Austria, Italy, and Spain, which last-named people drink spirits less freely than those of any other nationality in Europe.

ADA.—The age to which dogs as a rule attain does not exceed about fifteen years. But both the species and the judicious care they receive must be taken into due account. We have read of a water-spaniel that attained the age of twenty-eight years. This dog was always in the kindly hands of one owner, and died of old age only, not of any disease.

WYNNIE inquires why the Welsh wear a leek on St. David's Day (1st of March). The leek was first worn in their caps by the Saxons, so that if dispersed they should at once recognise each other, on the occasion of their battle with the Britons on that day, A.D. 640; but when the latter defeated them the conquerors transferred the leeks to their own caps as a sign of victory. This is one traditional story. Another writer on the question says that the leek was assumed at the time of the battle of Bosworth Field, won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen in his army.

A DEVONSHIRE LASSIE.—Sir Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, eight miles south of Grantham, Lincolnshire, December 25th, 1642 (O.S.). He died at Kensington, March 20th, 1727.

FLORRIE HUNT.—Good Friday in 1875 was the 26th of March; Easter Day was the 28th.

ELSIE KILNER.—The 24th May, 1819, was a Monday.

ALICE R.—The 8th August, 1869, was a Sunday.

BENGY.—In *Whittaker's Almanac* you will find the proper hoods of the different Universities under the title of "University Degrees and Hoods."

ONE IN DOUBT seems to have behaved very foolishly in not answering her admirer's letter. But now dignity requires her to wait until she may see or hear from him again, when a little tact will, perhaps, set the trouble all right.

ST. AUSTELL.—It is impossible to say what the salary of a land steward would be; it depends on the size of the estate and its position generally.

WANDERSTANDEN.—1. Ralcigh is pronounced at present "Rally."—2. Advertise for the employment.

BIRD-NOTES.

WHAT say the birds in the warm spring weather,
When the buds are swelling upon the hawthorn tree?
What say the birds a-singing all together?
"Chirp, chirp, chirra-whoo, chirra-chirra-chee."



What say the birds from the wood-top a-calling,
When the wind is resting, and sinking is the sun?
What say the birds when twilight is falling,
And the star of evening tells that day is done?

Peace and contentment 's the song of the throstle;
"Joy," pipes the blackbird, a-whistling in the wood.
"Love me for ever! Our love who shall sever?"
So sang the nightingale, as I understood.

K. E. COLEMAN.



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THE STUDENT. *(From a bronze.)*

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"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE remarks made upon Gerwyn and his wife were as incongruous as their appearance.

"Name o' wonder! who have Mrs. Gerwyn pick up now? She is by the head, seure enough," said one.

"On my deet! I am fearing she will be oblige to be put away," said another.

"She is laffing quite fullish," said a third.

"I never see a handsomer 'ooman in my life," said a sailor. "She is beauty seure! But he do seem a poorish mate for her, though he's none so common as he look."

"I 'ouldn't have refeused Morris, missionary, for a *crwt* of a fellow like that," said another.

"Glad to see you so well, Mrs. Gerwyn *fach*," said one poor old woman holding out her hand. "Tak' you care of that sailor. He is look dangerous."

"No fear, Betto," said Mara.

"Say a prayer for Gerwyn Herbert, Betto," said Gerwyn.

"God bless him! I was pray for him till I was tired," said Betto.

"Thank you, Betto—shake hands," said Gerwyn, but the old woman was suspicious, and declined.

Not so Betty True Blue, whom they met soon after.

"Well! who 'ould be thinking to see you arming a man?" said Betty. "There's but one you'd be doing that for. Has the sea given up its dead?"

Betty cast a searching glance at Gerwyn.

"Them's his eyes! *Ddhw Annwl!* It's he! Master Gerwyn! it's you! Don't be decaiving poor old Betty."

"Never, Betty—never!" cried Gerwyn, throwing his arms round the old woman, and half lifting her from the ground.

"God be praised—God be praised! Mrs. Gerwyn *fach!* Is it true? Them's his eyes—but not his cheeks! Don't be decaiving me."

"True, Betty, true—but you mustn't detain us," said Mara, dragging Gerwyn away. But the persistent Betty followed.

"I'm not so young as I was, Master Gerwyn, but I'm True Blue still, and I've got the rosette you did give me. The Lord be praised if it's you. I'm in my eighty—near four score."

"Take my other arm, Betty," said Gerwyn.

"Bless his heart—now I am knowing him!" cried Betty, seizing the proffered arm.

"So am I, Betty," said Mara, recognising a trait of the old Gerwyn.

"Think of him arming me! You must be finding Ivor *bach* now, Master Gerwyn. I am feeling as if I could be dancing like a young girl."

"Let us all go in at the back door," said Gerwyn. "I would rather not be announced. Betty can go into the kitchen."

They walked to the back entrance accordingly, and Gerwyn, hurrying on, was in the dining-room, and in his mother's arms in a few minutes.

"Mother! my mother!" was his exclamation, while Mrs. Herbert sobbed out the words,

"My son! my son! Gerwyn—my son!"

Here words are inadequate to describe the scene. As soon as Gerwyn could disengage himself from his mother's arms, he was in his father's. The old man wept over him like a child—the mother clung to him—and the strong sailor was himself choked with sobs. Three stalwart brothers were there, Llewellen, Rhys, and Tudor, waiting for a greeting, but word they had not at command. They surrounded Gerwyn—they welcomed him as the lost one found—they rejoiced over him as one restored from the dead. Gerwyn's emotion was uncontrollable. Mara, watching him, feared its effects on his exhausted strength.

But by degrees calm returned to these excited souls. They were able to look at one another through a haze of tears. Parents and brothers could observe the hard lines of care and suffering in the noble face of Gerwyn, and he could see the white hair and ageing features of the father and mother he had left in comparative youth.

Doctor Herbert had sent messengers to Brynmawr and the Rectory, and in an incredibly short time Mr. Glyn's horses stood foaming at the door. The coachman said he had never driven so madly before. Mrs. Glyn jumped out of the carriage, heedless of all dignity, rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Where is he? Is it true? Is it Gerwyn?" and was in her brother's arms before she reached the dining-room. She nearly fainted, but a flood of tears relieved her.

"Is it really you? Are you Gerwyn?" she asked.

"I am Gerwyn—but are you my little sister Harrie?" he answered, almost as bewildered as she.

Mr. Glyn followed more at leisure, but in time to see his wife in the arms of the rough-looking sailor. He stood at a distance, spectator of the scene. But Angharad did not let him be long excluded from her happiness.

No sooner was she out of Gerwyn's arms than she ran to her husband.

"You remember Gerwyn, the dearest of all my brothers. You used to be fond of him. You must be fonder now. Gerwyn, you haven't forgotten Mr. Glyn?"

They met and shook hands warmly.

"No, I haven't forgotten Mr. Glyn," said Gerwyn. "I thought of him and spoke of him when you had all forgotten me."

"How?" exclaimed Angharad.

"I cannot tell you now. Oh, Harrie, you are just the same. Not a bit altered. Mara, where is Mara?" said Gerywn.

"Mara was standing in the window-recess, looking on, tears streaming down her cheeks. Gerwyn went to her.

"My darling! this is great joy. You must dry your tears."

"I weep for joy, Gerwyn. Don't think of me."

He had not time to think of her, for one after another came the various members of the family to see their newly-found relation. Dr. Herbert's wife and children arrived first; then Mrs. Rhys and her family; then Angharad's two children. The room was so full, and the greetings were so many that Gerwyn's head grew dizzy, and he feared being again overcome.

"I cannot stand all this," he whispered to Mara. "We will go on to Tyrmynydd as soon as we can, and so get it all over."

But he had to be introduced to all the children.

"Spare him, grandmamma," said the Captain, as Mrs. Herbert called a child to her, and said—

"This is your namesake, my dear boy. Gerwyn, shake hands with your uncle, and tell him that we never forgot him."

"No, indeed," said Gerwyn, junior. "Granny always says I'm not half as good or handsome as you. I think you're like Robinson Crusoe."

"These are mine, dearest Gerwyn," said Angharad, bringing her dainty little daughter to her brother. "Kiss your uncle, my pet."

The young lady positively declined, saying,

"He is not my uncle. He is only a sailor."

Gerwyn laughed.

"Quite right, little lady, and a rough one too," he said.

But Willie advanced boldly and held out his hand.

"Tell us some of your adventures," he said. "Cousin Llewellen says you've been a slave."

"Hush, Willie!" said Angharad, quite ashamed of her children.

But there was a general chorus of—

"Tell us some stories of the slave-dealers, and the Africans," and the children all pressed round Gerwyn.

He sat down by his mother, in the midst of them all, and, taking the youngest on his knee, said to them—

"If you will let me alone this one day, I'll tell you stories as wonderful as Crusoe or the Arabian Nights, stories that will make your hair stand on end. Don't I look like a real savage?"

"No, no! Yes, yes!" was shouted by the youngsters. "But you want some new clothes, and aunt Mara must make them," said a little girl from behind.

"I'm sure you're very jolly," said Master Glyn, fresh from Eton, where this elegant word was in vogue.

"It was new to Gerwyn.

"Who teaches you French?" he asked.

There was a shout of laughter, in which Gerwyn joined.

"Now I know you!" cried Angharad, clapping her hands. "Mother, look at him! His teeth are as white as ever, and he has the wicked twinkle in his eye still. Dear old Gerwyn."

"He isn't a bit altered," said Mrs. Herbert, wiping her eyes for the hundredth time.

"Oh, mother, your spectacles have not grown older, and you see me through them," said Gerwyn.

"We saw him first, grandma," said a young Llewellen triumphantly. "He nodded to us from the street, didn't you, Uncle Gerwyn?"

"I will kiss you now, please," said Miss Gwendolin, spoilt daughter of Mr. Glyn, who crept up to Gerwyn, and held up her fair face.

He caught her in his arms.

An audible sob burst from Mara. Everybody turned towards her. Little Edith was trying to comfort her, holding her hand, and entreating her not to cry.

"It is because of Cousin Ivor," whispered the child, as Gerwyn broke through the youthful throng, and went to her.

"Mara, my blessed daughter! I forgot you as much as if you were not," said Mrs. Herbert, rising with difficulty.

"We shall all come to our memories and senses by-and-by," said the Captain, also going to Mara.

It was now her turn to be surrounded by young and old.

"So foolish!" she said, trying to recover herself.

"Not at all, very natural," said Mrs. Herbert. "Gerwyn, my son—Mara, my daughter, God bless you both!"

"Amen!" said the voice of Tudor Herbert, who had not been the least affected of the party. "Mother, let us return thanks for this unexpected mercy."

Old and young had a great respect for Tudor. When he spoke the elders listened, the young were grave. He could impress people without being or seeming ridiculous.

"Yes, my dear. You will return public thanks next Sunday in church. Eh, Captain? Eh, Gerwyn?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"Certainly. It is right," said the Captain. "And meanwhile, let us each thank the Lord in our hearts, 'old men and maidens—young men and children.'"

"And join their hands!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, who was holding Mara's hand. "Let me do this before I die, as I have done to all the others."

She took Gerwyn's hand and put it into Mara's.

"To us, my children, this is your betrothal, and wedding, and return all in one. May God bless you."

"And give you many happy years," added the Captain.

"Amen," again said Tudor, which was echoed by the women.

"Say Amen, children," said Mrs. Herbert in her loudest key, "and pray for your uncle and aunt! I'm sure I've taught you all to make the responses."

The children uttered an "Amen" that might have been heard at sea, and their elders had much trouble to keep their countenances.

"Really, mother, you should be more discreet," said Dr. Herbert, seeing the spirits of the children rise with the occasion. "Do send them away, Sophia."

"Not for worlds!" said Gerwyn. "Llewellen, you did a good and brotherly act when you made our marriage public and took my dear wife into your heart. Thank you for it. All the secrecy was mine—and mine has been the heavy punishment. God knows I have paid my penalty, and so has poor Mara."

"That is all over and done, my dear boy," said Captain Herbert; "let us forget it."

Brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, pressed round Gerwyn and Mara as if to congratulate them on their reunion. Even Mr. Glyn grew demonstrative, and for the first time since the declaration of her marriage approached Mara with cordiality, and said he was glad her troubles were over. He had been much engaged in convincing Gwendolin that Gerwyn was really her uncle, and in overcoming her distaste for "that sailor."

Mara's eyes sparkled through her tears, and Gerwyn's gleamed with an expression half sad, half gay.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GERWYN and Mara went through the form of luncheon, and then Dr. Herbert's dog-cart came to take them to Mr. Vaughan's. The doctor proposed driving them, as he was in the habit of going occasionally to see Mr. Vaughan, who had never quite recovered from his first illness, and might, by his presence, prevent any sudden shock. To the surprise of all, Captain Herbert said he would accompany them.

"This is the time to forgive and forget," he said. "Tudor has been long urging me to attempt a reconciliation with Vaughan. I will do it now."

Accordingly, the Captain and doctor mounted in front, Gerwyn and Mara behind. All the family stood about in groups to watch their departure. Under the portico were Mrs. Herbert, Angharad, and Mrs. Rhys, with several children around them. In the verandah and on the lawn and drive the rest were scattered about. Climbing plants hung round the groups in portico and verandah, huge hydrangeas, shrubs, and the marine curiosities already mentioned surrounded the others. The pleasant sound of the sea mingled with the calls of sailors and children in the distance, and all was sunshine, cheerfulness and life.

"Twenty-five relations and four servants," said Gerwyn, "what a welcome home! The patriarchal life is excellent—but this morning has almost done for me. And you, my darling?"

"I should be perfectly happy if Ivor were but here," replied Mara

"You will be back to supper," shouted Mrs. Herbert, "we will have a wedding-feast. Bring your father and sister, Mara, my dear."

"And we shall all stop up to supper, grandma," shouted a dozen shrill voices.

"If it's a wedding we should throw an old shoe," said Rhys junior.

A shower of shoes fell in less than a minute around the dog-cart, amidst the shouts of the youngsters, some of whom took off a pair and danced about in socks and stockings.

"You young imps," cried Gerwyn, catching a shoe, and casting it among them.

It hit Tudor, who was standing sublime in the midst of the children.

"Haw, haw!" laughed the Captain, "You have roused him from a dream of bell, book and candle."

The doctor flourished his whip at the children, and drove off, followed by a charivari that Gerwyn declared excelled the cries of the young savages.

When they reached Tyrmynydd they were shown into the parlour, where they awaited Mariana. Gerwyn compared the room with the home he had just left. There all was warmth, mirth, life. Here all was coldness, depression, deadness. He found everything as he had left it when a boy. The chairs, tables, sofa in the same places, polished and cleaned as of old. He thought it impossible that he could have been absent so long. The only new object was a bright wool mat, made by Emily, placed on the centre table, and surrounding a vase of blush roses. He instinctively pointed this out to Mara, and said, "Mariana," as if he still remembered they were like her.

Mara stood trembling by his side, and even Captain Herbert felt chilled by the quiet precision of the scene.

"I wish they would come," said the Captain. "I can't bear this, it is worse than ever."

"It is very peaceful," said Gerwyn, pressing Mara's hand, which had slipped into his, as if for protection.

Mariana appeared at last. She had been frightened at hearing that Captain Herbert was in the house, and had delayed, to gain composure. She tried to say calmly, "I am so glad to see you, Captain Herbert," but her voice faltered. She glanced at Gerwyn, but did not recognise him, and was too nervous to do more.

Mr. Vaughan passed the window, and she was going out to prepare him for the encounter, but Captain Herbert stopped her.

"Better not, my dear. I am come to have it out."

Mariana looked at Mara, whose face perplexed her still more, then at Dr. Herbert, who smiled pleasantly.

"All right, my deary," said the Captain, as Mr. Vaughan came in.

Mr. Vaughan started when he saw Captain Herbert, bowed stiffly as he passed him to shake hands with the doctor, and touch Mara's cheek with his lips, and glanced at Gerwyn.

It was very awkward, but Captain Herbert was not a man to beat about the bush, and seeing Gerwyn and Mara uncertain what to do, he said,

"You are surprised to see me here, old friend, and I should not have come hadn't God been stronger than I. He has given us our dead back to life again, and one miracle makes more."

Mr. Vaughan looked blankly at the

Captain, not understanding what he meant.

Mara came forward, glowing with agitation. She put her hands on her father's arm, and looking eagerly into his face, said,

"It is Gerwyn, father. My husband is safe!"

Now Mr. Vaughan turned his bewildered eyes on Mara, close to whom stood Gerwyn.

"It is true, sir," said Gerwyn. "I am come home again. Will you forgive me the wrong I have done you? Will you try to forget what I have been, and believe that I mean to do right in the future?"

"You are—that—prodigal?" said Mr. Vaughan, looking at Gerwyn.

"I am, indeed, and during twenty years of slavery have eaten enough of the husks of this world. Will you receive me as the Father did the prodigal of old?"

"Mara—is this—your husband?" stammered the bewildered man.

"It is, father. It is Gerwyn, my husband."

"He is truly my brother and your son-in-law," said Dr. Herbert. "You will kill the fatted calf to-day with us all."

Mariana had been standing apart, listening with pale face and clasped hands. Accustomed to control her feelings, and to forget that she was the one who had been made to suffer, innocent, for the faults of others, she went up to Gerwyn, holding out both her hands, and exclaiming:

"Gerwyn! Mara! I am so glad, so thankful!" and then she burst into tears.

Gerwyn took her hands, kissed her, whispered that he was the bearer of good news, and that she must be happy; then turning to Mr. Vaughan, added,

"I have such good news, that you must welcome me for what I bring, if not for my own sake. The bringer of good news is always an honoured guest."

"Edwin?" gasped Mariana.

Mara put her arm round her sister as if to support her.

"I have seen him—he is alive—it is through him I am here," said Gerwyn.

Mariana gave a cry, and laid her hands on Gerwyn's arm, and looked into his eyes as if she would read his heart.

"Say it again!" she muttered.

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Vaughan.

"Edwin Morris is alive, and in this country," said Gerwyn.

"Try to be calm, dear Nanno," said Mara. "Father, prepare yourself for bad news as well as good."

"He lives—you are sure?" gasped Mariana.

"I am sure. He returned from Africa with me. I left him only two days ago, and shall go back to him to-morrow," said Gerwyn.

"To-morrow!" said the Captain and doctor.

"Why did you leave him? Where is he?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"He is very ill. The voyage home nearly killed him, and when we got to Cardiff from Liverpool I thought he would have died. We put in there for a few hours, and I took him to an old friend, Mr. Thomas, the minister, who at once prepared a bed for him and sent for a doctor. I should have stayed with him, but he grew so restless and excited that the doctor said I had better come home, see you all, and return to him, as news from here would do more towards restoring him than anything else."

"There is hope, dear Nanno," said Mara. "The doctor says he may recover."

"He is alive—he is safe—that is enough, said Mariana, bursting into tears.

The patient woman was overcome, the sudden joy was too much for her, as it had been for the others. Mr. Vaughan went to her, and put his trembling hand on her shoulder.

"Be calm, my daughter. Let us thank the Lord that our son and brother is restored to us, even though it be to die."

"I do, I do!" sobbed Mariana.

Mara had made her sit down, and was holding her hand and soothing her by whispered words of hope. But Mr. Vaughan's trembling fingers roused her from her emotion. She knew that he, like herself, suffered silently, and that this sudden announcement might bring on another fit. She constantly reminded herself that he was "stricken in years," and tried more and more to be his comfort and stay.

"Father," she said, "perhaps we have to thank my brother Gerwyn for this. He, too, has been lost, and is found."

"Edwin, my son in the spirit," said Mr. Vaughan, dreamily.

"And my more than brother," added Gerwyn, eagerly, impelled towards Mr. Vaughan by a sudden sympathy. "Will you go with me to-morrow and fetch him home?"

"I will," said Mr. Vaughan, fixing his eyes on Gerwyn for the first time.

He met a glance so strong and honest, he looked in a face so lined with hardships that he was startled.

"You are, and you are not, the same," he said.

Mara, who was watching them closely, became again the impulsive Mara of her youth. Suddenly leaving Nanno's side, she flung her arms round her father, and cried, in the pathetic words of Esau, "Bless him, even him also, oh my father!" and, like that deceived son and brother, she uplifted her voice and wept.

Gerwyn put one arm round her, and a hand on Mr. Vaughan's arm.

"I will be good to her all my life. I will redeem the past," he said.

"Then may God bless you both, and forgive us all," said Mr. Vaughan, with a broken voice.

At those words there was not a dry eye in the dull, cold room. The once stern man was softened by sickness and sorrow.

He and Gerwyn grasped hands, and were silent for a few moments.

"Old friend, I knew thou wast good at heart. Shake hands with me," said Captain Herbert.

And now the two old men clasped hands. They had not spoken for twenty years.

"We forgive and forget," said Captain Herbert. "And my son is your son, your daughter is my daughter."

"May they live together in the fear of the Lord," said Mr. Vaughan.

While this was passing at Tyrmynydd, Betty True Blue had not been idle. The news of Gerwyn's return, and how he had "armed her" to his father's house spread far and wide. All Arymor decided on making holiday. In less than an hour the bells of both the churches were ringing, the recently-formed corps of volunteers, of which Mr. Glyn was captain, and all the Herberts members, had assembled, and sailors and landsmen united in forming a procession and making a noise.

When Gerwyn, Mara, Mr. Vaughan, and Mariana started for Plâs in Mr. Vaughan's sober and one-horsed coburg, they little thought what was awaiting them. At the foot of the Little Mountain they were met by such a crowd, and greeted by such cheers, that they scarcely knew where they were. Volunteers in confusion, men, women, and children, all insisted on taking Jess, the mare, out of the sober coburg, and dragging it and its occupants to Plâs. So, amid shouts, bells, drums and fifes, floating union jacks and flags, and confusion thrice confounded, they were drawn triumphantly through Arymor.

Gerwyn entered into the spirit of the scene. He stood up, waved his red cap, bowed, laughed, almost shouted with his friends. Even Mr. Vaughan looked gay. There was Shonny, mad with joy, there were Shanno and her tribe, Betty True Blue, the workhouse people, the "handsome stranger," everybody was there. Mara looked radiant. With flushed cheeks and eyes full of tears, she sat or stood, waved her handkerchief or hand, just as the excitement moved her. It was truly a stirring scene, and told Gerwyn how well-beloved were his kinsfolk at Arymor.

When they reached his home the cheers were deafening. Gerwyn made such a speech as might have been expected from him, shook hands with everybody, was fairly folded in Shonny's arms, and finally received into his mother's.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG."

WHEN Mariana and Mara watched their father and Gerwyn set out on their journey to Cardiff, they were already yearning for their return.

Mara felt that she had again parted from her husband, and her heart was filled by vague forebodings. Mariana longed to accompany the travellers, and dreaded lest they might find Edwin dead, or, at least, too ill to come home. As Mariana was, for the first time in her life, incapable of exertion, the duty of preparation for the invalid fell on Mara. While seeing to all domestic arrangements, she tried to encourage and comfort her sister. But Mariana

could do nothing but watch, wait, and pray. She neither ate nor slept, and the hours seemed as days to her unemployed and anxious mind. It was evident how much she loved from what she suffered.

Mara watched and wondered. Three weary days passed, and Mariana was nearly exhausted by her restless misery. No letter or message reached them, and they both began to fear the worst. They seemed to be beginning over again that endless suffering that had ceased for one brief day.

Every preparation was made; the table was spread with delicacies in the dining-room; a fire lighted, albeit in July; the sofa and easy chair filled with cushions; doors and windows open to admit the first sound of wheels.

The sisters sat together. It was the evening of the third day, and they felt that news, good or bad, must come if the travellers did not.

"What if he should be dead!" said Mariana. "Oh, why did Gerwyn leave him?"

This was the first selfish word she had ever spoken.

"We should have known nothing, then, dear Nanno," said Mara, gently.

"Forgive me, dearest Mara, I know not what I say; I fear that not even filial love could keep me in life if Edwin were to die before I see him."

"Gerwyn said that he had been worse on board ship than he was when he left him," said Mara.

"I think I could be resigned if he came home first. But if he die before I see him! Oh, Mara, hush—I hear wheels!"

Day and night Mariana had fancied incessantly that she heard wheels. Starting from her bed, she had opened her window every hour to listen. Now she went to the front door. Mara followed.

"Mara, hush! I am certain now. They are coming. Do you hear the sound? Hush!"

"I think I hear wheels," said Mara.

They listened in silence. The distant rumbling grew more distinct, then died away.

"It is only that lumbering waggon again," said Mariana, tears filling her sad eyes.

She walked to the little lawn, and sat down on a rustic seat beneath a tree. Mara sat by her, and putting her arm round her waist, said,

"Dear sister, you and I understand one another now better than when we were young. Let me comfort you as you have comforted me. We have both suffered, but you without self-reproach; I have had self-reproach gnawing at my heart as well as grief. Perhaps my twenty years of punishment and yours of probation may be over now, and we shall be happy at last. Your happiness untroubled—mine troubled by the loss of Ivor."

"Perhaps so, dear Mara. But surely I hear wheels!"

Mariana rose to look and listen.

She was right at last. Some sort of vehicle was coming down the road.

"It is—it is!" she gasped. "Mara, you must receive them—I cannot. If he is there, my emotion will kill me—if not, what shall I do!"

"Try and compose yourself, dear Nanno," said Mara, as she shaded her eyes from the sun's rays with her hand, and looked up the drive.

She saw a carriage in the distance. When it reached the gate the sisters knew that the expected friends were at hand. Mariana paused to see a fly and pair enter the drive, then crouched down beneath a group of laurels in terrible excitement and fear.

"Go, Mara, go," she cried impatiently, "I will come when I know the worst!"

"Or the best," said Mara, hastening to the door to meet the fly.

Mariana watched unseen, saying to herself,

"Not before others—I could not—I may not; I should faint—I should die."

She saw Gerwyn and her father get out of the fly and kiss Mara. Gerwyn whispered to Mara, and they went together to the house.

She stood, trembling all over, till they returned, carrying the easy-chair. Then she held her breath, and with clasped hands and straining eyes saw Gerwyn help a man out of the fly, lift him in his arms, and place him in the chair.

"He is alive," she cried, and fell on her knees.

She thought she heard a weak voice say, "where is Mariana?" but she knew no more until Mara came to her.

"All is well," said Mara. "He is asking for you."

But Mariana could neither speak nor move.

"Come, darling," said Mara, trying to lift her up.

"I am so weak, so wicked?" said Mariana, with a heavy sigh.

"Father is gone to speak to the driver—I will call Gerwyn out," said Mara. "Come and see him now."

She helped Mariana across the lawn, opened the dining-room door, beckoned Gerwyn away from Edwin's side, and entreated her trembling sister to go in.

Mariana entered, and calling up her courage, went to Edwin. He was lying on the sofa, gazing at the door, and awaiting her. But for her colourless face, and faltering step, no one would have guessed how much she had so lately suffered.

"Edwin!" was all she could say. "Mariana!" was his one word of greeting.

She knelt down by his side and took his thin hand in hers. "Thank God!" said each, simultaneously, and then their tears flowed.

A few moments of silent thanksgiving, and she rose from her knees.

"I could not meet you, Edwin. My heart was too full," she said, as she looked at him.

His earnest eyes told her that he understood her.

"Spared for this moment, I can die in peace," he said.

She turned away to hide her tears, and stifle the rising sob. She believed, indeed, that he was dying.

Happily she saw his need of the cordial that Gerwyn had taken from his hand at Mara's call, and put it to his lips. He smiled as he drank it, and the smile gave her hope.

Gerwyn and Mara returned, followed by Mr. Vaughan.

"I have fulfilled my promise, Margaret," Edwin said. "I have brought back your husband, or rather, he has brought me back. He has been to me as a well-beloved brother, and I have truly repented of what I said to you long ago."

"We must have no repentance," said Gerwyn cheerfully. "Woochooria has taught us many lessons. We will rejoice in civilised life now, and Nanno must reform you, Mara me. We can neither talk, eat, nor dress, like Englishmen. Let me make you more comfortable."

The two women watched Gerwyn while he raised Edwin tenderly, and rearranged his pillows.

"He likes them so, Mariana," said Gerwyn.

"Gerwyn has nursed him like a woman," said Mr. Vaughan. "We owe his return to him."

"He has been an obstreperous patient. You will find him so," said Gerwyn to Mariana.

"It is like a dream. But is not life a dream?" said Edwin, glancing from one to the other of the friends who surrounded him.

"We must make it a reality," said Gerwyn, "for you must eat and drink. Nanno's nursing, and all this good cheer, will soon set you up."

Gerwyn glanced expressively at Mariana, then at the supper-table. She understood him, and roused herself. She and Mara busied themselves at the table, but it was Mara who made the tea, and took the active part. Mariana was still incapable of exertion. She could only look stealthily at Edwin. Gerwyn saw that she trembled as she tried to be of use, and whispering to her to sit down by Edwin, took upon himself to carve the chicken, and to make Edwin eat.

By degrees, calm succeeded to emotion, and Mariana recovered some degree of self-command. But no devoted woman, such as she was, could have looked on Edwin and felt composed in mind, however great her struggle for composure of manner. If he had been worn and ill when he returned from America, he was tenfold more so now. She dared not hope that he could recover: still she was grateful to the Giver of all good that he was at home once more, even if it were only to die.

(To be continued.)

MY TIGER.

A GIRL'S STORY OF INDIA.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories out of Schooltime," "Stories of Long Ago," etc.



CHAPTER I.

UP to the hills! One must have lived in India to know the sweetness of these words for dwellers on its sun-baked and fever-stricken plains, where our excited kinsmen pant so longingly after a gust of purer air a few thousand feet above the dead level of sultry life. "Home," with its chill showers, bracing breezes, and occasional sunshine, is first in their hearts; but for want of a better, they welcome the change to the mountain retreats crowded by languid Europeans at the first fiery breath of spring, though here, even in the "cold weather," reigns a climate that might often put English summers to shame.

I had the good fortune to go straight to such an Elysium, when as a girl in her teens I came out from England on a visit to my sister and brother-in-law, who held the enviable post of superintendent at a hill station in the Western Ghauts, doctor, magistrate, road-maker, bazaar-manager and general autocrat in one; he even read the service in church three Sundays out of four, the regular chaplain paying us only a monthly visit. I arrived early in the year, before the season opened, while as yet there were hardly half a dozen European families in the place. Unless one strayed into the bazaar with its single broad street of native shops, one might wander through a leafy solitude for hours almost without seeing a soul. The whole ridge was covered with woods, scattered and hidden among which lay the still empty bungalows, white-washed or bare walls of the red laterite stone prevailing in the neighbourhood, with bright tin roofs and broad verandahs, that would soon be a refuge for the best society of Bombay.

But I, for one, did not miss society in my enthusiastic admiration of this tamed wilderness. In all directions, winding up and down the hill-sides, ran trim red roads through the jungle of dark-leaved trees, overshadowing an undergrowth of scrubby bushes and bleached grass. We were always up at dawn to take a ramble in the fresh morning air, along those woodland walks, or by the crooked coolie-paths on which we met files of gaily-draped native women, patiently trudging up from the valleys with huge bundles of grass on their heads, and now and then a rickety bullock-cart, but there were few other signs of life beyond the crackling gambols of lizards and the pretty striped squirrels so common in India. Through the day, even here, four thousand feet above the sea, the heat was usually so powerful that we were glad to keep indoors. Then, towards evening, we would drive out to some commanding point of view that looked down into the deep valleys of the Deccan to the east, or westward over the Konkan, a maze of jagged peaks and cliffs beyond which the crimson glow of sunset revealed the sea thirty miles away. Most of the lower ridges and valleys were as yet nakedly sunburnt, with a patch of tender verdure here and there in the hollows, and lines of dusty trees marking the white water-courses, reduced at this season to a mere thread. But after the wet summer months, during which the station became uninhabitable, as much rain falling in a week as on the dampest part of England the whole year through, all these bare surfaces would glow with green, the parched stems starting everywhere to life, and the hardy evergreens on the heights veiled in a luxuriant mantle of moss and creepers. Our bleak English November is on the Ghauts the finest month in the year.

There was one favourite goal for our excursions, where, crawling out to the end of a narrow promontory, you looked down, if you durst, upon a sheer drop of some three thousand feet, an awful gulf of black rocks, seamed with bands of withered grass, almost white in the sun glare, its shadowy hollows and water-worn crevices bristling with ragged trees that from the height appeared like tiny shrubs. My head was fairly turned the first time by this stupendous view, and I felt glad to draw back after a hasty glimpse of its wonders. Then as Tom, my brother-in-law, was helping me up the narrow path by which we had descended, I noticed certain deep scratches on the overhanging branch of a tree, and asked him what they meant, more to conceal my nervousness than from any real curiosity.

"A tiger has been sharpening his claws here," he answered carelessly.

"A tiger!" I exclaimed, with an involuntary start, looking round as if I expected to see one spring out of the nearest bush; but Tom only laughed at me.

"Where would you have the poor tigers live, if not in their native jungle?" said he. "We know of two in these woods, and a panther into the bargain, which is a much more dangerous neighbour."

Here was startling news for me! I had already been cautioned not to go out in the dark without a lantern, for fear of treading on some venomous snake, and always to shake my shoes or my sponge in the morning lest they should be harbouring a scorpion; but nobody had thought worth while to mention to me that there were tigers in these woods as well as lizards and bulbuls, and the idea was rather disquieting to a girl who had never thought to see fierce wild beasts out of a menagerie. I took courage, however, when I found that the rest of the party did not seem to dread the appearance of any such fierce monster at our picnic, which passed off as quietly as if on Hampstead Heath or in Cliefden Woods. Still, I wondered that people could know of tigers about, and take it so coolly, as a matter of course.

We had breakfast under a tree scored by fresh claw-marks; and all the time Tom kept chaffing me about my fears, so that I knew there could be no real danger. On the road home he explained to me that the tigers were quite as willing to keep out of my way as I out of theirs; that the difficulty was to catch the slightest glimpse of them by daylight; that keen sportsmen might stalk the jungle for weeks without being able to get a shot at one; that in any case a respectable tiger, of sane mind in a sane body, would turn up his nose at the like of me for a breakfast. It was only depraved old tigers, with teeth too far gone, probably, or joints too stiff for making a livelihood in the regular way, who now and then took to man-eating; and, if such a monster were about the whole neighbourhood would soon know of it.

When we got back to the bungalow he showed me, preserved in spirits, a little harmless-looking snake which killed far more people in India than the tigers. A wild pig, Tom said, was a more formidable creature to meet, as, in spite of his retiring disposition, he had a trick of charging upon two-legged strangers who chanced to disturb him. The single fatal accident in the district, for a long time, had been caused by a panther, at which the horses of a carriage shied and carried it over the precipitous side of the road.

So I thought no more about tigers for a few days, till I had an adventure exciting enough to upset any girl's equanimity. One evening I had gone out by myself on a tricycle which Tom had just imported, the first ever seen in that part of the world. For miles I went spinning along the smooth sunbeam-chequered drives, between hedges of greenery, brightened by roses and orchids, and banks of home-like bracken, flourishing under the tortuous arms of the jambool trees, with their unfamiliar foliage, but for which and the Oriental odours loading the air, one might have sometimes fancied oneself in an English park. At length the waning light warned me that it was time to turn homewards. Then, coming to a long curved slope in the road, I put up my feet and let the machine shoot down at its full speed, to the amazement of a group of staring natives whom I rattled past near the top of the descent. I had just turned the corner, half-way down, when the bushes on one side parted with a mighty crackle, some hundred yards ahead, and out came a huge striped beast, slowly and stealthily stalking across the road before me like a gigantic cat. I might well be scared out of my wits. There was a tiger, a real live tiger; and here was I flying right into his clutches, unable to check the headlong speed of my machine, even if I had not been too terrified to move a finger. My head span round faster than the wheels that seemed to be whirling me to destruction. All I can tell is that I uttered a cry, and saw the tiger give a bound before I shut my eyes tight, expecting next moment to find myself in his jaws.

Blindly and helplessly, clutching the break and steering-handle, but too much paralysed to use either, was I borne swiftly on. I think I should have fainted, but for the shock of the tricycle running into a bank at the bottom and shooting me out into a prickly bush. When I had picked myself up and ventured to look shudderingly round, the tiger was nowhere to be seen in the twilight.

"I hope Tom was right about beasts being as much afraid of me as I of them!" I gasped

out on my knees, half crying and half laughing at the sorry plight I was in, all tattered and scratched from the fall, though else unhurt.

As soon as I had a little mastered my agitation and put myself to rights as well as these shaking hands of mine would serve me, I lost no time in remounting my iron steed and urging it away from the dark thicket, in which, for all I knew, that four-legged foe might still be watching me with hungry eyes. The road ran up-hill now for most of the way, and if fear had not lent me strength, I should fairly have broken down. A dozen times my heart was in my mouth at the rustle made by harmless creatures darting among the brushwood on either hand. Over and over again I had almost stopped short, taking some darkened patch in the dusky vista ahead for a crouching tiger. But on I went, panting and trembling, through the deepening shadows, thick to my nervous fancy with sights and sounds of terror; and when at length I reached the welcome lights of the bungalow, the first thing I did was to have a good hearty cry before sobbing out the story to my astonished sister Clara.

Clara soothed me as best she could, telling me, for my encouragement, how her own buggy had been followed that evening by two sneaking wolves, but how nobody much minded such encounters, which might happen any day, and no harm come of them. Tom, when he heard what was the matter, tried to make me laugh by a comic description of the tiger still quaking in the bosom of his family, as he related to them how he had fled through bush and brier from an appalling white monster on wheels, which came near snapping him up, as he was walking quietly home from a lecture on vegetarianism! So I gradually recovered my composure, and after dinner felt quite ashamed of myself for this exhibition of cowardice.

But, when left alone for the night, my fears began to come back upon me, in spite of all I could do to resist them. Clara being badly off for spare room, in the boldness of early inexperience, I had volunteered to occupy a *chuppar*, a little house of wattles and grass, built on purpose for me at the cost of about fifteen shillings. Now, as I lay trying to get to sleep in this airy wigwam, I could not help pricking up my ears at every one of the many voices of an Indian night. There was no want of visitors, flying and many-footed, to disturb my rest—rats and bandicoots scampering on the ground, flying foxes rustling in the dry branches above, kites dropping bones on the roof with a startling crash, twitterings and patterings and hummings all around, squeakings and croakings inside and outside, chirpings and cracklings from the very furniture, creeping and skipping and hovering things invading my bed through a hole in the mosquito curtains, beneath which I tossed and turned, working myself up to a fever in the hot, still air. Over the hubbub of restless neighbours, close at hand, from moths to mongooses, I heard, as usual, the long-drawn howl of jackals in the jungle, one lifting up its dismal note with a sound like this:

"I smell a dead Hindo-o-o-o-oo!"

To which his comrades seemed to croak out in chorus:

"Where? Where? Where? Where?"

For the first time this hideous wail kept me awake, magnified by roused imagination into the growl of tigers or leopards prowling round my frail shelter, through the walls of which a kitten could almost have forced its way. And, what was more serious, the horses in the stable began to stamp and neigh, and the dogs to bark, showing that they really had wind of some wild beast not far off.

To increase my alarm, the lamp set to burn beside me all night suddenly went out, leaving me a helpless prey to these bugbears of darkness. But for the fear of being laughed at, not to say the chance of setting my foot on a snake or a cockroach in the dark, I would have hurried indoors to seek refuge in the nursery, and there were moments when I had almost shouted out for help. As it was, vainly telling myself that I had nothing to be afraid of, I buried my head under the pillow to shut out the noises that beset me, till at length, somehow or other, sleep stole to my relief when I had come to despair of it; and I dozed off into a nightmare dream, in which our friendly puss at home seemed to be climbing on to my bed, but turned into a tiger whenever I tried to stroke her, then, showing horrible teeth and claws, wanted to play with me as a cat does with a mouse.

When I awoke, safe and sound, it was broad, cheerful daylight, and the tumbled state of the bed was the only sign of my troubled night. My early cup of tea stood cold beside me as the ayah had left it; my watch told me I had lain two or three hours later than usual. Dressing in haste, and laughing at myself for having been so scared into wakefulness, I went over to the bungalow, where the first thing I saw was *Tom*, with two or three of his henchmen, presiding over a great cleaning of rifles. "Here's news of your tiger!" was his greeting to me. "He felt so much upset, it seems, by the fright you gave him, that this morning, to keep up his spirits, he killed a bullock for breakfast, so the people have sent for me to come and shoot him at supper-time."

"And doesn't Clara mind you going?"

"Why should she? Not the least danger, you know, except for the tiger! He has hidden himself for the day, but is sure to come back at sunset to his 'kill.' Meanwhile, the natives will make a snug perch for me up a tree, where I shall be duly waiting for him with a couple of rifles. The poor brute has no more chance than his own victims. It's a cowardly way of potting him, but we can't afford to lose our bullocks. Did Clara never tell you how she was with me when I shot my last tiger?"

"Yes, she told me she had done such a thing once. How could she?"

"She wasn't really half so much flustered as when I pulled out Johnny's tooth the other day. Look here, you shall come this time, if you like, and be able to say all the rest of your life that you have been out tiger-shooting."

"Me!"

"Why not? I give you my word and honour the beast shan't come within reach of you. Only you must promise me not to cry out, whatever happens—not a cheep when it comes to the point! or you may scare him away. Then, if you behave well, you shall have his skin, that is, supposing we get it, for I might miss, you know. But, with a fair damsel looking on, I am bound to shoot my best. Won't you come now?"

My first thought was that I would sooner visit a live dragon or a dozen dentists. But when I remembered my foolish nervousness, I saw here a chance of at once punishing and hardening myself by a desperate resolution. It sounded most formidable, but Tom must know better than I did, and of course would never think of inviting me on an enterprise of real peril. So, when he laughingly held out his hand, I took it, trying to conceal my inward qualms, as I promised to be the companion of his watch, and to obey him implicitly, making not the least womanish noise, whatever might befall.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

She was Changed.

A young girl who was dissatisfied with her home-life, and always talking of her grievances, and showing her discontent in voice, look, and manners, surprised a friend whom she met one day by her quick step, bright smile, and happy tone.

"How are things at home?" the friend asked, thinking that some good news had made the change.

"Oh, everything is just the same," was the reply; "but I am different."

The Pianoforte. — The pianoforte, or forte piano, as it was often written in the eighteenth century, is an instrument of Italian origin. The earliest mention of the name appears in records of the family of Este in the letters of a musical instrument maker named Paliarino, dated June 27 and December 31, 1598, and addressed to Alfonso II., Duke of Modena.

"Good without effort—great without a foe."
Byron.

Profitable Penitence.

It is told of a well-known authoress that her kind thoughtfulness for others is a marked trait in her character, and that at one time being spoken to about it, she replied—

"If I possess such a virtue, it is the result of contrition over my juvenile manners. I had a party when I was a little girl, and having no sash, I wore a blue ribbon round my waist. Another little girl came in resplendent with a sash, and such was my envy that I at once took occasion to tell her that sashes were all out of fashion. My penitence over that piece of feminine cattishness ought to have done me good, and I hope it has."

Trying to Reform.

"My dear," said a conscientious old gentleman to his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, "it grieves me to observe your tendency to exaggerate facts; you really ought to stop it."

"I know I ought," replied the fair penitent, "and I am trying. I have shed barrels and barrels of tears over this weakness."

First-Class Conduct.

A family of unlimited wealth coming from New York to Liverpool secured the best accommodation the steamer afforded. The gentleman and his wife kept themselves by themselves most of the time, but the children were allowed to run wild over the steamer until they became such intolerable nuisances that the captain was spoken to, and he gave the youngsters a severe reprimand.

This roused the indignation of the mother, who remarked to the captain that as she paid first-class fare she thought she was entitled to first-class privileges.

"Madam," said the captain, "first-class fare means first-class conduct."

There was no further protest.

"Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No: those at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only can that heart retain."—*Gay.*

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

(PARABLE FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.)

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

Dante's Vision of Leah and Rachel with his conception of Countess Matilda and Beatrice in their glorified state, as illustrating the Active Life and the Contemplative.

Vision of Leah.

(*The poet sleeping on the stairs of Purgatory.*)

"Lady, why so lowly stoop
To cull flowers on either hand?
What the praise that lilies droop,
Myrrh spreads fragrance through the land?

Wrought to higher grace art thou,
Than the rarest flower that blows;
Lift to heaven thy gentle brow;
Heaven's own light to greet thee flows,

Born from glories that excel
Summer pomp of gold or red;
Eyes that search their fountain well
Meet no brazen screen o'erhead.

Theirs the parted cloud, the bow
Set against the unerring sun,
Angel wings that come and go,
Shades that from their presence run."—

—"Dreaming poet, wing thy thought
To sweet fields in Palestine,
Where a seven years' service wrought,
Made a loveless marriage mine.

I am Leah, and I seek
Spells to move my heart's desire,
Wreathe the brow and fleck the cheek
With green fronds and sunset fire,

Flame of jacinth or of rose,
That his eyes upon my face
May perceive some charm disclose,
Plain and pale they would not trace.

So, a largess of the love
Showered on Rachel give to me;
Call not, then, my thoughts above
While my heart to love is free.

Mine the tireless feet that roam,
Mine the hands that cannot rest,
But my soul turns to her home,
Where the beautiful is blest.

From the tent my love shall see
Leah come with perfumed hair,
Leah with breast-knots, girdle free,
Rachel unadorned less fair."

"Oh, little feet and hands!" the poet cried,
"Oh, little soul that animates with pride
How active are ye in these summer hours!
Your hopes are vain as the now rootless flow'rs
Desire dooms to wither. Satisfied
Is love with loving: only to adore
And spend her strength in service evermore!
No greater gift to the surrendered heart
Has God e'er given. Let them do their part,
The flowers thou cullest with such industry
To deck thy favourite shrine. When thou shalt see
Thy face shamed by fresh splendours; threads of grey
Lit up by dew-drop pearls, see self betray;
Then at the mortal ruin sore dismay'd,
And of Time's last betrayal more afraid,
It may be there will wake the saints' desire
For the one Master who can place thee higher;
The fadeless beauty born from life as brief
As putting forth and fall of flower and leaf.
Say not thou lovest! Love stops not short of Heaven;
Asks not gifts seven, but gives her seven times seven."

So spake, 'mid dreams and sacred reveries,
The Tuscan poet who loved Beatrice;
Drawn by the links loosed from her seat of bliss,
To dwell among the Eternal Verities.

Rachel.

"I love the glass which lets me from outside
Behold myself as seen in other eyes;
My soul talks to my face; the sweet surprise
Each change brings in it makes her here abide.

She knows why twice seven years of patient toil
Were not too much to ask for love of me;
Wots of the prize my cheated lord did see,
Must well a thousand wrongs and pains assoil.

Oh, beauteous eyes, what language need the lips,
Communing with him that you do not speak?
What rose is fairer than the changeful cheek,
Whose bloom o'erleans white rose of finger-tips?

My sister, Leah, twines amid her hair
Long trails of hyacinth, white stars that shine,
She decks with flowers every beauty line,
Hides not desire to please or anxious care.

Oh, happy she, who in herself has more
Than Art can e'er illumine or enhance;
Whose eyes from liquid depths, by one soft glance,
Promise more treasure than a mine of ore.

Shine on, and speak to me, my own sweet eyes,
And tell me as I am I'm loveliest;
He sees not Leah in gay flowers drest,
When Rachel to salute him doth arise."

Then he who leaned upon the altar stairs
That slope towards Paradise, moved in his sleep,
And from his lips exhaled a sigh so deep
That sorrow stirred amid ambrosial airs.

Waking with looks that seek a face, he cried,
"Thou, formed for contemplation; sworn to pride,
To vain self-worship, would'st thou know thy face,
And seek deliverance ere it be too late?
Another glass invites thee from within
To view thy weakness and thy heart of sin,
The little mind which never larger soul
Inclines to heavenly thoughts and service whole.
The face admired, as a flattering mask,
Must lie forgot when Death his dues shall ask.
Behind that veil a spirit-form now moves,
The image of thy hopes, thy fears, thy loves,
Naked of every good thou still dost lack,
Faithful to give the earthly record back;
Stunted where thou art dwarfed, deformed and scarred,
Where thy perversions fair advancement barred.
See it and loathe the thing that thou may'st be
Ere the soul-mould is cast eternally."

The vision melted with the words he spoke,
Not so the light that on the Dreamer broke;
For where 'mid fleeting things these types abound,
In action, contemplation, Self is found,
Seeking its ends, or resting in its sweet,
Neither attains to the Divine, Complete,
The Father wills the children should inherit,
Through the blest trinities of mind and soul and spirit.



COUNTESS MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS IN PARADISE, WITH DANTE AND VIRGIL WATCHING.

COUNTESS MATILDA.

Awake, he sees a lady culling flowers,
Her way a paradise of heavenly bowers;
Himself a pilgrim in a pathless wood,
Nor fears that he can stray where all is good.
No evil thing shall ever here intrude,
Peace, with spread pinions, guards this solitude.
Full fain is he to read the lady's face,
Through thornless may he sees her artless grace,
Divines the love that from her radiant eyes
Falls upon blossoms of a million dyes.
How white and delicate the hand she spreads
In benediction on their beauteous heads;
While from her lips there flows a song so clear,
Its music strikes upon his ravished ear.
But, oh, to learn its meaning, and view near,
A face must be, he thinks, to angels dear.
Alas, a narrow river rolls between,
And dark the wave that parts the living green.
Deep is the flood; no place where he may cross
Or leap into the hither grass and moss.
But "will the lady to the waving line
Draw nearer, and pursue her song divine?"

She from the flowers lifts her happy eyes,
Smiles at his eagerness, new melodies,
Awakening from the royal Hebrew's psalm;
Birds make low music in their groves of balm,
While angel lyres come unnoted nigher,
To bear the burden of her rapture higher.

"'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works,
I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.'
Thou settest in the open heart Thy world,
Deep thoughts we cannot know—like buds uncurl'd,
That we may mark, and learn, and guess Thee so;
Where Thou dost smile a thousand flowers blow.
Each, all were in Thine heart ere child of Thine
Marked their unfolding in the lands of wine;
A multiform of beauty, colour, grace,
To gladden man and deck Thy holy place.
Wonderful art Thou, Lord! And beautiful
Thy mind in all Thy works! All dutiful
The soul that through these gifts considers Thee;
The task spurns time, and asks eternity."

"'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works,
I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.'
So glad I am, heart-chords with joy would break,
Might not the overflow this music make.
As surely will it find its way to Thee,
As streams of earth flow onward to the sea.
Sweet, joyous Father, I Thy works explore,
Only to praise Thee, and to love Thee more;
Thy tender care creates that it may bless
These little ones, the flowers are witnesses.
Suns, systems, souls, controlled by perfect law
Find their true centre in Thy heart. With awe
That swells to rapture, all Thy saints adore,
The Prince of Life, they laud Thee evermore.
'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works,
I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.'"

So sang the lady through the happy lands.
Not as when Leah spoiled the Syrian bowers,
That she might borrow from a wealth of flowers
Some beauty that she lacked. The temple, she,
Round which her fancies moved continually.
Matilda, active in her earth-life; wise
To see God in His works, finds Paradise
A higher school, and follows on to know
The sense hid in the lily's hood of snow,
In violet's purple, or carnation's glow.
Flowers waken music like the bells that bead
The Garment's Hem. Let worshippers give heed,
The High Priest moves behind the temple veil,
From His hands stream the incense. None can fail
To breathe that fragrance, bending low in prayer,
And apprehending so His presence fair.
For God is in the thought that inly yearns,
In temple-form, and song, or bush that burns.

BEATRICE.

Hush! Break not on the silence by a word
To still his trembling. 'Tis the ancient flame
Has driven all colour from his sunken cheek;
How beautiful the lady who has left
Her higher place to tread this Paradise,
Arrayed in twofold garments and her brow
Shining with radiance 'neath the snow-white veil.
The olive-leaves shade softly. Living flame
The vesture woven for her soul, what time,
Unclothed by Death, Heaven clothed her for its courts.
Within the folds of the soft garment that
Subdues that flame, green memories lurk for him
Of lingering sunsets, gentle valley lands,
Smiling 'neath hills on fire with golden gorse;
The dance of daffodils on wind-blown beds:
From the clear windows of her eyes looks forth
All that is in her soul, all images,
Thoughts, aspirations, feelings. Not as dreams,
But living powers born of indwelling God;
Part of her inmost self; inseparable
And ever present; passive 'neath the screen,
Yet coming frankly to the white-rayed light.

Can any bear while in the earthly house
Such "pure severity of perfect light?"
His spirit dies within him, as her lips
Part for the silver music of her speech;
But speed such arrows to his consciousness
That Memory, an avenging angel, wakes,
And Truth is bitter as the Paschal herbs.
Yet think not Beatrice is less beloved;
Ne'er sweeter she than in that hour when low,
The Lethean waters gurgle at his feet,
And pitying angels sing of hope in God
To lutes that ring for ever. Is it the fault
Of the bright sun that the young eagle brood
Cannot unshrinking face its noonday fires?
Oh, splendour of the hidden flame when she
Her holy eyes bent on him and unveiled!
The Lethean wave now passed, 'tis hers to guide
Him through the starry circles: her discourse
There, like the angel's who appeared to John,
Spent upon themes which he must heed and write.
As through a minster-window where displays
The great white rose, its hundred leaves in rings,
And from the westering sun stray sunbeams steal,
To cast an iris on the marble floor,
A glory on calm faces of the saints;
So saw the Poet, heaven within heaven,
The while to a deep organ roll of praise
Voices in Latin hymns sang praise to God.

Yet never from the central sun, the Throne,
The Beatific Vision, is the face
Of Beatrice attracted. She reflects
The beams diffuse that reach her, being changed
From glory into glory. Well he marks
How to the Mirror of all Perfectness
She meekly turns that she may see her God.
Rachel sat at her glass to view herself,
Nor wearied of the vision. Satisfied
The soul who loves the beauty of her Lord,
Enquiring in His Temple evermore.
She wins that beauty, wears it, with no thought
Of eyes that seeing, worship.
Here must end
This lovely parable. The twofold life,
Active, contemplative, is shown herein—
First in the earthly aim; then glorified
To reach the heavenly. Leah and Rachel read:
'Tis yours to be Matilda, Beatrice.
Learn from the worm that battening on the leaf,
Ceases to feed thereon, dies to the world,
And lets the power that works within have way.

Ceasing from dead-works, self-idolatry,
A law of life in us puts forth its power
To quicken and produce creations new.
How glorious the life of light and air,
The life which spurns the particles of earth,
Unfolding pinions for an upward flight!
The eyes that gaze upon the face of Christ,
How dove-like are they in their gentleness!
What radiant hues eterne the God of Light
Pours on the white-robed children! Beauteous feet
That run to bring glad tidings! Lovely hands
That jewels seek, or flowers darkly hid,
To bring them to the Light! Divinely fair
The face that through cold nights and sorrowing days
Turns upward, like an angel's to behold
The beatific vision of her God!

GOOD AND BAD TASTE.

By LLOYD LESTER.



To give a comprehensive definition of this subtle, far-reaching subject is very difficult; particularly so if said definition aims at perfect accuracy. Frequently as we hear the expression, "In good taste," or "In bad taste," bandied about, perhaps not one person in twenty could really state what constitutes taste. Never was there such an elusive sprite. She will not be chained to conventionalities, and laughs at the canons of philosophy of her grave elder sister. Yet withal she is the unerring guide who unlocks with her golden keys the treasures of beauty to human perception.

Richly endowed with varied mental powers as the human mind is, none—or certainly very few—deserve to hold higher rank than taste. It is one of the finest gifts of our beneficent Creator. When fully cultivated it affords us most delightful enjoyment and elevating blessing, since its possession enables us to derive happiness from occupying with lofty and pure pursuits the leisure hours of life, which otherwise would too probably be spent in low and grossly sensuous coarseness to the utter degradation of our nature. It has been questioned whether taste is an attribute of sense, or the outcome of reason. But inasmuch as we can enjoy a fine picture, or a grand view without any process of reasoning about it, it seems more likely that "feeling" has more to do with taste than the critical mathematical style of deductive reasoning.

Men possessed of what are commonly termed "hard heads," the Gradgrinds of society, with figures, facts, and statistics at their finger ends like A B C, cannot be accused of any lack of reason and cool argumentative ability. But of sympathetic pleasure in the beauties of nature and art, such men have at best but embryotic glimmerings. They have no sensibility to the finer affinities of our higher nature. Certain gross, material kinds of beauty they may understand and enjoy, but they are incapable of rising to that exquisite discernment of the latent graces of form, colour, and harmony, owned by persons who may be far inferior to them when measured by the standard of reason only. Thus we must admit the conclusion, as the logical result of this argument, that while all qualities necessary to mankind's comfort are pretty generally possessed, those which demand more careful cultivation, and incline to the adornment of our minds, are bestowed more sparingly, with due regard to the amount of culture required if the inherent predisposition is to attain not merely expression but correct expression. Youth is the formative period of life, hence young persons should be exceedingly careful to educate this faculty of taste. Our girls especially should strive to develop it as much as they possibly can; by constant study aiming to attain that gracious influence and aroma about their dainty maidenhood which true taste ever diffuses like the fragrance of snowy lilies around the daily life of a woman who is its fortunate possessor. All things need culture. The richer the natural soil, the more care it requires to bring its children to perfection. The skilled violinist whose great delicacy of touch we so much admire, trained his natural gift with long and arduous practice until his supple fingers respond to each nerve vibration with perfect obedience, and draw from the strings entrancing melody.

Thus by analogy we learn that prolonged education is necessary if we would possess, not merely delicate but correct views and appreciative faculties that will bestow on us the pleasures of taste. Nature never does all the work for her children. Laziness is not in favour with her. If our feelings are readily impressed by, and responsive to, a sunlit landscape, a grand epic, a martial song, a patriot's sacrifice, we need to examine why such and such things are calculated to evoke such emotions. Here reason does perform a certain part towards this mental training, otherwise we should be, as ill-trained natures frequently are, stirred by unworthy or inadequate objects, and thus false sentiment encourages the formation of false taste, fostering it to such a degree that they are unable to distinguish between true sentiment and stupid sentimentality. The girl who reads with flowing tears some trashy or vicious concoction of French fiction is ruining her taste by this false stimulation of her better feelings. Contrast her with her humbler sister who uses her nimble fingers to make clean her home; brightens it with a few homely flowers, a good engraving or two, several well-chosen books, simple, but gracefully suitable furniture. Her dress and personal surroundings discovers at once that the maiden owns a fastidious taste developed and educated to sensible ends. The one is vitiating nature's gift of sensibility by bestowing it on unworthy objects, the other uses and ever improves her talent to intellectual profit of the highest order.

Many minds are endowed with the faculty of appreciating bold outlines and the more palpable attractions of scenes or objects which arrest attention by their being very much in evidence. Such persons are sufficiently able to discern merit of this striking order, but the more delicate graces, the exquisite charm of tone, blended colours, play of light and shade, the vivid sunlight in one spot, the graded shading in another, the differing tints of foliage are quite beyond their capacities. They are pleased, moved, delighted by the general whole. Why, they may not be able to define. But let another person who has refined his natural sensitiveness to beauty by earnest constant attention to its best, most elevating forms, come to gaze upon the self-same prospect. His cultivated eye, aided by controlled principles, will distinguish, criticise and accurately note each fine characteristic, each dainty elegance of detail, presenting the whole in one beautiful harmony. Thus we perceive that taste, considered in its most perfect sense, is actually a combination of nature and art, capable of ever-increasing refinement. A fastidious, that is, an educated taste, will be of necessity critical—not from censoriousness or in a carping spirit, but by reason of its nice palate. It will refuse approbation to all meretricious pretensions to merit; and absolutely reject all false beauties, however cunningly they may be dressed out in the stolen garb of wit or wisdom.

It is to this precious faculty we owe a vast debt for its exposure of shams and artificial modes of thought and expression. Take for instance the stilted affectation which formerly prevailed in literature under the early Georges. The noble simplicity of English literature seemed doomed to extinction beneath the deluge of pseudo-classic absurdities, and pedantic language characterised the most ordinary letters. French faddists introduced the "pastoral" style. High-bred dandies in Court circles described themselves as shepherds in Arcadia's sylvan haunts, and penned preposterous verses to impossible shepherdesses, belles of society who knew no more of sheep than sheep did of them. It is entertaining to read the descriptions of such false or misplaced taste writers of that period have left on record. And it is quite possible that our descendants may in their turn derive amusement from our notions of taste. Perhaps rightly if we merely regard it from the standpoint of fashion. But this is scarcely a standard of judgment. The vagaries indulged in by a particular party or community do not affect the eternal verities of things. The true canons of taste exist apart from any mutabilities of custom or fancy, and a spirit of lofty intelligence and clear perception of that which has the true ring of worth will always escape from the trammels of artificial swaddling bands.

In other days than ours taste was in leading-strings to the party in power, and took its cue of obligation therefrom. "Patronage" ruled despotically over all circles. The Press was in its infancy, and literary, musical and artistic enterprise laboured in chains to "patrons." Hence the strange arrest put upon national taste when the House of Stuart restored, followed by the House of Hanover, swayed the sceptre. The curious incongruous ideas of our great-great-grandfathers upon this very point is sufficiently exemplified in the outrageous monuments which disfigure some of our national Machpelahs. Thanks to a purer, chaster appreciation of correct taste, some of the more hideous of these have been removed from St. Paul's and no longer disfigure the grand majesty of our Metropolitan Cathedral.

It is certain that this attribute is not possessed by all, albeit some maintain that everyone is precisely gifted alike with taste. If so, a newsboy would be as fitting to write history as Macaulay or Hallam, a sign-painter to be immortal as Raphael. No, this is manifestly absurd, because works of taste are quite unlike matters of reason. We perform the latter along certain lines of philosophic thought, we advance according to scientific rules and arrive at the logical end in decorous adherence to ascertained facts. That is one; but taste is not, and cannot be, bound by any such hard and fast methods. She displays her charms in manifold ways. Her teachings she presents to her disciples in ever-varying forms, all in just proportions, all in exact symmetry, whether they take shape in John Bright's severely dignified oratory, or the more involved exquisitely polished periods of William Ewart Gladstone.

To fix a standard of taste is more difficult than to show its characteristics. It is plain that no one person can be relied upon in so important a matter. We must ascertain if possible the sentiments and opinions of those lofty minds in all ages and countries whose finely-gifted and highly-cultivated faculties of perception and judgment render their critical taste unimpeachable in its conclusions, and justly determine the canon laws thereof for all time. A writer of the last century bids us seek this standard of taste in the feelings natural to mankind in general: "The universal feeling is the natural feeling, and the natural feeling is the right one." Truly so. True taste is not the artificial tinsel of false conventionalities which merely dwarf and distort the soul, but the sympathetic spontaneous appreciation of "whatsoever things are honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

A MODERN MISTAKE.

A STORY TOLD IN LETTERS.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Howard.

The Lawn, Summerhayes,
June 1, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

No doubt you have heard through Florence of the sad change that is taking place in our happy home. Our dear Mona is about to leave us to become the superintendent of a "Home of Rest," at Southgate-on-Sea.

I am in great distress at the thought of losing her. Lucy is many years younger, as you know, and cannot take her place. My eyes are not as good as they were, and I did hope that by-and-by she would be quite my right hand. I have not given her much to do in the house yet, for I know young people like to amuse themselves, and I was kept so strict myself in my girlhood, I thought Mona should have a little fling and fun while she had the chance.

I thought she was happy, I am sure; we did our best to make her so, and it was a great shock to me and her poor father when she came and said she could not bear it any longer, and must go away.

I think it is not quite fair either to take a situation when she has a good home, for another lady, a widow, wanted the place sadly; but Mona offered to go without salary, and so got it over her head.

We have never refused the dear child anything, and so couldn't begin now, besides, she does seem so set on it. Ah, well! they say there are many new ideas about girls making their own way in life, and I suppose we old people cannot understand them.

There is a young fellow, a Mr. Hamilton, my husband's head clerk at the Works, such a nice kind fellow, and of a good family too. We have seen a great deal of him, and I fancy he likes Mona, but what is the use if she is going away nobody knows where? I must try and be resigned, but it all does seem very trying.

Your affectionate friend,
HESTER SMITH.

Mona to Florence.

"Home of Rest," East Cliff,
Southgate-on-Sea,
Thursday, June 11, 1891.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

Somehow it seems natural to write to you and tell you everything, though I can't say you encourage me very much.

I will write my letter in diary form, a little every few days, and then send it off at the end of a week. I want to hear your ideas of things, and you will get a bird's-eye view of my life. I don't keep a diary, so this will do instead.

I had a dreadful time when I left home. Mother and all of them were simply drowned in tears, and I had to keep on encouraging myself, so as not to break down. I had a wretched journey all the same, and felt rather despondent when I was driven up to the door of a tall white house in this dead-alive watering-place. The "Home" faces the sea, so that is one good thing.

The old housekeeper, Mrs. Black, came out into the bare hall to receive me, and said, rather familiarly as I thought, "Eh, miss, but you do look young!" I felt it was best to begin as I meant to go on, and asked her quietly to show me my rooms. She said no more, but led the way upstairs.

My sitting-room, though small, can be made cosy enough, but the little bedroom is at the back. It struck me that this was a trifle undignified, but Mrs. Black said, "Well, you see, miss" (I must teach her to call me ma'am), "the committee ladies thought those as only come for a fortnight should get the benefit of the sea view." She did not seem to remember that something might be said for the lady who had given up her home and pleasures for the service of the girls without reward. However, I shall not press the point, of course.

I had a cup of tea, and then went round the house. The girls were mostly out. They are chiefly young people engaged in business, who cannot afford much for a holiday. They come here on certain recommendations, and pay a nominal charge of a few shillings per week. Their rooms were very comfortable; dormitories like ours at school, a large parlour, a dining-room on the ground-floor, and a library and reading-room.

Mrs. Clements, the rector's wife here, explained the division of duties to me by letter before I came. Mrs. Black sees to the stores, the cooking, and overlooks the maids in detail. She is, in fact, a kind of upper servant. I tabulate her accounts for the committee (my fondness for figures was a great point!), preside at meals, read prayers, have a Bible-class on Sunday afternoon, and generally act as mistress of the establishment. Mrs. Black's post is, of course, quite subordinate to mine, though Mrs. Clements did make out that she was supreme in her own department. I fancy the last superintendent was a wilted little body with no force of character whatever; I must make the worthy housekeeper see I intend to hold my own.

She asked me if I felt able to take my post at once, or should she pour out tea? I said I preferred to do it, and soon found myself at the head of a long table, set with bread and butter, watercress, and plain cake. About thirty girls came trooping in. Some stared at me, others were perfectly well-behaved. But oh, my dear! the noise they made when the teacups began to circulate and they had got over their shyness! They talked and giggled and laughed to any extent. And some of them had such fringes, right down into their eyes.

It is quite plain why a lady is wanted here, and I see I shall have a very great deal to do. The girls are only here for a week or two; still, one can manage to accomplish wonders in a short time, in the way of softening and refining them. I mean to begin without delay. But good-night.

Monday.

I had rather a trying day yesterday. I felt it was right to attack the evils I noticed without loss of time, especially as some of the worst specimens of over-dressed and be-fringed womanhood were soon going to leave.

I had found it very difficult to sit quietly through meals day after day, but I waited till Sunday to have my say.

The girls assembled in the large sitting-room at three for Bible-class. I chose the third chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter, where the verse comes in: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel." I then explained to them that the Apostle certainly meant to condemn all such adornments as fringed hair and gay dress. I talked to them very earnestly and faithfully as to the inconsistency of Christian women indulging in that sort of thing. I felt it was best to "have it out" at once.

But I am sorry to say I caught some black looks from a few of the girls.

And what do you think? After evening church, the clergyman's wife, of whom I told you, a Mrs. Clements, a kind sort of woman, who came and called on me directly I got here, joined me for the walk home. She began that she had heard of my Bible-class, and hemmed and hawed, then at last she said, "I hope you won't mind my saying, dear Miss Smith, that it is found best to interfere as little as possible with the girls in the way of personal matters, which really depend on individual taste, and in which they are free to act as they like. They come to us for rest after very hard-worked lives, and we should be gentle with them."

I rather fired up, I am afraid, and she tried to put things right. She said she thought "indirect influence" was best. Indirect influence, indeed! It all confirms me in thinking my predecessor was a poor spiritless creature. I certainly shall not submit to be the tool of Mrs. Clements or the Ladies' Committee, so I hope they will not expect it.

There is much besides that needs reform. The housemaids are not as thorough as they ought to be, and the table is carelessly served. I shall see that this is altered, but of course all these are subordinate matters.

I hope you will not think I am getting on badly all through, for I really like my life, and I took the girls a picnic on Saturday at my own expense, which pleased them greatly.

Thursday.

I have made a special pet of one among the girls, a meek little creature, Dorothy Mills. She likes to come and sit with me, and be my secretary, and talk things over. She thinks I was quite in the right of it about the Bible-class, and says that some of the young ladies were very angry, and that one (Rhoda Moss, a post-office clerk, whom I can't bear) said that the Apostle recommended in the same passage, a meek and quiet spirit, which she couldn't see that Miss Smith had got! Fancy such impertinence! Dorothy says, "Of course, miss, it's our place to hear what you are kind enough to teach us." And so it is! But only give me time.

This, Florence, I am beginning to feel, is like living! I am already growing exhilarated even with the difficulties. To have all these young people (many older than myself, however), under my influence, and depending on me! I feel like Tennyson's Princess Ida in her college. Dear mother's caps (which I have stringently recommended to Wilson's care) sink rather into insignificance before this sort of work! You know, too, how fond I always was of figures, and I dearly like keeping the accounts. I have already checked the butcher's book by algebra (simple equations), and I fancy I shall reform things a little before I have done with them. Now I will send off this budget. I hope you won't be tired of reading it. Write soon, for I do feel a wee bit lonely sometimes.

Your faithful
MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Grove Lane, Hampstead.
June, 19, 1891.

DEAREST MONA,

I answer by return of post. Do go on sending me those delightful diary letters!

I am quite sure the girls must adore you. They did at school, and young women of the class you describe must sooner or later fall under your spell. You are so tall and beautiful and strong!

You will, I am afraid, think it too bad of me, but I do side a little with Mrs. Clements. I think the girls come for holiday and rest, and if they like to fringe their hair, why should they not? It is not a school. You might gently try to give them some of your ideas on style, but I would not force things or make them feel they are being ordered about.

I saw Mrs. Winterbourne yesterday and told her what had become of you. She was very much interested. Do you know, she has been doing a great deal in the Early Closing movement, and they are going to put her down as an honorary vice-president of your Home of Rest and of some others?

She said you had never answered her letter, and that she was afraid you did not like her advice, but she wished you all success in your new life.

I must not forget to say that I am sure you would feel happier to let the poor girls have the best rooms. Some of them, who come from the smaller shops, or who are dressmakers, have such hard-worked lives! They need all the enjoyment they can get, and you are the last to begrudge it to them.

Your loving
FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Home of Rest, Southgate-on-Sea,
July 30, 1891.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

I did not write back as soon as I intended. Things are not quite so bright as they were. But I am not going to be daunted by difficulties, so if Mrs. Black and Mrs. Clements think—— However, "let me not anticipate," as the story-books used to say.

I have had several ups and downs since I wrote to you last.

Let me take them in order.

First, I have been disappointed in the Dorothy Mills of whom I told you. There is a library here, given by various friends, for the use of the girls. One of my first acts was to go through it volume by volume. You know my views about romance-reading, and I saw several novels which struck me as unsuitable. I took these away and placed them in my own sitting-room that I might decide at leisure on retaining them or not.

One of the most sentimental stories disappeared from the pile next day. I inquired who had taken so great a liberty as to enter my room and walk off with it. The young ladies all denied it, so did the servants, but Dorothy Mills told me privately she had seen Miss Moss leaving my door. I won't tell you all the story, but she tried to throw the blame on Rhoda, and I believed her. Things got very unpleasant, and Rhoda Moss, who is a noisy sort of girl, was dreadfully rude, and said if she were not believed she would write to the committee and complain!

The end of it was (I won't describe step by step) that the book was traced to Dorothy Mills herself. She told so many falsehoods about it that I was completely staggered, and feel as if I should never trust anyone again. When I taxed her with it, she turned round on me and said, after all, the library was not mine but belonged to the Home and the inmates for the time being, and if she began a story she meant to finish it! Fortunately her time was up next day.

Then after the lesson on "fringes," some of the girls would not come in to my Bible-class but went out on the shore instead.

I told you about Mrs. Black and some things I noticed defective. When I had been here three weeks I sent for her to my room to "have it out," and tell her what I wished altered.

Would you believe that she flew into quite a temper! She said, "It's all very right and proper, miss, for your mamma at home with plenty of servants to be particular about their polishing up every bit of steel and every crevice in the chair-legs, but the two housemaids here have not time to fiddle-faddle over every trifle, and if the house is kept scrubbed and clean and wholesome, which I well know it is, that's all we can expect." I give you her very words that you may see what difficulties I have to contend with.

She actually hinted I might see to the finer dusting myself and be none the worse! As for the service at table, she said, "with the constant getting and clearing away of meals for over thirty people there was not time to 'be fidgety.'" I tried to raise her standard a little, but I am afraid without success. These uneducated people have no idea how attention to details improves the whole, and surely it is as easy, for instance, to set the knives and forks quite exactly on the cloth as to bang them down anyhow. The glass and silver are far from perfect. However, she was not at all nice, and has not acted in the very least on what I said to her.

Friday.

I was interrupted there, but I meant to tell you about Mrs. Clements.

She asked me to tea on Wednesday, and I went. We had a cosy meal together (for her husband was out) and she spoke very kindly and nicely, I must say, on my position, and how good it was of me to leave my people and do so much for the Home, and so on. I felt through it all she was leading up to something uncomfortable, and at last out it came.

She sugared it very pleasantly, but it was, in effect, that I must mind what I was about. I must not offend Mrs. Black, who was "thoroughly competent for her post" (oh, is she?) and a tried and valued housekeeper; that the committee had hoped I should attach the young people to me and try to give them each a happy holiday in the "Home," that it did not do to be too strict or exacting, etc., etc. I said in return what I do feel. These girls only come under my influence for a very short time; ought I not to employ all my energy in trying to do what I can in that little space to improve them? Is it not the truest kindness? How can I take the responsibility, for instance, of letting them read frivolous books?

However she didn't quite see it, and went back to her old point of indirect influence. Oh dear, how lax the standard of everybody is! I did feel disheartened, but now I am more than ever resolved to carry my point. What is the good of calling me a "Superintendent" if I am to be under everybody's thumb? Ever your loving,
MONA.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON SONGS BY LONGFELLOW, AND SOME MUSICAL SETTINGS.



In this little discourse from the gospel of song, according to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, I begin by referring to his poem, "The Day is Done," where the poet desires to have read to him "some simple and heartfelt lay," "not from the grand old masters," or "bards sublime" with their strains like martial music, but "from some humble poet whose songs gushed from his heart," "who heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies." This is scarcely fair to the grand old masters and sublime bards who apparently are presumed to be capable of only mighty thoughts to martial music and not of heart-songs with wonderful melodies. But the songs, for instance, of the Sublime Bard, the Royal Jewish Psalmist, and of the grand old master, Shakspere, gushed from their hearts like the flow of children's tears, or the fall of summer showers. Longfellow's allusions here to music are not only to music literally, but also to the poetic quality in the sense, rhythm, and sound of verse, which suggests harmonious strains just as the sounds of nature do to the receptive soul. Our poet invites his companion to

"... read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice."

It is elocutionary delivery of verse he is desiring at the quiet fireside or in the gloaming, when the cadences of the reader's voice are as lovely as music, because, for one thing, you love the reader—love him so much that—"His very foot there's music in't."

Longfellow does not seem to have shared the sentiment of Tennyson when he wrote—

"What charm in words—a charm no words could give!
O dying words, 'tis music makes you live
Far, far away."

To the American poet the reading of verse appealed keenly, as witness his "Sonnet on Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare." And with all deference to the melodious art of music, let it be said that the elocutionist, either as supreme actor or as homely reader with a pleasing speaking voice, can, either by culture or natural sympathy or both, utter poetic language not merely with music-like charm but sometimes with interpretative force which music could not express. This sonnet of Longfellow's reminds me of the one occasion on which I heard a great elocutionist—by the rise and fall of a voice with its appreciative syllabic accentuation of our tongue to which a great linguistic knowledge and artistic sense enabled her to impart a musically clear, and ringing, and tender quality.

But there are references in Longfellow's poems to show he was also alive to the influences of music as an art, and we may infer he enjoyed perhaps hearing his own verses set to music, played by cunning hand on an instrument and sweetly sung. In his poem of the "Singers," two of the trio have the accompaniment of instruments formed of the most precious of the metals, which may be taken to indicate the writer's appreciation of the value of musical embellishments upon the play of words.

"The first a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.
A grey, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold."

Whether or not Longfellow himself wrote any pieces for music, or contemplated their being set to harmonies, certain it is that musicians have sought them, and with success, in order to extract harmonious sweetness as the humming-bee seeks and sucks honey from the flowers; and it is my present purpose to allude to some of Longfellow's lyrical pieces and their musical settings.

Now what is the composer's attitude towards the poet's verse he essays to provide a musical consort for? It is not the attitude of the critic who would alter and who does carp—in whose ointment of praise the fly of detraction is ever present. It is the attitude of the commentator who accepts, appreciates, and eulogises the text, who, in touching it, is fain but to adorn it, who, in musically mounting it, is ambitious to enhance its grace and interpret its deeper meanings.

The first piece that naturally presents itself for examination is "The Arrow and the Song."

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterwards in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Let me offer the following commentary:

VERSE I.

"I shot an arrow into the air,"

As the arrow flashed from the quivering bow, far and high till it was lost to view, we may imagine the archer as being thrilled with mingled wonder, pleasure, and yearning, produced by his sudden unsought realisation of attraction,

"It fell to earth,"

of force, speed, space, of the invisible, the unknown.

"I knew not where,
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight."

VERSE II.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where."

Much of what comes to earth has been derived or sent from earth. The gentle rain from heaven that droppeth upon the place beneath has been drawn up by the sun from earth to "heaven," whence it descends again to earth. Something divine has called forth the song which, breathed into the air, falls to earth. Whither is its flight?

The ear sees further, deeper, more clearly than the eye, enabling us, as Carlyle says, to "gaze for moments into the infinite," and yet, according to our poet, even the ear-aided, inward eye does not see far enough to discern fully the course of song, still less its precise destination.

"For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"

VERSE III.

"Long, long afterwards in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke."

Like a thing of life, the arrow has flown as if for shelter and preservation into the hollow of an oak, where it is found long afterwards whole, and as fit as formerly for use.

"And the song from beginning to end"

a perfect whole—words winged with warblings—had fluttered into a welcoming heart to nestle and be cherished there.

"I found again in the heart of a friend."

Into the song breathed into the air had been breathed the breath of life.

The archer shot aimlessly, just as Adelaide Proctor's organist, his fingers wandering idly over the keys, struck the chord of music "that link'd all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace." The singer sang, not all unconscious of the interest and beauty of the song, but regardless of its effect. The aimless is not always profitless. The unconscious influence is far mightier and more lasting than the conscious.

A famous vocalist has said: "A real artist ought to have the capacity to enjoy a success at the moment, and the good sense to blame his vanity for enjoying it, after it has passed." Yes, but the fruits of any success are not all reaped at the moment of its achievement. Indeed, the success itself generally disappoints. It may not be till long, long after that the blessed fruits of it shall be known and enjoyed.

I am acquainted with the musical settings of this piece by Balfe and Pinsuti. Balfe has treated it in the recitative manner, Pinsuti in the more melodious form. Balfe's arrangement commends itself preferably to my judgment. The "Arrow and the Song" is not properly called a song, but is a poem about song. In it the poet recognises the subtle and enduring essence of song and its far-reaching influence, which he enables us to grasp in some measure by the aid of the metaphor of an arrow shot from the bow. It has rather the character of a poetic statement than of a song. Hence Balfe's music is, rightly I think, recitative throughout. The theme is appropriately varied in each verse to suit the sense. The singer is made softly to declaim the two opening lines of each verse in the same musical passage; the closing lines of each verse are variously treated, to describe the picture drawn and the emotion expressed. No song I know affords the singer such scope for expression, and, by its infinite interestingness, such pleasure to his intelligence and satisfaction to his feelings. To the words—

"For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight."

and—

"For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"

there is a distinct exclamation and interrogation in the music reflecting the baffled wonder and surrender of inquiry implied by the lines. Examine the intervals, and observe how vividly, how perfectly music can express shades of meanin in words. The elocutionist cannot absolutely rely on his voice to speak the exact accent twice alike. But music fixes and determines it. Notice, too, how the instrumental symphony supports the voice, and clothes, colours, and completes the vocal score.

In verse three, fine skill is manifested in the transition from major to minor at the declaration—

"And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."

this at first in the minor key, as if it were too surprising to be credible, but returning to the major key and increasing in volume and rising in range, with the triumph and joy in the discovery and possession of a treasure.

In Pinsuti's arrangement we find the poem very tenderly and deliciously harmonised and not without appropriate effects, but still, as an interpretation, less convincing to the reason than Balfe's.

In the "Village Blacksmith" we have a biography in vignette of the kind of man who is "a man for a' that." Not the American democrat whose dignity rests on a throne of dollars—a speedily amassed "pile"—but the honest man who has enough—"he owes not any man"—who is the king o' men?

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

He has something, too, in common with Burns's cottar who with reverent family worship crowned the week's work. The blacksmith goes to church on Sunday with the children. The sound of his daughter's voice in the choir at once elevates and softens the soul of the man of toil. In his heart the extremes of joy and pathos meet. True it is as if that dear audible voice were the echo of that other now singing in Paradise, and his heart is glad; but again, it brings back the memory of the grave, and the tear starts at the thought of "the sound of a voice that is still."

Can the speaking of these verses fully express and evolve their rich tone and significance? These simple sincere phrases with their terse strokes of description, their charming touches of feeling, their vivid flashes of insight, must be vocalised and melodised to be satisfactorily apprehended and enjoyed. I do not wish to hear any other setting of this song than Weiss's. The person and the scene are figured forth by the composer's art. The words have imparted inspiration to the musician. The phrasing is appropriately heroic, descriptive, and fervent throughout, attaining to sacred exaltation in the use in the symphony of the grand old C tune, and touching to tender response the deep heart-chords which vibrate at the memory of those "loved long since and lost awhile." The same musical theme which depicts the smith's appearance describes his inner life; and this is right, for, in his case, the outer man is the index of the inner. The blacksmith is a man—a type of true virility. He is manly—a model of real virtue.

Balfe again has scored a good setting to "The Day is Done." He applied a fertile intelligence to all his musical renderings of verse, and shows rare resource in imparting, as it were, a general sunset tone to this piece in which the curfew tolls the knell of parting-day, and the restful pensiveness of the twilight mood is borne in upon the soul by harmonies ever varying with the sense and emotion of the theme.

To "Bridge," Miss Lindsay has given us a characteristically simple setting, and yet one which does not become hackneyed. I would say hers is a feminine touch, that is, a gentle, sympathetic, ministering touch, and she renders the compassionate plaint and the ultimate good hope expressed by the words in strains that at once soothe and exhilarate as with the fragrant refreshment of a baptism of precious ointment.

The unaffected earnestness of Longfellow's mind appears in such poems as "The Psalm of Life" and "The Reaper." The first-mentioned has been compared or rather contrasted with Browning's psalm of life, "Rabbi ben Ezra." The two poets regard life and propound its philosophy from opposite points of view, viz., youth and old age. It is getting fashionable to speak disparagingly of Longfellow after reading Browning. The form of the one is so easy and flowing, like lying on pastures green by still waters, the other so difficult and strenuous, like mountain-climbing. In these poems the one trips along with springy tread, the other strides laboriously. Your present-day poetaster finds Longfellow insipid and Browning bracing, and reminds one of that terrible 19th-century infant that scornfully rejects "The Babes in the Wood" and other tales, and eagerly seizes to fascinatedly peruse *Robert Elsmere*. But it is desecration even to jest about juvenile precocities in a paper treating of the poet who said, "Come to me, O ye Children."

"In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow.

* * * *

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And again in the "Reaper and the Flowers" we have a tender memorial song for the flowerets of humanity transplanted to bloom in fields of light, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Poets like Tennyson and Longfellow, on account of their songs alone, are always sure of reverent appreciation from numerous admirers who get from them the satisfaction, mental and spiritual, no other verse can give. The heart-gushings of those two men are as springs in a thirsty land to many readers. The verse may have something unique in its quality, but it can never be called inimitable, as the best modern amateur verse is so often an echo of it. And how successfully the parodist (who after all is no more objectionable a being than the parrotist) has seized its sense and sound to give point to his satire! And what commonplace themes it has drawn from some musicians! Their melodies may be sweet, but they were sweeter unheard. And so we select and abide by the few we think we have made our very own, replying to the impeachment that we are for ever piping these songs that they to us are for ever new.

But to Longfellow himself we should go for a definition of the singer's office, for a description of his charm and the scope of his song, and for examples of his art, as these are given in "The Song of Hiawatha"—a song truly in its enchantment of rhythm, accent, lingual expression, romantic interest and richness of feeling.

We may agree with Mr. William Watson when he says that Longfellow was "no singer vast of voice," welcoming what follows, "and yet he leaves his native air the sweeter for his song." Yes, and to all whose ear is tuned aright, his song-poems will be found to combine in them, not in discords but in perfect harmony, the attributes of his three singers.

"For the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind but in degree;
I have a various gift to each
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.'"

WILLIAM PORTEOUS.

USEFUL HINTS.

KISHNUGGAR HULLUAH.—Put a quarter of a pound of good fresh butter into a saucepan with three ounces of fine rice flour, stir well all the time; add four ounces of castor sugar, then add the pulp of a pineapple, which must have been previously prepared by peeling and rubbing it through a fine wire sieve, stir well and let it cook gently for ten minutes. Pour it in a damp mould, and when set turn out and serve with good thick cream poured over it, and sprinkle over or arrange in some design various coloured crystallised fruits.

KIDNEY AND BACON (*sauté*).—Put an ounce of butter into a *sauté* pan, cut the kidneys in half, and chop finely a little lean ham or bacon; when the butter is boiling put them in, adding pepper, salt and a little finely-chopped parsley; place the pan on the fire for three or four minutes, then turn the kidneys, place on a slow fire for half-an-hour, serve on dry toast pouring the gravy over it. Serve hot.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

A POOR girl in the Isle of Wight desired greatly to aid in a good work, but she only had a penny, and I think it will be interesting to many girls to know what she did with this penny.

Bought a penny reel of white cotton and made 2½ yards of lace which she sold for 6d. With this 6d. she bought a ball of string and made a bag which sold for 1s. 9d.

From this she took 8d. and bought muslin and lace with which she made a pinafore and sold it for 1s. 6d.

Again she took 8d. and bought materials for a pin-cushion, consisting of a little white braid and a skein of orange wool, a piece of green *pongée*, and lace to go round. The pincushion she sold for 2s.

As a result of one penny and her work she was able to hand in 3s. 11d.

E. B.

VERY EFFECTIVE DOOR-RESTS.

TAKE an empty bottle, fill it with shot or sand in order to weight it, and cork it down, cutting the cork off flat with the neck of the bottle.

Cut out a round of card-board the same size as the bottom of the bottle and cover it neatly with blue or black serge. Make a case of the same material for the bottle and sew it on to the card-board circle at the bottom so that the bottle stands firm. Having fitted the material make it neat over the cork. This serves as a petticoat. Buy at any toy-shop a doll's head and shoulders and a pair of arms; sew the former on to the neck of the bottle and the latter on the sides.

Make a simple body and skirt of black or blue serge or cashmere with turn-down collar, and cuffs of narrow white tape. Make a cap and apron of white muslin and lace, and the maid to keep the door open is complete and attractive.

E. B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ART.

ENID THAQUERS.—1. We are unable to make promises about any competitions. Possibly we may have one. —2. As to giving presents to young men to whom girls are not engaged, we have often pronounced very decidedly on the subject, and always discountenance it. But there may be exceptional cases in which a girl's mother should decide for her; she should do nothing of the kind without her full approbation.

POPPY'S sketch is very good, though the head is not well set upon the shoulders, and the neck is too small.

ELSIE.—Employment as an artist's model can only be obtained from the artists themselves, by personal application.

A BLENDER must go to the picture-dealer's, or else advertise her pictures.

DEVONIA can only find such employment by going round to the different publishers with her specimens, and by showing what she can do. There is no other way. Miniature painting on ivory seems fashionable at present, and she might succeed at that.

Y. Z.—We regret the delay in sending an answer, and also that we find it impossible to entertain your kind offer, as our columns are already so overcrowded.

LOUCHAN.—Strong soda and water, very hot indeed, is used sometimes to clean paint, and turpentine well rubbed on might also remove some of the varnish.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. E. S. would have to submit the glass to an expert, as there are so many different kinds of it, and, perhaps, this specimen is foreign.

VERITAS.—Printers' readers are generally men—not women. The payment would be according to work required.

WHAP.—"Gimlet," is also written and pronounced "gimblet." It is derived from an old French word, *guimbetel*, meaning to bore.

HILDA.—Probably from "Mat-hilda," meaning, in old German, "Mighty battle-maid." "Brian" is Celtic in its origin, and means "strong."

JULIA.—The origin of the name of the small flag always hoisted to indicate the immediate sailing of a ship, *i.e.*, the "blue Peter," is to be found in the French word *partir*.

DAISY BELL.—A small hollow frame made of wire is used to dress the coils of hair upon. They may be found at every hair-dresser's, who will also show you how to use them.

JANET.—The man who invented the machine for perforating the edges of postage-stamps, and conceived the idea of thus separating them one from another, was a Mr. Archer (1847); but it was five years later when Parliament consented to appoint a Select Committee to look into the question. The result having been its acceptance, £4000 was voted by Parliament for the patented invention. The machine perforated 250 sheets in an hour.

AMY.—All newly-born babies have not got blue eyes, but it is by no means uncommon. The explanation is found in the simple fact, that the pigmental structure of the *choroid* coat of the eye is not complete at birth, and thus the blue and violet rays of light are more fully reflected by the *iris*. But this change of colour in the eye of an infant is an exception to the natural rule.

ZINGARA'S verses are only rhymed prose, and some of them are very clumsily expressed too; but we know she has enjoyed writing them, and after all, that is a reward.

FRANCESCA R.—The only way to teach a parrot to talk, is by perpetual repetition of the word or sentence you wish him to learn, and giving a bit of sugar as a reward for well-doing.

A REIGATE READER.—Your head is too dry, we think, and you probably wash it too often. A weak mixture of glycerine and water rubbed into the skin of the head would do it good.

MARIAN and A LEWES READER.—The Austrian embroidery squares can be obtained at Jolly's, Bath, and at Chipperfield's, Western Road, Brighton.

FESTINA LENTE.—A student has no other title but "Esq." till he has been ordained, when he is addressed as "the Rev."

CLUMSY ANNIE will find manuals for such work at any fancy shop where that is sold.

C. E. C.—Bible-women are paid, and perhaps that calling might suit your friend best.

B. G.—In calling on another lady, also married, you should have one of your own cards, and two of your husband's. If the person called upon were a widow or single woman, you should leave one card of your own and one of your husband's. If the lady were at home, on going out you would leave two of your husband's cards on the hall-table, and one only if she be single or a widow.

JULIET.—Do two of the calisthenic exercises each day, and give from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour to them.

A. D.—There is no doubt that we both can, and do, influence each other by our thoughts and wills, and so we should be extra careful to practice only kind thinking and good-will, even to those who are inimical to us.

A CONSTANT READER.—The lady generally speaks first after an introduction.

EVA H.—From what we hear, there is no such thing as "working your passage out" anywhere. To get a free passage you must go as a servant or nurse, and you would obtain a situation only by advertising.

CLARA.—You should consult your mother. We think it probable that the gentleman in question has no idea, beyond that you are a child, as compared to himself.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The wife cannot marry again, even though deserted for over eight years; but he would have no claim on the wife; she should obtain a protection order.



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THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

AND didst thou think we would never rise,
As we lay beneath the snow?
As we lay, afar from the glorious skies,
In the gloom of our graves below?

Ah, no! From whence we are risen now—
In the graves where we were sown—
We knew, though we scarce can tell you how,
That we were not left alone.

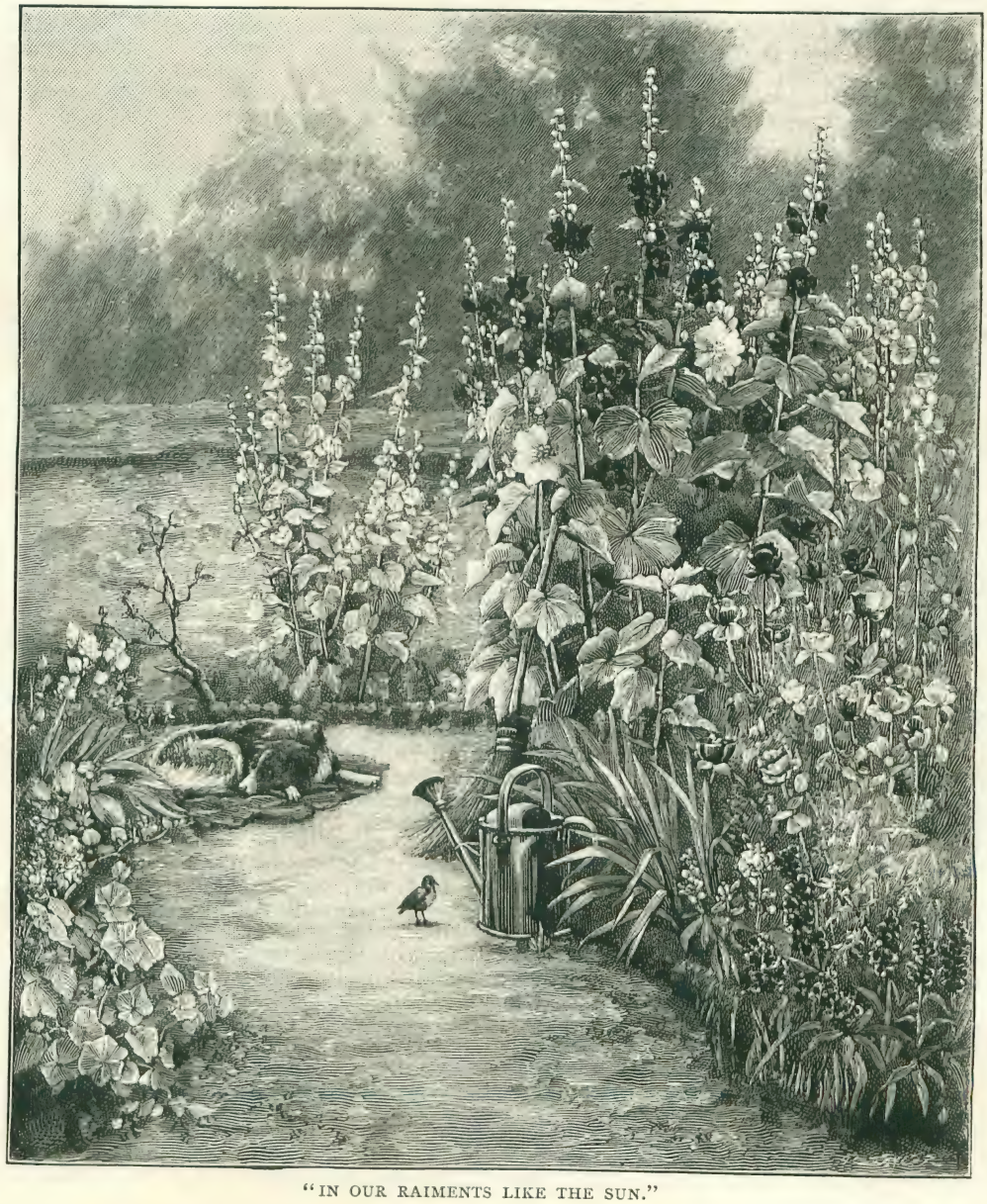
For we felt a touch, and it made us thrill—
And a breath, and it made us glow—
As though the sun shone down, until
It shone through our graves below.

And we grew and grew—we know not how—
For we neither toiled nor spun—
More and more still, till the perfect will
Of the Friend of the Flowers was done!

For we felt that we were not left alone,
In that dark earth-grave of ours;
But that One was there, unseen, unknown,
And we called Him "The Friend of the Flowers."

And we slept, and grew, till we wakened thus
In our raiments, like the sun,
Which the Friend of the Flowers had fashioned us,
For we neither toiled, nor spun.

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"IN OUR RAIMENTS LIKE THE SUN."

How mighty—O, how wondrous deep
Is the Love that He hath shown,
That would not leave us, in our sleep,
To lie, and to die, alone!

But with us stayed, and watched, and bade
Our quickened blossoms thus
Arise from sleep again, arrayed
In robes so glorious!

But not alone our raiment rare
His wondrous Love displays,
For breath He gave us, sweet as prayer,
And exquisite as praise.

And not, methinks, for our own sweet sakes,
Were we framed so beauteously;
But that our bloom, and sweet perfume,
Might please and pleasure thee.

For we are only flowers, and thou
Art more than all of us.
So, evermore, remembering how,
In forms so glorious,

The flowers arose, sleep thou, nor fear
For the waking that waits for thee;
For thou art a thousandfold more dear
To the Friend of the Flowers, than we!

A MODERN MISTAKE.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER IV.

Mona to Florence.

Home of Rest, Southgate-on-Sea,
October 2, 1891.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

Now for a really exciting story!

Our Ladies' Committee, as I think I told you, meets in the girls' parlour on the first Thursday in the month. Very often it is merely nominal so far as work is concerned; I present the accounts (on which I have been much complimented) and raise any point of interest, then the ladies have a chat with Mrs. Black, go through the rooms, and depart.

Yesterday I felt something was in the air, for Lady Augusta Harrington, an earl's daughter and our great patroness, a tall thin woman with a hooked nose and a *pince-nez*, appeared and took the chair. Mrs. Clements glanced at me, when I came in, with that anxious motherly expression which always irritates me, I can't tell why, as if she were a hen and I were a silly little chicken. I must say Lady Augusta did look uncommonly like a hawk ready to pounce! However, I did not feel frightened.

After the preliminaries, Lady Augusta turned to me and said in that stiff way she has—glaring through her glasses:

"Oh, Miss—er, Smith, I wanted to inquire about a little matter on which, no doubt, I have been misinformed."

She then went on to announce that she had presented certain complete sets of modern fiction to the library of the Home of Rest for the entertainment of the inmates, and that recently on visiting the Institution she had found several volumes missing; on inquiry, she had been told the new lady superintendent had "weeded them out."

Like Brutus, she "paused for a reply." The Committee ladies, who are terribly afraid of a title, held their breath.

I simply answered, "As I saw certain novels which I did not think suitable for the girls to read, I removed them."

Her ladyship seemed to wonder the roof did not fall upon my head there and then.

"Do you suppose, Miss Smith" (it is impossible to say with what scorn she pronounced this ignominious surname), "that I could send any books here unsuitable for the perusal of young people?"

I felt so dreadfully inclined to laugh, I did not dare to answer, and Mrs. Clements mercifully interposed, "I am sure it has been an error in judgment, Lady Augusta; Miss Smith did not know you were the donor."

Save us from our friends! Lady Augusta proclaimed in a more portentous tone than ever:

"The inscription, 'Presented by Lady Augusta Harrington,' is on the fly-leaf of each volume."

(So it is, I suppose! I really did not notice it, and in fact I did not see that it mattered. The one point to my mind was the appropriateness of the books themselves.)

"I do not, of course, insinuate that there is any downright harm in the novels," I replied, breaking a dread silence, "I am sorry I have gone beyond what I certainly thought, and still think, is the superintendent's province."

I believe Mrs. Clements murmured entreatingly, "Miss Smith apologises, dear Lady Augusta."

I don't think I looked much like apologising, for I felt particularly independent and sat erect. Lady Augusta bridled, and said in her most awful voice: "I think that concludes our business, ladies." Then I left the room without staying to hear more.

The way those poor committee women are fluttered by her ladyship is preposterous. To me she is highly amusing. I have had two or three little passages of arms with her before, but never one like this.

I am, after all, enjoying my life greatly. I get very much attached to some of the girls. I always see directly when I shall like a new-comer, and then I have her in my sitting-room to tea, and take her for drives, and she usually begins adoring me in the most delightful style. I can, of course, do a great deal when I get so much influence over anyone. Mrs. Black actually suggests "favouritism" and "jealousy"—stupid old thing. It is hopeless to make her understand that this sort of treatment is the only way by which I can get the full influence I want over my pet girls. As for the others, so long as they are punctual at meals, I don't trouble about them. They enjoy themselves as they think fit

Yesterday, on the Parade, whom should I meet but young Mr. Hamilton?

I could not help feeling quite glad to see him as we shook hands. He did not offer to join me, but we stood and talked for a few minutes.

It soon became evident, from his air of solemnity, that he very much disapproved of my present mode of life. I asked after my mother, and he said brusquely, "I think Mrs. Smith misses you very much indeed." He also seemed surprised that I was at the head of the house here, with no old lady to take care of me. His demeanour grew stonier and stonier as I dilated on the arrangements. Poor, stupid old fellow! He does not understand modern ideas.

He would not even come and call, though I am certain he wanted to dreadfully.

Ah, well! Fortunately I can do without his approval! But I shall tire you.

Ever your loving
MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Grove Lane, Hampstead, N.W.,
December 24, 1891.

DEAREST MONA,

I must send you just a few lines with this card, which expresses all I want to say in the way of good wishes.

I cannot help being disappointed you are not going home for Christmas. They will miss you sadly, and you say yourself Mrs. Black did not mind when she took her holiday.

However, perhaps you are right in staying at your post. I do not like to think of you in the big, nearly empty house. As for the opportunity of "setting the domestic machinery in order," of which you speak, do be careful! You will find it very awkward when Mrs. Black comes home, if you have altered things much! and are you sure they need it?

I am glad Mr. and Mrs. Clements have asked you to dinner to-morrow, for I was quite wretched in thinking of you.

Ever your loving
FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Home of Rest, Southgate-on-Sea,
May 3, 1892.

MY DEAREST FLORENCE,

I am in a state of dire dismay!

Mrs. Winterbourne is coming to Southgate to speak at a meeting on behalf of the Early Closing League, and our committee falls on the following day. Mrs.

Clements says, of course as vice-president she will attend it, and all the ladies think that it is most fortunate she should be here just at this time of the month.

I think nothing is more unfortunate. I have not written to you for some time because there was nothing nice to say. In fact, things are not going very smoothly.

Sometimes (strictly between ourselves) I read over Mrs. Winterbourne's letter, and ask myself if I was wise. I am not absolutely sure that I am in my right sphere. Certainly this hasn't been much like a "Home of Rest" lately; rather a "Home of Tempests in a Teapot." It is chiefly Mrs. Black's fault.

Possibly it will all settle down, and one must expect difficulties. After all, I have not been here a twelvemonth.

I will leave this letter open to add a full, true, and particular account of the committee.

Thursday afternoon.

No, I can't, I'm too much upset. Mrs. Winterbourne (who was very nice to me) says she is going to write to your mother.

There was a dreadful scene. Mrs. Black actually chose this committee of all others to give notice. She took them by surprise, and, what was worse, she put it upon me. At least she said she could not stay any longer "as things were." I don't know what will happen. Oh dear! Your worried

MONA.

Mrs. Winterbourne to Mrs. Howard.

Southgate-on-Sea,
May 6, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I had, quite unwillingly, to assist yesterday at a most painful scene.

Poor Mona Smith has evidently not found her right vocation. Who could expect it? The child was too young, too undisciplined, too untrained in self-denial to succeed as the ruling spirit of a place like the Southgate Home of Rest. Mrs. Clements, with whom I stayed, was full of the difficulties that were always arising. She said that she and the committee much regretted their choice, but had been influenced by the pecuniary advantage to the institution. Mona seems lavish with her money. And she certainly has a dignity and a personal charm that "tell," besides plenty of energy and force of character.

But she is unwise; and they speak of want of tact in behaviour to the girls, favouritism in some ways, over-strictness in others, and, above all, great indiscretion in her relations with the housekeeper, a valued and tried functionary of the Home. She has also contrived to offend the president of the committee, Lady Augusta Harrington, a rather pompous but in the main a very kind-hearted woman whose support is indispensable.

Yesterday, most unhappily, things came to a climax. Mrs. Black gave notice to leave, and when pressed for her reasons, said she could not possibly stay "under" Miss Smith. The instances of friction she gave were certainly irritating. The girl has very little practical domestic knowledge, and interferes and lectures in a haughty way that drives the elder woman wild. There were tears and recriminations, and everything was very distressing.

Of course Mrs. Black cannot be allowed to leave after twenty-five years of faithful and most valuable service. Can you (and now I am coming to the point of my letter) without going into details, just as a friend, induce Mrs. Smith to recall her daughter? I promised I would see if this could not be managed. It would obviate the disagreeable necessity, and the humiliation to Mona, of her being requested to leave by the committee.

We had an excellent meeting of the League at Southgate, considering the sleepy character of the place.

Ever yours,
AGATHA WINTERBOURNE.

Mrs. Black to Mrs. Smith.

Southgate Home of Rest,
May 8, 1892.

HONOURED MADAM,

These few lines come hoping they find you well as they leave me at present, but not so your daughter, who I am sorry to say has taken a bad feverish chill, I did warn her not to stay swimming in the sea too long at this time of the year in an east wind though hot, nor sitting out of doors when influenza is about without wraps; but we know young ladies do not think of these things, and my being, as she says, an inferior, she will not mind me, Honoured madam, she is very ill, and the doctor fears Newmonia, he says she is run down also with excitement, some unpleasant matters having occurred which I did not mean in any way to upset Miss Smith, I wished to make no mischief nor to name no names, I will do my very best for her, but if you will kindly come, we all know what a mother is.

Your humble servant,
LYDIA BLACK.

Mona to Florence.

The Lawn, Summerhayes,
September 10, 1892.

MY DEAREST FLORENCE,

I have at last thoroughly cast off the invalid, and, as you say there is no chance of your being able to come and see me yet awhile, I will have a long chat with you. It will refresh me to tell you everything. "Open confession is good for the soul." Oh dear! I feel years older since I wrote last.

I cannot tell you how good that poor old Mrs. Black was to me when I was ill. I felt such a wretch when I saw her devotion in my sick room. You have heard bulletins without end, so I need not refer to all that dreadful time excepting to say that I had plenty of leisure for thought while I was getting better.

Lady Augusta Harrington actually sent me down flowers and fruit every day from The Towers!

Of course, dear Florence, it was altogether a mistake. I mean my going to take the superintendence of the Home. I very soon began to see it. In fact, I may as well confess that I found it out months ago, only I resolved to fight it through. I see now how self-willed and foolish I have been.

That poor little widow was so glad to get my place with a salary.

I believe it was nothing but a selfish ambition and restlessness that made me rebel against the simpler duties lying in my path at home.

Home! dear place! I never knew how fond I was of it. Mother and father and the children lavish so much affection on me I feel stricken to the heart when I remember how little I deserve it all.

Your penitent,
MONA.

I am writing to Mrs. Winterbourne.

The Lawn, Summerhayes.
September 10, 1892

MY DEAR MRS. WINTERBOURNE,

Just a tiny little note to say that I am dreadfully ashamed of the past.

I would not believe you were right, for I was so restless and ambitious, I wanted to do something grand. So I would not answer your letter, but I kept it all the same, and every now and then it seemed to draw me to the desk where it lay, and force me to read it. I know it by heart.

Of course I see how completely I have failed, but I mean to try and "forget self" as you told me long ago. I am a thoroughly domestic character now, and am coming to enjoy all the little trivial things I scorned.

Yours ever gratefully,
MONA SMITH.

Mrs. Winterbourne to Mona.

St. John's Wood.
September 18, 1892.

MY DEAR CHILD,

It was very good of you to write to me.

Do you know those lines of Mrs. Browning's:

"Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexëd minors: deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land."

The whole sonnet is worth reading, and may comfort you just now. All will turn out for the best.

Meanwhile I am anxious that your disappointment should not drive you too much to extremes.

You speak of being a "thoroughly domestic" character. This is very delightful as far as it goes, but you have capabilities for something more.

Cannot you do as I suggested long ago, and cultivate some one talent of yours? You must have ample time and means. Make some one gift a resource. I do not know you well enough to go into details.

You owe it to yourself to cultivate your own individuality, as well as to live for others. God has given you your faculties; you must not let them rust in idleness. Try and combine the self-cultivating and the unselfish life: and let me know if you succeed.

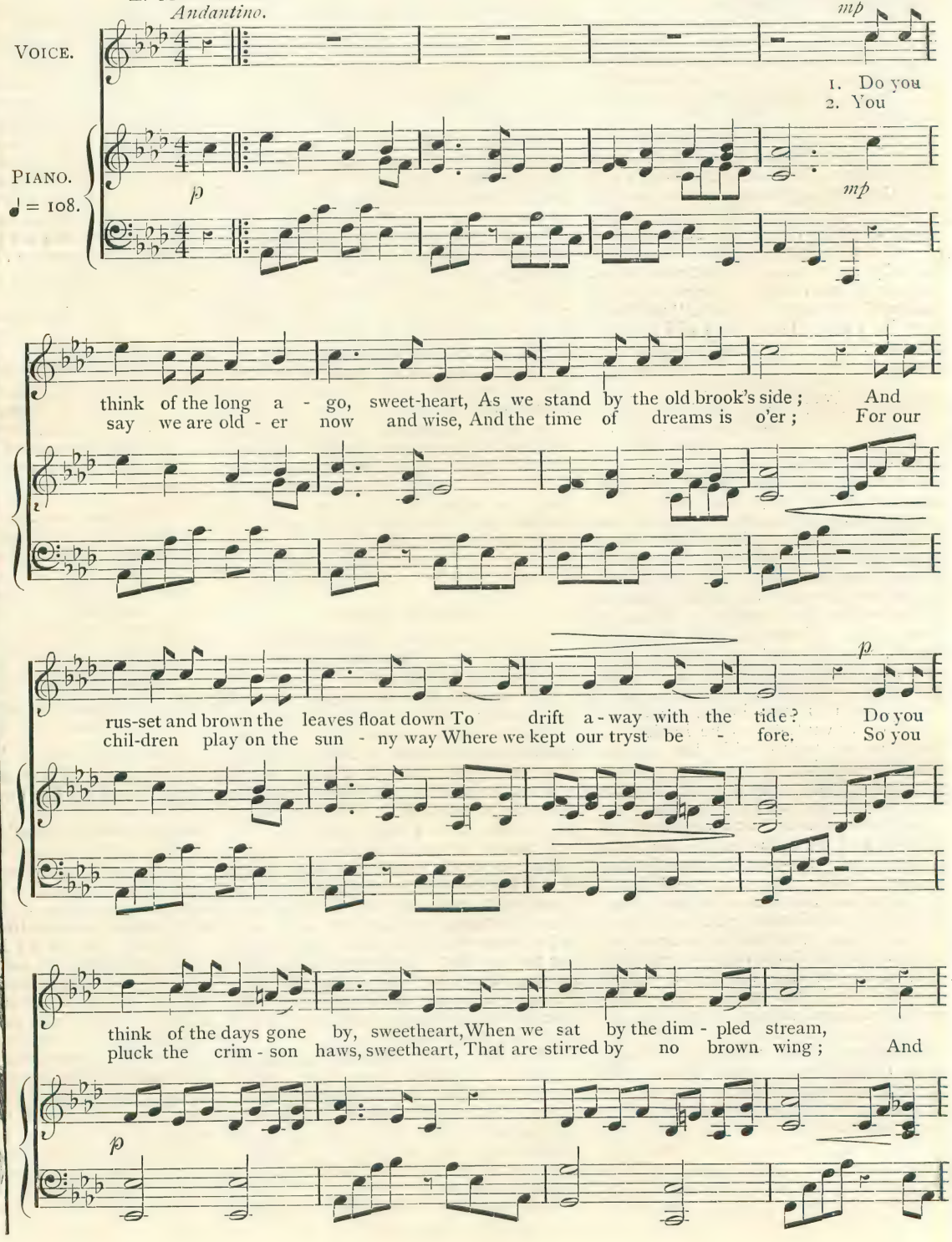
Ever yours faithfully,
AGATHA WINTERBOURNE.

(*To be concluded.*)

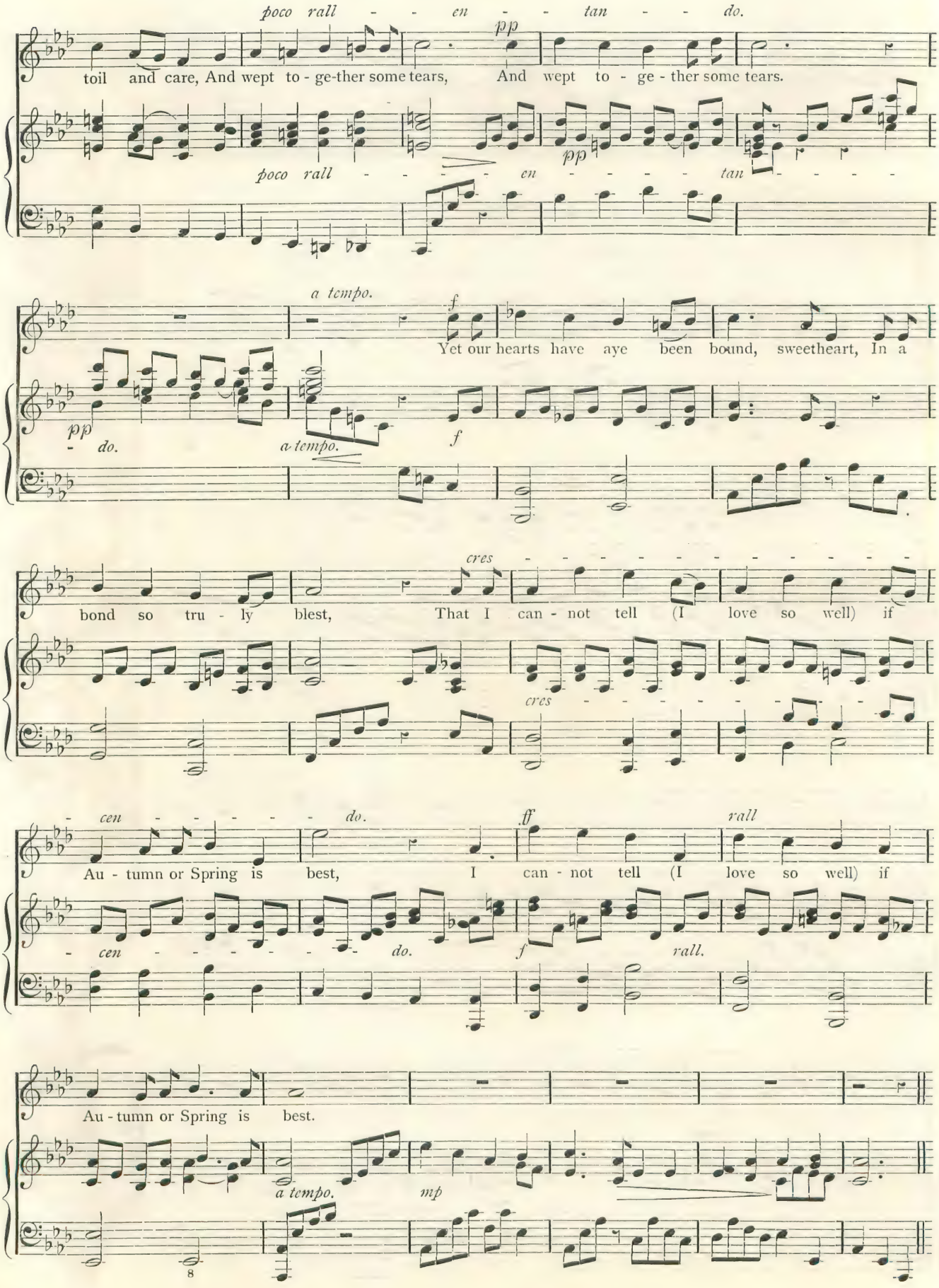
"IN AUTUMN DAYS."

E. MATHESON. CHARLES P. BANKS.

Andantino.




mf
cres - - - - - - - cen - - do.
Dream-ing for hours, mid its gay wild flowers, As on - ly youth can dream,
give a sigh to the days gone by, And the van- ished bloom of spring, And
cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
f
dim - in - uen - do
Dream-ing for hours, mid its gay wild flowers As on - ly youth can dream?
give a sigh to the days gone by, And the van - ished bloom of spring.
f
dim - in - uen. - do. p
p
a little slower.
3. Then look up in - to my
a little slower.
p
face, sweet-heart, We two have been one for years; And we've had our share of
dim - - -
dim - - -


poco rall - - - en - - - tan - - - do.
pp
toil and care, And wept to - ge-ther some tears, And wept to - ge - ther some tears.
poco rall - - - - - en - - - - - tan - - - -
pp
a tempo.
f
Yet our hearts have aye been bound, sweetheart, In a
pp
- do.
a tempo.
f
cres - - - - - - - - - - - - -
bond so tru - ly blest, That I can - not tell (I love so well) if
cres - - - - - - - - -
- cen - - - - - - do.
ff
rall
Au - tumn or Spring is best, I can - not tell (I love so well) if
- cen - - - - - - do.
f
rall.
Au - tumn or Spring is best.
a tempo.
mp
8

VARIETIES.

An Attractive Home.—One of the duties which a married woman owes to her husband is to render home attractive. Men, in general, are occupied from home in the pursuits of business, or, at least, they are so engaged through the day in the office, the shop, or the counting-house, that they see but little of the wife and children. It is unspeakably important that a man of business should be inclined to spend his hours of leisure in the bosom of his family. Hence the duty of the wife to render home, by the winning charms of her behaviour, attractive and delightful to her husband, derives additional force. Let her consider the numberless temptations to vice, to profusion, to idle amusement, with which he is encompassed. Let her remember with what various characters the business of his station renders him familiar; of whom some perhaps, openly deride the principles of religion; others sap them by insidious machinations; others extenuate, by their wit and talents, the offensiveness of guilt; others add to the seducing example of gay wickedness, the fascinations of rank and popularity. Is she desirous of his society? Would she confirm him in domestic habits? Would she fortify him against being allured into the haunts of luxury, riot, and profaneness? Let her conduct show that home is dear to herself in his absence, still dearer when he is present. Let her unaffected mildness, her ingenuous tenderness, display before his mind a forcible contrast to the violence, the artifice, the unfeeling selfishness which he witnesses in his commerce with the world. Let the cheerful tranquillity of domestic pleasures stand forward, to supply the place of trifling and turbulent festivity abroad. Let his house, so far as her endeavours can be effectual, be the abode of happiness, and he will surely have little temptation to bewilder himself in seeking for happiness under another roof.

A wise Choice of a Wife.—Benevolence and prudence may make marriage happy; but what can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry into conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment! Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another; and having but little to divert attention or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed. They wear out life with altercations, and charge nature with cruelty. "Deceive not thyself," observes Fuller, "by over-expecting happiness in the marriage estate. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not, like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds; yea, expect both winds and storms sometimes, which, when blown away, the air is the clearer and the wholesomer for it. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. Yet all the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife."—*Dr. Johnson.*

A Neat Appearance.—Among the minor virtues which tend to cement the bond of conjugal affection, the Christian female must not overlook that of personal neatness and self-respect. "Rely not," says Mr. Jay, "too much on the rights of relationship, however intimate the connection may be, and however endearing it ought to be. In preserving and keeping alive attachment, you must not absolutely depend upon the impressions that awakened it. A woman is not to presume on the certainty of homage, regardless of an attention to her manners. She is not, as soon as she has stepped over the threshold of marriage, to drop the delicacy, the decencies, the engaging appearance, by which she has attracted her lover. What attraction can there be in negligence, disorder, slatternliness? A disregard of propriety, and especially neatness of apparel, is, in a female, a fault that nothing can expiate. Even religion will not excuse it. There is a greater connection between mental and outward purity than some are aware of. A female may be always judged of by her dress. The founders of Methodism were accustomed to say that cleanliness was next to godliness. I have known a few exceptions to this in men—I never knew one in a woman."

Procrastination and Extravagance.—Micawber: "My advice is, Never to do to-morrow what you can do to-day. 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' My other piece of advice is, Annual income of £20, annual expenditure £19, 19s. 6d.; result, happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20, 0s. 6d.; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are for ever floored, as I am now."—*Charles Dickens.*

How Canada is So-called.

The origin of the name Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none they often said among themselves *aca nada* (there is nothing here).

The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were come on the same errand, were desirous to inform them in the Spanish sentence, *aca nada.*

The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

TABLES TURNED.

By ALFRED H. MILES.

IV.—Division.

In division, share and dole,
Part and parcel out the whole;
And we lose, the school-books say,
By just what we give away;
But we find that share and dole
May be greater than the whole,
  And division otherwise
  But addition in disguise.

Divide the hope of a high resolve
  With a struggler in the strife,
You have quickened the beat of his fainting feet
  And the throb of your own true life,
And you both shall gain while the hopes remain,
  Though the stress and the storm be rife.

Divide the faith of a lofty aim
  With a comrade in the fight,
You have added a verve to his failing nerve,
  And a zest to your own true might,
And they shall not fail though the stars turn pale
  And the moon drops out of the night.

Divide the joy of a healthful heart
  With the traveller by the way,
You have added a light to a tear-dimmed sight,
  And a glow to your own glad ray;
And it shall not dim while the angels' hymn
  And the good shines out in the day!

Divide the warmth of a loving heart
  With the outcast and alone;
Is there one whit less in the heart you bless?
  Is there one whit less in your own?
You have added more to your own rich store,
  And the wealth of the world has grown!

Do we lose when we divide,
  As the school-books say?
Surely this our rhyme may prove
  (Prove what else it may),
That we only add to good
  By giving it away!



"BON VOYAGE."

"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.



SICKNESS and sorrow had performed their usual work at Tyrmynydd. While health and prosperity reigned, pride and hardness had dwelt there, but they were now fast vanishing away. Even Mr. Vaughan's stern nature was softening under the "sweet uses of adversity." The three days that he had spent with Gerwyn, witness of his more than brotherly love for Edwin, had won him for his son-in-law. Gerwyn had made no effort at conciliation, but his candid, kindly nature had made it for him.

Mr. Vaughan sat amongst his children, sad and silent, he knew not why. Just as they were beginning to understand one another, just as real domestic happiness was dawning upon him, he felt that his own sun was going down.

Gerwyn was as bright and cheerful as if he had never known care. With Mara at his side, he talked and jested, and did his best to rouse the depressed minds of the others. He had much of Ivor's lovable disposition, and had the blessed faculty of casting off the remembrance of care when it was past.

"Gerwyn is like Ivor, Mara," said Mr. Vaughan. "I wish the lad were here. I am afraid I caused him to run away."

"We will bring him back again, sir," said Gerwyn. "As soon as we have shaken down a little I mean to make a voyage of discovery round this tea-cup of an island, and if I do not hunt him up I will know the reason why. I haven't been a ruler among savages to be baulked by difficulties in this land of law and order."

Mara sighed, but she could not damp the enthusiasm of her husband, and in her happiness at having him once more she could not think without hope of her son also.

"What man can do, Gerwyn will," said Edwin. "He has been king so long that he will bear no obstacles. You should have seen him in his dominions."

"We will all go out to Woochooria when you are better, Edwin. Our poor people will miss us sadly."

"Indeed we shall not," said Mara.

"I would gladly return if I could be of use," said Edwin. "Half my heart is there, half here."

He glanced at Mariana, and a quick flush kindled her pale cheek.

Dr. Herbert arrived at this point of the conversation. He had met the fly, and came straight to Tyrmynydd on hearing of the return of his friends. The meeting was warm on all sides.

He soon ordered Edwin to bed, and helped Gerwyn to carry him upstairs, for he could not walk. Dr. Herbert expressed himself hopeful of Edwin's eventual recovery, and prescribed rest of mind and body, good nursing and nourishment. When Mariana heard his opinion, she recovered her natural tone instantaneously, and resumed her place as director and worker. Gerwyn smiled at Mara, and cheerfulness returned to the house.

Dr. Herbert stayed to supper, and the meal was a happy one.

"When are you coming home, Gerwyn and Mara?" he asked.

"Not yet, not yet," said Mr. Vaughan anxiously. "Gerwyn, Mara, you will abide awhile with us. Edwin cannot do without Gerwyn."

"We will stay a few days, at least," said Gerwyn. "I will be at home early to-morrow. I am pretty well used to be here, there, and everywhere."

"Gerwyn the ubiquitous," said the doctor.

"Too long a word for a Woochoorian," laughed Gerwyn.

When Dr. Herbert went away Gerwyn walked some distance with him. The doctor spoke seriously of Mr. Vaughan's state of health, and told Gerwyn that he was more anxious about him than about Edwin. Gerwyn promised to do his best to please and amuse the man he had once thoroughly disliked. He asked his brother about Ivor. He had not dared to speak much of him to Mara, because the subject overcame her.

"I cannot rest till I find my son," he said.

"You must not leave Mara," said the doctor decidedly. "She is only just recovering her mind after the shock of the boy's loss. At one time I thought she would lose her reason altogether."

"Oh, Llewellen, mine has been a hard and cruel life, and even now I must have this new trial. But Mara is just the same. How grand and handsome she is, and true to me all these years. I do not murmur, Llewellen, but I must find my boy. I will."

"You are as impetuous as ever, Gerwyn. You must think of us now. Ivor will come back."

"My heart is big enough to think of him and you. My love to all. God bless you, my dear old brother. I never thought to say good-night to you again."

When Gerwyn returned to the house he found that Edwin was worse. His presence was needed as nurse, for no one, as yet, understood what to do for him but he. Gerwyn had, therefore, little rest that night, and Mara's fears were aroused for his health. She sat up with him, and during an interval of quiet he confided to her his intention of going in search of Ivor.

"Will you consent? Will you go with me, dearest? I shall never rest till I have found him," he said.

"To the ends of the earth," said Mara; "I will beg my way all over the world until I have found him."

"Then that compact is sealed," said Gerwyn, embracing his wife.

The following day Edwin was better, and some degree of quiet was restored to the usually monotonous household. Gerwyn and Mara remained at Tyrmynydd until Edwin was in a state to be delivered up to the tender care of Mariana. During this period, the secret, which was, in fact, no longer a secret, of Edwin and Mariana's love was revealed.

We have had so many love scenes of late that we must pass quickly over the purest, truest, sweetest of all; that in which for life or death they plighted their troth. Edwin was lying on the sofa in the room where he had once asked for Mara's love. Mariana was reading to him as of old.

"Mariana, will you put down the book and lay your hand in mine?" Edwin said.

Mariana did both gently.

"Perhaps I shall yield up my spirit soon," continued Edwin, "perhaps my body may retain it for some time yet. Whatever my Heavenly Father pleases is best. I await his orders. Even if I recover, I have not many years left, but I would devote them, in so far as they may be given to this world, to you, dear Mariana. My heart has long yearned for you, and I have thought of you as the only woman I could love, ever since I conquered that wild passion for Mara. Will you be my wife if I am spared to marry you?"

"I will," said Mariana.

"And you love me as I fancied you loved me when last we parted?"

"As I have loved you as long as I can remember."

"Oh, Nanno, how blind I have been! What a discipline my life has been for five-and-forty years!"

"And mine! But good has sprung out of evil. You have laboured for Heaven, and are repaid on earth. Think of Gerwyn and Mara."

Thus, even in her hour of supreme happiness, this unselfish spirit thought of others.

"If strength and health come back to me," said Edwin, and his voice faltered as he looked searchingly into Mariana's face, "would you—could you—I dare not ask."

"Say on, dear friend," said Mariana calmly.

"Would you go with me to Woochooria?"

Mariana paused before replying, then she said,

"I would do the work the Lord prepared for you and me, He helping me."

"God bless you, my love!" said Edwin. "Into His hands I commit our future. This moment is indeed blest."

The July sun and roses looked in upon this true union, and bright sails glanced, and boats moved upon the distant, blue-green sea.

When Mr. Vaughan was told that the dearest wish of his heart was gratified, and that Edwin might, indeed, be his son, he withdrew to his room and prayed.

The scales fell from his eyes at last, and he knew that he had trusted in his own strength. His dearest daughter had been made to suffer by his efforts to make the other the wife of the man she loved, and now that man might die, the husband of neither, and the despised alien be his heir. None of them had been happy; but God had worked to bring to pass the present consummation, and he would try to receive His chastisements humbly.

When he met his family again he seemed to them changed. His daughters showed him much tender affection, and Gerwyn almost filial attention, so that tears came into his eyes.

"I pray the end may be better than the beginning," he faltered, "and that we may yet be spared to amend the past."

The strong oak had been shaken at the root, and every variation of atmosphere affected its branches and leaves.

The following three weeks were spent by Gerwyn and Mara in receiving and paying visits. Relations, friends, and acquaintances poured in upon them, and their small house was constantly filled with guests. They almost envied Edwin and Mariana the quiet of their life; but repose was not for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn insisted on their going to Brynmawr, and they went accordingly. Mr. Glyn liked Gerwyn, and Angharad recovered her old love for Mara, so they were all happy together. Meanwhile Mr. Glyn and Captain Herbert set to work about an appointment for Gerwyn in the Coast Guard, and Gerwyn and Mara tried to arrange plans for their quixotic journeyings in search of Ivor.

Nearly a month after Gerwyn's return, he, Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Glyn and their children were sitting at breakfast at Brynmawr, when the letter bag was brought in.

"I cannot understand this," said Mrs. Glyn, handing a letter to her husband.

"What is it?" asked Gerwyn.

"A letter asking Harrie to become a sort of lady patroness of a concert to be given at Arymor by the most celebrated composer and violinist of the age, Signor Rovi Singleton. We heard him play when we were in London, a few months ago. Of course we will all be patronesses and patrons. Write and say so, Harrie, and that we will exert ourselves to do him honour."

And the letter was written accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"NO MUSIC, NO SOUL."

IT is the first time that a full dress concert has ever taken place at Arymor. The attention and admiration of the room is principally directed to the front seats, where Mrs. Glyn and her party reign in full dress. Opera cloaks and well-appointed head-gear are novelties to be well considered, and certainly they are well considered. Humble imitators behind them quietly remove hats and bonnets, and display ribbons and ornaments of various forms and fashions.

Punctual to the moment, as the hall clock points to eight, the musician appears, violin in hand. The applause is great as he bows to the audience. Mrs. Glyn whispers triumphantly, "It is really Singleton."

While the applause dies away, he glances over the room, and his eyes rest for a moment on Gerwyn and Mara, meeting theirs fixed on him.

"Those eyes! those eyes!" cried Mara, clasping her husband's hand.

Does she know her son? for he it is.

Scarcely, he is so changed. The Ivor of childhood is, and is not, the Ivor of manhood. He is of middle height, slight of figure, delicate of face; his forehead broad, and rather low; his eyes large and thoughtful; the expression of his mouth singularly sweet; his general appearance rather foreign than English. Without his violin you might pass him by as an ordinary mortal—with it, you could not pass him by at all. The instrument and he seem inseparable, and he treats it lovingly, caressing it with cheek and hand, as if he drew forth all its marvellous music by the force of affection. As he plays, we understand what inspiration means, for the genius of Ivor is as much inspired by God as is the song of the lark.

Oh, what music it was!

When the first chord of the violin was drawn, there was silence. The hand of the master was acknowledged. He began with the overture to his descriptive pastoral sonata. Every eye was fastened on him, every heart beat with him. The first movement was an andante, called *Lo spuntar del Sole*, in which the listener could almost fancy he saw the sun slowly rising behind the mountains, and bursting in golden glory above them in the allegro that followed, or *Il sole della mattina*. The next part was called *Gli Zefiri*. This was so light, graceful, and elegant, that the listeners could scarcely believe the instrument that produced it to be a violin. The very zephyrs were breathed forth from its strings, and when the last breath died away in a momentary pause, the applause was so deafening, that the master looked up astonished; but he forgot to acknowledge it in his desire to glide gradually from the dying zephyrs into an adagio, called *Le Nuvoli*. Here clouds were supposed to cover the sun, and to introduce the last part, *La Tempesta*.

Words cannot describe music, therefore it is impossible to depict how slowly and majestically the clouds gathered, and out of them burst the music of thunder, lightning, and rain. But something akin to them was produced from the four strings that crossed the wooden bow in the hand of Ivor.

When he finished the applause was uproarious. This time he acknowledged it by a bow. People said that his bow, when he made one, was short and constrained. The truth was that he disliked the harsh noise and the penalties of popularity. He silenced them by beginning to play again at once. In manners, as in genius, he was a child of nature, but of nature in her sweetest and sublimest moods.

He seated himself at the piano, and running over a prelude of exquisite modulations began to sing. The song was in Italian, and selected from his new opera. This, too, was a pastoral. He had a fine tenor voice, and sang in perfect taste. But to the critic, the singing would have fallen before the playing, therefore he never sang in public, whereas by many of his present audience the vocal was preferred to the instrumental. This song was noisily called for again—but Ivor would sing nothing twice. Instead of repeating the strain he took up his beloved Straduarius, and glancing dreamily and abstractedly on the ground, began the next piece in the programme. The word had gone forth that he was a great master, and therefore he might do as he liked.

The first part concluded with a masterpiece of Beethoven's, played as Beethoven might himself have played it. As Ivor drew the last note, he looked at Mara. Everybody noticed the quick glance, although no one knew on whom it rested. As he hurried off the platform, followed by *bravas* and *encores*, Mrs. Glyn's little girl whispered to her mother—

"He seemed to be asking if we liked it," and so, perhaps, he was.

But what did Mara think? She could neither think nor speak. She was in a strange dream from the beginning to the end of the concert. She scarcely knew whether he played well or ill—she scarcely heard the applause—she only felt a trembling hope, fitful as summer lightning, in her soul—she only heard her own heart beat. It was Ivor—it was not Ivor. The eyes were his, but he was too old by ten years at least. Sometimes a chord thrilled through her, and she seized Gerwyn's hand, and almost rose from her seat. He restrained her, and said, smiling, "I did not know you were such an enthusiast, Mara." Then she tried to be calm, and gazed and gazed at the musician until her mind was in a maze of doubt.

In the second part Ivor played two concerted pieces, and sang two songs. One song was German, the other English. The English song was his own composition. It touched every heart, and pierced Mara's through and through. The name of it was "Alone," and music and words combined to describe the pains of loneliness and orphanhood in a foreign land. It was so simple and pathetic that tears were in many eyes, and those of the singer were not dry. Mara repressed her sobs with difficulty.

Even Ivor could not resist the call for an encore, it was so enthusiastic and hearty, and came so unmistakably from the hearts of the audience. But he did not repeat the same song. To the amazement of everyone he began a Welsh air, and sang to it Welsh words.

When Mara heard this she rose—she whispered to Gerwyn, "It is he! it is he! Come out, or I shall faint."

"Stay three minutes, darling, and it will be over," said Gerwyn, seeing many heads turn round.

"Come—come. It is he."

The bewildered Mara pushed her way between the seats, followed by Gerwyn.

"This way," she said, hurrying to the room into which she knew Ivor must come.

They had not reached the door before shouts of applause proclaimed the concert over. Ivor had been conscious of what was passing in the room, and had hastily concluded the song he had begun. His bow and retreat were as rapid as the finale, and he left the audience in suspense as to whether he would return for the customary "God Save the Queen."

Mara went into the ante-room, followed by Gerwyn, loudly expostulating.

Ivor appeared almost immediately. Mara, pale as death, met him face to face.

"You are? you are?" she gasped.

"I am Ivor, your son. Have I done well, mother?"

But Mara could not say he had done well. She fainted in his arms.

Gerwyn alarmed, and not understanding the words, pushed Ivor in his eagerness to support his wife.

"Mara, my love, what is the matter?" he said.

"It is joy. She knows me. I am Ivor, your son!" cried Ivor.

Still Gerwyn could not comprehend. His thoughts were concentrated in Mara. Her eyes soon unclosed, and met Ivor's first, then her husband's. A wonderful smile lighted up her pale face.

"Gerwyn, our son! Ivor, your father," she murmured as soon as speech returned.

Gerwyn uttered a loud cry, and flung his strong arms round the mother and her child.

Little did the crowd winding down the stairs, and praising the actor, know what was going on in the green-room! Such scenes occur oftener in real life than we imagine, and are indescribable.

It was long before words came to relieve the overflowing hearts of parents and son. Gerwyn and Ivor supported Mara between them, and she glanced bewildered from one to the other. All seemed a strange dream to each, especially to Gerwyn. In place of the boy he had been striving to picture to himself, a man was by his side, who declared himself his son. He looked from him to Mara, as if questioning the fact.

Mara, recovering sufficiently to stand unaided, said—

"It is true. God is gracious, he has given us back our son."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Glyn, who soon perceived that something extraordinary had occurred. Tears were in all eyes, excitement in every face. They were about to withdraw, when Gerwyn hurried to his sister, saying in a broken voice—

"Harrie—dear Harrie—the musician is our long-lost son."

"It is Ivor! Angharad, I knew it by my heart," said Mara, who was clinging to Ivor, her face white as her white gown.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn advanced towards them.

"I am Ivor the Foundling," he said, with a simplicity that went to their hearts.

"My nephew?" said Angharad. "Mara's son! You—Signor Singleton?"

"I—no longer Singleton, but Ivor Gerwyn Herbert. Have I done well to-night? Shall I disgrace their name?"

"You have, indeed, done well," said Mr. Glyn, holding out his hand. "May my children do honour to their father's name as you have done to yours."

A glad light shone in Ivor's wonderful eyes as he grasped Mr. Glyn's hand.

Angharad pressed forward to welcome him.

"My nephew!" she said. "Can it be? Gerwyn, Mara, I wish you joy. I am so glad, but I cannot believe it."

"Let us go home," said Mara, who could bear no more.

"The carriage is at the door—take her to it," said Mr. Glyn to Gerwyn. "We will wait."

"You saved my life, and gave me the concertina, and Mr. Traherne gave me my Straduarius!" said Ivor to Mr. Glyn. "I owe you all much. I love you all. Mother, I was sorry to run away. But this is a glad return. I should not have left you had I known you were my mother."

"Enough, enough!" said Gerwyn, hastily, seeing Mara was again giving way. "We shall all meet again soon."

He hurried Mara downstairs. Ivor delayed a moment to put a purse into Mr. Glyn's hands.

"The proceeds of the concert, sir, to be given to the poor," he said.

"You must distribute them," said Mr. Glyn, refusing the money.

Mara found Rock Cottage full of anxious friends. Her disappearance from the concert-room excited the fears of all the Herberts, and as soon as the concert was over a deputation went to the Cottage. There were the Captain and his wife, Doctor and Mrs. Llewellen, Tudor and some of the elder boys and girls.

It was now their turn to be astonished. After Gerwyn's return, however, they seemed prepared for anything.

"I said he would come back. I told you so," said Mrs. Herbert. "And Mara looks frightened to death. Such a genius, too! Welsh to the very marrow. We have it in us. Music and patriotism. God bless you, boy, and make you as good as you are clever."

Ivor looked at his grandmother as if he were half afraid of her. He could not endure a harsh voice, But recovering his gentle self-possession, he said:—

"I hope you will all love me, and that I shall return your kindness to me when I was a workhouse child."

"I am sure you will," said Captain Herbert. "I see it in your face."

"It is hard work to stand to be looked at by so many, my son," said Gerwyn proudly, emphasising the happy word.

"I am used to that, father," said Ivor. "But here, I want their love."

All pressed round this young man of rare simplicity to assure him of welcome.

"You have not spoken to George," he said. "He and my Straduarius have been all in all to me since I left my—mother."

Here the "handsome stranger," who had been in the background, came forwards.

"This is Gipsy George," continued Ivor. "He has worked that I might pursue my art. He organised the concert that I might see again all my friends, and he has come back to marry Emily. You know they were engaged in the old workhouse days."

It was now our old friend, Gipsy George's turn to be congratulated and welcomed, and the confusion and hubbub of talk were great. At last the two visitors went away, and calm succeeded.

Then Ivor, seated on the sofa between his father and mother, answers their many questions. He turns his deep, glorious eyes from one to the other, smiling his strange, sweet smile. They gaze on him as if enchanted. Mara's eyes are never turned from his face; her hand grasps his. Gerwyn considers him as something mythical, that he can neither realise nor understand—and yet his own, to belong to him to all eternity. Wonderful feelings spring up in his heart as he looks at his wife and child.

Beneath the lamp on the table lies Ivor's violin, and a bouquet of flowers that his cousin, Angharad's little daughter, had thrown on the platform as he made his last bow. The lamp-light pales beneath the gaze of the full-orbed moon. She smiles upon them, and lights up their earnest faces. The sea whispers strange idylls to the pebbly shore as it slowly ripples up, and musically recedes beneath the window. Nothing without or within disturbs the harmony of that sweet August night.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WEIL IS THAT WEIL DOES."

WHEN Ivor went to his room, and thought over the events of the day, his imagination was greatly roused. His temperament was mercurial, inherited from father and mother, and ever worked upon by his genius. He could not rest. He opened the window and looked out upon the night. And such a night! The sea seemed singing itself to sleep beneath the moon and stars, and no sound was heard but its rippling lullaby. The only moving object in the path of the moon was a boat, that gently rose and sank at its anchor as if cradled on the waves.

Ivor tried in vain to drink in the calm of nature. Visions of his young life, of his parents and their sorrows, of George and Emily, of his future career, dizzied his brain. He had often felt thus before, and knew that music was his only cure. He took his violin to the open window and drew a few chords from it, so soft and low that even he could scarce hear them.

"Mother, father!" he murmured, and, as if echoing the words, plaintive notes breathed from the strings. "A moonlight sonata to them," he added dreamily—and sounds as dreamy followed the words.

In a few moments music was heard, clear and low as the song of the waves rippling beneath the window. Inspiration had fallen upon the musician, and he could but play.

And beautiful was the music—beautiful was the face of the youth who stood gazing at the moon as if drawing melody from her light. Soft as her rays was the light of his glorious eyes, clear as the cloudless heaven his broad forehead.

By degrees his excited mind grew calm, and his nervous fever was tempered by the relief of utterance.

While he was thus playing to the moon and sea, his father was listening. He had not been able to sleep, and hearing, as he thought, music, he rose and gently opened the window. Ivor's soft notes came to him and soothed his excited mind as they had done his son's. Mara slept like a child; happiness calmed her, for her face was tranquil as an infant's. Gerwyn reclosed the window and crept to Ivor's door. In a few moments he stood beside him.

Ivor started.

"It is I—your father. Play on."

But Ivor could not play. He looked into his father's toil-worn face, and only said,

"Father! mother!"

He laid his hand on Gerwyn's shoulder, who put his arm caressingly round his neck. The moonlight streamed down upon them, and paternal and filial love grew up, like the huge tree in the fairy-tale, in one night.

There was a brief silence, while they stood together thus looking out upon the night. At last Gerwyn spoke in a deep, broken voice,

"My son, I have been no father to you, hitherto—no husband to your mother. God helping me, I will be both in future. The one, I believe the only, deceitful action of my life has caused you both much misery. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, father! do not ask me for forgiveness; ask me for love and duty, and I will give you both."

"Thank you, my dear boy; I know you will. We must be tender of your mother, who has suffered so much for us."

"She has all my heart, father. I loved her almost as well as I do now, before I knew she was my mother. I believe nature spoke in me."

"I only wish to make you both happy," said Gerwyn.

"I am quite happy, father. It seems a dream to me to have anyone besides George to love and care for me with this natural affection that demands neither education nor fostering. I want nothing in this world but you, my mother, George, and my Straduarius."

Ivor took up his beloved violin, and pressed it affectionately.

"Yes," he continued, "I want Mr. Vaughan, and all my friends—but you in particular."

Gerwyn looked into his son's face, and saw, indeed, that he was happy.

"We have led lonely lives, Ivor," he said.

"Not I, but you," said Ivor touching the violin. "I have had this. You, father, have indeed been alone. But we will make you happy now."

"I only thought of your mother," said Gerwyn; "she was always present."

"And I, father, never saw a black-eyed stately Italian, but I thought of her. I never won fame but I felt how happy my success would make her. You and I have wandered far from her, but we return, like the swallows, when they '*heimwärts fliehen*,' with joy on our wings."

"To make most of the summer of life yet left," said Gerwyn rather sadly. "It seems strange that a rough sailor, almost a savage should have such a son."

"Oh, father! the stories my mother used to tell me of you, made me think you a hero! and you are one still to me."

"Then you knew me? you thought of me?" cried Gerwyn, joy overspreading his face.

"I did. Whenever we were alone my mother always spoke of you. I felt her words were sacred, and treasured them as I did some sounds in music. They are still in my heart."

The moonlight showed a large tear in Gerwyn's eye. He brushed it away, but Ivor had seen it.

"You make a woman of me, my son. This must not be. Good-night—good-night."

Gerwyn left the room abruptly, and Ivor remained some time at the window, thinking of him.

When he went to bed he could not sleep. He was up again soon after the dawn. He dressed and quietly went downstairs. He met Betty True Blue in the passage; she, like the others, had come the previous evening to see what was the matter with Mara, and had stayed the night. She had, therefore, seen Ivor before. He welcomed her warmly, and told her to tell his mother that he was gone to Tyrmynydd.

"Stop you a bit," said Betty, and ran off as fast as her old legs would carry her. She returned, bringing with her a cup of milk and a large slice of bread and butter. "Eat you this, Ivor *bach*. We don't be in the union now; drink you, it'll be doing you good. On my deet, you are as 'bedient as you was euse. Tell you me what you was put in the fiddle to mak such music. Was the bird alive? How did you put him in?"

Ivor had his violin-case under his arm. He took out the instrument, laughing heartily.

"There's nothing in it, Betty. Look at it. Do you think they would like to hear me play at the workhouse?"

"To be sure!" said Betty, examining and shaking the fiddle. "Well, you are clever! And there's grand you'll be! nephew Glyn Brynmawr. Arymor Palace 'ont be holding Roderick, seure! But you did put birds or flutes in the fiddle last night, Ivor *bach*?"

"You are as suspicious as ever, Betty. The birds and flutes were in these strings," said Ivor replacing his fiddle.

"You don't be going to play on the road?" asked Betty.

"Not unless I stop at the union," laughed Ivor, as he walked away.

He went straight up the hill behind the house, which with many turnings and windings led to Shanno's cottage. When he reached the top of the Little Mountain he paused. He looked down at Arymor, and around upon the hills gilded by the morning sun. Mists rose from the vale, but the height was clear, and the air pure and bracing. He thought of the morning when he parted from Shanno, and tried to imagine the time when his mother had lain him down in heart-broken desperation near the spot where he was standing.

When he reached Shanno's cottage, most of the family had gone to their daily work. She and one daughter only were at home when he entered. Seeing a gentleman they made him a curtsy.

"Don't you know me, Shanno?" said Ivor.

"Ivor *bach*, is it you?" screamed Shanno, letting fall what she held in her hand, and running towards him. She had known the voice, but when she stood before Ivor she paused, and curtsied again. "I am beg your pardon, sir—I was think it is Ivor."

"And so it is, Shanno," said Ivor, shaking the good woman's hand with all his heart. "Where are the rest of you?"

"All at service, 'scept Mally *fach*. She at home for a bit. Come you, Mally."

Mally came forwards. She was a buxom, rosy-cheeked, short-petticoated mountaineer.

"Is this little Mally, my foster-sister?" said Ivor, shaking hands with her too.

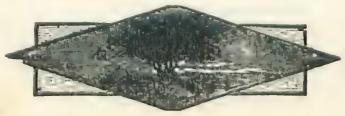
"As seure as you are little Ivor," said Shanno, laughing. "I am so glad as if you was give me five pound!"

"You shall have that, too," said Ivor, slipping the identical sum into her hand in the shape of a Bank of England note. "I earned it on purpose for you; no, Straduarius *earned it*."

"Who? Why you not change one bit! I can't take this," said Shanno. "Where do you come from? where have you been? Tak you back your money."

"I'll come again, Shanno," cried Ivor, hurrying away, and leaving Shanno transfixed with surprise.

(To be concluded.)



MY TIGER.

A GIRL'S STORY OF INDIA.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories out of Schooltime," "Stories of Long Ago," etc.



CHAPTER II.

WHEN Clara heard what we proposed to do, she was strongly against it, as became a prudent elder sister; but Tom won her over, and my first reluctance had given place to a wild eagerness to go through with this adventure, now that I had brought myself to it, so I was allowed to have my way. A good noon-day nap made me feel all the better and braver. After tea, then, with many recommendations of caution from Clara to her husband, we two started off in the buggy, just as coolly as if we were going out to play lawn-tennis, or to drive round the band-stand at Bombay, not that I really felt so cool, but I took pains to look as if I did.

"We must be there in good time," Tom told me. "The tiger won't show till it is almost dark; then, if he suspects anything wrong, we may whistle for him! for, always remember, he is more afraid of us than we of him. A bad conscience, you see!"

"Shall you not be a little bit afraid, Tom, when he comes? I don't mean exactly afraid, but—you know what I mean."

"Nothing to be afraid of! We are as safe on our perch as in the Zoological Gardens. I am no shekarry, mind you. I never met a tiger on foot, face to face—that's something to be proud of! I only undertake this kind of job, because it's my duty to put down all bad characters in the neighbourhood; and just now there's no other Sahib at the station to do the work. This is simply an execution you are going to attend; a real tiger-slayer would turn up his nose at it."

Near the scene of my encounter with the tiger we had to leave our trap on the road, and, scrambling down a rough hill-side, reached the spot where he had killed the bullock, under the guidance of a highly interested crowd of villagers whom Tom soon sent packing for fear of the noise they made. I didn't like to look at the half-devoured carcase they pointed out to me beside a patch of bushes; and I took care to stick close to Tom and his rifle, in case the tiger should make any mistake about the time of day and appear before we were safely ensconced in our *machan*.

This was erected upon the fork of a tall tree, commanding an open glade in the jungle, at the edge of which lay the "kill" awaiting the return of its butcherer. On a platform of sticks and grass, screened by bushes, a charpoy or native bed had been laid out, and a ladder was provided for my convenience by which I ascended to our airy post. There I was able to make myself quite comfortable with my back against a branch and a shawl over my feet, high out of reach of the tiger as I was pleased to note.

The servant being sent away, Tom and I remained alone together, like a modern Perseus and Andromeda. When he had loaded and laid ready his two heavy rifles, Tom's next proceeding was to light a pipe; but on second thought he let it out in consideration of the tiger's keen nose, at the same time cautioning me once more not to speak above a whisper. It looked, indeed, like serious business, when a man might not smoke and a girl might not talk, but I did not need this warning to be impressed into the most circumspect behaviour. And since I could not use my tongue, my eyes and ears were all the more open.

We were looking down into a valley, at the bottom of which lay a few naked fields, shut in by slopes covered with rank dry grass and patches of scrubby jungle that straggled out from the thick woods above. In one of these patches fringing a *nullah* or shallow ravine, was our watch-post, from which, at the head of the valley, we caught the mud huts of a village scattered through its sheltering grove, but else no sign of habitation. It was a still, warm evening, flooded by the rich light of the sun about to sink into a heavy bank of cloud, and there was an oppressive closeness in the air which made Tom murmur,

"Strikes me we are going to have a thunderstorm! I smell rain, anyhow."

"Hope not!" I whispered back, and he answered with a comic face of disgust at my English notions, for one must have lived in dusty sultry India to know how welcome to all is a shower after weeks and months of wearisome sunshine. It is only the newcomer who does not at once get out of the way of remarking as a matter of congratulation and surprise, "Another fine day!"

"I don't think it will come on till we get home, anyhow, so you needn't be so frightened for these fine things of yours," said he, like an ignorant man he was, as if any woman would put on her "fine things" to come out on such an errand!

We watched the sun set with a lurid glow, and saw the threatening pall of cloud drawn higher and higher over the sky on that side, rapidly casting its shadow over the other half, still shot by hazy tints of amethyst and violet. The hush of this peaceful hour had fallen, broken from time to time by the resounding cry of a jungle fowl, or the deep hoot of a monkey, at which I had much ado not to start; but there was yet light enough to see the laugh in Tom's eyes as often as I looked uneasily about me, and I mastered myself, determined to show him that a girl need not be the slave of her nerves.

It was a trying suspense, as now we waited without a word, hardly venturing to move, while, to the clear east, the stars one by one stole faintly out above our heads, and the lights of the village began to twinkle below. That cloud in the west brought darkness on apace; figures were scarcely to be distinguished in the shadow, when my companion suddenly nudged me as a signal that the tiger was coming. His attentive ear had caught an alarmed twittering of birds, and at the same time significant silence fell upon a band of jackals that a moment before had howled close to our hiding-place.

Tom put his finger to his lip, just as if I hadn't promised not to speak, whatever might happen. No doubt he felt my hand tremble when he gave me the second rifle to hold ready for him in case of need; and it seemed to me he must hear the thumpings of my heart at the dull stealthy footsteps and the crackling among the bushes which now set all our senses on edge. He afterwards declared that my hair stood on end; but, as in those days we wore chignons, this was a clear calumny. I sat still as a statue, fancying I could hear the tiger's breath. Then through the stillness came an unmistakable sound that almost turned me sick. The creature was crunching the bones of his prey. I wished I had thought of all this before being persuaded to go out tiger-hunting!

Now that the time for action had come, my brother-in-law laid aside that waggish, trifling way, which has made some women so much mistake him. He was "all on the spot," as he would say in his own slang. His eyes strained into the dusk, he took careful aim. There was a flash and a roar, crashing again and again like a whole battery of cannon, for, as if the report had roused gigantic echoes from above, it was followed or overwhelmed by a sudden peal of thunder. This died away and all again was silence.

I suppose I must have asked a question in my smallest voice, for Tom answered me excitedly, and, even at such a time, I was struck to find how for once he could lose his cool, chaffing manner.

"I don't know—I think so—I am not sure—do you see anything?" Then his words were lost in another thunderclap.

He had snatched the second rifle from my hand, but did not fire; and a gleam of lightning showed me his looks bent intently on the spot where the dead bullock lay. I could catch no sight of the tiger.

"Can you see him? Did you see him?" Tom kept exclaiming. "I think he was hit, but these sly brutes never let you know. Hallo! What's the matter now?"

For now, all at once, we were enveloped in utter darkness. In our excitement we had not noticed how the wind freshened suddenly. Now a whirling cloud of dust had swept up, borne before the storm which began to burst in full fury about us. Forgetful of all my brave resolutions, I could not help clutching Tom's arm in dismay, for this Egyptian gloom was a new experience to me.

"It's only dust!" he cried, assuming his usual tone to encourage me. "Well that it didn't catch us two minutes sooner, before I got a shot at him, for I'll eat my head if the brute wasn't badly hit. A dust-storm, with rain at the back of it. What a nuisance though! for we shall have to stay up here till it's over. You don't happen to have such a thing as a waterproof about you? Well, we are in for a ducking, that's all. Put my coat round your shoulders before the rain comes."

But I wouldn't hear of such a thing, indignantly declaring I was no sugar-girl to melt under a shower; and there, side by side, we sat in the stifling darkness, almost choked and blinded by flying dust, through which

broke the thunder and lightning, nearer at every burst, I made sure. Thunder always upset me, and I found it doubly alarming with such an unfamiliar accompaniment.

"Hold my hand, old girl, if you are afraid of being blown away," said Tom, cheerily. "There, I told you so!"

The dust-cloud, indeed, was already passing off, and now we felt the first drops of rain pattering in our faces; but we sat quietly for some little time before it came on to pour a regular shower-bath.

"Why not get down and stand under the tree," I chattered shiveringly, when I found myself being drenched to the skin.

"No, no! that would never do," answered Tom. "We have got to stay here till it is all over."

"But why, Tom?"

"Young people should do what they are told and ask no questions," said he, quoting a favourite precept of Clara to her chicks.

He did not at the time tell me his reason, but afterwards he explained to me why we could not leave our unsheltered refuge. Tigers have a way, it seems, of not crying out when they are hurt, but then should be most carefully avoided. For all we knew the wounded beast might still be close at hand, so we durst not descend in the dark to get within his reach, but must choose the lesser evil of remaining exposed to the storm. Tom confessed, then, that he keenly regretted having brought me on such an adventure, never foreseeing it would take this unpleasant turn. One good thing was, as he put it, that he had no time to trouble about his own share of the danger, for thinking what Clara would say if anything happened to me.

There was real danger in our present situation. The tree where we were perched, standing out prominently on the hillside as it did, might any moment be struck by the lightning which glared and dazzled around us, reflected so brightly on the rifle barrels that again and again I believed I saw it gleaming along them. At every crashing peal it was all I could do not to shriek out in terror. But, mindful of the character I had to keep up, I bit my lips tight not to let any exclamation escape them. Tom should learn that I could at least hold my tongue under trying circumstances, though every flash must have shown him my white face, and the rickety *machan* shook from my involuntary starts. He, for his part, concerned as he was on my behalf, all the more made a point of speaking lightly and coolly, which had the desired effect of giving me a little confidence. Thus we did our best to dissemble to one another, and each wondered that his companion was not more afraid.

"Fancy if you had taken to fainting, tumbling off into the tiger's jaws, or anything of that kind!" Tom said, when it was all over. "I can tell you I turned blue down to my boots every time I looked at you, till I saw you weren't the sort of girl to make more fuss than there was any need for.

This is the nearest approach to a compliment I ever heard Tom pay, which, to tell the truth, I little deserved, for what I had to fight against was merely the vague instinctive fear of thunder and lightning that would have come upon me almost as strongly even when lying safe in bed. Not being well versed in such matters, I did not know the risk we ran of getting burned to a cinder by some flash attracted to our tall tree as a lightning-conductor. But Tom knew.

At length the rain began to stop, and the storm could be heard rolling away over the further ridges. Tom took to shouting at the pitch of his voice, till some natives appeared with lights, and, all stiff and dripping, we were released from our perilous observatory. Climbing back to the road, we found the buggy gone; the horse had taken fright at the storm and run away with the *sais* left in charge of him; but it did both of us good to have to walk home in our wet garments. A pretty-looking pair we were that arrived about midnight to relieve Clara's anxiety! Everything I had on had been powdered over by red dust before being soaked through, so that I might seem to have been taking a bath of Gregory's mixture. Of course it was out of the question to search for the tiger that night. But early next morning Tom was back to follow up his traces, and found him not a hundred yards away, dead, among the crushed and torn underwood, having bitten his own leg in the agony of his convulsive struggles—a terrible sight. After all, we might have come down to shelter ourselves from the storm, but the fierce beast had died without a murmur, unless the thunder drowned it from our ears.

So the grateful villagers were freed from their bugbear; and Tom had in their eyes all the glory of a St. George with his dragon safely done for; and I got the skin which had been promised me, and my feet are resting on it at this moment, as I write in quiet old England, thinking over the memories of my short visit to India. But I have no desire to earn another such trophy, and my brother-in-law declared he would never again propose to take a girl out tiger-shooting, which indeed is "no sport for ladies."

[THE END.]



THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, *i.e.* from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS.

111. With whom did "the sceptre" come into the house of Judah? How long did it remain in their hands?

112. Give the names and titles applied to David in the Bible.

113. Name the three heroes who slew lions, and who are mentioned in the Old Testament.

114. By whom, and to whom, was the most ancient letter on record written?

115. Give a definition of a "Parable": by what prophet are parables called "similitudes?" Name two of them, given in the 2nd Book of Samuel, that were specially employed to exemplify King David's special case.

116. Name two miracles recorded in the 2nd Book of Samuel.

117. How many times was David anointed king? Where did the events take place; and by whom was the ceremony performed?

118. What were the names of the two settled tribes (not nomads) that were descended from Lot? What do we know of their habits; and what recent discovery has thrown light on the history of one of them?

119. Name the three epochs into which the life of David is naturally divided.

120. What city was made the capital of the kingdom over which David reigned; and what prophecy concerning the boundaries of the kingdom was fulfilled in the reign of his son Solomon?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TROUBLED SEVENTEEN.—We think you would do well to become a member of the Improvement Society (if a member of the Church of England), President, the Rev. G. V. Collison, Vicarage, Clodock, near Abergavenny; Hon. Secretary, Miss E. S. Knapp, Ivy Place, Hamstead Road, Handsworth; or else join a reading society or correspondence club, as, for instance, that of Miss E. H. Hathway, at Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E.; or write and consult Miss Thoyts, Sulhampstead, Reading.

NEMO.—For information as to the standard required in the various subjects of the Cambridge Local Examination, write to Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARION C. cannot return the presents of a man she is not engaged to. If her parents do not object to a future engagement they will consent to a present correspondence, we suppose; but they ought to be consulted.

E. M. B.—We have never heard of the book.

ENGLISH MAID.—1. The 7th of December, 1870, was a Wednesday.—2. The meaning of the name Elsie is "a princess"; it is Danish for Alicia.

BLUE VIOLETS.—The meaning of Louisa is "courageous"; Alice is "of noble birth, a princess"; Frederick is "a peaceful ruler"; and Arthur is "high, noble."

VIVA.—Gold-fish should be kept with some aquatic plants in the water, and if the water be changed by means of a siphon often, they do not need feeding, though some people are in the habit of scattering a little oatmeal at the top.

W. FENDICK.—The Manx cat has no tail, it is quite true, and looks much as you describe.

NEARLY TWENTY-ONE.—The usual way is to send such things to the Editor direct.

MARY.—You have been misinformed. There is no such reward for six years' service.

VERBENA.—We cannot give such addresses. You would find them in a London directory.

ELSIE.—There are braces sold to prevent stooping, but the only way is to lie flat on the floor or on a board for two half hours each day, to rest the back, and, in addition, to do your best to remember not to stoop.

LIL.—The choice of the first bridesmaid rests always with the bride herself, of course.

GABRIELLE and others send questions on all of the subjects which have been quite recently dealt with in the articles by "Medicus," and which they must really read for themselves.

CATHCART HALL.—As you are only eighteen, would it not be well to consult your mother, and be guided by her wishes in this and every other matter?

AILEEN.—"Mavourneen" means "my darling;" "Bawn" means "dark."

SNAVE.—1. The horse-shoe was at one time considered a protection against witches, and was nailed up over the door of the house as such. Lord Nelson had a horse-shoe nailed to the mast of the *Victory*, and we suppose the idea that picking them up is lucky is derived from the same origin.—2. Jan. 16th, 1879, was a Thursday.

NEMO.—The corner of a visiting card turned down, means, amongst foreigners, that the call was made in person; in England, that the card is meant for two persons. We do not know what you mean by "sending cards after a dance." Cards must be left at the house, and are not sent by post.

REGINA.—Trim your gown either with velveteen of the red shade in the material, or with revers of black moiré.

MAGGIE.—1. Will find an excellent recipe for tooth-powder in "Grannie's Corner," "G. O. P.," page 15, Oct. 1st, 1892.—2. Evening primroses or sunflowers can both be grown from seed.

HOUSEMAID.—There is a society which does grant a certificated testimonial after five years of faithful service in one situation, also a book prize; a silver medal after nine years; and a gold one after fifteen. But then you must have been recommended from one of their Homes. The Institution is called "The Female Servants' Home Society," formerly under the patronage of the late Duchess of Cambridge. It was established in 1836, and the office is at 79, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., Secretary, Mr. G. S. Thorpe. It has three Home and Registry Offices, viz., 103, Edgware Road; 203, Great Portland Street, W.; and 143, Camden Road, N.W. At the end of one year's thoroughly satisfactory service (the maid still retaining her situation) a prize of a handsomely-bound Bible is presented to her as an encouragement.

E. J. C.—Such situations are only heard of by advertisements and are at all times difficult to get.

JOE.—The term "almighty dollar" owes its origin to Washington Irving, who employs it in his *Creole Village*. He says "the almighty dollar—that great object of universal devotion throughout our land—seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages." How happy for them!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—1. Jan. 11th, 1884, was a Friday.—2. Nov. 25th, 1864, was a Friday.—3. Dec. 2nd, 1860, was a Sunday.

CYNTHUS.—1. "Mahomet" seems to be a less correct pronunciation than "Mohammed," the Arabic word being Mohamm-med.—2. "The Admirable Crichton," not "Admiral Crichton," as you have it, was known by that name on account of his great abilities in all branches of learning. He was born at Elliock, in Scotland, in 1560. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews; where, at the age of sixteen, he had mastered ten languages, the whole of the sciences, and all the accomplishments of a knight of the period. In 1580 he went to Italy and became the tutor of the son of the Duke of Mantua, Vincenza de Gonzago, a dissolute youth; and during the carnival of 1583, he was assailed by masked assassins, and probably perished by the hand of his own pupil, who was supposed to be of the number.

MARTIA.—If you have acquired two or three languages, so as to write and converse freely in them, we think you might be eligible for employment at the office of the Lady Guide Institution in the Strand. The work occupies eight hours a day, and their fee amounts to ten shillings a day. Of course you should be well acquainted with all the most interesting tours in the United Kingdom and the small islands. The various hotels, both expensive and homely; the cost, the best places for breaking the journeys, and every other particular. And not alone in our own country, but tours in the various countries in Europe and elsewhere. When off duty you should be studying guide-books, the exchange of money, the best hours for starting, the best dress to wear, the chief places of interest to be visited, and every desirable particular. You should also know London and all its "lions" by heart. Why not try it? Good health, good temper, and punctuality are three essentials.

CLOVE AND PINK.—The reason why bracken does not grow when you plant it is that you have broken the roots, or else you do not choose a shady, damp locality for it.

PRIMROSE.—The 14th November, 1871, was a Tuesday.

VERDANT GREEN.—We undertake to answer a question (or two) briefly, but not to supply a grammar or dictionary. You had better procure the book we have published, *The Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus.

A BORE TO YOU, A NEW CORRESPONDENT, and several others write to ask questions on the treatment of the skin and hair. In the last volume (vol. xiv.) "Medicus" has treated this subject under the headings of "Something Wrong with the Lamp," page 166; "A Fit of the Blues," page 315; and "More about the Hands and Beauty," page 66. 2. Many of our correspondents seem to us to wash the face and hands too much. Twice a day is quite enough for the former; and cold water is the best to use, unless you wish to cleanse it, when warm water and the best soap may be applied.

BEL.—As a rule grey or brown are the best colours for the walls of a studio. The grey must not be too blue. With both of these you could have yellow draperies; or you could choose terra cotta walls and blue draperies also. The last a lovely mixture, pale green, will harmonise with terra cotta, and some shades of yellow.

M. W. and others.—So many servants inquire about societies for the reward of good service that we draw attention to the fact that for the benefit of those residing in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and St. Andrew's, Holborn, a sum of £400 was left under the will of Mr. Isaac Duckett, in the year 1620, for the benefit of domestic servants, after seven years of efficient service in one place, and of irreproachable character. And to these, when no longer able to support themselves, an award is made in sums not less than £5 and not exceeding £20. A distribution of awards was made the other day (in July), the rector of St. Andrew's presiding, by the Rev. H. S. Blunt. The trustees were present. Twenty-two women applied for the charity, but there were only eleven to whom the grant was adjudged, and these received £12 each. The first award was distributed to eleven deserving applicants in the year 1639.

WINNIE.—It is usual to wear full widow's mourning for a year at least, many wear it for two years, but all do not now wear the representative cap. The origin of wearing it is traced to ancient Roman use. They were obliged to wear the "weeds" (peculiar to the fashion of the time and country) for ten months, and forbidden to marry again during a twelvemonth. The custom of covering the head was an indication of mourning as well as the shaving off of even the hair. But whether this latter rule applied in any country to women seems doubtful.

WATER LILY.—We regret that we cannot give addresses. This information could be obtained at any bookseller's.

SIXTEEN had better have the velveteen restored by a cleaner. If a good one it is quite worth it.

DOT.—The sapphire means repentance, and innocence, and belongs to the month of April.

SHEILA.—Hugh is derived from Huga (Latin) and means mind, spirit, or soul. Phyllis is from the Greek, and means a green bough. Kathleen is an Irish form of Katherine, the meaning of which is pure.

QUIET ONE.—The chief bridesmaid usually goes out of church with the "best man," the bridegroom having only one attendant. Wear cream-coloured dresses, the same as the bride, or any light summer-looking colour.

WALLFLOWER.—The Mohammedans have a tradition to the effect that the peacock opened the wicket of Paradise to the Prince of Darkness, and received a share of his punishment. Either this, or the fable of Argus, is the origin of the belief in the unluckiness of peacocks' feathers, when kept in a house, or used as an ornament for dress.

MARION.—New Zealand is not the only place in the British dominions where women are accorded the franchise. You need go no farther from our own shores than to the Isle of Man. There unmarried women, and widows who are householders and have other property, have the right to vote, and avail themselves of it. Moreover, they are treated with the consideration due to their sex, and the canvassers escort them in carriages to the offices where the votes are taken, whenever an election for the House of Keys, the Town Commission, or the School Board takes place. This enfranchisement of women has been enjoyed by them for upwards of ten years.

LOVER OF DOGS.—What are called the Dog Days begin on July 3rd, and end on August 11th. It is not the special season when those animals go mad. They are less liable to rabies then than in the winter. The origin of the name is found in the Latin *dies caniculares*, which has reference to the great star Sirius. The days are the twenty before, and twenty after the heliacal rising of that star, which the Romans called *Canicula*, or little dog, to which the ancients attributed an evil influence. To it they sacrificed a brown dog to avert its wrath; for, otherwise, they thought the dogs would go mad, the sea would boil, the wine turn sour, and human health become upset, etc.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. The 7th October, 1878, was a Monday.—2. The 5th of June, 1874, was a Friday.

ARAT will find the full account of University hoods and the degrees they signify in "Whitaker's Almanac."

GARGE'S KANGAROO.—1. January 28th, 1868, was a Tuesday.—2. The origin of the word teetotal is supposed to have originated in the stammering of a man named Richard Turner, at Preston, in Lancashire; but it seems it is really a native Irish word and has been in use there for centuries. In Sir James Spence's *Tour in Ireland*, he mentions teetotally as an adverb in every-day use by the working classes.

DAPHNE VERNON.—For lessons in dressmaking, address (with a stamped envelope enclosed) Miss Chessar, 16, Stafford Street, Marylebone Road, London, N.W. Examinations are held in March, July and December.

BENEDICTA.—The duties of a nursery governess must naturally differ in every family, and so would the salary, which is never very large.

MEG B.—The prefix horse to the words chestnut and radish, is derived from a Welsh word, signifying hot, pungent; it does not mean that they are specially suitable as food for horses. But there is a reference to that animal in the use made of the term in some other words. When a horse is playful he kicks, his play is rough and dangerous, thus horse-play; and the use of hoofs, instead of soft human hands, means that the play is rough and rude; and thus, also, a horse-laugh is a coarse, loud, unmusical laugh like a neigh of that animal. Horse-doctoring is a term of opprobrium applied to the coarse, rough treatment of a human subject, and the administration of medicines far too strong for any but a horse, by an ignorant unqualified doctor.

SHOP-ASSISTANT.—In reply to your query about the universal Saturday half-holiday it can be traced back to the time of King Edgar. In 958 he made a law that all work should be suspended from midday on Saturdays till daylight on Mondays. There is also an unrepealed law of our Danish King Canute, which says, "Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn."

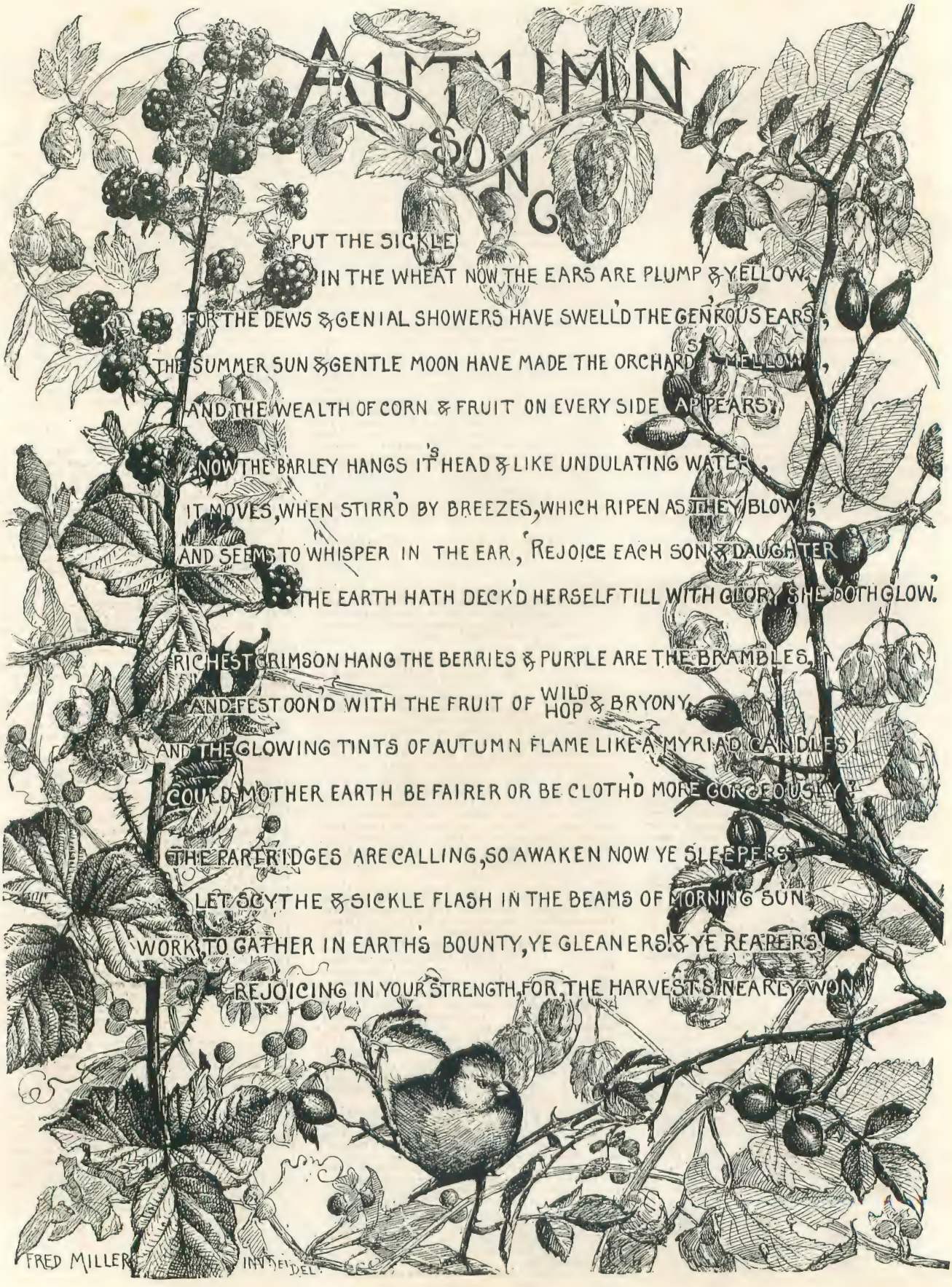
MOUSIE BROWNE.—A conservative character would be one desiring to preserve from ruin, innovation, or radical change all existing institutions and customs.

EMILY TROUBLE.—We regret that our staff of writers is made up. Stories should be sent by post to the editors of the various magazines they appear most suitable for.

NIOBE.—The Life Guards are entered by enlistment, provided your friend be of the proper height, and well proportioned.

A. L. O.—You do not say what the spots are; but if grease, benzine—to be obtained from any oil-shop—or ammonia.

MIRIAM.—"Dear Sir" is not quite so intimate a form of address as "Dear Mr. So-and-So."


AUTUMN SONG.
PUT THE SICKLE
IN THE WHEAT NOW THE EARS ARE PLUMP & YELLOW,
FOR THE DEWS & GENIAL SHOWERS HAVE SWELL'D THE GENROUS EARS;
THE SUMMER SUN & GENTLE MOON HAVE MADE THE ORCHARD MELLOW,
AND THE WEALTH OF CORN & FRUIT ON EVERY SIDE APPEARS.
NOW THE BARLEY HANGS IT'S HEAD & LIKE UNDULATING WATER,
IT MOVES, WHEN STIRR'D BY BREEZES, WHICH RIPEN AS THEY BLOW;
AND SEEMS TO WHISPER IN THE EAR, REJOICE EACH SON & DAUGHTER
THE EARTH HATH DECK'D HERSELF TILL WITH GLORY SHE DOTH GLOW.
RICHEST CRIMSON HANG THE BERRIES & PURPLE ARE THE BRAMBLES,
AND FESTOOND WITH THE FRUIT OF WILD HOP & BRYONY,
AND THE GLOWING TINTS OF AUTUMN FLAME LIKE A MYRIAD CANDLES!
COULD MOTHER EARTH BE FAIRER OR BE CLOTH'D MORE GORGEOUSLY?
THE PARTRIDGES ARE CALLING, SO AWAKEN NOW YE SLEEPERS,
LET SCYTHE & SICKLE FLASH IN THE BEAMS OF MORNING SUN.
WORK, TO GATHER IN EARTH'S BOUNTY, YE GLEANERS & YE REAPERS
REJOICING IN YOUR STRENGTH, FOR THE HARVEST IS NEARLY WON.
FRED MILLER
INVENIT DEL.



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GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.



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ON THE RIVER IN AUGUST.



"LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD."

By ANNE BEALE. Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IVOR walked rapidly across the heath. As the healthful breezes blew around him, he burst into a verse of a German song. In English it might run thus:—

"Oh, mountain air! oh, mountain air!
Whence is thy power to banish care?
Thy gift of healing?
My heart is leaping from her seat,
With quickened life my pulses beat,
Like joy-bells pealing."

Singing as he went he reached the old hollow where he used to sit and watch the sheep. Nature was unchanged; there were the golden and purple hills, the yellow gorse, the distant sea, but the new shepherd fed his flock elsewhere.

Ivor took the old flute from his pocket, and blew the old recall. The hills repeated the strain, but no sheep answered. Ivor's countenance fell.

"Where are they? They would not know me now."

"I know you, I know you, Ivor," said an agitated voice, and Mr. Vaughan was at his side.

Whatever the weather, he had never failed to visit that spot every morning since Ivor left it.

He grasped his grandson's hand, and trembling much, said, "Now I may depart in peace. The Lord's name be praised."

"Oh, sir! I am so glad to see you," said Ivor.

"I could not have flogged you, Ivor; why did you run away?"

"I scarcely know, sir; but I was very fond of you. Vick would come with me, sir, she had a happy life; she died in Italy, and I buried her under a myrtle tree, and put a stone to mark her grave. I am glad she died there; it would have made her sad to find the sheep departed."

"Call me grandfather, Ivor," said Mr. Vaughan, putting his arm within his grandson's. "Come home with me to breakfast."

They walked slowly towards the house, Mr. Vaughan listening to Ivor's history.

When they went into the dining-room, they found Mariana and breakfast awaiting Mr. Vaughan.

"Another surprise and another mercy, Nanno! This is Ivor," said Mr. Vaughan.

Truly it was another surprise, another welcome, another grasping of hands, another thanksgiving for the gentle Mariana.

Ivor loved the peace of the Mountain House, the sounds of the hills and fields. He had been happy there as a shepherd boy—he was happy as grandson of the master. His sweet smile fell on Mr. Vaughan as a sunbeam, and the old man could not take his eyes from his face. If he had ever loved any human being warmly, it was Ivor.

Mr. Vaughan took Ivor to see Edwin Morris, not yet strong enough to be up for breakfast, though gaining strength daily. Mariana had already told him the joyful news.

After breakfast, Gerwyn and Mara arrived. They were so radiant with happiness, that Mr. Vaughan looked on them in fear, lest the world should hold them again too tightly. They came laden with a petition from all the Herberts, that Mr. Vaughan would invite them to meet Ivor at the Mountain House that evening. Mr. Vaughan hesitated, but Ivor joined in the request, and he yielded at once.

Great confusion ensued. Mariana and Mara went to alarm the household with the prospect of a feast, and Gerwyn to organise plans and invite guests. Mr. Vaughan looked, and was uncomfortable, and Ivor out of place in the bustle of preparation.

"Will you come to the workhouse with me, sir? we are of no use here," said Ivor to his grandfather.

"As you will," was the reply, and they walked arm-in-arm to the union.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick received them. Ivor shook hands with them, and said he hoped they had not forgotten the foundling.

"None of us could forget you, sir," said Mr. Roderick; "but we little expected to see you return to us such a grand gentleman."

"Gipsy George is much grander than I," said Ivor.

"He was a bold boy. I didn't expect him to turn out so well," said Mr. Roderick.

"Betty True Blue said she thought the—the poor people would like to hear me play," said Ivor. "Will you allow me to see them, Mr. Roderick?"

"Nothing contrary to rule?" said Mr. Vaughan nervously.

"By no means, sir; glad to do anything for the gentleman who favoured us with such music last night: I remember the concertina," said Mr. Roderick.

"And how Ivor walked at the sound of it," said Mrs. Roderick, forgetting the Mr. in her reminiscence of his first step.

"That is beyond my memory, Mrs. Roderick," said Ivor pleasantly, "but I remember that you were all very good to me."

Ivor seemed to have forgotten the threatened flogging, and Mr. Roderick's self-possession returned.

"What would you like me to do, Master Ivor?" he said somewhat familiarly.

"To let them come into the great hall, and I will play to them. They used to like to hear me when I was a boy."

"Just as they are—to please my grandson," said Mr. Vaughan in his stiffest manner.

And so the paupers, young and old, were marshalled into the cold dining-hall in which Edwin had preached years ago. Ivor entered it with a shudder, recalling the paupers of the south, as they lay basking in the sunshine. There were not many of his old friends left, but he spoke affectionately to the few who remained, and told them that he was Ivor the Foundling. The duchess knew all about him, and addressed him as the Prince of Wales. Several superannuated sailors remembered him. Delia secretly hoped he had forgotten the sly pinches she had given him—but he had not forgotten them, and took no notice of her.

Ivor stood up in the midst of them and began to play. The airs he gave them were mostly cheerful—Welsh, Scotch, English, German, Italian, all in turn. The old people rubbed their hands and applauded, the young began to dance, the babies to crow. No one was more charmed than Mr. Vaughan.

He even forgot his disapproval of profane music in his admiration of the musician and pride in his grandson. He said afterwards, that music was an innocent amusement, even when made to subserve to carnal pleasure.

Ivor had never played so much to his own satisfaction before, and his enthusiasm grew with the delight of his auditors. He felt happy in making those cheerless people forget their poverty awhile, even though they must remember it again so soon.

When he ceased the children pressed round him to examine his fiddle. He let them try their skill in drawing the bow —he produced the sounds they wished to hear. The elders uplifted their hands and exclaimed—

"Can this be Ivor the Foundling? What is he putting in his fiddle?"

Ivor assured them, as he had done Betty, that there was nothing in it, and showed them how he drew forth the bird-like notes. The duchess surveyed him approvingly, and said,

"Your Royal Highness is a great man. Her Majesty must be proud of you. God save the Queen and Prince of Wales."

After this Delia advanced with a curtsy, and said in a whisper—

"Sir, I hope you don't bear malice for the old times. You do play beautiful!"

Ivor was as proud of this conquest as if he had taken a city.

"I bear no malice, Delia," he replied gently, "but in future be kind to the poor orphan children."

Ivor could never frame his lips to call them paupers. He laid down his fiddle and asked Mr. Vaughan to talk to Mr. and Mrs. Roderick. Mr. Vaughan obeyed mechanically. He was quite a child in Ivor's hands. Then Ivor went amongst his audience to shake hands with them. He had his pockets full of silver, and in every rough, dirty, or trembling hand he left a shilling or half-a-crown. Tears and blessings succeeded the gift. Then he sat down on a form, gathered the children round and gave them sixpence each.

Mr. Vaughan and the Rodericks stood watching the group.

"He is not a bit altered," said Mrs. Roderick. "He was always as generous as could be."

Ivor left the delighted children to approach Mr. and Mrs. Roderick. He took out of his inexhaustible pockets a pocket-book and purse, which he presented to them. They were very handsome.

"If you will accept these, I shall be much obliged," he said. "I bought them for you in Italy. I was not unhappy here, and I wish you to think of me sometimes, and to remember that the poor have hearts as easily wounded as the rich. I don't think you would willingly wound them; but this is a cold, irritating place for governors and governed. May I see the sick?"

Ivor made his little speeches so simply that it was impossible to be offended with him. Nevertheless, master and mistress coloured as they took the elegant gifts. Examining his, the master said, "He is just like a child still," and the mistress, "I will keep it as long as I live."

Both thanked him warmly.

Ivor became suddenly aware that the school-mistress was present. A child used the familiar word, "Governess." He had associated the children with his mother, and had forgotten her successor. She was a pleasing-looking young woman, and kind to the children.

Ivor drew a ring from his finger, that had been given to him by one of the thousands who worshipped genius, and, turning to her with his gracious smile, said,

"Will you wear this for my mother's sake? She was here before you. Put it on your finger, if you please, and when you look at it remember that the donor was a poor foundling, and be kind to the children as my mother was."

Ivor's manner fulfilled, in its grave gentleness, the promise he had given as a quaint, wondering child.

"Gipsy George means to give you a feast on his wedding-day," he said, as he followed the matron to the sick wards, followed by his grandfather.

Here he again made angelic music for such as cared to listen, and again distributed half-crowns to the sick. Here he found Nanny Crow's Beak reduced to the condition of the poor souls whose wine she used to drink. She was ill in bed.

"Come you, Mr. Ivor *back*. I did always be doting on you," she said. "I'm very poor and bad now."

"Yes, Nanny," said Ivor, giving her the coveted half-crown. "I'm very sorry for you. I think Betty is stronger than you."

This unintentional rebuke reached Nanny's obtuse mind.

"She do have more friends, sir," was her remark.

Ivor looked on all with a saddened heart, but was comforted when one old man said,

"Thank 'ee, sir. This'll buy me backey for many a day; and for the rest, I'm better here than I am at home."

Ivor gave him an additional shilling.

Seeing Delia as he went into the passage, Ivor gave her also a half-crown, and wound up his generosity by slipping five shillings into the hands of the old porter in the hall.

"Now, my Straduarius, we must make some more," he said, apostrophising his fiddle-case.

As George said, he was not fit to live in this world. He had spent all he had.

"Grandfather, why are the poor put into those whited sepulchres? George says he will never darken its doors again—and truly it makes me sad."

This question was put to Mr. Vaughan when leaning on his grandson's arm as they walked up the hill. Mr. Vaughan had no ready reply. What he had just witnessed suppressed the usual outpouring on idleness and pauperism. All he found to say was,

"It is a vexed question. Perchance the Lord may make it clear."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"ALFIN SI CANTA LA GLORIA."

"THE HAND THAT GIVES GATHERS."

WHEN Mr. Vaughan and Ivor reached Tyrmynydd they found that Gerwyn had sounded the pibroch to such purpose that all the clan was expected. They took refuge with Edwin, but were soon disturbed by the sound of wheels.

Ivor went to the door quite naturally to welcome his grandparents. They arrived in state, in a waggonette, accompanied by Tudor, and as many daughters-in-law and grandchildren as the carriage would hold. The doctor and a troop of boys came on foot, and Ivor was surrounded by relations, all eager to see and welcome him. Gerwyn, Mara, and Mariana joined them, and Mr. and Mrs. Glyn, their children, and Mr. Traherne drove up. This was the triumph of Gerwyn and Angharad's powers of persuasion, for Mr. Glyn disliked Mr. Vaughan, and had never visited him, and Mr. Traherne always looked upon him with proper clerical and political hate.

"Proud of you, grand-nephew! proud of you!" said Mr. Traherne, as he got out of the carriage. "Where is Gerwyn Ivor? Ivor Gerwyn? The foundling to whom I gave my Straduarius?"

"Here, sir," said Ivor, pressing forwards. "And the Straduarius has made my fortune."

"Not so, not so! Your genius has done that. I heard you play last night. I am a proud, vain old man, for I have one nephew a hero, and another a genius. Good-day, Mr. Vaughan. The hero and genius are nearer to you than to me, but I baptised 'em both."

Mr. Vaughan was standing in the doorway. Ivor hastened to his side.

"Be kind to Mr. Traherne, grandfather. He gave me my Straduarius."

"Obliged for the honour of this visit," began Mr. Vaughan, stiffly. He had certainly not expected it.

"Glad to be here again, old friend," said Captain Herbert, half shaking Mr. Vaughan's hand off.

"Wish you joy of our grandson," said his wife.

"Church has come up to chapel, you see, sir," whispered Dr. Herbert. "We shall all be one by-and-by."

"The sooner the better. Where is Morris?" said Tudor.

"Genius has its own way in spite of you and me, Mr. Vaughan," said Mr. Glyn.

"I am afraid we shall be too many for you, sir," said Angharad, "but the children would come."

Mr. Vaughan stood in the doorway, and all the guests outside. The white-headed old man was now leaning on his grandson's arm. He trembled visibly, and scarcely knew how to bid welcome to so anomalous an assembly. The smart, merry group of men, women and children pressed round him, all insisting on shaking hands. Ivor, large-eyed, long-locked, and poetic-looking, contrasted strangely with his grandfather. Mariana, shy and simply dressed, contrasted also strangely with the others. Gerwyn and Mara, handsome, tall

and happy, were remarkable anywhere. Edwin Morris leaned against a doorway in the passage, keenly observant. George and Emily stood together on the outskirts.

Mr. Glyn made his way to Edwin. He had not seen him since his return from Africa.

Gerwyn led the way, through a side gate, across a field to a large barn. Here the joint exertions of the households of Plâs and Tyrmynydd had prepared a feast, bountiful enough for two clans Herbert.

The delight of the young people was unbounded. Ivor found himself surrounded by cousins, all anxious for the honour of sitting by him. He fixed his eyes on his old friend Edith, now a pretty, fair-haired girl of seventeen, and asked her, very simply, to come and sit next him. His grandfather summoned him to his side, and she followed.

Gerwyn brought Edwin to the barn, and seated him near Mariana at the head of one of the tables. The tables were arranged crosswise, so that they faced Mr. Vaughan and Ivor. Gerwyn and Mara took the top and bottom of the other table, and the guests seated themselves as chance or inclination dictated. All was friendship and hilarity, and Mr. Vaughan could scarcely believe in himself or his company.

When the supper was finished, Gerwyn marshalled the guests back to the house, and then returned with Ivor to the barn. They marshalled in the labourers and their families, the servants, and such of the neighbouring poor as were at hand. If the first party had been noisy, the second was noisier. Gerwyn and Ivor won all hearts by their kindliness and sympathy. They had been poor, they understood the poor.

When the feast was over, Ivor went to a corner of the barn and drew forth a bag of money that he had previously deposited there. It was the proceeds of the concert.

"May I give it now?" he asked of his father and mother.

"Certainly," they said with happy acquiescence.

At this juncture a troop of young people came in. Their appearance disconcerted Ivor for a moment, but recovering himself he said—

"My Straduarius is going to give away his earnings," and taking up his fiddle-case, he put the purse into it.

Silver, and even gold, were again distributed with lavish hand, and the blessing of the poor was as a glory round the head of Ivor. He noticed with pleasure that Shanno and her husband did not present themselves to the Straduarius, but withdrew quietly. They felt they had received more than enough. They had, however, seen Ivor before supper, and asked him to take back his munificent gift, but this he declined. Billo was not so modest. He received his due share of the wealth gained by "The Ghose's babby."

It will be believed that Gerwyn and Mara were much moved by this scene. Indeed, when it was over, and the poor people dispersed for a time, Gerwyn set to work to hide his emotion. He helped the servants to clear out the barn for a concert he proposed giving. Tables were carried away, chairs and forms arranged, and much done in short time. The good folks were recalled and ranged on one side of the barn, and Gerwyn went to fetch the party from the house. They soon filled the seats on the other side. Angharad was requested to pick out all who could sing from amongst her nephews and nieces, and there was soon quite a choir. Angharad, Mara, and Mariana joined, Ivor was the centre of the music-party, leading all, fiddle in hand, Gerwyn gave the impetus to the native genius on the other side of the barn, and soon the power of song was communicated. Songs, duets, glees, choruses, followed one after another in rapid succession. Ivor was prevailed upon to sing, and his rich, tenor voice rang through the high-roofed barn.

"Braham and Paganini in one," said Mr. Traherne. "I am proud of him! He is an honour to us all, sir, I say!"

Mr. Glyn cried "brava," and shouts of applause followed.

"Play! play! Mr. Ivor *bach!*" then came from the servants.

Ivor played, and the people listened. They could not tell who was most entranced, mesmerist or mesmerized. Ivor improvised variations to Welsh airs, and made his fiddle speak as never fiddle spoke before.

If silence is the truest homage that can be paid to musical genius, Ivor received it. His listeners seemed scarcely to breathe.

At the conclusion of one spirited Welsh air, "the March of the Men of Harlech," he suddenly lifted his bow as he was about to draw the last chord, and began the song. All joined in chorus, and the rafters of the old barn shook.

Mrs. Herbert rose in her excitement and went to Ivor. When the song ceased, she said in a voice that all could hear—

"Ivor, I glory in you. You are Cymric heart and soul. Not a drop of Saxon blood in you. Kiss me, my grandson, Ivor Gerwyn Herbert!"

Ivor, slightly abashed, kissed his grandmother, at which many comic faces and remarks were made by the young Cymric Saxons around; but there was great clapping of hands amongst the farm-labourers and servants.

"Now for 'God Save the Queen,' and then home to bed," said the Captain.

Again the rafters shook with the chorus, and as Ivor's grand voice rang out the solos, the people stood, their eyes dilated with pleasure, and their feet moving to the air.

"Here is the sovereign, grand-nephew," said Mr. Traherne. "I have often heard the National Anthem before, but never as I have heard it to-night. I bow before your genius."

Ivor took the piece of coin from his uncle's hands.

"Thank you, sir. I will bore a hole through this and keep it as long as I live."

"Uncle Traherne offered you a home when you had none," said Dr. Herbert, putting a kindly hand on Ivor's shoulder.

Mr. Vaughan drew near and said, holding out his hand to the parson—

"Thank you, Mr. Traherne."

Mr. Traherne looked so bewildered that even Ivor smiled.

"George! George! where is George? He gave me the home. I owe all to him and the Straduarius, and no one thinks of them," said Ivor.

George was supremely happy at that moment, standing near Emily, gazing at Ivor.

"Three cheers for George Singleton," said the Captain, and while George was making love, unconscious of the honour, the rafters shook again.

George was brought forwards, dragging with him the blushing Emily.

"He will be a great iron-master some day. It is of him and not of me that you should be proud," said Ivor.

Gerwyn and Mara were standing by their three children, Captain Herbert and Mr. Vaughan were near them, side by side, Edwin Morris was leaning on Tudor's arm, and Mariana stood by him, Mr. Glyn and Angharad came up to thank Ivor for his music, and thus a group of relations formed itself naturally around Ivor and his Straduarius.

"Three cheers more for the families of Vaughan and Herbert, 'and long may they live to reign over us,'" said Mr. Glyn, casting a mischievous glance at his wife.

The poor people and children shouted till they were hoarse, and this was the last time the rafters of the barn shook that evening.

CONCLUSION.

"Marriages are made in heaven."

"Non si vorria esser solo in Paradiso."

"Has the end justified the means?"

WHAT seems a conclusion is often only a beginning. One thing ends and another springs out of it. It is the old story of the Phœnix ever renewing. We have brought all our wanderers safe to port, yet life for them is almost beginning. We write the word *Finis*, and it is only the "beginning of the end."

Still, in conclusion, we must say a few words about those whose histories we have traced thus far. Two weddings followed in due course. George and Emily were married first. As George had splendid ideas, the wedding was in accordance with them, and Arymor was alive from morning till night with the consequent excitement. Ivor had his ideas also, and carried them out in his own way. He had presented a handsome harmonium to the new church of Arymor, and had asked to be allowed to play it for the first time on George's wedding-day. His request was of course granted.

The church was crowded when the wedding party entered it. George looked triumphant as bridegroom, Emily modest and pretty as bride. Ivor acted as "best man," Gerwyn as "father," two of Dr. Herbert's daughters were bridesmaids, and Mara stood by happy and thankful. Tudor Herbert performed the ceremony, and all went

"smoothly as did the new marriage bells."

Ivor left the altar to go to the harmonium, and when the last words of the marriage service were said, played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Never had "vaulted aisle and fretted roof" echoed to a more joyous or a grander strain. Everybody listened and wondered.

George gave a dinner to the inmates of the union. He had permission from Mr. Glyn to use the Town Hall for the occasion. He kept his resolution of not again entering the workhouse, and objected to his marriage being celebrated within it. So the poor people had a real holiday. He left Ivor as superintendent of the feast, and drove off from Rock Cottage with his young bride amid good wishes and bell-ringing.

If we glance a little into the future we may see him the rich and prosperous iron-master he aspired to be, and Emily the modest, gentle mistress of his handsome house.

The marriage of Edwin and Mariana followed a few months later. Edwin recovered his health under the happy influences of home and affection, and Mr. Vaughan regained some portion of strength for a time.

But he did not live long. The last days of his life were his happiest, for he passed them with his children and grandson, and there was perfect confidence amongst them. He died a more humble Christian than he had lived.

In his will he left his dear Mountain House to Edwin and Mariana for their lives, and after them to his "well-beloved grandson, Ivor Herbert." Ivor's devotion to him, and his love to Ivor, continued to the last. His last walk was taken with his grandson, and was to their favourite hollow amongst the hills where Ivor had folded the sheep.

Edwin could not forget Woochooria, so he and his gentle, constant, enduring wife sailed from England as missionaries for that country. They bore with them the love and prayers of friends and neighbours. Gerwyn laboured indefatigably to collect such articles of husbandry and household utility as he knew, from his long experience, would be of service in his little colony. His heart went with Edwin on the voyage, and had it not been for Mara and Ivor, he, too, might have adventured once more on that dangerous expedition.

Gerwyn and Mara did not change their natures with their change of life. He became an energetic Captain of the Coast Guard, running dangers, and doing good service to his country; she worked and watched for him and Ivor, laboured for the poor, regularly visited the union. When Edwin and Mariana left, Gerwyn and Mara went to live at Tyrmynydd. They held the place for Mariana and Ivor, and hither Ivor came whenever music let him. Here it was he composed his best works, and here he was happy as a child. He, like his parents, did not change his nature with his name. Fame, honours, riches, love, were lavished upon him, but he was still Ivor of the workhouse. Childlike and unworldly he was indifferent to the fame, unmindful of the honours, lavished the riches on the poor and afflicted, and returned the love to all mankind. His Straduarius was still his delight, his art, his absorbing occupation. His parents and he lived in a harmony almost as perfect as his own music, and by an interchange of love and sympathy, consoled one another for the many trials and mistakes of their twenty years of separation and sorrow.

[THE END.]

A MODERN MISTAKE.

A STORY TOLD IN LETTERS.

BY LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER V.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
November 2, 1892.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

Would you be very much surprised to hear that I am working hard at mathematics?

You remember how fond of arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid I used to be at school. Mrs. Winterbourne (whom I shall always consider my good angel) has constantly recommended me to have some resource, and to take up some one thing and work at it.

I could not quite see what to do, and was wondering where my path lay, when some new people appeared in our neighbourhood. You remember our mathematical master, Mr. Willis, who married the English teacher, and how uninteresting we all thought it? Well, they have come to live here, and a most charming elderly couple they turn out to be. He has retired from active work, and they seem comfortably off.

They were both pleased to meet me once more, and we asked them to dinner. He was delighted to find I remembered his classes with pleasure, and offered to teach me again, as a mere matter of friendliness, if I cared to go any further into the subject. His wife was so kind, and declared it would cheer her up to have me coming in and out. Of course we could not hear of things being on such a basis. But to my great surprise, father (who has always opposed my going to Girton or Newnham) offered no objection to my taking lessons as a matter of business. Dear mother was charmed, as she always is at anything that pleases me, so now I am working diligently, going to Mr. Willis three times a week, and studying as hard as I can in between. Of course it does not take all the day, and ample time remains to do what there is to do. I visit the workhouse too (by Mrs. Winterbourne's advice again), and think I am welcome. That I could never stop, now I have begun. How many hours there are when one plans them all out!

Mr. Willis is kind enough to say he never knew a lady with such a mathematical head as mine! I do thoroughly enjoy it. Ever yours,

MONA SMITH.

Florence to Mona.

Grove Lane, Hampstead,
November 4, 1892.

MY DEAREST MONA,

I am delighted to hear you are working so hard. I cannot imagine studying mathematics unless one was obliged, but then you were always so different in that way.

I want to tell you about the Mr. Hamilton whom you have often mentioned, and who has suddenly turned up in this neighbourhood. He is an engineer on his own account now, as you know.

I met him last night at a dinner-party. He took me down to dinner, and we talked nearly all the time about you. He wanted to know every detail as to what you were doing, and seemed very much to regret having left Summerhayes. But he is too clever to go on being a clerk all the time, I should think. He evidently quite approves of your having left the Home and come back to your mother, only I think he wishes he had known you were going to do it before he left. Dear Mona, I like him so much. And I am quite sure he—— But perhaps I ought not to write like this. I do not think you appreciate him at all.

Ever yours,

FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
November 5, 1892.

MY DEAR FLORENCE,

The sort of suggestion you make in your last letter is very objectionable to me. You and I are always frank with each other, so I think it is better to say straight out that I cannot bear that sort of innuendo. It always seems to me silly and—pardon me—a trifle vulgar. The girls I saw at the Home were very much given to speculations of the kind, but I must decline to be made the subject of them. As for Mr. Hamilton, whether he approves of what I do, or not, is a matter of supreme indifference to me. I believe he was a very valuable clerk to my father, and since he went, I have often noticed father looking very old and worried. However, that is not the point. Your loving

MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Hampstead,
November 7, 1892.

DEAREST MONA,

Do forgive me! I did not mean to be vulgar or make innuendoes. I will be more careful. Ever yours,

FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
July 31, 1893.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

A great change has come into my life.

For a long while (ever since Mr. Hamilton left) I have fancied father looked worried, and he was often very irritable.

It turns out now that the head clerk he had in Mr. Hamilton's place has been very untrustworthy, mixing up the accounts in a dreadful way. Father trusted Mr. Hamilton so implicitly, that he could not get into the habit of looking after this new man, and he has taken advantage of it.

Father came to mother and myself a few weeks ago looking very ill, and said that he had been robbed and the books had been falsified; that for the sake of the man's wife and family he had decided not to prosecute, but that we were robbed of several hundreds of pounds. He dropped his head on his hand, and looked so sad. I found out soon that it was not the loss of the money only, but the dreadful confusion into which everything had got; and, as you know, he is old and easily upset by perplexity of any kind. He will not trust the dishonest clerk even to set things right a little, but has ordered him out of sight entirely.

A thought suddenly occurred to my mind. You know how I love problems and figures, and my long study with Mr. Willis ought to have cleared my brain; so I said if he would let me come down to the office with him every day, I would try and unravel matters, and have it all laid clearly before him.

At first he declared that it was out of the question, "women knew nothing about business." But I succeeded in persuading him.

Behold me shortly installed in a little room within father's down at the Works, with piles of ledgers and papers around me. At first I felt very much in the dark. I could not see through the intricacies at all, and felt inclined to cry, and thought I was going to make a second failure.

But tears are not much in my line, as you may remember, and by dint of carefully toiling, one step at a time, and comparing entry with entry, I began to get on a little, and set out the results of my investigations on big sheets.

The next week it was a little easier, the next, easier still. And now I am in the very thick of it. You can't think what fun it is, nor how I enjoy seeing father take off his spectacles, rub them, put them on again, and gaze at me through them as if I had suddenly developed some new and startling characteristic. He says, "Well, Mona, my dear, you certainly have an astonishingly clear head for a woman."

Poor, darling father! He is not nearly so clear-headed as he used to be. I cannot bear to see the sad, perplexed look on his face. But I am delighted to think that I can help him.

Don't run away with the idea that I have been studying book-keeping only with Mr. Willis! but all mathematical study helps one to "put two and two together," besides my actual fondness for figures.

I am very busy, but Lucy now takes her part in the house; she is eighteen, you know, and you cannot believe how much she is improved.

Your loving
MONA.

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Howard.

Summerhayes,
October 8, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We have been passing through a time of dreadful anxiety.

My poor husband has been very seriously ill. The affair with his head-clerk upset him dreadfully, and he had an attack of facial paralysis soon afterwards.

Absolute rest was ordered. I do not know what we should have done had it not been for Mona. At the time of the money troubles she went into all the accounts and books and things (I could never cope with such matters), and put them out clear for her father. When he had to leave home she would go down to the Works every day and get the manager's report, and see into affairs. I don't of course mean to say that she managed herself, but she was there and saw that all was straight. Our manager said it was quite wonderful, her clearness and accuracy, and she understood all sorts of problems and mechanical things, so as to take him quite by surprise.

Now my dear husband is well again, and has come back, but he means partly to retire, and to take a partner. He is so pleased with dear Mona's help, you cannot think. And she is so kind and helpful, that it is the greatest comfort to me. I hope you are all well.

Your affectionate friend,
HESTER SMITH.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes,
October 16, 1893.

MY DEAREST FLORENCE,

Our anxiety about father is past I am thankful to say. He has decided not to work so hard, but is about to take a partner, to whom he will hand over the greater part of the business.

Who do you think this partner is to be? None other than Mr. Hamilton, whom you know.

Father feels more confidence in him than in anybody. He said to me, however, "What a pity, Mona, my dear, that you have not had the technical training which would fit you to enter the business!" He is never tired of expressing his gratitude to me for what I did. I am still studying mathematics.

Your loving
MONA.

Florence to Mona.

Hampstead.
November 20, 1893.

MY DEAREST MONA,

Mr. Hamilton told me that he had entered into partnership with your father. He seemed very much delighted.

I don't want to offend you again, but don't, just for pride's sake, shipwreck your own happiness. I say no more.

Your loving
FLORENCE.

Mona to Florence.

Summerhayes.
December 30, 1893.

DEAREST FLORENCE,

I suppose I must be made differently from other girls, for I can hardly bear to write of such subjects as these.

Mr. Hamilton has told me he would be glad to make me his wife. I knew it some time before he said so.

He seems to have been very much distressed at my leaving home, and so forth, and to have been equally delighted at my return, and my help to my father.

I do not know that I wish for his criticism on my actions, and I feel perfectly well able to stand alone.

However, the matter is still in abeyance.

Shall I, or shall I not abandon my independence? and do I care for him?

I cannot tell. MONA.

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Howard.

The Lawn, Summerhayes.
June 1, 1894.

Many thanks, my dear friend, for your letter of congratulation and the telegram that reached us yesterday.

I cannot write much, but you will be glad to know that all went off as well as possible, and your dear Florence made a charming bridesmaid. I only wish you could have been with us.

My heart is very full, but we shall have darling Mona close at hand, and she did look radiantly happy.

It seemed very strange, after all her independent notions, to see her a bride just like anybody else!

Her father says she was fitted to stand alone if any woman ever was, and she could easily have supported herself now. But he says she will be no worse a wife because of that, and because she did not need to marry in order to have somebody to cling to.

Ah, well! I cannot enter into all these new-fashioned ideas, but I am thankful the child is happy. And she has been so good and unselfish a daughter for the past two years, I have not the slightest doubt she will now make as good a wife as I could wish her to be.

Your affectionate old friend,
HESTER SMITH.

[THE END.]

OUR PUZZLE POEM: A RHAPSODY OF SPRING.

SOLUTION.

A RHAP sod Y of Spring.

Ye blackbird TRILL-S-*in* Ye W-*est* ERN wood
COME hit HER MY mat ES 4 T h*e*sp ring I-*s* GOOD
Ye larch HA-*s* pointe*d* HIS *tiny*-S pears
AND Ye chestnut L I-*s* tens WITH open-eye NG ears
Marbles Ye thrush FROM Ye E-*ast* ERN brake
I S-*in*-G 2 MY *low*-V E NOW Ye SUN saw AKE
Ye *white*-B loom curtains Ye cherry tree
WHERE WE nest LE TOG ether SO JOYOU sly
T hew OO-*in*-GA IR sand Ye whispering show ERS
HAVE SOFTLY a*w*ake NED Ye slumbering F *lower*-S
AND a myriad C awls-*through*-THE wood LAND sy*r*ing*e*
COME HITHER come hither THE SPRING the spring.

A RHAPSODY OF SPRING.

By ANNE BEALE.

The blackbird trills in the western wood:
"Come hither, my mates, for the Spring is good;
The larch has pointed his tiny spears,
And the chestnut listens with opening ears."

Warbles the thrush from the eastern brake:
"I sing to my love now the sun's awake;
The white bloom curtains the cherry tree,
Where we nestle together so joyously."

The wooing airs and the whispering showers
Have softly awakened the slumbering flowers,
And a myriad calls through the woodlands ring,
"Come hither, come hither! the Spring, the Spring!"

AWARD.

Prize Winners.

Half-a-Guinea has been sent to each of the following:—

1. E. Clarke, care of Mrs. Sherlock, Cotford, Cotham Vale, Bristol.
2. Catherine Collins, Kirk Burton Vicarage, near Huddersfield.
3. Mrs. M. Heald, 16, Gloucester Road, Peckham.
4. M. E. C. Hemphill, Seagoe Rectory, Portadown, Ireland.
5. Frances Ison, 62, St. Peters Road, Leicester.
6. Clara J. Jackson, 190, Soho Hill, Handsworth, Birmingham.
7. Ellie Prideaux, Hill View, Wellington, Somerset.
8. Florence E. Russell, 3, Rosendale Road, West Dulwich.
9. Maud Russell, Whitnash Rectory, Leamington.
10. M. M. Skrine, Northolt, Sunbury-on-Thames.
11. Violet C. Todd, Ford, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland.

Very Highly Commended.

C. L. A., Mrs. Acheson, Elsa Bowman, Lucy Brine, Winifred Day, Grace H. Farrington, Catherine L. Garland, Alice M. Hall, Jessie Harrison, Ethel M. Healey, Frank Inglis, A. M. Lazenby, Mina, G. Patterson, Annie Robinson, Clara M. Simco, Helen J. Simpson, E. Wilkinson, Elizabeth W. Wood.

Highly Commended.

Annie Brebner, Walter W. Briant, Mrs. Chance, Martha M. Cope, F. W. Cotsell, Jessie F. Dulley, W. Fedarb, Kate L. Foster, Elizabeth Glasier, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, L. A. Green, Miss M. Grundy, Mrs. Hartnell, Constance K. Jenkins, Percy Jenkins, Miss Kershaw, H. B. Ladbury, Lilian E. Lawley, A. Maud Mayhew, Mrs. W. R. Morris, Theodora Moxon, Elizabeth N. Pringle, Miss Relfe, Lucy Richardson, Edward B. Ridge, Kate Robinson, Lily Scott, C. Ellen Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Annie Speight, Cecily M. Speight, S. S. Turrell, Sydney Welford, Ethelwyn White, G. S. Wilkins.

Honourable Mention.

Annie A. Arnott, Florence E Ashby, P. Barclay, M. Bolingbroke, Mrs. Bird, Geo. H. W. Calcott, Joseph A. Center, Leila Claxton, Elizabeth A. Collins, Anna Cosgrave, Bessie Coulson, Dorothy Cowper, Robert Davison, James Crerar, W. Farrington, E. Grainger, Kate L. Hall, Isabel Hodgson, Rose A. Hooppell, A. Humphries, Alice B. Lennie, R. S. Mackie, Ethel Markham, Mrs. Mason, W. J. Maxton, E. M. Morrison, R. B. Ladbury, Alfred Lines, Elizabeth A. Lord, E. M. Odom, J. M. and M. E. Pittman, May Robson, M. S. A. De Rougemont, Mary F. Ruddock, Janet Scott, W. H. Short, Beatrice M. Stevenson, F. L. Tarrant, John Tatt, Miss Wilkins, Rev. F. Wilson, Helen B. Younger.

INDIGESTION.

Foreign Award.

Prize Winner (to whom a Guinea has been sent),

Miss E. Edwards, care of Mrs. Paul,
R.N. Hospital, Bighi, Malta.

Highly Commended:—

Mrs. A. M. Betham (Landour, N.W.P., India), Stella Bishop (Quebec), Adela Cottle (Calcutta), Mrs. Shilstone (Barbados), Mrs. H. Bowen (Hyderabad), Fanny A. Edmonds (Melbourne), Clara J. Hardy (Melbourne), Nellie B. Muir (Cape Town), Ada G. Maide (California), Miss Sheppard (Montreal), Edith Skene (Vancouver), Helen Soffa (Melbourne), Dora Webbe (London, Ontario), Bertie Woodworth (St. John, Canada).

REPORT.

It is a great mistake to go away for a holiday, chiefly because the coming back so seldom accords with one's ideas of what is appropriate and even necessary for one's comfort. Then if you are foolish enough to leave any of your relatives behind, you find on your return that the room you are pleased to call a "study" has been "spring-cleaned," or submitted to some other process equally objectionable. In all probability everything that you do not want, and are not likely to want for months and months, will be uppermost, while those things (especially papers) of which you stand in the most urgent need have been "tidied away" into impenetrable corners. Finally, there is always the chance of losing one's luggage, as ours was lost in the wilds of Europe with several hundred rhapsodic solutions on board. How we did hope that some enterprising official would confiscate them as objects of suspicion, and relieve us from a serious responsibility. But it was not to be. Luggage and solutions turned up intact, and the usual distribution of anguish and of delight followed, and the result is now presented for your sympathetic inspection.

In the puzzle itself two features specially interested and amused us. The formula for ether in line 8 was intended to act as a great stumbling-block, and if any number of competitors had failed at that point, we should joyfully have pointed out the folly of not reading the whole of The Girl's Own Paper—the solution of the formula being given in the column next to the puzzle. However, the word gave no trouble at all, and we have come to the flattering conclusion that everybody—that is everybody of any consequence—does read The Girl's Own Paper thoroughly, and our disgust at the collapse of our intended gibe is quite eclipsed by Mr. Editor's delight. We do not for one moment suggest that none of the competitors were unable to read the formula without the key so thoughtfully provided, doubtless there were many who scorned to avail themselves of it, and to them we tender expressions of the most profound respect.

The other point to which we wish more particularly to refer occurs in line 4. Our artist was, as far as we remember, instructed to depict a chestnut which, while being a chestnut, was not to be too obviously a chestnut. The latter part of this instruction was carried out with a success which exceeded our wildest dreams, the picture referred to by one correspondent as an "amorphous mass" having been variously interpreted as—

Animal, apple, arum, badger, barley, blackcap, blossom, bluebell, bud, bulb, bulbul, burr, cat, coney, corn-cob, corn-flower, cow, crocus, cuckoo, daffodil, doe, dormant, dormouse, dove, dryad, dry-root, earth-clod, earth-nut, foxglove, fruit, fruit-bud, grain, hare, hedgehogs (two, from Harrogate), hedge-pig, hillock, hind, hound, husk, hyacinth, lilies, lily-bulb, loaf, love-apple, mate, medlar, melon, mistle, oak-apple, oak-ball, peony, pipit, poppy, puffin, rabbit, saffron, seed, snail, snail-shell, snowdrop, soil, squirrel, thistle, tuber, urchin, weasel, wheat, whole, whole earth, wood-mouse, wood-nut. A very respectable and even imposing list.

Happily for our peace of mind "chestnut" (sometimes, quite erroneously, spelt "chesnut") received more support than any other individual rendering, and though we admit some want of clearness in the reproduction of the drawing we have felt obliged to rule all other readings out of court.

Concerning the rest of the puzzle not much need be said. In line 7 we have accepted all sorts, and even conditions, of trees instead of the author's Cherry-tree, the cherries which were visible in the drawing having vanished at the hands of the printer. In line 10 "sleeping" instead of "slumbering" has been accepted and, though we did not quite like it, we felt obliged to pass "ten thousand" as equal with "a myriad."

We have no space to refer to more than one of an interesting batch of letters. A competitor conscientiously informs us that he received some help, and asks if this is allowed. By all means. Get all the help you can, and if you win a prize distribute it among those who came to your aid.



A PRINCESS GOWN AND A SUMMER SERGE.

GIRLS' ATTIRE: THE NEWEST AND BEST.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE popularity of the "Zouave" still continues, and there is no doubt that it forms a very useful addition to the cool blouse, when the days of September make us feel that summer has taken its departure. Serge zouaves of very excellent cut and fit are sold in many of the best West-end houses, and at a moderate price, and it seems easier to purchase than to make them, when that is the case.

Navy-blue and black serges have not been so popular this autumn, because though of brighter hues of blue, "powder," "Prussian," "deep water," and even cornflower blues, are all brought out in serges, and are reported to stand well as regards colour, which, considering the hard wear usually given to serge, is one of the chief of its requisites. The ever-favourite skirt and shirt, with its jacket to match, is seen at the sea-side as much as ever, and the shape of the jacket is unchanged, while the skirt is a moderate "bell," with very decidedly "bell-shaped" lines, that flow outwards over the feet, and look much smarter than the straight-cut skirt ever did.

There are several pretty new styles in sleeves, and the newest is to make them quite as wide and large, but to cut them so that they may droop downwards to the elbow. One of the later shapes has a series of small puffs down to the wrist from the elbow, one large puff taking the space from the shoulder downwards. I notice, however, that for popularity, there is nothing to equal the large full puff, and the long plain cuff below. The newest French sleeves are made in this manner, but the under-part of the sleeve is plain up to the top, the puff being on the top sleeve only. This way of cutting makes the sleeve set much better. For evening gowns the newest idea is to have the sleeves of differing materials, *i.e.*, one of silk or satin, and one of *chiffon* or gauze, and the same idea may be repeated in tea-gowns as well.

The bodices are still much trimmed, and there seems a tendency to trim the skirts at the top, from the waist downwards; loops and bows of *moiré* ribbon, about two inches wide, or flat bands of satin ribbon, ending (each of them) in a point, are used, and also both plain and fancy mohair braid.

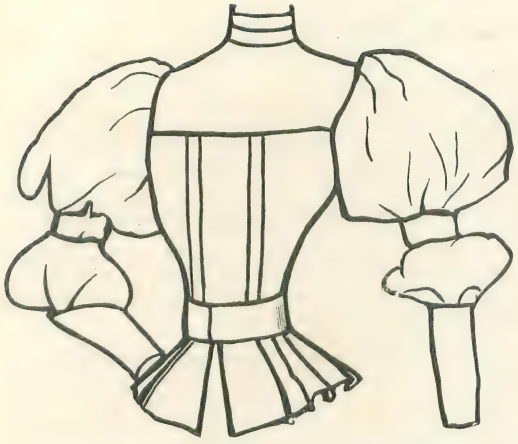
Draped overskirts are more seen on evening gowns, where a pointed peplum-shape is popular, than on day dresses; and I think this season we shall see much braid used. There are several special makes of homespun and hop-sacking, which will be popular in the autumn, and no doubt will be trimmed with braid. I have recently seen a shot-green and pink silk made up with seven narrow flounces reaching to the waist; but I cannot tell how far this novel idea may be adopted. We often notice in London that new fashions, which are just seen at the end of one season, appear as the reigning styles of the next year.

One of the odd neck-arrangements, called a "cravat," consists of a folded band of white net, or *chiffon*, or coloured gauze, and on it are placed, at the sides, two fluffy-looking rosettes of the *chiffon* or net. These are supposed to be the most becoming things possible to the possessors of long thin necks. Neckties of all kinds are worn, black net with rather a large mesh being very popular, trimmed with cream or white insertion and lace, and tied in a large loose bow.

The newest bonnets seen at present are very small indeed, and the long ear-pieces, which we have been wearing all the summer, have continued in use, and extended till they almost meet under the back-hair, where they are tied by a velvet bow. The back of this bonnet has an upstanding fan-like frill of velvet at the edge, which is wider at the top, and lessens almost to nothing. The front is trimmed only by two "*choux* bows" of velvet, to match that at the back, and has two "mercury bows," which stand up on either side. The "Dutch bonnet" is still seen, and has grown rather plainer, and is less trimmed; but a novelty has appeared in the shape of another Dutch bonnet, which is really one more resembling the head-dresses worn by the Zeeland women, with a round boss at each side of the head. These bosses are altered, in jet instead of metal, and a bow of velvet or satin is placed between them, with a pair of the fashionable



A BLOUSE AND A SUMMER FROCK.



BLOUSE BODICE WITH PUFFED SLEEVES.
(Paper pattern.)

upstanding wings, and probably a bunch of red roses also. Another new bonnet has a round and rather flat brim, and a very high but small and pointed crown.

The favourite hat, so far, seems to be the boat-shaped one; and, no doubt, from its close and comfortable fit, we shall see it much *en evidence* during the winter in felt, and probably in velvet.

Capes are as much used as ever; and the popularity of the "golf cape" is not surprising when we see how really useful it is, as well as easy to carry and to put on. Although to be bought at a cheap rate, there may be some amongst our readers who may like to make one for themselves, and they can easily do this by procuring a simple pattern. Lace capes and capes of velvet or surah will be much used for autumn and winter—they are so comfortable as well as becoming to most people. It seems not unlikely that we shall have very long capes introduced for the winter, which appeared last autumn, but were not much appreciated; however this year, trimmed with fur and lined with brightly-hued silks, we shall, I daresay, like them much better. The hoods will, probably, be replaced by plain round capes or collars, nearly reaching to the shoulders, and these will be mounted on crinoline to stiffen them.

Bandanna, as well as the spotted cotton pocket-handkerchiefs used by workmen, are much used to decorate dresses, both of washing materials, *crépons*, and even serges. They are placed as cape-like *brételles*, coming from the waist over the shoulders, the points falling over the tops of the sleeves like a cape, and the handkerchief being cut crossways, so that there is enough to finish the bias edge, where it meets the bodice with folds of the same. It should be mounted on a muslin foundation so as to make them firm, and thus they can be transferred from gown to blouse, or *vice versâ*. They may be also used as fronts to bodices, collars and cuffs, and small cape-like *fichus*.

I meant to have given a line to the collarettes of net, either in black or white, which are, however, called "ruffles," and are likely to be much used this autumn; as everyone has missed the ever-useful and comfortable feather boa—and I constantly see that fur is worn even when the gown is quite a thin one—and even a long fur boa makes its unexpected appearance occasionally, the fact being that in our changeable climate we do need some addition to our warmth.

One of the novelties of the season has been the adoption of golden safety-pins of a large size, to hold the dress and the bodice, or both together, at the back; they were introduced early in the season and are, I notice, sold in some of the first-class jewellers' shops in the West End; but just now they are quite new. Next year, as is generally the case in England, they will have become the fashion. Several inventions have been brought out this year for the purpose of making the joining of the dress and bodice neat at the back; and they are, some of them, very successful. One of the best ways to ensure that the weight of the skirt (which is very great at present) shall not pull the band down at the back, and so make the round of the waist uneven, is to have a pair of strings sewn on exactly in the front of the band underneath, and have a hook sewn firmly to the front of the stays; when this is done and the strings are securely tied, it will be found much less difficult to insure the tidiness of the band at the back, and prevent an unsightly gap.

The pattern selected for the month is that of a new pleated blouse with puffed sleeves, and a yoked bodice. This new shape will be found an ideal one for an autumn or a winter bodice, especially for young people. It is eminently becoming in use, and not difficult to make. The pattern consists of eight pieces, two of the yoke, two of the sleeve, and two of the bodice, collar and band; the yoke and sleeves should be lined throughout, but unless intended for a warm winter gown, the bodice-portion need not be lined. The pattern is suitable for any material, thick or thin, and will look well in any winter material, such as serge, or homespun, the latter being a textile that has especially come to the front of late, and, indeed, has been worn nearly all the summer.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and frill. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess robe, under-petticoat, four sleeve patterns, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, new skirt in two breadths, Empire gown with princess under-dress, spring jacket bodice, full bodice and frill, Senorita jacket, new circular skirt, double skirt, short three-quarter cape, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt, bell skirt, *moiré* blouse, new French capes, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, Norfolk blouse with puffed sleeves.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained. Notice change of address; loss may result from oversight of this fact.

VARIETIES.

He wanted to Please.

"Do you have damp sheets?" said the visitor at the hotel.

"No," said the clerk who wanted to be obliging, "but we can sprinkle them for you if you like them that way."

What Women can do.—"In the path of philosophy woman has seldom strolled to a great distance, but when times are hard," says an American writer, "she can go to market with a dollar and bring back more comfort in a basket than a man could crowd into a two-horse waggon if told to back up and help himself."

When to Wind up a Watch.

As a rule watches are wound up when people go to bed at night, but it is best to wind them up in the morning, not only because we generally rise more regularly than we go to rest but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it.

Willing Hearts.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.
Joanna Baillie.

Appearance and Reality.

The masterpiece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show.
Quarles.

Cheering Words.—Don't be niggardly with your praise. Many a person is limping over the rough paths of duty, when an appreciative word would send his feet flying onward as if there were no obstacles in the way.

Be Kind to Others.—Every kindness done to others is a step nearer to the life of Christ.
Dean Stanley.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. S., Sorrow, Madge, Shirley, One of Them.—We have read all the poems and hymns sent in carefully, and there is the merit of good and right feeling in all; but, unhappily, something else is needed to make poetry. Still, the writing even of very imperfect rhymes is immensely comforting, and proves a kind of safety-valve to young hearts, and forms a valuable outlet for their immature feelings.

Lily of the-Valley.—We suppose by *comifo;* you must mean the French phrase *comme il faut*, which means, "as it should be."

Sufferer.—As there are hospitals and homes for all other bodily ailments, so there are for stammering—a complaint that must preclude a man's entering the navy or army, and many other professions. There is an institution near Brondesbury station—Sherwood—where patients may be taken in and boarded, or be received as daily visitors. There is another at Brampton Park, about a mile and a half from Huntingdon station (on Great Northern and Midland lines). Address the principals, the Messrs Beasley and W. J. Ketley, Sherwood, Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, N.W.

Florence.—Monmouthshire is an English (not a Welsh county). It was occupied by the Silures at the time of the Roman invasion, and until the reign of Vespasian were unmolested by them; but then they were conquered by Julius Frontinus, and their country occupied till 408, and was then included in their province of Britannia Prima. Afterwards, the Norman kings permitted their barons to make raids upon them, and made them presents of the land they subdued. Later on it was annexed to the Oxford Circuit till the reign of Charles II. It is a question whether the Saxons completely conquered Monmouthshire, but they certainly occupied Caerleon, Chepstow, and the town of Monmouth. But it has been English for many hundreds of years since the Romans annexed it.

Honeycomb.—St. Sampson was a bishop and confessor about 564 A.D.

Daisy.—1. The idea of the hawthorn being unlucky may date from the time when the crown of Richard III. was hidden in it, after the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485. There seems no other reason.—2. July 3rd, 1881, was a Sunday.

Nance M.—Robert Pollock, author of the *Course of Time*, was a Scottish poet and minister, born in 1799, at Muirhouse, in Renfrewshire. This is a poem in ten books, intended to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man. The labour consequent on his college studies and the writing of his poem, brought on consumption, of which he died, at Shirley Common, near Southampton, at the early age of twenty-eight, in 1827, just as he was beginning to find himself famous.

Birdie.—The humming-bird is a native of the Transatlantic continent and of the West Indies, and is found nowhere else. Of these beautiful little creatures there are nearly 400 species. Keep your specimens always under glass.

Another Constant Reader.—1. The Silures were the people of South Wales in Britain, occupying the counties of Hereford, Monmouth (as we have said to Florence), Radnor, Brecon, and Glamorgan. The name "Silurian rocks" was given by Sir Roderick Murchison because it was in the neighbourhood of the ancient Silures that he investigated them.—2. Watling Street was a road extending east and west across South Britain. Beginning at Dover, it ran through Canterbury and London to Cardigan. The word is a corruption of Vitellina Strata, the "paved road of Vitellius," called by the Britons, *quetalia*.

Anxious to Know.—The simplest way to drape a mantel-piece is, to make a long straight cloth a little wider than the mantel-shelf and about a foot longer at either end. This is laid along and trimmed at the edges only.

Audrey, Laurel, and others, will find the best answer to their questions in the articles by "Medicus." Many people are finding relief, at present, from indigestion by drinking half a pint of hot water before breakfast, and also the last thing at night.

"Mother Bunch."—The proverb "Laugh and grow fat" has much truth in it. A happy state of mind tends to improve digestion and the nervous system. Apart from this, the action of laughter is a valuable one for the whole system. Dr. Greene says that the convulsion produced all over the body by hearty laughter sends some wavelet of the blood coursing through the most minute blood vessels, and the life principle is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new vigour and strength to the surface. It appears, also, that when the blood is circulated by the action of laughter it conveys a different impression on the organs of the body than it does from that of fatiguing exercise or any other means. Thus, every good hearty laugh in which we may indulge tends to lengthen life, and gives a distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

E. C. P.—The only way of tracing genealogies is by going to the Heralds' College in Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Toby's Sister.—The outfit required for the West Indies would be such as would be needful for a summer in England, and also the very thin underclothing needed in very hot climates.

Kentish Lass.—The "Fair Maid of Kent" and the "Holy Maid of Kent" were not sobriquets for the same woman. The former was the beautiful daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, Johanna. The "Holy Maid" was Elizabeth Barton, the reputed "seeress" of the sixteenth century. Do not confound the two.

Constant Reader.—The lady always bows first, not the gentleman, in such a case.

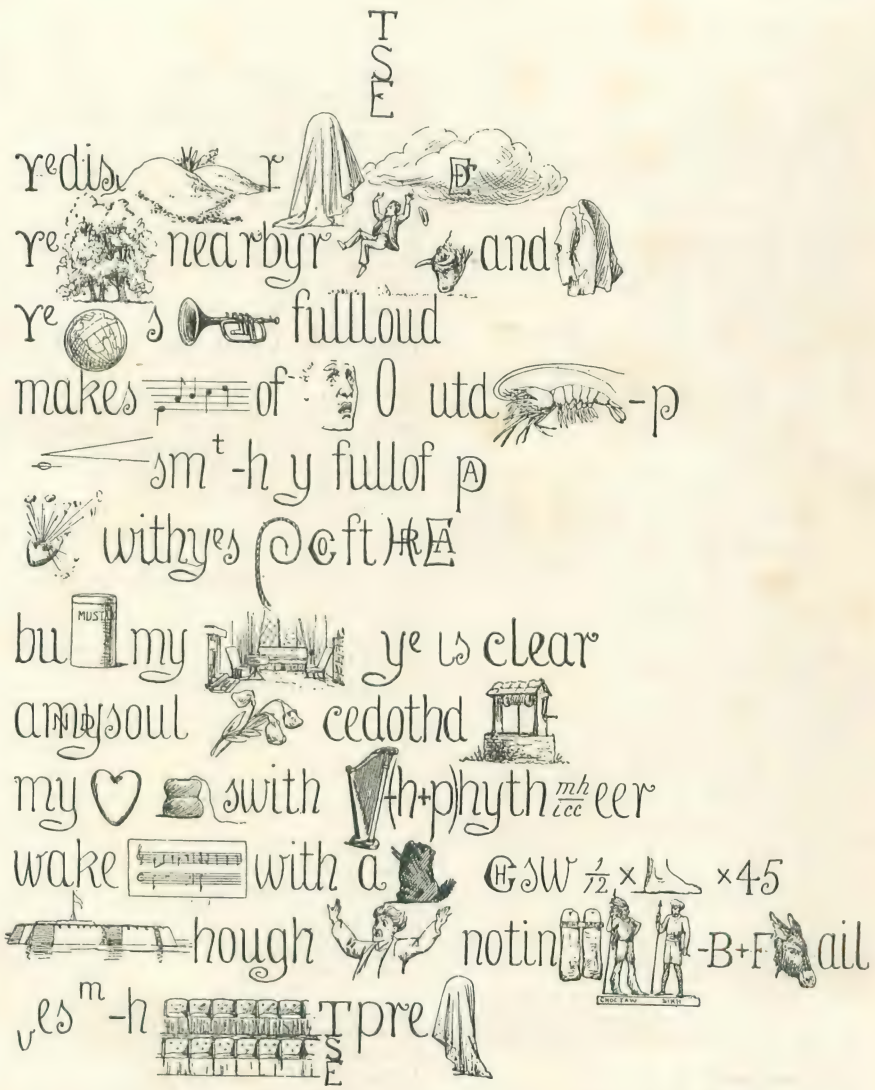
Madeline.—The handkerchief or card appear to have been only an ordinary Christmas gift. You had better tell your admirer, as plainly as possible, that your father and mother disapprove of your having a lover, and think you far too young.

A Soldier's Sister, Paul, Nurse, One Trying to do Right, Flossie, and Gwendoline all write to us on the subject of nursing, and all want to become such. The best book at present is that of Honner Morten—*Hints on Nursing*, which is not an expensive book, and is full of information. But many of the girls who wish to be nurses are by no means fitted for it, as it demands exceptionally good health and temper and a single-hearted devotion to duty.

Honor Thorn and Inquirer.—We could not give advice as to the place, but as to the money. We should advise you to deal only with the best wholesale firms, and invest only a third of your capital in it.

Daisy Bell.—A father and mother's wishes should be always attended to at any age, and certainly so, when you are so young and inexperienced.

OUR PUZZLE POEM.



*** Five Prizes of One Guinea each will be awarded to the five competitors (men, women, boys, or girls), who, complying with the following conditions, send in the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. If more than five competitors send in perfect solutions the money will be equally divided between them.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain will be October 25, 1894; from abroad, December 15, 1894.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on left-hand top corner of envelope.

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